













SPECIMENS
OF
THE POETS AND POETRY
OF
GREECE AND ROME.
BY VARIOUS TRANSLATORS.

EDITED BY WILLIAM PETER, A. M.,

OF CHRIST-CHURCH, OXFORD.

“Il n’y a pas de plus eminent service a rendre à la Littérature, que de transporter d’une langue à l’autre les chefs d’œuvre de l’esprit humain. Il existe si peu de productions du premier rang ; le genie, dans quelque genre que ce soit, est un phénomène tellement rare ; que si chaque Nation moderne en étoit reduite à ses propres tresors, elle seroit toujours pauvre. D’ailleurs, la circulation des idées est, de tous les genres de commerce, celui dont les avantages sont les plus certains.”—MAD. DE STAEL.

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TO

My Wife,

AT WHOSE SUGGESTION THE WORK WAS UNDERTAKEN,

BY WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT IT HAS BEEN CONTINUED,

AND WITH WHOSE AID IT IS NOW COMPLETED,

These Selections,

FROM THE POETS OF GREECE AND ROME,

ARE, WITH SINCEREST AFFECTION,

INSCRIBED.

P R E F A C E.

"THERE are," says a late accomplished scholar, in his introduction to the study of the classic poets, "certain peculiar properties characterizing the Greeks and Romans, and contradistinguishing them from the present natives of Europe, which must be known, felt, and borne in mind, by those who would study the classic literature aright. The most essential of these consist in the facts, that the old Greek and Roman poets were—I. Pagans;—II. Southern, or Inhabitants of the South of Europe;—III. Ignorant of Chivalry.

I. The spirit of the old Paganism is more freely diffused in the poetry than in any other part of the ancient literature. The Fancy and the Imagination, the two chief working faculties of a poet, are the most susceptible of a deep impression from the forms and influences of a national mythology; and therefore it is, that, while in their historians, their orators, and even their philosophers we may, for the most part, recognise the Greeks and Romans for our own contemporaries of some foreign nation, in their poets we must be conscious of a tone oftentimes completely alien to the moral or popular associations of modern days. Not detailing the chances of actual wars, or (with an exception, sometimes, on the tragic stage,) the intrigues of ambition, which in all ages must be nearly the same; not aiming to persuade an audience to a given measure, by means identical with those in use in every country; not speculating clandestinely on the probable amount of truth in metaphysical or religious systems:—the poet, taking his stand, as he did, upon the sure ground of human passion, addressed himself, nevertheless, to the common hearts of his own countrymen of every rank and every age. His object was to please and to captivate the minds of all, and, when he taught, his lessons were, for the most part, conveyed under the form of familiar and favourite fable. The morality of the nation was his morality, the popular religion in general was his also. With him the eternal dwellers of Olympus spoke, and moved, and had a being; with him the common powers or functions of nature were impersonated; an old and awful genius lay shrouded in the dark-crested waves of the Scamander, and flowers and sacrificial wine were thank-offerings meet for the secret Naiad of Bandusia.

II. Intimately connected with the character of the Religion of the ancient Classics, is the fact of their being natives and inhabitants of the South of Europe. Whether Montesquieu has not contended for an influence on the laws and governments of men, which is disproved by history and experience, may well be doubted; but that the Greeks and Italians, from the earliest times to this hour have been, as nations, distinguished from the Northern tribes by a more sensuous conception of the Divinity, and by a craving after a visible and tangible representation of Him on earth, is indisputable. It is not difficult to account for the fact. The inhabitant* of those sunny lands, where the light of day is so bountifully spread abroad, was naturally a worshipper of the external face of nature; his studies, his exercises, his amusements, were all in the open air, and he prayed and sacrificed in the face of heaven. By a natural impulse of gratitude and admiration, which acted in the absence of a revealed knowledge of the true God, the early shepherd or herdsmen would fain deify the fountains and rivers which purified him, the winds which refreshed him, the sun and the moon which lighted him; but these were either invisible influences, or bodies frequently or always out of his reach, and oftentimes withdrawn from his sight. He therefore wanted a visible and tangible Form, which, with various aspect, might symbolically represent them all—which he could believe might sympathize with humanity, and to which he might raise his eyes in adoration without debasement. Where could he find such a Form? His own was the only one. He laboured to shape the log or the stone, but his art failed him. At length, in course of time, Sculpture rose to that consummate power, that marble could be wrought into shapes worthy, as it seemed, of that Immortal and Beautiful, of which they were either the symbols or the images, accordingly as the Imagination of the spectator was more or less purified by philosophy. After this epoch, the creations of the art were multiplied, sometimes embodying the already existing notions of a Divinity, at others boldly chiselling a new figure of the Sky, or the Sea, or the Wood, and setting it up for as much worship as admiration or superstition would render it. The "Simulacra Deorum" were sacred essentials in the popular and actual religion of the nation. No doubts of philosophy, no ridicule of satire, availed in later ages to weaken that congenial fondness for corporeal exhibition of the gods, which their laws sanctioned, and their taste made delightful.

* In illustration of the argument, see those glorious lines of Wordsworth's *Precursor*, Book iv., commencing—
"Upon the breast of new-created earth,
Man walked," &c.

This uncontrollable tendency to what has been called in one word Anthropomorphism, of a passion for representing the Infinite and the Invisible in human shape, is a striking feature in the works of the Greek and Latin Classic Poets and of those of modern Italy; for it is always in the Poetry of a Nation that we are to look for an expression of the genuine feelings and opinions of the People, as they exist in the very constitution of the national character. In almost all the great poets of whom we are speaking, the inability to spiritualize, and the power to paint, seem in equal proportions; and though it be true that on the given plan of the representations of the regions of the dead in the *Æneid* and the *Divine Comedy*—*Æneas* in the first, and *Dante* himself in the last, being supposed eye-witnesses therein—a minuteness of detail is dramatically proper, and constitutes that verisimilitude, which is so charming; yet that they, and especially the Christian *Dante*, should adopt such a mode of describing that unknown world of Shades, and having adopted, should execute, it with such a depth of body and intensity of colour throughout, is as clearly deducible from, and as strongly characteristic of, the national propension to materialism of a certain kind, as the very different conception of the same awful subject by *Milton* is of the predominance of a contrary tendency in a people of a Northern origin.

III. But neither the spirit of old Paganism nor that strong addiction to objects of sense, of which we have just been speaking, so strikingly distinguishes the classic writers from those of modern Europe, as their conception and expression of the passion of Love. The origin and growth of that gentle, yet almost despotic, empire which the weaker and the fairer sex at present exercise over the stronger, in every civilized country of the world, are, for the greater part, the work of Christianity and Chivalry. The converse of such a state of feeling is a uniform characteristic of the writings of the Greeks and Romans, though in different degrees, and still remains so of the manners of all those nations on which the light of the Gospel has not yet shone. By the holy religion of Christ polygamy and concubinage were forbidden, and marriage became indissoluble and more honourable; by it women were declared equal objects of its precepts and joint-heirs of its promises, and love and care became the acknowledged rights of a Christian wife at the hands of her husband. Beyond this, however, it did not immediately operate. Indeed, what with an increasing barbarism of manners and the constant pestilence of a corrupt and corrupting priesthood, very much of that mysterious dignity, which the history as well as the spirit of the Gospel had conferred on women, was destroyed; when, in consequence of an event among the most singularly wonderful in the annals of mankind, it revived in superadded splendour, never thenceforth to be obscured but in an eclipse of Christian civilization itself. That event was the first Crusade. Out of the habits of individual combats and the disorganized state of society consequent upon the breaking up of those vast Oriental armaments, sprung that romantic police, known by the name of Knight-errantry, or, more generally, of Chivalry. To succour the distressed and to defend the weak, in all cases, was the bounden duty of a knight; but more especially was he sworn to relieve, at any hazard, a woman from difficulty, and to protect her from danger or insult, at the expense of his life. Hence, and from the ground of that reverential affection to women, common to all the nations of Northern origin, grew up, on the part of the knight and subsequently of the gentleman, who is his successor, that respectful courtesy, that dignified submission to all women in general, as such, which, when kindled into passion for some one in particular, becomes the sacred and enlivening flame, by which every faculty of the mind is developed, every affection of the heart purified, and which alone can promise happiness on earth, by a satisfaction of an instinctive appetite in the light and under the sanction of a spiritual union. So pervading has the combined action of Christianity and Chivalry in this respect been, on all the people of modern Europe, that there is scarcely one among the many amatory poets who have lived since the revival of letters, in whose writings a new and exalting influence is not distinctly, though too often unintentionally, perceptible. There are, indeed, various degrees of this refinement and tenderness in the moderns, as there are various degrees of the sensual theory of the ancients; but enough exists of either kind in each respectively, to justify us in distinguishing the love of Christendom as the passion of affection,—the love of Paganism as the passion of appetite.*—

For the numerous Extracts from the Greek and Latin poets, contained in this Volume, they will be found of various orders and degrees of merit—*Sunt bona sunt quedam mediocria, &c., &c.* Where indeed the Editor had a choice, as in the cases of *Homer*, *Virgil*, and other Poets, whose works, in any considerable proportion, remain to us, he has, for the most part, selected those passages from the perusal of which he was himself wont to receive the greatest pleasure. But with the larger number of ancient authors the case was altogether different, and he had either to pass them by unnoticed, or else to take such fragments of their writings, as the mold of time or deeper inroads of monkish prudery and superstition had left to us.—The editor has only to add that, from some of the later Latin poets, the extracts are fewer and shorter than had been intended, in consequence of the limited size of the volume and the accidental insertion of more than their just proportion from the works of two or three preceding authors.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1846.

* See *H. N. Coleridge's Introduction to the Greek Poets.*

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PART I.

FROM THE GREEK POETS.

HOMER.

[About 950 B. C.]

OF the life, age, and country of Homer, though much has been written, little or nothing is ascertained. The more probable belief seems to have been, that he was an Asiatic Greek, and lived about the middle of the ninth century before Christ. But, however doubtful his exact time or place of birth, not a question ever arose among the ancients as to the existence of the man, or as to his having been the sole author of the great works which immortalize his name. It was reserved for the vanity and scepticism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to affect a contrary opinion, and to contend, that Homer was not Homer, or that, instead of one, there had been twenty Homers.

Assuming that the art of writing was unknown in Greece and her colonies, at the supposed date of the Iliad and Odyssey, and thence arguing that so many thousand verses, as constitute those volumes, could never have been conceived or carried in the head of one man, these philologists arrived at the startling hypothesis or conclusion, that the Iliad and Odyssey were the works, not of a single mind, but of several distinct authors, collected by Pisistratus, and all pieced and quilted together, so as to form two great patch-work wholes!

Now, to say nothing of internal evidences to the contrary,—of coherence and symmetry of parts,—of consistency of characters,—of unity of style, plot, interest, imagery, and thought,*—to say nothing of these and numberless other circumstances, (each in itself sufficient to stamp both Iliad and Odyssey as the product of one vast, original, and master mind)—leaving all these topics to others, I would only request the judicious and candid reader to inquire *what* evidence the anti-Homeric critics have adduced in support of their premises; *what* single, solitary proof, or even presumption, that the art of writing (for on that, and on that alone, rests their

whole argument,) was unknown at the supposed date of the Iliad and Odyssey? We know that it had long existed among other, and not far distant, nations; we know that it existed among the Egyptians, the Hebrews, and the Phœnicians; with the latter of whom, at least, the Greeks had enjoyed long and intimate communication, and with whose arts and artisans Homer himself seems to have been most familiar.* But then "Writing, (rejoin these objectors,) if it did exist, existed in its rudest state, and was known only to a few." The same, too, might be said of the art during the times of Chaucer and Gower, yet who would argue from thence that those fathers of English poetry were ignorant of their letters?

Nothing is easier than to be on the *negative* side of a question. "If a man (says Dr. Johnson) were to deny that Canada was taken, you could not reduce him to an absurdity. He might support his denial by very plausible arguments." And an eminent scholar and logician of the present day, has carried out the Doctor's idea by an ingenious piece of humour, in which he argues that there never was such a man as Napoleon Bonaparte!

* Alphabetic letters, as we learn from profane history, were brought from Phœnicia into Greece about 1500 years B. C.; and we have the authority of Scripture for knowing that they existed among the Hebrews in the earliest time, and long before the age of Homer. See Exod. xxxii. 15, 16; Deut. xvii. 18; xxxi. 9, 19; 2 Sam. xi. 14; 1 Kings xxi. 9; 2 Kings v. 6. For Homer's acquaintance with the Phœnicians, and with the arts of embroidery and sculpture, as practised by them, see Il. vi. 289, and xxiii. 740, &c. I have said nothing of that passage in the VI. Book, where Homer speaks of the "folded tablet," of which Bellerophon was made bearer from Prætus to the king of Lycia, on account of the difference amongst critics as to the precise meaning of the words *Σμικτὰ λυγρὰ*. I subjoin however, the lines themselves, leaving it to the common sense of the reader to interpret them as he sees proper:

Πέμπε δέ μιν Ἀνκίχινδε, πόρην δ' ὄρε στυατὰ λυγρὰ,
Γραφὰς ἐν πίνακι πτυκτῷ θυμοφθορὰ πολλὰ.

L. vi. v. 158.

To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.—Pope.

* Notwithstanding any occasional interpolations, either in the Iliad or the Odyssey, each (as Heeren justly observes,) has but one primary action, which could have proceeded but from one original author, and which does not permit us to consider either of those poems as a mere collection of scattered rhapsodies.

FROM THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

Book I.

CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

IN the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighbouring towns and taken two beautiful captives, Chryseïs and Briseïs, allotted the first to Agamemnon and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseïs, and a priest of Apollo, seeks to ransom his daughter, but being insolently refused by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to Agamemnon's treatment of Chryses. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, and in his absolute authority as chief commander of the Greeks, seizes on Briseïs. Achilles, in discontent, withdraws himself and his troops from the Grecian army, and complains to his mother Thetis, who supplicates Jupiter to render Agamemnon sensible of the wrong done to her son by giving victory to the Trojans.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess sing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atreides strove.
Such was the sov'reign doom, and such the will
of Jove!

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife; from what offended
power?

Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the
dead;

The king of men his reverend priest defied
And for the king's offence the people died.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father stands,
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
By these he begs: and lowly bending down
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.
He sued to all, but chief implored for grace
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race.

Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be
crown'd

And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground.
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain
And give Chryseïs to these arms again:
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
Not so Atreides: he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus replied:

Hence, on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
Nor ask presumptuous, what the king detains;
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in
vain,

Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
In daily labours at the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
Hence, then, to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil and weeping sire.

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main,
Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The God who darts around the world his rays—

O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's
shores—

If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain,
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.

Thus Chryses pray'd: the favouring power
attends,

And from Olympus' lofty top descends.
Bent was his bow the Grecian hearts to wound;
Fierce, as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs th' infection first began,
And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
For nine long nights, through all the dusky air,
The Pyres, thick flaming, shot a dismal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run
Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' godlike son
Conven'd to council all the Grecian train;
For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.

The assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men address'd:

"Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore
And measure back the seas we cross'd before?
The plague destroying whom the sword would
spare,

'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
But let some prophet or some sacred sage
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove
By mystic dreams—for dreams descend from
Jove.

If broken vows this heavy curse has laid,
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid:
So heaven, atoned, shall dying Greece restore,
And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more.

He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus replied:
Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide—
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future knew:
Uprising slow, the venerable sage

Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age:
Beloved of Jove, Achilles! wouldst thou know
Why angry Phœbus bends his fated bow?
First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
Of sure protection by thy power and sword.
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
And truths invidious to the great, reveal.

Bold is the task when subjects, grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
For though we deem the short-lived fury past,
'Tis sure the mighty will revenge at last.

To whom Pelides: From thy utmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without
control:

E'en by that god I swear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
And whose blest oracles thy lips declare;
Long as Achilles breathes the vital air,
No daring Greek of all the numerous band
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand;
Not e'en the chief by whom our hosts are led,
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head.

Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies:
Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest;
Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest.
Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires in-
crease,

Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid.
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,
The priest may pardon, and the god may spare.

The prophet spoke, when with a gloomy frown,
The monarch started from his shining throne:
Black choler fill'd his breast that burn'd with ire,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire.
Augur accurst! denouncing mischief still;
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!
Still must that tongue some wounding message
bring,

And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explored,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd,
Is heaven offended, and a priest profaned;
Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,
And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold?
A maid unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art and crown'd with every grace.
Not half so dear were Clytemnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties blest my arms.
Yet if the gods demand her, let her sail;
Our cares are only for the public weal:
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.

The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine.

But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.

Insatiate king! (Achilles thus replies)
Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize!
Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should
yield,

The due reward of many a well-fought field?
The spoils of cities raz'd and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain:
But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilium shall thy loss requite,

Whene'er by Jove's decree our conquering powers
Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers.

Then thus the king. Shall I my prize resign
With tame consent, and thou possess'd of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
First let the just equivalent be paid—
Such as a king might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or e'en thy own be mine.

The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
But this, when time requires—It now remains
We launch a bark to plough the watery plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots, and with labouring oars.
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend.
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil,
Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;
Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main:
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The god propitiate, and the pest assuage.

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:
O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injur'd me:
To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led;
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed:
Far hence remov'd, the hoarse resounding main,
And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we sail'd a voluntary throng,
To avenge a private, not a public wrong;
What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve?
Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve?
And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine,
As thy own actions if compared to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?
To this the king. Fly, mighty warrior! fly!
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight;
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the gods' distinguish'd care)
To power superior none such hatred bear:

Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
If thou hast strength, 'twas heav'n that strength
bestow'd;

For know, vain man, thy valour is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate,
Thy short-liv'd friendship, and thy groundless
hate.

Go! threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
Know if the god the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair;
E'en in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
Thy lov'd Briseïs, with the radiant eyes.
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the
hour,

Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;
And hence to all our host it shall be known,
That kings are subject to the gods alone.

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd
His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his
breast,

Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled,
Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cooled:
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
Force through the Greeks, and pierce their
haughty lord;

This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
While half unsheath'd appear'd the glittering
blade,

Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove;
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care,)
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
Achilles seized; to him alone confess'd;
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes.

Descends Minerva in her guardian care,
A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' son! then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.

Forbear! (the progeny of Jove replies,)
To calm thy fury I forsake the skies;
Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd,
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful Juno this command is given;
The king and you are both the care of heaven.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But sheath obedient, thy revenging steel.
For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power,)
Thy injured honour has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
Command thy passions, and the gods obey.

To her Pelides. With regardful ear,
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear:
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless.

He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid;
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.

Nor yet the rage his boiling heart forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:
O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to
dare,

Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
Are tamed to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which sever'd from the trunk, (as I from thee,)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel, to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the power of laws and justice
springs

(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to
spread,

The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness
gave,

Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save:
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe.

He spoke, and furious hurl'd against the
ground

His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around.
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain
The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passions with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd;
Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway,
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now the example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus with mild benevolence began:

What shame, what woe is this to Greece!
what joy
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of
Troy!

That adverse gods commit to stern debate,
The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
Young as ye are this youthful heat restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom
vain.

A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;

Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
 Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight?
 With these of old to toils of battle bred,
 In early youth my hardy days I led;
 Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
 And smit with love of honourable deeds.
 Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,
 Rang'd the wild deserts red with monster's gore,
 And from their hills the shaggy centaurs tore.
 Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd:
 When Nestor spoke, they listened and obey'd.
 If, in my youth, e'en these esteem'd me wise,
 Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
 Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave,
 That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
 Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
 Let kings be just and sovereign power preside.
 Thee the first honours of the war adorn,
 Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born;
 Him awful majesty exalts above
 The pow'rs of earth, and scepter'd sons of Jove.
 Let both unite, with well-consenting mind,
 So shall authority with strength be join'd.
 Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
 Rule thou thyself, as more advanced in age.
 Forbid it gods! Achilles should be lost,
 The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host.

This said, he ceas'd. The king of men replies,
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise:
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
 No laws can limit, no respect control.
 Before his pride must his superiors fall,
 His word the law, and he the lord of all?
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourselves obey?
 What king can bear a rival in his sway?
 Grant that the gods his matchless force hath giv'n,
 Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n?

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
 And furious thus, and interrupting, spoke:
 Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
 To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
 Should I submit to each unjust decree:
 Command thy vassals, but command not me.
 Seize on Briseis, whom the Grecians doom'd
 My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd:
 And seize secure: no more Achilles draws
 His conquering sword in any woman's cause;
 The gods command me to forgive the past,
 But let this first invasion be the last:
 For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st
 invade,

Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.

At this they ceas'd: the stern debate expir'd:
 The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
 Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
 Meantime Atrides launch'd, with numerous oars,
 A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores:
 High on the deck was fair Chryseis plac'd,
 And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd:
 Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
 Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate, next the king prepares,
 With pure lustrations and with solemn prayers.
 Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
 Are cleans'd, and cast th' ablutions in the main.

Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
 And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid.
 The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
 And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The army thus, in sacred rites engag'd,
 Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
 To wait his will the sacred heralds stood,
 Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
 Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries)
 Thence bear Briseis as our royal prize:
 Submit he must; or, if they will not part,
 Ourselves, in arms, shall tear her from his heart.

The unwilling heralds act their lord's com-
 mands,

Pensive they walk along the barren sands:
 Arrived, the hero in his tent they find,
 With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
 At awful distance long they silent stand,
 Loth to advance, or speak their hard command;
 Decent confusion! this the godlike man
 Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:

With leave and honour, enter our abodes
 Ye sacred ministers of men and gods!
 I know your message; by constraint you came;
 Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.
 Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseis bring;
 Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
 But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow;
 Witness to gods above, and men below!
 But first, and loudest, to your prince declare,
 That lawless tyrant, whose commands you bear,
 Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
 Though prostrate Greece should bleed at every
 vein:

The raging chief, in frantic passion lost,
 Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
 Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
 In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.

Patroclus now the unwilling beauty brought;
 She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,
 Past silent, as the heralds held her hand.
 And oft look'd back, slow moving o'er the strand.
 Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
 But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
 O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
 That kindred deep from whence his mother
 sprung;

There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
 Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:

O parent goddess! since in early bloom,
 Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
 Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
 Great Jove, in justice, should this span adorn.
 Honour and fame at least the Thunderer ow'd,
 And ill he pays the promise of a god,
 If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
 Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.

Far in the deep recesses of the main,
 Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
 The goddess mother heard. The waves divide;
 And like a mist she rose above the tide;
 Beheld him mourning to the naked shores,
 And thus the sorrows of his soul explores:
 Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me
 share,

Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He, deeply sighing, said : To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
But goddess ! thou thy suppliant son attend,
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
And sue for vengeance to the thundering god.
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main—
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curse of such a king :
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head,
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race.

Unhappy son ! (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)
Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes ?
So short a space the light of heaven to view !
So short a space ! and fill'd with sorrow too !
O might a careful parent's wish prevail,
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail :
And thou, from camps remote the danger shun
Which now, alas ! too nearly threatens my son.
Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go
To great Olympus, crown'd with fleecy snow.
Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The sire of gods, and all th' ethereal train,
On the warm limits of the farthest main,
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feasts of Ethiopia's blameless race ;
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove.

The goddess spoke : the rolling waves unclosed ;
Then down the deep she plunged, from whence
she rose,

And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
In fond resentment for the fair he lost.

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode ;
Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd ;
The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the masts aside
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnacle
tied.

Next on the shore their hecatomb they land,
Chryseis last descending on the strand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulysses led to Phæbus' sacred fane ;
Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said :

Hail, rev'rend priest ! to Phæbus' awful dome
A suppliant I from great Atreides come ;
Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair ;
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare :
And may thy god who scatters darts around,
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound.

At this the sire embrac'd the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting king,
Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring ;
With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake :
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer.

God of the silver bow ! thy ear incline,
Whose pow'r encircles Cilla the divine,
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays !
If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest,
Once more attend ! avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.
So Chryses pray'd ; Apollo heard his prayer.

'Twas night ; the chiefs beside their vessel lie
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky ;
Then launch, and hoist the mast ; indulgent gales,
Supplied by Phæbus, fill the swelling sails :
The milk-white canvass bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below :
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand,)
Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay,
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still, amidst his navy sate
The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate ;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd ;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind :
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawn-
ing light

The gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height :
Jove first ascending from the watery bowers,
Leads the long order of ethereal powers.
When like the morning mist in early day,
Rose from the flood, the daughter of the sea ;
And to the seats divine her flight address.
There far apart, and high above the rest,
The Thunderer sat : where old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds,
Suppliant the goddess stood : one hand she plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd.
If e'er, O father of the gods ! she said,
My words could please thee, or my actions aid,
Some marks of honour on my son bestow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.
Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise !
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise ;
Till the proud king, and all th' Achaian race,
Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace.

Thus Thetis spoke : but Jove in silence held
The sacred counsels of his breast conceal'd.
Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer prest,
Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request.
O sire of gods and men ! thy suppliant hear ;
Refuse, or grant, for what has Jove to fear ?
Or, oh ! declare, of all the powers above,
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove ?

She said : and sighing, thus the god replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies :

What hast thou ask'd ? Ah why should Jove
engage

In foreign contests, and domestic rage,
The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms ?

Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped;
Witness the sacred honours of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable, sign:
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows.—
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god:
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

Book II.

ULYSSES AND THERSITES.

The Greeks, in despair of taking Troy, resolve on returning home, but are detained by the management of Ulysses.

* * * * *

HE ran, he flew, through all the Grecian train:—
Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd,
He fired with praise, or with persuasion mov'd.
But if a clamorous, vile plebeian rose,
Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows.

"Silence, base slave! and to thy betters yield,
Dolt, as thou art, in council and in field!
All cannot rule, and, least of all allow'd,
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd,
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;
His are the laws, and let us all obey."

With words like these, the troops Ulysses ruled,

The loudest silenced, and the fiercest cooled,—
All but Thersites; he, above the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue;
Awed by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold;
With witty malice studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim;
But chief he gloried, with licentious style,
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure such as might his soul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;
The gibbous load, that either shoulder prest,
To close contraction pinch'd his pointed breast;
And on his sharp convexity of head,
Stray hairs, like wool, were here and there outspread;

Spleen to mankind his envious heart possest,
And much he hated all, but most, the best.
Ulysses or Achilles still his theme;
But royal scandal his delight supreme.
Long had he lived, the scorn of every Greek,
Vext when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.

Sharp was his voice; which, in the shrillest tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attacked the throne:

"Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,
What moves the great Atrides to complain?
Selected beauties, each a city's pride,
We, by our valour, for thy choice provide.
Or seek'st thou gold? more gold, those heaps to raise,
Which for his ransom'd sons the Trojan pays?"

Some, whom this conquering arm shall captive lead,

Or other Argive doomed for thee to bleed?
Seek'st thou a fresher fair to yield delight,
Hid in thy tent apart from public sight?
For ill beseeems the guardian of our host,
By vile example, to corrupt us most.
Oh, Argive women! Argive men no more:
Let the fleet speed us to our native shore;
Leave him unsated here, though gorg'd with spoil,

To learn if gained or not by Grecian toil.
His was the outrage, he Pelides shamed,
A warrior far o'er him in valour famed:
His now the vaunt to guard Briseis' charms,
Reft by his rapine from that hero's arms!
A hero?—no! fear chains Achilles' force,
Or this last deed had closed thy shameful course!"

The scoffer ceased—with stern, contemptuous eyes,

Ulysses viewed the wretch, and thus replies:
"Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,
With wrangling talents formed for foul debate;
Nor strive with monarchs! Thou of all our host,
The man who acts the least, and vaunts the most!

Think not to shameful flight the Greeks to bring,
Nor let those lips profane the name of king.
For our return we trust to heavenly powers;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.
But grant the host with wealth their general load,
Except detraction, what hast *thou* bestow'd?
But mark my word, nor think the warning vain;
If here I find thee, raving thus again,
Low lie my brow!—May I at once expire,
And loved Telemachus disown his sire,
If stript and scourged, and writhing in thy pain,
I drive thee not back howling to the main."
He said; and, writhing as the dastard bends,
The weighty sceptre on his back descends;
On his round bunch the bloody tumours rise,
While tears spring starting from his haggard eyes;
Trembling he sat, and, shrunk in abject fears,
From his foul visage wiped the scalding tears.
The host, though grieved, his moans with laughter heard;

While burst from lip to lip the scornful word:—
"Great deeds and oft Laertes' son has wrought,
To war renown, to council wisdom, brought;
But this far all transcends; the scoffer's jest,
And base garrulity, at once repress.
Such just examples, on offenders shown,
Sedition silence and assert the throne."

Book III.

HELEN, WITH PRIAM AND THE ELDERS, BEFORE THE SCAEN-GATE.

* * * * *

SHE spake; and sweet desire moved Helen's mind,
Deep-touched by all her folly had resign'd,
The lord, whom once her virgin arms carest,
The roof that rear'd her, and the hearth that blest:—

She rose, her snowy veil around her spread,
And tears of tenderness beneath it shed;
Then onward pass'd and sought the Scæan-gate,
Where sate the elders of the Trojan state;
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise through time, and narrative with age,
Like grasshoppers, that in the woods rejoice,
Or send from summer bowers their slender voice.
These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tower,

In secret own'd resistless beauty's power:
They cried, "No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
See moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!
Yet hence, oh heaven! convey that fatal fate,
And from destruction save the Trojan race."

The good old Priam welcomed her and cried,
"Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side;
No crime of thine our present suffering draws,
Not thou, but heaven's disposing will, the cause.
The gods these armies and this force employ,
The hostile gods conspire the fate of Troy.
Now lift thine eyes, and say what Greek is he
(Far as from hence these aged eyes can see)
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
So tall, so awful, and almost divine?

Though some of loftier stature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien;
He seems a monarch, and his country's pride."
Thus ceased the king, and thus the fair replied:

"Before thy presence, father, I appear
With conscious shame, and reverential fear.

Ah, had I died, ere to these walls I fled,
False to my country and my nuptial bed,
My brothers, friends, and daughter, left behind,
False to them all, to Paris only kind!
All, all alas! I left—hence ever flow
Tears that consume my soul with hopeless woe.

Yet hear what thou requir'st:—that form, that air,
Great Agamemnon, Atreus' son declare,
A king, a warrior, scarce surpass'd in fame;
Ah, once I knew him by a brother's name!"

With wonder Priam viewed the godlike man,
Extolled the happy prince, and then began
"O blest Atrides! born to prosperous fate,
Successful monarch of a mighty state;
How vast thy empire; of yon matchless train
What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain!"
This said; his eyes next on Ulysses light,
"And who is he, inferior far in height,
Yet ampler shoulder'd and of broader breast,
Yon chief, whose arms on earth now peaceful
rest!"

Then Helen thus: "Whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wise;
Mid Ithaca's bleak mountains born and bred,
Yet keen in counsel and of craftiest head."
Her wise Antenor answered: "Well my word
Bears witness of the truth from Helen heard.
When here their steps, for thee by Hellas' sent,
Brave Menelaus and Ulysses bent,
I knew their persons and admired their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approved in arts.
Erect, the Spartan most engaged our view,
Ulysses, seated, greater reverence drew;

When Atreus' son harangued the listening train
Just was his sense, and his expression plain;
His words succinct, yet full; without a fault;
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.
But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fixed upon the ground
As one unskilled or dumb, he seemed to stand;
Nor raised his head, nor stretched his sceptred
hand;

But when he gave his voice its force and flow,
Soft fell his words like flakes of feathery snow.
All felt his matchless power, all caught his
flame,

Nor paused to wonder at his outward frame."
Again hoar Priam spoke, the while his sight,
Rested on Ajax, towering in his height:

"Say who yon chief, conspicuous o'er the rest
For stateliness of size and breadth of breast?"
"Ajax the great," (the beauteous queen replied),
Himself a host, the Grecian strength and pride.

And see, Idomeneus, by Crete ador'd,
And how the Cretans gather round their lord.

Great as a god! I've seen him oft before,
With Menelaus on the Spartan shore.

The rest I know and could in order name,
All valiant chiefs and men of mighty fame;
But where—oh, where's equestrian Castor's
might,

Where Pollux, matchless in the cæstus-fight?
My brothers they; the same our native shore,
One house contained us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refused to sail the seas;
Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel
draws,

Ashamed to combat in their sister's cause."
So spoke the Fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,
Wrapped in the cold embraces of the tomb,
Adorned with honours on their native shore,
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.

Book V.

JUNO'S COURSERS.

FAR as a shepherd from some point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,
Through such a space of air, with thundering
sound,

At every leap the immortal coursers bound.

MINERVA ARMING HERSELF FOR BATTLE.*

But the stern daughter of all-mighty Jove
Cast off the veil her hand had finely wove,
Whose spreading folds around her girdle flow'd
On the starr'd pavement of th' Olympian god.
Then, mail'd for ruthless battle, firmly brac'd
The corslet that the cloud-compeller grac'd.
The snake-fring'd Ægis round her shoulder drew,
Where Terror, wreath'd throughout, came forth
to view,

* According to Eustathius, the ancient critics marked these verses (in the original) with an asterisk, to denote their beauty.

There Strife, there Fortitude, ne'er known to yield,
 There merciless Pursuit, that wastes the field,
 And Jove's dire omen nameless horrors spread,
 Th' appalling monster, the Gorgonian head—
 Then brae'd her casque, all gold, whose four-
 coned height
 Spreads, o'er an hundred hosts, o'ershadowing
 night.
 Thus, in her terror mail'd, the goddess leapt
 In her bright car, whence flame-wing'd light-
 nings swept,
 And grasp'd the spear, which, when her fury
 burns,
 Proud tyrants humbles and whole hosts o'er-
 turns.

Book VI.

THE RACE OF MAN.

LIKE leaves on trees the Race of Man is found;
 Now green in youth, now withering on the
 ground:
 Another race the following spring supplies;
 They fall successive, and successive rise:
 So generations in their course decay,
 So flourish these, when those have pass'd away.

GLAUCUS.

..... From Hippolochus I came,
 The honour'd author of my birth and name;
 By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
 By his instructions learn to win renown,
 To stand the first in worth as in command,
 And add new honours to my native land,
 Before mine eyes my mighty sires to place,
 And emulate the glories of our race.*

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
 Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he?
 For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
 Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
 Oh, grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
 All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!
 So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.
 No parent now remains my grief to share,
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
 The fierce Achilles wrapp'd our walls in fire,
 Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire!
 His fate compassion in the victor bred.
 Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,

* Ἰππόλοχος δὲ ἤρχετο, καὶ ἐκ τοῦ φησὶ γενέσθαι
 Πρώτος δὲ μὲν Τροίην, καὶ μοι μῦθα πολλὰ ἐπέτελλεν,
 Ἀνὴρ ἀντιστείνων, καὶ ὑπερῶρον ἔμεναι ἀλλῶν.
 Μῆδ' ἄλλος Πατέρων ἀσχενέμεν' ὁ μὲν ἀρεστοί
 ἔντ' ἔφηντο ἐγείντο καὶ ἐν Δακτύλῳ ἐνέοντο.
 Ταυτὰς τοὶ γενεὴς τε καὶ αἵματος εὐχόμεν εἶναι.

His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
 And laid him decent on the funeral pile.
 Then raised a mountain, where his bones were
 burn'd,

The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
 Jove's sylvan daughters bade the elms bestow
 A barren shade, and in his honour grow.
 By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell:
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
 My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,
 The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:
 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
 Her pleasing empire, and her native plain,
 When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

"Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
 My father, mother, brethren, all in thee:
 Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
 Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
 Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
 Where yon wild fig-trees join the walls of Troy:
 Thou, from this tower, defend th' important post;
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
 Let others in the field their arms employ,
 But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

The chief replied: "That post shall be my care,
 Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
 How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
 And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep
 the ground,

Attain the lustre of my former name,
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,
 My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
 And guard my father's glories, and my own.
 Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates:
 (How my heart trembles, while my tongue re-
 lates:)

The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
 Not Priam's hoary head defil'd with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
 As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
 In Argive looms our battles to design,
 And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
 There, while you groan beneath the load of
 life,

They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
 A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!

May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Prest with a heap of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child—
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer:

"O Thou! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son.
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown;
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of a future age.
So, when triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, this chief transcends his father's fame:
While pleased, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms:
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe he laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:

"Andromache! my soul's far better part!
Why with untimely sorrow heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb:
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home;
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom.
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men;
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame."

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look: then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn'd the living Hector, as the dead.

Book IX.

EMBASSY OF PHENIX, AJAX, AND ULYSSES TO THE TENT OF ACHILLES.

Through the still night they march, and hear
The roar
Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore.

To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround,
They pour forth vows their embassy to bless,
And calm the rage of stern Æacides.
And now arriv'd, where, on the sandy bay,
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay;
Amus'd, at ease, the godlike man they found,
Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Placed in his tent, attends the lofty strain.
Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,
In silence waiting till he ceased the song.
Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spied,
Leap'd from his seat, and laid his harp aside.
With like surprise arose Menæti'us' son:
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun.

HOSPITALITY OF ACHILLES—PATRIARCHAL MANNERS.

He spake: nor him Patroclus disobeyed—
Then, nigh the fire, his lord a basket laid;
There cast a goat's and sheep's extended chine,
And the huge carcase of a fatted swine,
Served by Automedon, with dextrous art:
Achilles' self divided part from part.
Fixed on the spits the flesh, where brightly
blaz'd

The fire's pure splendour, by Patroclus rais'd.
Patroclus next, when sank the flame, subdued,
O'er the raked embers placed the spitted food;
Then rais'd it from the props—then, salted o'er,
And duly roasted, to the dresser bore:
Next to each guest, along the table spread,
In beauteous baskets, the allotted bread:
Achilles' self distributed the meat,
And placed against his own Ulysses' seat.
And now Patroclus, at his lord's desire,
The hallowed offering cast amid the fire:
The guests then feasted, and, the banquet o'er,
When satiate thirst and hunger claim'd no more,
Ulysses mindful, crown'd his cup with wine,
And to Achilles drank.

ACHILLES' ABHORRENCE OF FALSEHOOD.

Who dares think one thing and another tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.

Another translation of the Same.

LOATHED as the gates of Hades, I despise
The lip that utters what the heart denies.

PHENIX'S ENDEAVOUR TO APPEASE ACHILLES.

ACHILLES! bid thy mighty spirit down:
Thou shouldst not be thus merciless; the gods,
Although more honourable, and in power
And virtue thy superiors, are themselves
Yet placable; and, if a mortal man
Offend them by transgression of their laws,
Libation, incense, sacrifice and prayer,
In meekness offered, turn their wrath away.

Prayers are Jove's daughters, wrinkled, lame,
slant-eyed,
Which, though far distant, yet with constant pace,
Follow offence. Offence, robust of limb,
And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all,
And over all the earth before them runs,
Hurtful to man. They following, heal the hurt;
Received respectfully when they approach,
They yield us aid, and listen when we pray.
But if we slight, and with obdurate heart
Resist them, to Saturnian Jove they cry
Against us; supplicating that offence
May cleave to us for vengeance of the wrong.
Thou, therefore, O Achilles! honour yield
To Jove's own daughters, vanquish'd as the brave
Have often been, by honour done to thee.

Book XII.

ATTACK OF THE TROJANS ON THE GREEKS— AUGURIES—HECTOR'S REPLY TO POLYDAMAS.

WAR raged at every gate, and deeds were
wrought,
None but a god can sing: deeds passing human
thought.

The battle burn'd:—the stones, a missile shower,
Rung round the wall, and smote each batter'd
tower.

The Greeks, by harsh necessity constrain'd,
Guards of their fleet, though bowed with woe,
remain'd:

When on the Trojans' left, both hosts between,
Aloft an eagle soar'd, distinctly seen,
Whose talons a voluminous serpent grasp'd
That, bathed in gore, yet palpitating, gasp'd,
And, fiercely struggling, backward rear'd his
crest,

Coiled round the eagle's neck, and tore his breast.
The bird, in anguish of that piercing wound,
Mid the throng'd army cast him on the ground;
Spread her broad wings, and, floating on the wind,
Shriek'd as she flew, and left her prey behind:
While, where the serpent lay, with fear amaz'd,
On Jove's portentous sign the Trojans gaz'd.

Then spake Polydamas: "Full oft my word,
Though just, brave Hector, has thy blame incur'd;
Yet—both in war and council, still the aim,
That best becomes each citizen,—thy fame.
Hence will I freely speak: here, Hector, stay,
Nor lead against the fleet our arm'd array.
For sure to warn us is that omen sent.
And thus my mind expounds the dread event.
When on our battle's left, each host between,
The eagle and that snake, distinctly seen,
Which, yet alive, on earth she downward flung,
Nor to her aerie brought, to feast her young:
Thus we—if forc'd each gate, if prone each tow'r,
And Greece, dishearten'd, dread to front our
power—

Ne'er from that fleet, in orderly array,
Shall back return on our triumphant way;
But, in her fleet's defence, by Græcia slain,
There many a Trojan son shall strew the plain.
Slight not my word—I speak as speaks the seer,
Whom gods have gifted, and mankind revere."

"Cease,"—Hector sternly answer'd—"cease
this word,

This warning voice, with scorn by Hector heard:
Some worthier frame—if this advis'dly said,
Thy reason wanders, by the gods betray'd.
Thou didst me—reckless of the powers above—
Forget the counsels ratified by Jove:
Thou bidst me birds obey—I scorn their flight,
I reek not whence they spring, nor where alight.
"If, on the right they seek the dawn of day,
Or, on the left, through darkness cleave their way.
Jove I obey, who, on th' Olympian throne
O'er mortals and immortals rules alone.
Watch thou the flight of birds—such omens thine:
One, far o'er all—to guard my country—mine."*

* * * * *

He spake: and onward rush'd: Troy's dense
array

Pursued, loud clamouring, where he led the way:
From Ida's topmost brow the Thunderer, Jove,
O'er all the fleet thick dust in whirlwinds drove,
Quell'd in the Greeks the spirit of the brave,
And added fame to Troy and Hector gave.

SARPEDON.

Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would
yield,

Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inspired with martial flame
His matchless son, and urged him on to fame.
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
Within whose orb, the thick bull-hides were
roll'd,

Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile
gold:

And while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's
brow

Descends a lion on the flocks below;
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain:
In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolved alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With generous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the towers, and meditates their fall,
To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall:
Then, casting on his friend an ardent look,
Fired with the thirst of glory, thus he spake:

Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills were vines their purple harvest yield,

* Εἰς αἰῶνος ἀνταρὸς ἀντιπύλαι περὶ πάρος,
which Mr. Pope thus translates:

"Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause."

Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feasts enhanced with music's sprightly
sound!

Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
Admired as heroes, and as gods obey'd,
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous powers above?

'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace;

The first in valour, as the first in place:

That when with wondering eyes our martial
bands

Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state,
Whom those that envy, dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war:—
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

DEEDS OF HECTOR.

As when two scales are charged with doubt-
ful loads,

From side to side the trembling balance nods
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store,
Till, poised aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that descends:

So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might
With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.

Fierce as a whirlwind up the wall he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries:

Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands.

They hear, they run; and, gathering at his call,
Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall:

Around the works a wood of glittering spears
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.

A ponderous stone bold Hector heaved to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:

Not two strong men the enormous weight could
raise,

Such men as live in these degenerate days.

Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear

The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air:

For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load

The unwieldy rock, the labour of a god.

Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,

Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;

With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,

On lofty beams of solid timber hung:

Then, thundering through the planks with force-
ful sway,

Drives the sharp rock: the solid beams give way,
The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door

Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.

Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,

Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears:

A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flash'd a living flame.

He moves a god, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place:
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The shore is heap'd with dead, and tumult rends
the sky.

Book XIII.

NEPTUNE HASTENING TO THE RELIEF OF THE GREEKS.

Down sweeps the god; and trembling, where he
treads,

Rocks, mountains, forests, bow their conscious
heads;

O'er isle, o'er sea, at three vast strides he wends,
And, with the fourth, on Ægæ's shore descends,—

His goal;—where bright, nor built by mortal
hands,

Deep midst the waves, his ocean-palace stands;—
There, brazen-hoof'd, gold-maned, to their fleet car

His steeds he yokes, and arms himself for war,
Grasps the bright scourge, and forth, in gold array,

Swift, through the onward billows, shoots his
way;

Up from their caves the whales exulting spring,
Sport round his track, and hail their ocean-king;

Subsiding seas a leveller space supply,
And waves, disparting, leave his axle dry.*

THE GIRDLE OF VENUS.

..... The embroidered zone,

Where each embellishment divinely shone:

There dwell the allurements, all that love inspire;

There soft seduction, there intense desire;

There witchery of words, whose flatteries weave

Wiles, that the wisdom of the wise deceive.

The Same paraphrased.

The zone

With various skill and high embroidery grac'd,

In which was every art, and every charm,

To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:

Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,

The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire;

Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,

Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

Book XVIII.

ACHILLES SHOWING HIMSELF AT THE HEAD OF THE ENTRENCHMENTS.

Forth marched the chief, and, distant from the
crowd,

High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;

* This description of the Sea-God has been quoted by Longinus as a specimen of the sublime; but how infinitely inferior is it (as Dr. Smith has truly observed) to a thousand passages in Scripture, descriptive of the divine presence. See the Book of Job and Psalms—particularly Psalm xlviii. 7—10; and lxxvii. 16—19, &c. See also, Milton's description of the Messiah, b. vi. 772 and 781, and Satan, b. i. 590, &c.

With her own shout, Minerva swells the sound ;
 Troy starts astonished, and the shores rebound.
 As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far,
 With shrilling clangour sounds the alarm of war,
 Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
 And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply,
 So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd :
 Hosts dropp'd their arms, and trembled as they
 heard ;
 And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,
 And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
 Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he
 rais'd,
 And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.

SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

He first a vast and massive buckler made ;
 There all the wonders of his work display'd :
 With silver belt adorn'd, and triply wound
 Orb within orb, the border beaming round.
 Five plates composed the shield ; there Vulcan's
 art
 Charged with his skilful mind each varied part.
 There earth, there heaven appeared ; there ocean
 flowed ;
 There the orb'd moon, and sun unwearied
 glowed :
 There, every star that gems the brow of night,
 Pleiads and Hyads, and Orion's might ;
 The Bear, that, watchful in his ceaseless roll
 Around the star whose light illumines the pole,
 Still eyes Orion, nor e'er stoops to lave
 His beams unconscious of the ocean wave.

There, by the god's creative power reveal'd,
 Two stately cities fill'd with life the shield.
 Here nuptials, solemn feasts, and pomps that led,
 Brides from their chambers to the nuptial bed.
 Bright blaz'd the torches as they swept along
 Through streets that rung with hymeneal song :
 And while gay youths, swift circling round and
 round,
 Danced to the pipe and harp's harmonious sound,
 The women throng'd, and, wondering as they
 viewed,
 Stood in each portal, and the pomp pursued.

Next, on the shield, a forum met the view ;
 Two men, contending, there a concourse drew :
 A citizen was slain : keen rose the strife :
 'Twas compensation claim'd for loss of life.
 This swore the mulct for blood was strictly paid ;
 This, that the fine long due was yet delay'd.
 Both claim'd th' award, and bade the laws decide,
 And partial numbers, rang'd on either side,
 With eager clamours for decision call,
 Till the fear'd heralds seat and silence all.
 There the hoar elders, in their sacred place,
 On seats of polish'd stone the circle grace ;
 Rise with a herald's sceptre, weigh the cause,
 And speak in turn the sentence of the laws :
 While, in the midst, for him to bear away,
 Who rightliest spoke, two golden talents lay.

The other city on the shield displayed,
 Two hosts that girt it, in bright mail array'd :

Diverse their counsel : these, to burn, decide,
 And those to seize, and all its wealth divide.
 The town their summons scorn'd, resistance
 dar'd,
 And secretly for ambush arms prepar'd.
 Wife, grandsire, child, one soul alike in all,
 Stand on the battlements, and guard the wall.
 Mars, Pallas, led their host : gold either god,
 A golden radiance from their armour flow'd.
 Onward they pass'd, till, where a river wound,
 A station fit for ambush mark'd the ground ;
 A watering place for beasts of every kind,
 And there they couch'd beneath their arms re-
 clined.

Two spies, at distance from their comrades, lay,
 And watch'd the cattle on their wonted way.
 They come ;—unconscious of the ambuscade,
 Two shepherds, following, on their reed-pipes
 play'd.

Warn'd by their spies, the warriors seize the
 prey,

Drive the horn'd beasts and snowy flocks away,
 And slay the swains. As loud the tumult rose,
 Of bellowing oxen, and conflicting blows,
 The chiefs from council dart : with fiery speed,
 Mount, lash their coursers, pour upon the mead,
 And, warring on the margin of the flood,
 The spear-armed foemen shed each other's blood.
 Mid these Contention rush'd, wild Tumult rag'd,
 And ruthless Fate unsparing battle wag'd ;
 Grasp'd one new-wounded, one without a wound,
 And drew another slain along the ground :
 While the dark garments that the warriors wore,
 Clung to their shoulders, thick with human gore.
 Like life the conflict clash'd, the battle bled,
 And host immixt with host, dragg'd forth by turn
 the dead.

The god then wrought on that celestial shield,
 A broad, a triple-plough'd, and fertile field ;
 There many ploughmen, bending o'er their toil,
 Turn'd to and fro their yokes, and cleave the soil ;
 And, as they reach'd the confine of the plain,
 And paus'd to breathe ere turning back again,
 The master met them, and to every hind
 A goblet, fill'd with luscious wine, assign'd ;
 Then, each his furrow labouring, cleave the
 ground,
 And strove to reach the glebe's extremest clod ;
 And the tilth darken'd like a new-turn'd clod,
 Though golden all : all wonder of the god.

Now, laden deep with corn, a heavy field
 Rose on the view, and bristled o'er the shield.
 The reapers toil'd, the sickles in their hand,
 And heap on heap fell thick along the land ;
 Three labourers grasp them, and in sheaves up-
 bin'd ;
 Boys, gathering up their handfuls, went behind,
 Proffering their load : mid these, in gladsome
 mood,

Mute, leaning on his staff, the master stood.
 Apart, the heralds, in an oaken glade,
 Slew a huge bullock, and the banquet made ;
 While women, busy with the wheat grain,
 Kneaded the meal to feast at eve the swain.

Now, bow'd with grapes, in gold a vineyard glow'd,

A purple light along its clusters flow'd:
On poles of silver train'd, the vines repos'd,
Dark the deep trench, and pales of tin enclos'd.
One path alone there led, along whose way
Ceas'd not the gatherers thro' the live-long day:
Youths and fair girls, who, gladdening in the toil,
In woven panniers bore the nectar spoil—
Sweet struck the lyre a boy amid the throng,
And chanted with shrill voice the Linus-song;
While the gay chorus, as they danc'd around,
Together sang, together beat the ground.

Now a large herd, high-horn'd, part tin, part gold,

Rose from the buckler of celestial mould:
These from their stalls rush'd bellowing to the meads,

Where flow'd a river midst o'ershadowing reeds:
Four herdsmen follow'd, all in gold design'd,
And nine fleet-footed dogs came on behind.
Two famish'd lions, prowling for their prey,
Sprung on the bull that foremost led the way,
And wild with pain their bellowing victim drew,
While on their track the dogs and herdsmen flew:
Thro' the rent hide their food the lions tore,
The fuming entrails gorg'd, and drain'd his gore.
In vain the herdsmen speed, and urge in vain
The dogs the lions' conflict to sustain;
Too weak to wound, they linger'd, half-dismay'd,
Yet stood, too bold to fly, and fiercely bay'd.

Now the god's changeful artifice display'd

Fair flocks at pasture in a lovely glade:
And folds, and sheltering stalls peeped up between,
And shepherd-huts diversified the scene.

Now on the shield a choir appear'd to move,
Whose flying feet the tuneful labyrinth wove;
Such as fam'd Dædalus, on Gnosus' shore,
For bright-hair'd Ariadne form'd of yore;
Youths and fair girls, there, hand in hand, advanced,

Tim'd to the song their step, and gaily danced.
Round every maid light robes of linen flow'd,
Round every youth a glossy tunic glow'd;
Those wreath'd with flowers, while from their partners hung,

Swords that, all gold, from belts of silver swung.

Train'd by nice art each flexile limb to wind,
Their twinkling feet the measur'd maze entwined,

Fleet as the wheel, whose use the potter tries
When twirl'd beneath his hand its axle flies,
Now all at once their graceful ranks combine,
Each rang'd against the other, line with line.
The crowd flock'd round, and, wondering as they viewed,

Thro' every change the varying dance pursued;
The while two tumblers, as they led the song,
Turn'd in the midst, and roll'd themselves along.

There, last, the god the force of Ocean bound,
And pour'd its waves the buckler's orb around.

Book XIX.

GRECIAN ARMY GOING FORTH TO BATTLE— APPEARANCE OF ACHILLES.

THE host set forth and its steele waves
pour'd far out of the fleete;

And as from aire the north-winde blows
a frostie-colde thicke sleete,

That dazzles eyes, flakes after flakes
incessantly descending;

So thicke helmes, curets, ashen darts,
and round shields never-ending,

Flowed from the navie's hollow wombe;
their splendors gave heaven's eye

His beames againe; earth laugh'd to see
her face so like the skie;

Armes shin'd so hote, and she such clouds
made with the dust she cast;

She thunder'd—feet of men and horse
importuned her so fast.

In midst of all divine Achil-
les his faire person arm'd;

His teeth gnasht as he stood—his eyes
so full of fire, they warm'd;

Unsutler'd grieve and anger at
the Troians so combin'd;

His greaves first usde, his goodly cu-
rets on his bosome shin'd;

His sworde, his shielde that caste from it
a brightnesse like the moone.

And as from sea sailers discerne
a harmfull fire, let runne

By herdsmen's faults, till all their stall
flies up in wrestling flame,

Which, being on hills, is seene farre off;
but being alone, none came

To give it quench, at shore no neigh-
bors, and at sea their friends

Driven off with tempests; such a fire
from his bright shield extends

His ominous radiance and in heaven
imprest his fervent blaze.

His crested helmet, grave and high,
had next triumphant place

On his curl'd head; and, like a starre,
it cast a spurrie ray

About which a bright thicken'd bush
of golden haire did play,

Which Vulcan forg'd him for his plume.
Thus compleate arm'd, he tride

How fit they were, and if with ease
his motion could abide

Their brave instruction; and so farre
they were from hindering it,

That to it they were nimble wings,
and made so light his spirit,

That from the earthe the princely cap-
taine they took up to aire.

Then from his armoury he drew
his lance, his father's speare,

Huge, weightie, firme, that not a Greeke
but he himselfe alone

Knew how to shake. It grew upon
the mountaine Pelion,

From whose height Chiron hew'd it for
his sire, and fatall 'twas

To great-soul'd men.

Book XX.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS.

Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars, hovering over Troy, his terror shrouds
In gloomy tempests and a night of clouds.—
Above, the Sire of gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals, redoubled, shake the poles.
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And, from their sources, boil her hundred floods:
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain,
And the Greek navies beat the heaving main.—
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
The infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm
should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful e'en to gods.

Book XXIII.

WRESTLING.

THE third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed prize;
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valued but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife propose,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands;
Close-lock'd above their heads and arms are mixt,
Below, their planted feet, at distance fixt:
Like two strong rafters, which the builder forms,
Proof to the wintry winds and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space,
Fixt on the centre stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends,
The humid sweat from every pore descends;
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
Overturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long strife e'en tired the lookers on,
Thus to Ulysses spake great Telamon:
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.
He said; and, straining, heaved him off the ground
With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
To foil his foe, and where the nerves combine
His ancle struck: the giant fell supine:
Ulysses, following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.
Ajax to lift Ulysses next essays;
He barely stirred him, but he could not raise:
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt denied,
And grappling close, they tumble side by side.
Defil'd with honourable dust they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul:
Again their rage, again to combat rise;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize:

"Your noble vigour, O my friends, restrain;
Nor weary out your generous strength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others, who excel,
Now prove the prowess you have proved so
well."

Book XXIV.

PRIAM'S SPEECH TO ACHILLES, ENTREATING FROM HIM THE DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

"THINK, O Achilles, semblance of the gods,
On thine own father, full of days like me,
And trembling on the gloomy verge of life.
Some neighbour chief, it may be, even now
Oppresses him, and there is none at hand,
No friend to succour him in his distress.
Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives,
He still rejoices, hoping day by day,
That one day he shall see the face again
Of his own son, from distant Troy returned.
But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons,
So late the flowers of Ilium, all are slain.
When Greece came hither, I had fifty sons;
But fiery Mars hath thinn'd them.—One I had,
One, more than all my sons, the strength of Troy,
Whom standing for his country, thou hast slain—
Hector. His body to redeem I come
Into Achaia's fleet, bringing myself,
Ransom inestimable to thy tent.
Rev'rence the gods, Achilles! recollect
Thy father; for his sake compassion show
To me more pitiable still, who draw
Home to my lips (humiliation yet
Unseen on earth,) his hand who slew my son!"
So saying, he waken'd in his soul regret
Of his own sire; softly he placed his hand
On Priam's hand, and push'd him gently away.
Remembrance melted both. Rolling before
Achilles' feet, Priam his son deplored
Wide-slaughtering Hector, and Achilles wept
By turns his father, and by turns his friend,
Patroclus: sounds of sorrow fill'd the tent.

HELEN'S LAMENTATION OVER HECTOR.

Ou, Hector! thou wert rooted in my heart;
No brother there had half so large a part.
Not less than twenty years are now passed o'er,
Since first I landed on the Trojan shore,
Since Paris lured me from my home away,
(Would I had died before that fatal day!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate from thee to find
A deed ungente, or a word unkind.
When others cursed the authoress of their woe,
Thy pity checked my sorrows in their flow:
If by my sisters or the queen revild,
(For the good king, like thee, was ever mild,)
Thy kindness still has all my grief beguild.
For thee I mourn, and mourn myself in thee,
Nor hope, nor solace now remains to me;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone.*

* "Few things," (says Mr. Coleridge) "are more interesting than to observe how the same hand that has given us the fury and inconsistency of Achilles, gives us also the consummate elegance and tenderness of Helen. She

SIMILES.

[In every language, the earliest writers, particularly poets, have been addicted to the use of comparisons and metaphors of a highly figurative and bold character. This is more especially observable with respect to the sacred poets and Homer, from whom, it is no exaggeration to say, that three out of four of the similes of all subsequent writers have been, more or less directly, copied or paraphrased.]

Book II.

OF BEES SWARMING, TO AN ARMY ISSUING FROM THEIR TENTS AND SHIPS.

As when the bees' dense nation rise, and rise
From the cleft rock, and cloud with life the skies,
In clusters hang o'er spring's unfolded flower,
Sweep to and fro, and wind from bower to
 bower:
Thus, from their ships and tents, host urging host
To council swarmed.

OF ROLLING BILLOWS, TO AN ARMY IN MOTION.

THE hosts rush rolling on, as wave on wave,
When o'er th' Icarian sea swoln billows rave,
When east and south in adverse fury sweep,
Burst the dark clouds at once and lash the deep.

OF A FOREST IN FLAMES, TO THE LUSTRE OF ARMS.

As flames on flames spread far and wide their
 light,
From forests blazing on the mountain height,
Thus flashed the lightning of their arms afar,
And heaven's bright cope beamed back the glare
 of war.

OF A FLIGHT OF CRANES OR SWANS, TO A NUMEROUS ARMY.

As when of many sorts the long-neck'd fowl,
Unto the large and flowing plain repair,
(Through which Cäyster's waters gently roll,)
In multitudes—high flying in the air,
Now here, now there fly, priding on their wing,
And by and by at once light on the ground,
And with their clamour make the air to ring,
And th' earth, whereon they settle, to resound.
So when the Achæians went up from the fleet,
And on their march were to the towers of Troy,
The earth resounded loud with hoofs and feet.
But on Scamander's flowery bank they stay,
In number like the flowers of the field,
Or leaves in spring, or multitude of flies
In some great dairy, round the vessels filled,
Delighted with the milk, dance, fall, and rise.*

is, throughout the *Iliad*, a genuine lady, graceful in motion and speech, noble in her associations, full of remorse for a fault for which higher powers seem responsible, yet grateful towards those with whom that fault had connected her. I have always thought the speech, in which Helen laments Hector, and hints at her own invidious and unprotected situation in Troy, as almost the sweetest passage in the poem."

* Hobbes, in his quaint manner, gives us his reasons for translating Homer. "Why then did I write it?—Be-

Another of the Same.

NOT less their number than the embodied cranes,
Or milk-white swans, in Asius' watery plains,
That o'er the winding of Cäyster's springs,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling
 wings,

Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds:
Now light with noise: with noise the field re-
 sounds.

Thus clamorous and confused, extending wide,
The legions crowd Scamander's flowery side,
In numbers numberless as leaves and flowers,
That fill the lap of spring, and robe her bowers.

OF SWARMS OF FLIES, TO A NUMEROUS ARMY.

As in the spring-time, when the swain recalls
His lowing cattle to their wonted stalls,
Eve's milking hour from ether downwards draws
The flies' winged nations, swarming o'er the vase,
Thus Greece poured forth her multitudinous
 throng.

OF A SHEPHERD GATHERING HIS FLOCKS, TO A GENERAL RANGING HIS ARMY—AND OF THE STATELINESS OF A BULL, TO THE PORT OF AGAMEMNON.

As goat-herds, watchful of their charge at feed,
Part flock from flock, commingling on the mead,
Not skilful less, the chiefs beneath their sway,
Ranged rank by rank and formed the war-array.
Mid these Atrides towered, his eye like fire,
His brow, like Jove exultant in his ire.
As mid the herds, a bull of stateliest size
Rears his horned forehead, and the field defies,
Thus, on that day, all, all their chiefs above,
Towered Agamemnon, glorified by Jove.

Book IV.

OF THE DARKNESS OF TROOPS, TO THE GATHERING OF CLOUDS.

As from some promontory's lofty brow,
A swain surveys the gathering storm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams and sail along the skies,
Till, black as night, the swelling tempest shows,
The cloud condensing as the west wind blows;
He dreads the impending storm, and drives his
 flock

To the close covert of some arching rock:
Such and so thick the embattled squadrons stood.

OF SUCCESSION OF WAVES, TO THE MOVING OF TROOPS.

As when the winds, ascending by degrees
First move the whitening surface of the seas,
The billows float in order to the shore;
The wave behind rolls on the wave before,

cause I had nothing else to do. Why publish it?—Because I thought it might take off my adversaries from showing their folly upon my more serious writings, and set them upon my verses to show their wisdom."

Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies:
So to the fight the thick battalions throng.

OF TORRENTS RUSHING THROUGH THE VALLEYS,
TO ARMIES IN BATTLE.

As torrents roll, increased by numerous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills,
Rush to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,
Roar through a thousand channels to the main,
The distant shepherd, trembling, hears the sound:
So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.

Book VIII.

OF THE MOON AND STARS IN GLORY, TO THE BRIGHT-
NESS AND NUMBER OF THE TROJAN FIRES.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light,
So many fires before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays.

Another translation of the Same.

As when, around the clear, bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hushed;
The groves, the mountains-tops, the headland-
heights,
Stand all apparent; not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue; but ether, opened wide,
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheered.

Another.

As when the stars, at night's illumined noon,
Beam in their brightness round the full-orbed
moon—
When sleeps the wind, and every mountain
height,
Rock, and hoar cliff, shine towering up in light,
Then gleam the vales, and ether, widely riven,
Expands to other stars, another heaven:
While the lone shepherd, watchful of his fold,
Looks wondering up, and gladdens to behold—
Not less the fires, that through the nightly hours
Spread war's whole scene before Troy's guarded
towers,
Flung o'er the distant fleet a shadowy gleam,
And quivering played on Xanthus' silver stream,

Book XI.

OF CORN FALLING IN ROWS, TO MEN SLAIN IN
BATTLE.

BUT as keen reapers, band opposed to band,
Toil in the harvest of a grateful land,

And, where the barley bristles into grain,
Row after row, with sheaves o'erstrew the plain;
The Greeks and Trojans thus, in clash'd career,
Slay and are slain;*—none pause, none fly, none
fear.

But lift alike their crests, and, wild with rage,
Like wolves, th' exterminating battle wage.

OF AJAX, TO AN ASS SURROUNDED BY BOYS.

As when an ass, slow-paced, despite a throng
Of urchins, bursts ripe fields of corn among,
And bruised by many a broken staff in vain,
At pleasure crops the ears of golden grain,
While nought such efforts and weak blows avail,
Till the gorged beast's keen sense of hunger fail,
Thus the brave Trojans and their leagued bands
Struck on the shield of Ajax.

Book XII.

OF TWO MOUNTAIN OAKS, TO TWO HEROES.

... At the gates two mightiest warriors stood,
Resistless race of Lapiſſean blood—
They stood like oaks, that on the mountain soar,
Where, day by day, perpetual tempests roar;
Rear amid whirlwinds their unswerving form,
And spread their gnarled roots beneath the storm.

OF ARROWS, TO FLAKES OF SNOW.

As the feathery snows
Fall frequent on some wintry day, when Jove
Hath risen to shed them on the race of man,
And show his arrowy stores; he lulls the wind,
Then shakes them down continual, covering
thick
Mountain tops, promontories, flowery meads,
And cultured valleys rich, and ports and shores
Along the margined deep; but there the wave
Their further progress stays; while all besides
Lies whelm'd beneath Jove's fast descending
shower;
So thick, from side to side, by Trojans hurled
Against the Greeks, and by the Greeks returned,
The stony volleys flew.

Book XIV.

OF THE WAVES ROLLING TO AND FRO, TO THE
DOUBTS OF NESTOR.

As when with its unwieldy waves
the sea forefeels the winds
That both ways murmur, and no way
a certain current finds,
But pants and swells confusedly;
here goes and there will stay,
Till on it air casts one firm wind,
and then it rolls away,
So stood old Nestor in debate,
two thoughts at once on wing. . .

* They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

*Book XV.***OF HECTOR, TO A FIERY COURSER BREAKING FROM HIS STALL.**

As when, high-fed with grain, a stall-bound steed
Snaps his strongcord, and flies from bondage freed,
Strikes with resounding hoof the earth, and flies
Where the wide champaign spread before him
lies,

Seeks the remembered haunts, on fire to lave
His glowing limbs, and dash amid the wave,
High rears his crest, and tossing with disdain
Wide o'er his shoulders spreads his stream of
mane,

And fierce in beauty, graceful in his speed,
Snuffs his known fellows in the distant mead.
Thus Hector.—

OF AN EQUESTRIAN LEAPING FROM HORSE TO HORSE, TO AJAX STRIDING FROM SHIP TO SHIP.

As one well-skilled, from many a gallant steed
Has four selected of excelling breed,
And towards the city, mid' th' admiring throng,
Lashing their speed the public way along,
Firm without fall, alternating at will,
Swift vaults from horse to horse with easy skill,
Thus on from deck to deck fierce Ajax sprung.

*Book XVI.***OF AN AUTUMNAL STORM AND DELUGE, TO THE RUIN OF A ROUTED ARMY.**

As when, o'er canopied with night of clouds,
The autumnal storm the face of nature shrouds,
When vengeful Jove, in fury unconfin'd,
Pours down the weight of waters on mankind,
Who right and wrong confound, 'gainst heaven
rebel,

And injured Justice from their courts expel:—
Then swoln with floods, their rivers all o'erflow,
Then cataracts shatter many a mountain brow,
Roar as they rush, hurled headlong from the steep,
And, 'neath th' empurpled main, man's wasted
labours sweep.

*Book XVII.***OF YOUNG EUPHORBUS, TO AN UPROOTED OLIVE TREE.**

As a young olive, in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts its gay head, in snowy flowrets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! by blasts uprooted, whirled around,
Low lies the plant, extended on the ground:
Thus in his beauty young Euphorbus lay.

*Book XXII.***OF THE RADIANCE OF HESPER, TO THE POINT OF ACHILLES' SPEAR.**

As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.

FROM THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.*Book IV.***ELYSIUM.**

BUT oh, beloved of heaven! reserved for thee
A happier lot the smiling fates decree:
Free from that law, beneath whose mortal sway
Matter is changed, and varying forms decay;
Elysium shall be thine; the blissful plains
Of utmost earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
Joys ever young, unmixed with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of the eternal year;
Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime,
The fields are florid with unfading prime;
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow;
But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.

*Book V.***HERMES SENT TO THE ISLAND OF CALYPSO.**

HE spoke. The god who mounts the winged
winds

Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.
He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye:
Then shoots from heaven to high Pieria's steep,
And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So wat'ry fowl, that seek their fishy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the distant island rose in view:
Then swift ascending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, in which the nymph he
found,
The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty
crown'd.

She sat and sung; the rocks resound her lays:
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
Cedar and frankincense, an od'rous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;
While she with work and song the time divides,
And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grot, a various sylvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,
The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing through the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil,
And every fountain pours a sev'ral rill,
In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were
crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
A scene, where if a god should cast his sight,
A god might gaze, and wander with delight!

ULYSSES, IN THE ISLAND OF CALYPSO, PINING FOR
HIS NATIVE ITHICA.

..... On the shore
She found him seated; tears succeeding tears
Deluged his eyes, while, hopeless of return,
Life's precious hours to gnawing cares he gave,
Continual; for the nymph now charmed no more.
Yet, cold as she was amorous, still he pass'd
His nights beside her in the hollow grot
Constrained, and day by day the rocks among,
Which lined the shore, heart-broken sat, and oft,
While wistfully he eyed the barren deep,
Wept, groan'd desponding, sigh'd and wept again.
Then drawing near, thus spake the nymph divine:
"Unhappy! weep not here, nor life consume
In anguish; go! thou hast my glad consent.

* * * * *
Farewell! I pardon thee. But couldst thou guess
The woes which fate ordains thee to endure
Ere yet thou reach thy country, well content
Here to inhabit, thou wouldst keep my grot
And be immortal, howsoe'er thy wife
Engage thy every wish, day after day.
Yet can I not in stature or in grace
Myself suspect inferior aught to her,
Since competition cannot be between
Mere mortal beauties and a form divine."

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied:
"Awful divinity, be not incensed!
I know that my Penelope in face
And stature altogether yields to thee,
For she is mortal, and immortal thou,
From age exempt; yet not the less I wish
My home, and languish daily to return.
But should some god, amid the sable deep,
Dash me again into a wreck, my soul
Shall yet endure it."

ULYSSES' RAFT.

SHE gave him, fitted to the grasp, an axe
Of iron, ponderous, double-edged, with haft
Of olive-wood, inserted firm, and wrought
With curious art. Then placing in his hand
A polish'd adze, she led herself the way
To her isle's utmost verge, where loftiest stood
The alder, poplar, and cloud-piercing fir,
Though sapless, sound, and fittest for his use
As buoyant most. To that once verdant grove
His steps the beauteous nymph Calypso led,
And sought her home again. Then slept not he,
But, swinging with both hands the axe, his task
Soon finish'd; trees full twenty to the ground
He cast, which, dextrous, with his adze he
smooth'd,

The knotted surface chipping by a line.
Meantime the lovely goddess to his aid
Sharp augers brought, with which he bored the
beams,

Then placed them side by side, adapting each
To other, and the seams with wadding closed
Broad as an artist, skill'd in naval works,
The bottom of a ship of burthen spreads,
Such breadth Ulysses to his raft assign'd.
He deck'd her over with long planks, upborne
On massy beams; he made the mast, to which

He added suitable the yard; he framed
Rudder and helm to regulate her course;
With wicker-work he border'd all her length
For safety, and much ballast stowed within.
Meantime Calypso brought him for a sail
Fittest materials, which he also shaped,
And to it all due furniture annex'd
Of cordage strong, foot-ropes, and ropes aloft,
Then heaved her down with levers to the deep.*

SHIPWRECK OF ULYSSES.

HE spoke, and high the forked trident hurl'd,
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the wat'ry world.
At once the face of earth and sea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms.
Down rush'd the night. East, west, together roar,
And south and north, roll mountains to the shore;
Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,
And question'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind.

Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend
This life of toils, and what my destin'd end?
Too well alas! the island goddess knew,
On the black sea what perils should ensue.
New horrors now this destin'd head enclose;
Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes.
With what a cloud the brows of heaven are
crown'd!

What raging winds! what roaring waters round!
'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempest rears;
Death, present death on every side appears.
Happy! thrice happy! who in battle slain
Press'd in Atrides' cause the Trojan plain:
Oh! had I died before that well-fought wall;
Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall;
(Such as was that, when showers of jav'lines fled
Trom conqu'ring Troy around Achilles dead)
All Greece had paid my solemn fun'rals then,
And spread my glory with the sons of men.
A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead!†

A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the mast it broke;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the swelling surge the chief was borne:
While by the howling tempest rent in twain
Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.
Long prest, he heaved beneath the mighty wave,
Clogg'd by the cumbrous vest Calypso gave.
At length emerging, from his nostrils wide
And gushing mouth, effused the briny tide.

* What is chiefly valuable in the above passage, is the insight which it gives us as to the degree at which the art of ship-building had then arrived.

† Plutarch in his *Symposiacs* relates a memorable story relating to this passage. When Memmius, the Roman general, had sacked the city of Corinth, and made slaves of those who survived the ruin of it, he commanded one of the youths of a liberal education to write down some sentence in his presence, according to his own inclinations. The youth immediately wrote this passage from Homer. Memmius burst into tears, and gave the youth and all his relations their liberty. Virgil has translated this passage in the first book of his *Æneis*. Both heroes lament not that they are to die, but only the inglorious manner of it. Drowning was esteemed by the ancients an accursed death, as it deprived their bodies of the rites of sepulture.

E'en then, not mindless of his last retreat,
He seized the raft, and leap'd into his seat;
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood,
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
As when a heap of gathering thorns is cast,
Now to, now fro, before the autumnal blast;
Together clung, it rolls around the field;
So rolled the float, and so its texture held.
And now the south, and now the north, bears

sway,

And now the east the foamy floods obey,
And now the west-wind whirls it o'er the sea.

While now his thoughts distracted counsels hold,
The raging god a watery mountain roll'd;
Like a black sheet, the wheeling billows spread,
Burst o'er the float, and thundered on his head.
Planks, beams, parted fly; the scatter'd

wood

Rolls diverse, and, in fragments, strews the
flood.

So the rude Boreas, over fields new shorn,
Tosses and drives the scattered heaps of corn—
And now a single beam the chief bestrides.

Book VII.

THE GARDEN OF ALCINOUS.

CLOSE to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies:
Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around,
Tall thriving trees confessed the fruitful mould;
The redd'ning apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows.
The branch here bends beneath the weighty

pear,

And verdant olives flourish round the year.

The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise:
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower descried,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dyed.

Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.
Two plentiful fountains the whole prospect

crown'd—

This through the gardens leads its streams
around,

Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While *that*, in pipes, beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.

Book VIII.

THE BARD.

Demolocus

The sacred master of celestial song:
Dear to the muse! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:
With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.*
High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he sate:
With silver shone the throne; his lyre well

strung

To rapturous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung.

Then fir'd by all the muse, aloud he sings
The mighty deeds of demigods and kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
That made Ulysses and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy;
The stern debate Atrides hears with joy:
For heaven foretold the contest, when he trod
The marble threshold of the Delphic god,
Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.

Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd
To soft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the music paus'd, he ceas'd to shed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And lifting to the gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.

Transported with the song, the list'ning train
Again with loud applause demand the strain:
Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head,
Again unmann'd a shower of sorrow shed:
Conceal'd he wept.

Book IX.

ULYSSES' ADVENTURES IN THE CAVE OF POLYPHEMUS.

WHEN to the nearest verge of land we drew,
Fast by the sea, a lonely cave we view,
High, and with dark'ning laurels cover'd o'er;
Where sheep and goats lay slum'ring round the
shore.

Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,
Brown with o'er-arching pine, and spreading oak.
A giant shepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin'd;
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature, or in face;
As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he
stood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding
wood.

I left my vessel at the point of land,
And close to guard it gave our crew command:

* It has been generally thought that Homer represents himself in the person of Demolocus.

With only twelve, the boldest and the best,
 I seek th' adventure, and forsake the rest.
 Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,
 The gift of Maron, of Evantheus' line,
 (The priest of Phæbus at th' Ismarian shrine)
 In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood
 Amidst Apollo's consecrated wood;
 Him, and his house, heaven mov'd my mind to
 save,

And costly presents in return he gave;
 Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,
 A silver bowl that held a copious draught,
 And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,
 Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine!
 Which now, some ages from his race conceal'd,
 The hoary sire in gratitude reveal'd;
 Such was the wine: to quench whose fervent
 steam,

Scarce twenty measures from the living stream
 To cool one cup sufficed: the goblet crown'd
 Breath'd aromatic fragrances around.
 Of this an ample vase we heav'd aboard,
 And brought another with provisions stor'd.
 My soul foreboded I should find the bower
 Of some fell monster, fierce with barb'rous
 power.
 Some rustic wretch, who liv'd in heaven's de-
 spite,

Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.
 The cave we found, but vacant all within,
 (His flock the giant tended on the green)
 But round the grot we gaze, and all we view
 In order rang'd, our admiration drew:
 The bending shelves with loads of cheeses
 press'd,

The folded flocks, each sep'rate from the rest,
 (The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
 The new fall'n young here bleating for their
 dams;

The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies:)
 The cavern echoes with responsive cries.
 Capacious chargers all around were laid,
 Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.
 With fresh provision hence our fleet to store
 My friends advise me, and to quit the shore;
 Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,
 Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
 Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin'd,
 Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,
 And try what social rites a savage lends:
 Dire rites alas! and fatal to my friends!

Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
 For his return with sacrifice and prayer.
 The laden shelves afford us full repast;
 We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last.
 Near half a forest on his back he bore,
 And cast the ponderous burden at the door.
 It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
 And sought the deep recesses of the den.

Now driven before him, through the arching
 rock,
 Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd
 flock:

Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind,
 (The males were penn'd in outward courts
 behind)

Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
 To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate.
 (Scarce twenty four-wheel'd cars, compact and
 strong,

The massy load could bear, or roll along.)
 He next beakes him to his evening cares,
 And sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
 Of half their udders cases first the dams,
 Then to the mother's teat submits the lambs.
 Half the white stream to hard'ning cheese he
 press'd,

And high in wicker baskets heap'd: the rest
 Reserv'd in bowls, supplied his nightly feast.
 His labour done, he fir'd the pile that gave
 A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.
 We stand discover'd by the rising fires;
 Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires.

What are ye, guests; on what adventure, say,
 Thus far ye wander through the wat'ry way?
 Pirates perhaps, who seek through seas unknown
 The lives of others, and expose your own?

His voice like thunder through the cavern
 sounds:

My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
 Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man!
 At length, with heart recover'd, I began.

From Troy's fam'd fields, sad wand'ers o'er
 the main,

Behold the relics of the Grecian train!
 Through various seas by various perils toss'd,
 And forc'd by storms, unwilling, on your coast;
 Far from our destin'd course, and native land,
 Such was our fate, and such high Jove's com-
 mand!

Nor what we are befits us to disclaim,
 Atrides' friends, (in arms a mighty name)
 Who taught proud Troy, and all her sons to bow;
 Victors of late, but humble suppliants now!
 Low at thy knee thy succour we implore;
 Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
 At least some hospitable gift bestow;
 'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe;
 'Tis what the gods require: those gods reverse,
 The poor and stranger are their constant care:
 To Jove their cause, and their revenge belongs,
 He wanders with them, and he feels their
 wrongs.

Fools that ye are! (the savage thus replies,
 His inward fury blazing at his eyes)
 Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,
 To bid me rev'rence or regard the gods.
 Know then we Cyclops are a race above
 Those air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd Jove:
 And learn, our power proceeds with thee and
 thine,

Not as he wills, but as ourselves incline.
 But answer, the good ship that brought ye o'er,
 Where lies she anchor'd? near or off the shore?

Thus he. His meditated fraud I find,
 (Vers'd in the turns of various humankind)
 And, cautious, thus—Against a dreadful rock,
 Fast by your shore the gallant vessel broke:
 Scarce with these few I 'scap'd; of all my train,
 Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the
 main;

The scatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.

He answer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band;
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor:
The pavement swims with brains and mingled
gore.

Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
And fierce devours it like a mountain beast:
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.
We see the death from which we cannot move,
And, humbled, groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant swill'd;
Then stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd
rock,

Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock.
To seize the time, and with a sudden wound
To fix the slumb'ring monster to the ground,
My soul impels me; and in act I stand
To draw the sword; but wisdom held my hand.
A deed so rash had finish'd all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,
And sigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mother's teat submits the lambs,
The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleas'd and whistling, drives his flock
before;

Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And shuts again; with equal ease dispos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.
His giant voice the echoing region fills:

His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.

Thus left behind, e'en in the last despair
I thought, devis'd, and Pallas heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution work'd my
breast;

But this of many counsels seem'd the best:
The monster's club within the cave I spied,
A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undried,
Green from the wood; of height and bulk so
vast,

The largest ship might claim it for a mast.
This shorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane
The narrower end I sharpen'd to a spire;
Whose point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the dust that strew'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who first the vent'rous deed should try
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,
When slumber next should tame the man of
blood.

Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four:
Myself the fifth. We stand and wait the hour.
He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock:
Not one, or male or female, stay'd behind;
(So fortune chanc'd, or so some god design'd)
Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.

First down he sits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next seiz'd two wretches more, and headlong
cast,

Brain'd on the rock; his second day's repast.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er:
Cyclop! since human flesh has been thy feast,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digest:
Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,
And what rich liquors other climates boast.
We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,
If home thou send us, and vouchsafe to spare.
But oh! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore,
And never shalt thou taste this nectar more.

He heard, he took, and pouring down his
throat

Delighted swill'd the large luxurious draught.
More! give me more, he cried: the boon be thine,
Whoe'er thou art that bear'st celestial wine!
Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,
Such as the unbless'd Cyclopean climes produce,
(Though sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
And Jove's scorn'd thunder serves to drench our
fields)

But this descended from the bless'd abodes,
A rill of nectar, streaming from the gods.

He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul:
His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume;
While thus my fraudulent speech I reassume.
Thy promis'd boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,
And plead my title: Noman is my name.
By that distinguish'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.

The giant then. Our promis'd grace receive,
The hospitable boon we mean to give:
When all thy wretched crew have felt my
power,

Noman shall be the last I will devour.

He said, then nodding with the fumes of wine
Dropp'd his huge head, and snoring lay supine.
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulder hung,
Pressed with the weight of sleep that tames the
strong!

There belch'd the mingled steams of wine and
blood,

And human flesh, his indigested food.
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire
With animating breath the seeds of fire;
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.
The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red.
Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urg'd by some present god, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on his visual ball.
Myself above them from a rising ground
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round and
round.

As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimple, some huge beam to bore;
Urg'd on all hands it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep piercing till it scoops it out:

In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Sing'd are his brows; the scorching lids grow
black;

The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.
And as when arm'rs temper in the ford
The keen-edg'd pole-axe, or the shining sword,
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake;
Thus in his eyeball hiss'd the plunging stake.
He sends a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Through all their inmost-winding caves resound.
Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantic hand
He tore, and dash'd on earth the gory brand:
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-eyed race repair,
From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air.
All haste assembled, at his well-known roar,
Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern door.

What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange
alright

Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal, in th' unguarded hour
Of sleep, oppress thee, or by fraud or power?
Or thieves insidious the fair flock surprise?

Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:

Friends, Noman kills me; Noman in the hour
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudulent power.
"If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
Inflicts disease, it fits thee to resign:
To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,"
The brethren cried, and instant strode away.

Joy touch'd my secret soul and conscious heart,
Pleas'd with th' effect of conduct and of art.
Meantime the Cyclop, raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and
round:

At last, the stone removing from the gate,
With hands extended in the midst he sate;
And search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,
Secure to seize us ere we reach'd the door.
(Such as his shallow wit, he deem'd was mine)
But secret I revolv'd the deep design;
'Twas for our lives my lab'ring bosom wrought;
Each scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd every
thought;

This way and that, I cast to save my friends,
Till one resolve my varying counsel ends.

Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,
Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.
These three and three, with osier bands we tied,
(The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supplied)
The midmost bore a man; the outward two
Secur'd each side: so bound we all the crew.
One ram remain'd the leader of the flock;
In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
There cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along.
(Fool that he was) and let them safely go,
All unsuspecting of their freight below.

The master ram at last approach'd the gate,
Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate.
Him while he past the monster blind bespoke:
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
First thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,
First to the field and river's bank to lead,
And first with stately step at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower.
Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow
'Thou mov'st as conscious of thy master's wo!
Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train.)
Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,
And would but fate the power of speech afford;
Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here
The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock
to rock,

His batter'd brains should on the pavement
smoke.

No ease, no pleasure my sad heart receives,
While such a monster as vile Noman lives.

The giant spoke, and through the hollow rock
Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.
No sooner freed, and through th' enclosure pass'd,
First I release myself, my fellows last:
Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our vessel on the winding shore.
With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd.
Big tears of transport stand in every eye:
I check their fondness, and command to fly.
Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,
And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.

Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear;
With taunts the distant giant I accost,
Hear me, oh Cyclop! hear ungracious host!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditast thy meal in yonder cave;
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove.
Thy barb'rous breach of hospitable bands,
The god, the god revenges by my hands.

These words the Cyclop's burning rage pro-
voke:

From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thund'ring on the flood.
It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole sea shook, and reflux beat the shore.
The strong concussion on the heaving tide,
Roll'd back the vessel to the island's side:
Again I shoved her off; our fate to fly,
Each nerve we stretch, and every oar we ply.
Just 'scaped impending death, when now again
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,
Once more I raise my voice: my friends afraid
With mild entreaties my design dissuade.
What boots the godless giant to provoke?
Whose arm may sink us at a single stroke.
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old ocean shook, and back his surges flew.
The sounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scaped in
vain.

But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,
Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear:
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
Ask, who disfigur'd thus that eyeless face?
Say 'twas Ulysses: 'twas his deed, declare,
Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair;
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.

Th' astonish'd savage with a roar replies:
Oh heavens! oh faith of ancient prophecies!
This, Telemus Eurymides foretold,*
(The mighty seer who on these hills grew old;
Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long since he menac'd, such was fate's command;
And nam'd Ulysses as the destin'd hand.
I deem'd some godlike giant to behold,
Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean design,
Who not by strength subdued me, but by wine.
But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Great Neptune' blessing on the wat'ry way:
For his I am, and I the lineage own;
Th' immortal father no less boasts the son.
His power can heal me, and relight my eye;
And only his, of all the gods on high.

Oh! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody mind,
And send thee howling to the realms of night!
As sure, as Neptune cannot give thee sight.

Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the starry skies.
Hear me, oh Neptune! thou whose arms are
hurl'd

From shore to shore, and gird the solid world.
If thine I am, nor thou my birth disown,
And if th' unhappy Cyclop be thy son;
Let not Ulysses breathe his native air,
Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair.
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it through toils and suff'rings, long and late,
His lost companions let him first deplore;
Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er;
And when at home from foreign suff'rings freed,
More near and deep, domestic woes succeed!

With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry Neptune heard th' unrighteous prayer.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round: it sung across the main:
It fell, and brush'd the stern: the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and reflux beat the shore.
With all our force we kept aloof to sea,
And gain'd the island where our vessels lay.
Our sight the whole collected navy cheer'd,
Who waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd,
There disembarking on the green seaside,
We land our cattle, and the spoil divide:
Of these due shares to every sailor fall;
The master ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of Ulysses' fate,)
With pious mind to heaven I consecrate.

* This incident sufficiently shows the use of that dissimulation which enters into the character of Ulysses: if he had discovered his name, the Cyclops had destroyed him as his most dangerous enemy.

But the great god, whose thunder rends the skies,
Averse, beholds the smoking sacrifice;
And sees me wand'ring still from coast to coast;
And all my vessels, all my people, lost!

While thoughtless we indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous eates and flowing bowls invite;
Till evening Phœbus roll'd away the light:
Stretch'd on the shore in careless ease we rest,
Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the east.
Then from their anchors all our ships unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing wind.
Now rang'd in order on our banks, we sweep
With hasty strokes the hoarse-resounding deep;
Blind to the future, pensive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.

Book XI.

FROM ULYSSES' NARRATION OF HIS DESCENT INTO HELL.

Thus in a tide of tears our sorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;
Till, side by side, along the weary coast,
Advanc'd Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost,
A friendly pair! near these the Pylian* stray'd,
And towering Ajax, an illustrious shade!
War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
None but Pelides brighter shone in arms.

Through the thick gloom his friend Achilles
knew,
And, as he speaks, the tears descend in dew.
"Com'st thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
Where the wan spectres walk eternal rounds;
Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread,
Throng'd with pale ghosts, familiar with the
dead?"

To whom with sighs: "I pass these dreadful
gates

To seek the Theban,† and consult the fates:
For still distress'd I rove from coast to coast,
Lost to my friends, and to my country lost.
But sure the eye of time beholds no name
So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame:
Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian gods,
And dead, thou rul'st a king in these abodes."

"Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,
Nor think vain words" (he cried) "can ease my
doom.

Rather I choose laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,
Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead."‡

* * * * *
Now, without number, ghost by ghost arose,
All wailing with unutterable woes.
Alone, apart, in discontented mood,
A gloomy shade, the sullen Ajax stood;

* Antilochus.

† Tiresias.

‡ Contrast this gloomy picture with that of the Elysian plain in the fourth book:—

Thee to the Elysian plain, earth's farthest end,
Where Rhadamanthus dwells, the gods shall send;
Where mortals easiest pass the careless hour;
No lingering winters there, nor snow, nor shower;
But ocean ever, to refresh mankind,
Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind.

A. Moore.

For ever sad, with proud disdain he pin'd,
And the lost arms for ever stung his mind;
Though to the contest Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cause.
O why was I victorious in the strife?
O dear-bought honour with so brave a life!
With him the strength of war, the soldier's pride,
Our second hope the great Achilles died.
Touch'd at the sight, I scarce my tears repress'd,
And thus, with soothing words, the ghost address'd:

"Still burns thy rage? And can brave souls
resent

E'en after death? Relent, great shade, relent!
Perish those arms, which, by the gods' decree,
Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee!
With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapless
fates,

And shook, astonish'd, through her hundred states.
O deem thy fall not owed to man's decree;
Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in thee!
Turn then, oh peaceful turn, thy wrath control,
And calm the raging tempest of thy soul."

While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.

Touch'd at his sour retreat, through deepest
night,
Through hell's black bounds, I had pursued his
flight,

And forc'd the stubborn spectre to reply;
But other visions drew my curious eye.
High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish'd gold;
Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand,
Through the wide dome of Dis, a trembling
band;

Whilst, as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.

There huge Orion, of portentous size,
Swift through the gloom, a giant-hunter, flies.
A ponderous mace of brass, with direful sway,
Aloft he whirls, to crush his savage prey;
Stern beasts, in trains, that by his truncheon fell,
Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.
There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erspreads nine acres of infernal ground;
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast,
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal
feast.

For as o'er Panope's enamell'd plains
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,
With haughty love th' audacious monster strove
To force the goddess, and to rival Jove.

There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans; (with groans all hell re-
sounds)

Even in the circling flood refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves:
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treach'rous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapless head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;
There figs sky-dyed, a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,

There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold;
The fruit he strives to seize: but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.

I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision! the Sisyphian shade;
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along
the ground.

Again the restless orb his toil renews,
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in
dews.

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A towering spectre of gigantic mould,
A shadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a god among the gods;
There in the bright assemblies of the skies,
The nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade sur-
round,

And clang their pinions with terrific sound;
Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breast a wondrous zone is roll'd,
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold;
There sullen lions sternly seem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tusked boar,
There war and havoc and destruction stood,
And vengeful murder red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.
The mighty ghost advanc'd with awful look,
And turning his grim visage, sternly spoke.

"O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind;
Such, such was I! still toss'd from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air;
Even I who from the lord of thunders rose,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a base monarch still a slave confin'd,
(The hardest bondage to a generous mind!)
Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper
day;

Even hell I conquer'd, through the friendly aid
Of Maia's offspring and the martial maid."

Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,
But turning stalk'd with giant strides away,
Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,
Resolv'd I stand; and haply had survey'd
The godlike Theseus, and Perithous' shade;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell,
They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal
sounds

Stun my scar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmost
bounds.

No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shivering in my veins;
Lest Gorgon rising from th' infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night!

Book XVII.

THE DOG ARGUS.

Thus, near the gates, conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice, and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
But ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him his swiftness and his strength were
vain;

The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then, in every sylvan chase renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,
Or traced the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude, he lay
Unhoused, neglected, in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was
spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.

He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to
meet;

In vain he strove, to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and
dried

The drop humane, and thus impassion'd cried;
"What noble beast, in this abandon'd state,
Lies here all-helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;
If, as he seems, he *was* in better days,
Some care his age deserves: or was he priz'd
For worthless beauty? therefore now despis'd!
Such dogs, and men, there are, mere things of
state,

And always cherish'd by their friends, the great."

"Not Argus so," (Eumæus thus rejoind')

"But serv'd a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!
Oh, had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and
young,

Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong;
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To winde the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast,
Now years unnerve him and his lord is lost!
The women keep the generous creature bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells Humanity where Riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."

This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
The musing monarch pauses at the door:
The Dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His Lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and,—having seen him,—dies:
—So closed for ever faithful Argus' eyes!

Book XIX.

PENELOPE LAMENTING THE ABSENCE OF HER
HUSBAND.

As when the months are clad in flowery green,
Sad Philomel, in bowery shades, unseen,
To vernal airs attunes her varied strains;
And Itylus sounds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!
Whom chance misled the mother to destroy:
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beaute-
ous boy—

So, in nocturnal solitude forlorn,
A sad variety of woes I mourn.

THE HOMERIC HYMNS.

THE Homeric Hymns have been considered by almost all modern critics—with the eminent exception of Hermann—as the productions of an age subsequent to that of Homer. Nevertheless it is certain that they are of very high antiquity, and were attributed to Homer by the ancients with almost as much confidence as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* themselves. Thucydides, Diodorus Siculus, Pausanias, and many other old authors cite different verses from these Hymns, and treat them in every respect as genuine Homeric remains. Nor is it improbable that some of them, if not actually the works of Homer or of his age, yield only to them in remoteness of date.—See *H. N. Coleridge's Introduction to Homer*.

HYMN TO MERCURY.

"THE Hymn to Mercury," (says Mr. Coleridge,) "is one of the most diverting poems in the Greek literature. It is pre-eminently humorous in the best sense of the word, and therefore essentially different from the wit and comic license of Aristophanes. This hymn is perfectly regular and connected throughout, and tells the whole story of Mercury's famous felony on the oxen of Apollo, the altercation of the two gods, their reference to Jupiter, and final compromise. That it should be honourable to a deity to be celebrated for such thieving and such ineffable lying as Mercury here plays off against the sagacious and truth-loving Apollo, is a very curious characteristic of the popular religion of the Greeks; and, indeed, the matter is so managed by the poet, that most readers get fonder of this little born-rogue than of any other of the ancient dwellers on Olympus.

In this hymn Hermes is gifted with the character of a perfect Spanish Picaro, a sort of Lazzarillo de Tormes amongst the gods, stealing their goods, playing them tricks, and telling such enormous, such immortal, lies to screen himself from detection, that certainly no human thief could ever have the vanity to think of rivalling them on earth.

Mercury was the son of Jupiter and Maia, and was born in a cave about day-break; by noon he

had made a lyre out of the shell of a tortoise which he caught crawling at the entrance of the cavern, and had learnt to play upon it; and that same evening he stole and drove away a matter of fifty cows belonging to Apollo and grazing on the Piërian hills. The description of the ancient lyre in this hymn, has been followed by almost all writers in mentioning the subject:—

And through the stone-shell'd tortoise's strong skin,

At proper distances small holes he made,
And fasten'd the cut stems of reeds within,
And with a piece of leather overlaid
The open space, and fixed the cubits in,
Fitting the bridge to both, and stretched o'er all
Symphonious chords of sheep-gut rythmical.

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
He tried the chords, and made division meet,
Preluding with the plectrum, and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
A strain of unpremeditated wit
Joyous, and wild, and wanton—such you may
Hear among revellers on a holiday, &c. &c.

As to the cows, he makes them walk backward and does so himself, taking the additional precaution of throwing away his sandals and wrapping up his feet in the leafy twigs of shrubs. He meets one old labouring man, and recommends him to be blind and deaf to present objects, or he may suffer for it. When he comes to the Alpheus, he turns the cows into a meadow to feed, and kills and dresses two of them; and after extinguishing the fire, he creeps about the dawn into his cradle again. The whole description is very graphic and spirited.

He drove them wandering o'er the sandy way,

But, being ever mindful of his craft,
Backward and forward drove he them astray,
So that the tracks, which seemed before, went
aft:

His sandals then he threw to the ocean spray,
And for each foot he wrought a kind of raft
Of tamarisk, and tamarisk-like sprigs,
And bound them in a lump with withy twigs,
And on his feet he tied these sandals light,
The trail of whose wide leaves might not
betray

His track; and then, a self-sufficing wight,
Like a man hastening on some distant way,
He from Piëria's mountain bent his flight;
But an old man perceived the infant pass
Down green Orchestus, heaped like beds with
grass.

The old man stood dressing his sunny vine:
"Halloo! old fellow with the crooked shoulder!
You grub those stumps! Before they will bear
wine

Methinks even you must grow a little older:
Attend, I pray, to this advice of mine,
As you would 'scape what might appal a
bolder—

Seeing, see not—and hearing, hear not—and—
If you have understanding—understand."

* * * * *

All night he worked in the serene moonshine;
But when the light of day was spread abroad,
He sought his natal mountain peaks divine.
On his long wandering, neither man nor god
Had met him, since he killed Apollo's kine,
Nor had a house-dog barked upon his road,
Now he obliquely through the key-hole pass'd
Like a thin mist, or an autumnal blast.
Right through the temple of the spacious cave
He went with soft light feet—as if his tread
Fell not on earth—no sound their falling gave;
Then to his cradle he crept quick, and spread
The swaddling clothes about him and the knave
Lay playing with the covering of his bed
With his right hand about his knees—the left
Held his beloved lyre.

His mother suspects him of some roguish adventure, and predicts that Apollo will discover and punish him severely; to all which expostulation he answers that he is determined to provide, by a due exercise of his talents, for the comfortable maintenance of his mother and himself; and as for Apollo, if he should make any disturbance about the cows, Mercury declares he will immediately go and commit a burglary on the Pythian temple, and steal twice the value in tripods, and robes, and gold; and adds, that his mother might come and see him do it if she liked.

Meantime Apollo goes about in search of his cattle, and meeting with the old labouring man, says,

———"The author of this theft
Has stolen the fatted heifers every one;
But the four dogs and the black bull are left:—
Stolen last night they were at set of sun."

He then, by inquiries and help of auguries, discovers that his brother of the half blood is the thief. He flies to Cyllene, though he is something puzzled by the extraordinary foot-marks in the sand at Pylos, and enters the cave. Mercury rolls himself up into a little ball, puts his head under the clothes, and pretends to be asleep. However, Apollo, after searching every hole and corner in the cave, and looking into Maia's wardrobe and store-room, lights upon our little friend.

Where like an infant who had sucked his fill,
And now was newly washed, and put to bed,
Awake, but courting sleep with weary will,
And gathered in a lump, hands, feet, and head,
He lay.

Apollo taxes him with the theft, saying,

———"Little cradled rogue declare
Of my illustrious heifers—where they are!
Speak quickly! or a quarrel straight 'twixt us
Must rise; and the event will be that I
Shall hurl you into dismal Tartarus,
In fiery gloom to dwell eternally:
Nor shall your father, nor your mother loose

The bars of that black dungeon—utterly
You shall be cast out from the light of day
To rule the ghosts of men—unblest as they!"

To whom thus Hermes slily answered:—"Son
Of great Latona, what a speech is this!
Why come you here to ask me what is done
With the wild oxen which it seems you miss?
I have not seen them, nor from any one
Have heard a word of the whole business;
If you should promise an immense reward,
I could not tell more than you now have heard.
An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,
And I am but a little new-born thing,
Who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong:
My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling
The cradle clothes about me all day long,
Or, half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,
And to be washed in water clear and warm,
And hushed, and kissed, and kept secure from
harm.

O! let not e'er this quarrel be averred!
Th' astounded gods would laugh at you if e'er
You should allege a story so absurd,
As that a new-born infant forth could fare
Out of his house after a savage herd!
I was born yesterday; my small feet are
Too tender for the roads so hard and rough;
And if you think that this is not enough,
I swear a great oath, by my father's head,
That I stole not your cows, and that I know
Of no one else who might, or could, or did;
Whatever things cows are, I do not know,
For I have on y heard the name." This said,
He winked as fast as could be, and his brow
Was wrinkled, and a whistle loud gave he,
Like one who hears some strange absurdity.
Apollo gently smiled and said:—"Aye, aye,—
You cunning little rascal, you will bore
Many a rich man's house, and your array
Of thieves will lay their siege before his door
Silent as night, in night; and many a day
In the wild glens rough shepherds will deplore
That you or yours, having an appetite,
Met with their cattle, comrade of the night!
And this among the gods shall be your gift,
To be considered as the lord of those
Who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal, and shop-
lift,

But now if you would not your last sleep doze,
Crawl out!"—Thus saying, Phœbus did uplift
The subtle infant in his swaddling clothes,
And in his arms, according to his wont,
A scheme devised the illustrious Argiphont,
And sneezed and shuddered—Phœbus on the
grass

Him threw, and whilst all that he had designed
He did perform—eager although to pass,
Apollo darted from his mighty mind
Towards the subtle babe the following scoff:
"Do not imagine this will get you off,
You little swaddled child of Jove and May!"
And seized him:—"By this omen I shall trace
My noble herds, and you shall lead the way."
Cyllenian Hermes from the grassy place,
Like one in earnest haste to get away,
Rose, and with hands lifted towards his face.

Round both his ears, up from his shoulders drew
His swaddling clothes, and—"What mean you
to do

With me, you unkind god?" said Mercury:
"Is it about these cows you tease me so?
I wish the race of cows were perished!—I
Stole not your cows—I do not even know
What things cows are."

They both go to Olympus, where Apollo lays
his complaint before Jupiter, and where Mercury
makes the following defence:—

"Great Father! you know clearly beforehand,
That all which I shall say to you is soothe;
I am a most veracious person, and
Totally unacquainted with untruth.
At sun-rise Phœbus came, but with no band
Of gods to bear him witness, in great ruth,
To my abode, seeking his heifers there,
And saying I must show him where they are,—
Or he would hurl me down the dark abyss!
I know that every Apollonian limb
Is clothed with speed, and might, and manliness.
As a green bank with flowers: but unlike him,
I was born yesterday, and you may guess
He well knew this, when he indulged the whim
Of bullying a poor little new-born thing
That slept, and never thought of cow-driving.
Am I like a strong fellow that steals kine?
Believe me, dearest father! (such you are)
This driving of the herds is none of mine;
Across my threshold did I wander ne'er,
So may I thrive! I reverence the divine
Sun and the gods, and I love you, and care
Even for this hard accuser, who must know
I am as innocent as they or you!
I swear by these most gloriously-wrought portals,
(It is, you will allow, an oath of might!)
Through which the multitude of the immortals
Pass and repass for ever, day and night,
Devising schemes for the affairs of worlds—
That I am guiltless; and I will requite,
Although my enemy be great and strong,
His cruel threat! Do thou defend the young!"

Mercury accompanies this speech with divers
winkings of the eye, and nods of the head to
Jupiter, to let him know the exact state of the
case. The end is, that Jove bursts into a violent
fit of laughter, at hearing the roguish child "give
such a plausible account, and every word a lie;"
but intimates by a sign to Hermes, that he has
done enough to establish his reputation, and that
it is time he should now really discover the
truth. Mercury obeys, leads Apollo to the place
where the cows were concealed, and gratifies
him with the gift of the lyre. Apollo is trans-
ported with delight at the possession of this in-
strument, and thereupon they swear eternal
friendship.

HYMN TO VENUS.

"Br far the most beautiful of the Homeric
Hymns, (says Mr. Coleridge)—indeed for its
length equal in beauty to any part of the Homeric
poems—is the Hymn to Venus. No poet ever

surpassed the richness and elegance, the warmth and delicacy, the dignity and tenderness of this exquisite composition. It has always seemed to me to be conceived in an older and more Homeric spirit than any of the other Hymns; and it is remarkable for being founded entirely on the loves of Venus and Anchises, and for containing a repetition of the prophecy of the Iliad, that Æneas and his posterity should reign over Troy. It is, indeed, quite Trojan in its subject and sentiments, and there is one passage in it, by which we learn that the Phrygians spoke a language entirely different from the Trojans, and by which may infer that the Trojans, as has often been conjectured, were Greeks in speech and blood, as they certainly were in religion. Lucretius seems to have borrowed the thought of his famous invocation of Venus from the opening lines of the Hymn. The following passage is by no means the most poetical in the poem; and yet I think few persons can read it, without feeling its genuine beauty. It is where Venus, having won the heart of Anchises in the form of a Sylvan maid, now appears to him in her own proper character.

———"Anchises, wake;

Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake!
Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,
Behold me well—say if I seem the same!"
At her first call the chains of sleep were broke,
And, starting from his bed, Anchises woke:
But when he Venus view'd without disguise,
Her shining neck beheld, and radiant eyes,—
Awed and abash'd, he turn'd his head aside,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide.
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppress'd,
In winged words he thus the queen address'd:

"When first, O goddess! I thy form beheld,
Whose charms so far humanity excell'd,
To thy celestial power my vows I paid,
And with humility implor'd thy aid.
But thou, for secret cause to me unknown,
Didst thy divine immortal state disown.
But now, I beg thee, by the filial love
Due to thy father, agis-bearing Jove,
Compassion on my human state to show,
Nor let me lead a life infirm below!
Defend me from the woes that mortals wait,
Nor let me share of men the common fate!
Since never man with length of days was bless'd,
Who in delights of love a deity possess'd."

To him Jove's beauteous daughter thus replied:
"Be bold, Anchises! in my love confide;
Nor me, nor other god, thou need'st to fear,
For thou to all the heavenly host art dear.
Know, from our love, thou shalt a son obtain,
Who over the proud realm of Troy shall reign;
From whom a race of monarchs shall descend,
And whose posterity shall know no end:
To him thou shalt the name Æneas give,
As one, for whose conception I must grieve!"

"After telling the story of Tithonus, Venus goes on in a strain of real human affection for Anchises:—

"On terms like these, I never can desire
Thou should'st to immortality aspire.
Could'st thou, indeed, as now thou art, remain—
Thy strength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain;
Could'st thou for ever thus my husband prove,
I might live happy in thy endless love;
Nor should I e'er have cause to dread the day,
When I must mourn thy loss and life's decay:
But thou, alas! too soon and sure must bend,
Beneath the woes which painful age attend;
Inexorable age! whose wretched state
All mortals dread, and all immortals hate!"

"In no Greek or Latin classical poem, that I remember, is Venus represented with such consummate dignity, tenderness and passion, as in this Hymn; and in this particular it certainly differs a great deal from the more popular conception of the goddess of love in the Iliad. Difficult as the story was to tell, it is told with unbroken decorum, and constitutes a striking example of that intuitive propriety of manner and words, in the display of which the Greek poets set all others at defiance."

HYMN TO CERES.

"THE manuscript of the Hymn to Ceres, which, in some parts, is in a very fragmentary state, was discovered in the last century by C. F. Mathai, in the library of the Holy Synod at Moscow, and communicated by him, together with a few lines in a lost Hymn to Bacchus, to David Ruhnken, a professor at the University of Leyden, by whom it was published. There has been much diversity of opinion concerning the genuineness of this poem, or I should rather say, its identity with the Homeric Hymn to Ceres, which is so often quoted by Pausanias. Now, without absolutely allowing this, we may consider the poem in the same point of view, as we do the other hymns commonly attributed to Homer; and though it is not equal in vigour and beauty to the hymns before mentioned, it is still a very lively and picturesque poem, smooth and flowing in its language, and curious and peculiar in some of its incidents.

"The story is, that Pluto being enamoured of Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres, carries her off secretly, with the connivance and the aid of Jupiter. Ceres wanders over the earth with blazing torches, in search of Proserpine. Having learned from Hecate of the sun, that the maiden had been carried away by Pluto, she assumes the shape of a woman, goes to Eleusis, and is introduced into the house of Celeus, the king, by his daughters, whom she had met at a fountain, where they had gone with their pitchers to fetch water.—Meantime, she has blasted the earth with sterility, and Jupiter sends repeated messages to induce her to remit her anger and return to Olympus; she, however, refuses all reconciliation, till Jupiter despatches Mercury to Hades to order Pluto to give up Proserpine. Pluto obeys, but gives her a pomegranate seed to eat, and the conclusion is, that Ceres is punished upon a misunderstanding that Proserpine is to pass two-thirds

of the year with her, and the remaining third only with her husband.*

The poet says that Pluto seized her, whilst—

In Nysia's vale, with nymphs a lovely train
Sprung from the hoary father of the main,
Fair Proserpine consum'd the fleeting hours,
In pleasing sports and plucking gaudy flowers,†
Around them wide the flaming crocus glows,
Through leaves of verdure blooms the opening
rose;

The hyacinth declines his fragrant head,
And purple violets deck the enamell'd mead;
The fair Narcissus, far above the rest,
By magic form'd, in beauty rose confest,
So Jove to insure the virgin's thoughtless mind,
And please the Ruler of the Shades design'd,
He caus'd it from the opening earth to rise,
Sweet to the scent, alluring to the eyes.
Never did mortal or celestial power
Behold such vivid tints adorn a flower;
From the deep root a hundred branches sprung,
And to the winds ambrosial odours flung,
Which, lightly wafted on the wings of air,
The gladden'd earth and heaven's wide circuit
share;

The joy-dispensing fragrance spreads around,
And Ocean's briny swell with smiles is crown'd.

Pleased with the sight, nor deeming danger
nigh,

The fair beheld it with desiring eye;
Her eager hand she stretch'd to seize the flower,
(Beauteous illusion of the ethereal power!)
When, dreadful to behold! the rocking ground
Disparted—widely yawn'd a gulf profound!
Forth rushing from the black abyss arose
The gloomy monarch of the realm of woes,
Pluto, from Saturn sprung;—the trembling maid
He seized, and to his golden car convey'd;
Borne by immortal steeds the chariot flies, &c.

In the fictitious account which Ceres gave of herself to the daughters of Celeus, she said that she had come over the sea from Crete: and it is worth remarking, (continues Mr. Coleridge,) that thrice, in the *Odyssey*, Ulysses, when fabricating a history of his birth and parentage, declares he

was born in Crete. This brings the Κρητες ἀει-
διδόται—"the Cretans are always liars," of Epi-
menides, quoted by St. Paul, (Titus i. 12,) to our
recollection, and may induce us to believe that
Cretan mendacity was of so ancient a date as to
have become a subject of satirical allusion even
in the time of Homer.

The change in the person of Ceres, when over-
looked by Metanira, the wife of Celeus, (whose
child she had nursed in her disguise,) and the
effects of the manifestation of her divinity, are
told in the following fine lines:—

This said; the front of age, so late assum'd,
Dissolv'd;—her face with charms celestial
bloom'd;

The sacred vesture, that around her flew,
Through the wide air ambrosial odour threw;
Her lovely form with sudden radiance glow'd;
Her golden locks in wreaths of splendour flow'd;
Through the dark palace stream'd a flood of light,
As cloud-engender'd fires illume the night
With sudden blaze;—then, swiftly from their
view,

Urg'd by indignant rage the goddess flew.

In Metanira's breast amazement reign'd;
Silent she stood, nor long her knees sustain'd
Their tottering weight; she sunk in grief profound;
Her child neglected, shrieking on the ground,
Beside her lay.

When Proserpine is about to leave Pluto for
the upper world, he gives her, as before men-
tioned, or rather forces her, to eat a pomegranate
seed, thereby, as Ovid says, to preclude her from
availing herself of his promise that he would re-
store her to her mother, provided she (Proser-
pine) had eaten nothing in his domain.

In this Hymn we have probably the earliest
mention of the Eleusinian mysteries now extant:

Those sacred mysteries, for the vulgar ear
Unmeet, and known, most impious to declare!
Oh! let due reverence for the gods restrain
Discourses rash, and check inquiries vain!

Thrice happy he, among the favour'd few,
To whom 'tis given those glorious rites to view!
A fate far different the rejected share;
Unblest, unworthy her protecting care,
They perish, and, with chains of darkness
bound,
Are plung'd for ever in the dark profound.

* Preface to Hole's translation of the Hymn to Ceres.

† ———gathering flowers.
Herself, a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered.—Milton.

HESIOD.

[Placed by Newton at 870, and by the Arundelian Marble, at 944 B. C.]

FROM various passages in his "Works and Days," we learn that Hesiod was born at Asera, a village at the foot of Mount Helicon, in Boeotia; that he was left by his father joint heir to an undivided estate, his share of which he lost through the frauds of his brother Perses, and the bribed decision of unjust judges; that he rose to opulence, notwithstanding, by his own active industry and talent, living to see his brother reduced to poverty, and a dependant for bread on the

bounty of him he had injured;—further, that on one occasion he crossed the strait of Euripus for the purpose of attending a poetical contest at the funeral solemnity of Amphi-damas, and that he won a tripod as the prize, which he dedicated to the muses of Helicon.—This is all that we authentically know of Hesiod. The works attributed to him and descending to posterity, are—**THE WORKS AND DAYS—THE THEOGONY—AND THE SHIELD OF HERCULES.**

FROM THE WORKS AND DAYS.

CREATION OF PANDORA.

THE food of man in deep concealment lies,
The angry Gods have veil'd it from our eyes.
Else had one day bestow'd sufficient cheer,
And, though inactive, fed thee through the year.
Then might thy hand have laid the rudder by,
In blackening smoke for ever hung on high;
Then had the labouring ox foregone the soil,
And patient mules had found relief from toil.
But Jove conceal'd our food, incens'd at heart
Since mock'd by wise Prometheus' wily art.
Sore ills to man devised the Heavenly Sire,
And hid the shining element of fire.
Prometheus then, benevolent of soul,
In hollow reed the spark recovering stole,
Cheering to man, and mock'd the God, whose
gaze
Serene rejoices in the lightning's rays.
"Oh son of Japhet!" with indignant heart
Spake the Cloud-gatherer, "Oh, unmatch'd in
art!

Exultest thou in this the flame retriev'd,
And dost thou triumph in the God deceiv'd?
But thou, with the posterity of man,
Shalt rue the fraud whence mightier ills began:
I will send evil for thy stealthy fire,
Evil, which all shall love, and all admire."

Thus spake the Sire, whom Heaven and Earth
obey,

And bade the Fire-God mould his plastic clay;
Inbreathe the human voice within her breast,
With firm-strung nerves th' elastic limbs invest.
Her aspect fair as Goddesses above,
A virgin's likeness with the brows of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that dyes
The web with colours as the shuttle flies:
He call'd the magic of love's charming queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien:

Then plant the rankling stings of keen desire,
And cares that trick the limbs with prank'd
attire:

Bade Hermes last impart the craft refin'd
Of thievish manners and a shameless mind.

He gives command, the inferior powers obey,
The crippled artist moulds the temper'd clay:
A maid's coy image rose at Jove's behest;
Minerva clasp'd the zone, diffus'd the vest,
Adored Persuasion, and the Graces young,
Her taper'd limbs with golden jewels bang;
Round her smooth brow the beauteous-tressed
Hours

A garland twin'd of Spring's purpureal flowers;
The whole attire Minerva's graceful art
Dispos'd, adjusted, form'd to every part;
And last the winged herald of the skies,
Slayer of Argus, gave the gift of lies;
Gave trickish manners, honeyed words instill'd,
As he, that rolls the deep'ning thunder, will'd:
Then, by the feather'd messenger of Heaven,
The name PANDORA to the maid was given:
For all the Gods conferr'd a gifted grace
To crown this mischief of the mortal race.
The Sire commands the winged herald bear
The finish'd nymph, th' inextricable snare:
To Epimetheus was the present brought;
Prometheus' warning vanish'd from his thought,
That he disdain each offering from the skies,
And straight restore, lest ill to man arise.
But he received, and conscious knew too late
Th' insidious gift, and felt the curse of fate.

On earth, of yore, the sons of men abode
From evil free and labour's galling load;
Free from diseases, that, with racking rage,
Precipitate the pale decline of age.
Now swift the days of manhood haste away,
And misery's pressure turns the temples gray.
The Woman's hands an ample casket bear;
She lifts the lid—she scatters ills in air.

Hope so'e remain'd within, nor took her flight.—
Beneath the vessel's verge conceal'd from light.
Issued the rest, in quick dispersion hurld,
And woes innumerable roan'd the breathing
world:

With ills the land is full, with ills the sea,
Diseases haunt our frail humanity:
Self-wandering through the noon, the night they
glide,

Voiceless—a voice the power all-wise denied:
Know then this awful truth—it is not given
To elude the wisdom of omniscient Heaven.

DISPENSATIONS OF PROVIDENCE TO THE JUST
AND THE UNJUST.

With crooked judges, lo! the oath's dread God
Avenging runs and tracks them where they trod,
Rough are the ways of Justice as the sea,
Dragg'd to and fro by men's corrupt decree;
Bribe-pamper'd men! whose hands perverting
draw

The right aside, and warp the wrested law.
Though, while corruption on their sentence waits,
They thrust pale Justice from their haughty
gates;

Invisible their steps the Virgin treads,
And musters evils o'er their sinful heads.
She with the dark of air her form arrays,
And walks in awful grief the city ways;
Her wail is heard, her tear upbraiding falls
O'er their stain'd manners, their devoted walls.
But they, who never from the right have stray'd,
Who, as the citizen, the stranger aid;
They and their cities flourish; genial peace
Dwells in their borders, and their youth increase;
Nor Jove, whose radiant eyes behold afar,
Hangs forth in Heaven the signs of grievous war.
Nor scath, nor famine on the righteous prey,
Peace crowns the night, and plenty cheers the
day.

Rich are their mountain-oaks: the topmost tree
The acorns fill; its trunk, the hiving bee:
Their sheep with fleeces pant; their women's
race

Reflect both parents in the infant face;
Still flourish they, nor tempt with ships the main;
The fruits of earth are pour'd from every plain.

But o'er the wicked race, to whom belong
The thought of evil and the deed of wrong,
Saturnian Jove, of wide-beholding eyes,
Bids the dark signs of retribution rise:
And oft the crimes of one destructive fall,
The crimes of one, are visited on all.
The God sends down his angry plagues from high,
Famine and pestilence; in heaps they die:
He smites with barrenness the marriage bed,
And generations moulder with the dead:
Again in vengeance of his wrath he falls
On their great hosts, and breaks their tottering
walls;

Scatters their ships of war; and where the sea
Heaves high its mountain-billows, there is he!

Ponder, O judges! in your inmost thought
The retribution by his vengeance wrought.

Invisible, the Gods are ever nigh,
Pass through the midst and bend th' all-seeing
eye:

The man who grinds the poor, who wrests the
right,

Aweless of Heaven's revenge, stands naked to
their sight.

For thrice ten thousand holy Demons rove
This breathing world, the delegates of Jove,
Guardians of man, their glance alike surveys
The upright judgments and the unrighteous ways.
A virgin pure is Justice, and her birth
August from him, who rules the Heavens and
earth;

A creature glorious to the Gods on high,
Whose mansion is yon everlasting sky.
Driven by despicable wrong, she takes her seat,
In lowly grief, at Jove's eternal feet.
There of the soul unjust her plaints ascend;
So rue the nations when their kings offend;
When, uttering wiles and brooding thoughts of ill,
They bend the laws and wrest them to their
will.

Oh! gorg'd with gold, ye kingly judges, hear!
Make straight your paths; your crooked judg-
ments fear;

That the foul record may no more be seen,
Eras'd, forgot, as though it ne'er had been.

* * * * *
Let no fair woman, robed in loose array,
That speaks the wanton, tempt thy feet to stray:
Who soft demands if thy abode be near,
And blandly lisps and murmurs in thine ear.
The slippery trust the charmer shall beguile,
For lo! the thief is ambush'd in her smile.

* * * * *
When full matureness crowns thy manhood's
pride,

Lead to thy mansion the consenting bride;
Thrice ten thy sum of years, the nuptial prime;
Nor fall far short, nor far exceed the time,
Four years the ripening virgin should consume,
And wed the fifth of her expanded bloom.
Some known and neighbouring damsel be thy
prize,

And wary bend around thy cautious eyes;
Lest by a choice imprudent thou be found
The merry mock of all the dwellers round.
No better lot has Providence assign'd
Than a fair woman with a virtuous mind;
Nor can a worse befall, than when thy fate
Allots a worthless, feast-contriving mate.

WINTER.

BEWARE the January month, beware
Those hurtful days, that keenly-piercing air,
Which flays the herds; when icicles are cast
O'er frozen earth, and sheathe the nipping blast.
From courser-breeding Thrace comes rushing
forth

O'er the broad sea the whirlwind of the North,
And moves it with his breath: the ocean floods
Heave, and earth bellows through her wild of
woods.

Full many an oak of lofty leaf he fells
And strews with thick-branch'd pines the mountain dells:

He stoops to earth; the crash is heard around;
The depth of forests rolls the roar of sound.
The beasts their cowering tails with trembling fold,

And shrink and shudder at the gusty cold;
Thick is the hairy coat, the shaggy skin,
But that all-chilling breath shall pierce within.
Not his rough hide can then the ox avail;
The long-hair'd goat, defenceless, feels the gale:
Yet vain the north-wind's rushing strength to wound

The flock with sheltering fleeces fenced around.
He bows the old man crook'd beneath the storm;
But spares the soft-skin'd virgin's tender form.
Screened by her mother's roof on wintry nights,
And strange to golden Venus' mystic rites,
The suppling waters of the bath she swims,
With shiny ointment sleeks her dainty limbs:
Within her chamber laid on downy bed,
While winter howls in tempest o'er her head.

Now gnaws the boneless polypus his feet,
Starved midst bleak rocks, his desolate retreat;
For now no more the sun with gleaming ray
Through seas transparent lights him to his prey.

And now the horned and unhorned kind,
Whose lair is in the wood, sore-famished, grind
Their sounding jaws, and, chilled and quaking,
fly

Where oaks the mountain dells imbranch on high:

They seek to couch in thickets of the glen,
Or lurk, deep sheltered, in some rocky den.
Like aged men, who, propp'd on crutches, tread
Tottering with broken strength and stooping head;
So move the beasts of earth, and, creeping low,
Shun the white flakes and dread the drifting snow.

SUMMER ENJOYMENTS.

WHEN blooms the thistle, and from leafy spray
The shrill cicada pours her sounding lay,
Her wings all quivering in the summer bright;—
When goats are fat, when wine yields most delight,

And heat hath parch'd the skin;—O! then be mine

The rock's deep shadow, and the Byblian wine—
With milky cakes, and milk itself most sweet
Of goats not giving suck, and dainty meat
Of kids and heifers upon green leaves fed,
The while we drink the wine so darkly red!
Then, sitting in the shade, I'll eat my fill,
Breathed on by zephyr, freshened by some rill,
Whose ever-flowing waves shall brightly shine,
While in three parts of water glows my wine!

HONEST POVERTY.

FOOLS! not to know how better, for the soul,
An honest half than an ill-gotten whole;

How richer he, who dines on herbs, with health
Of mind,—than knaves with all their wines and wealth.

VICE AND VIRTUE; WISDOM AND FOLLY.

To Vice with ease may all mankind resort,
Hard by her dwelling, and the way is short:
But Virtue have the Gods immortal fenced
With labour, and a long, steep road dispensed,
Whereby to seek her; but, the summit won,
Right easy seems what wearily begun.
He all surpasses, who doth all things see
Himself, and what in after time shall be
Foreseeing, can provide for; not unblest
Who wisely can observe a wise behest;
But who, nor knows himself, nor will take rule
From those who do, is either knave or fool.*

FROM THE THEOGONY.

THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS.

AND now—the Titans in close ranks arrayed—
What hands and force could do, each host displayed.

The illimitable ocean roared around;
Earth wailed; the shaken Heaven sent forth a sound

Of groans; while huge Olympus, from his base,
Rocked with the onset of the immortal race;
E'en shadowy hell perceived the horrid blows,
And trembled 'neath the tumult as it rose;—
Such rushing of quick feet, such clanging jar
Of javelins hurl'd impetuous from afar,
As soar'd the din of conflict to the skies,
And hosts join'd battle with astounding cries.
Now Jove, incens'd, no longer brook'd control;
He put forth all his might,—full filled his soul
With valiance, and, at once, from Heaven's bright road

And dark Olympus' top he thundering strode:
Lightnings and bolts terrific from his hand
Flew swift and frequent, wrapping sea and land
In sacred flames;—all-bounteous earth amazed,
Howled burning, while her mighty forests blazed.
Forthwith began the land and sea to steam;
The fiery breath of ocean's boiling stream
Involved the Titans; flames rose through the skies

To blast with splendour dire the Titans' eyes:
And when at last the light through chaos gleam'd,
Such the concussion, such the uproar seem'd,
As if the earth and Heavens together blending—
The one torn up, the other down descending—
Had met; whereat upsprang the winds of air,
And whirl'd the dust-clouds mid the lightning's glare:

* A similar sentiment may be found amongst the maxims of the Chinese. "The highest order of men (say they) are virtuous and wise, independently of instruction; the middle class are so after instruction; the lowest order are vicious in spite of instruction."—*Quarterly Review*, Vol. XLI. p. 90.

Winds, thunder, lightnings, from the hand of Jove
 Their track of ruin through mid battle drove.
 Loud and stupendous thus the raging fight,
 Whilst warr'd the Titans with an equal might:
 At length the battle turns;—Cottus the fierce,
 Gyges, and Briareus, through mid ranks pierce;
 From their strong arms three hundred rocks they
 throw,

And with these monstrous darts o'ercloud the foe;
 Then forc'd the Titans deep beneath the ground,
 And with afflictive chains the rebels bound;
 Despite their pride, beneath the earth they lie,
 Far as that earth is distant from the sky.

THE CONFLICT OF JUPITER WITH TYPHÆUS.

BUT when from Heaven Jove had his foes exil'd,
 Great Earth Typhæus bore, her latest child,
 In Hell's embrace; strong were the hands for
 fight,

And feet unwearied, of this fiend of night.
 An hundred serpent heads his shoulders crown'd,
 A hundred swarthy tongues lick'd all around;
 Fire from his eyes a light terrific shed,
 And sounds unnumbered issued from each head;
 Sometimes of Gods the articulate language full,
 Sometimes the bellowing of an untamed bull,
 Sometimes a ruthless lion's roar it seem'd,
 Sometimes as though a lion's whelps had
 scream'd;

Sometimes a dragon's hissing rose around,
 Till the high hills re-echoed to the sound.—
 And now an awful deed had marked that day,
 Whilst he o'er men and Gods had won the
 sway,

Had not the Almighty Father seen the birth,
 And forthwith thundered terribly; the Earth
 Roared with the shock—the wide Heaven roared
 as well—

Roared Sea and Ocean, and the abysmal Hell.
 Olympus shook around the rising God,
 And the Earth groan'd beneath him, as he trod.
 Blazed Earth, and Heaven, and Sea with dread-
 ful roar,

And burning billows raged along the shore.
 Such conflagration, such dire tumult, rose
 Around the struggle of the immortal foes—
 Grim Pluto trembled,* monarch of the dead,
 The Titans, chained around their vanquish'd
 head,

In nether Hades trembled with affright,
 Under the din of their tremendous fight.—
 Then Jove, at length, up-towering in his ire,
 Grasped all his thunder-bolts and lightning-
 fire—

And, from Olympus plunging on his foe,
 Blasted the monster's heads with one consuming
 blow.

* Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
 The infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
 Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
 His dark dominions open to the day,
 And pour in light upon his drear abodes,
 Abhor'd by men, and dreadful e'en to gods.

Homer's Battle of the Gods, ll. xx.

FROM THE SHIELD OF HERCULES.

But next arose

A well-tower'd city, by seven golden gates
 Enclos'd, that fitted to their lintels hung.
 There, men in dances and in festive joys
 Held revelry. Some on the smooth-wheel'd car
 A virgin bride conducted: then burst forth
 Aloud the marriage-song; and far and wide
 Long splendours flash'd from many a quivering
 torch

Borne in the hands of slaves. Gay-blooming
 girls

Preceded, and the dancers followed blithe:
 These, with shrill pipe indenting the soft lip,
 Breath'd melody, while broken echoes thrill'd
 Around them; to the lyre with flying touch
 Those led the love-enkindling dance.

A group

Of youths was elsewhere imag'd, to the flute
 Disporting; some in dances and in song,
 In laughter others. To the minstrel's flute
 So pass'd they on: and the whole city seem'd
 As fill'd with pomps, with dances, and with
 feasts.

Others again, without the city walls,
 Vaulted on steeds, and madden'd for the goal.
 Others as husbandmen appear'd, and broke
 With coulter the rich glebe, and gathered up
 Their tunics neatly girded.

Next arose

A field thick set with depth of corn; where some
 With sickle reap'd the stalks, their spiry heads
 Bent, as with pods weigh'd down of swelling
 grain,

The fruits of Ceres.

Others into bands

Gather'd, and threw upon the thrashing floor
 The sheaves.

And some again hard-by were seen
 Holding the vine-sickle, who clusters cut
 From the ripe vines, which from the vintagers
 Others in pails receiv'd, or bore away
 In baskets thus up-piled the cluster'd grapes,
 Or black, or pearly white, cut from deep ranks
 Of spreading vines, whose tendrils curling twin'd
 In silver, heavy-foliag'd: near them rose
 The ranks of vines, by Vulcan's curious craft
 Figur'd in gold. The vines leaf-shaking curl'd
 Round silver props. They therefore on their way
 Pass'd jocund, to one minstrel's flageolet,
 Burthen'd with grapes that blacken'd in the sun.
 Some also trod the wine-press, and some quaff'd
 The foaming must.

But in another part

Were men who wrestled, or in gymnastic fight
 Wielded the cæstus.

Elsewhere men of chase

Were taking the fleet hares; two keen-tooth'd
 dogs

Bounded beside: these ardent in pursuit,
 Those with like ardour doubling on their flight.

Next then were knights, who painful effort
 made

To win the prize of contest and hard toil.
 High o'er the well-compacted chariots hung

The charioteers; the rapid horses loos'd
 At their full stretch, and shook the floating reins.
 Rebounding from the ground, with many a shock,
 Flew clattering the firm cars, and creak'd aloud
 The naves of the round wheels. They, there-
 fore, toiled
 Endless; nor conquest yet at any time
 Achiev'd they; but a doubtful strife maintain'd.
 In the mid course the prize, a tripod huge,
 Was plac'd in open sight, insculpt with gold :—
 These glorious works had Vulcan artful wrought.

CERBERUS.

 A grisly dog
 Implacable, holds watch before the gates;
 Of guile malicious. Them who enter there,
 With tail and bended ears he fawning soothes:
 But suffers not that they with backward step
 Repass: whoe'er would issue from the gates
 Of Pluto strong, and stern Persiphone,
 For them, with marking eye, he lurks; on them
 Springs from his couch, and pitiless devours.

A BATTLE-PIECE.

 Warrior men
 Waged battle, grasping weapons in their hands.
 Some from their city and their sires repelled
 Destruction—others hastened to destroy;
 And many press'd the plain; but more still held
 The combat. On the strong-constructed towers
 Stood women shrieking shrill, and tore their
 cheeks

In very life, by Vulcan's glorious craft.
 The old men, hoar with age, assembled stood
 Without the gates, and to the blessed gods
 Their hands uplifted, for their fighting sons
 Fear-stricken.
 Behind them stood the Fates, of aspect black,
 Grim, slaughter-breathing, stern, insatiable,
 Their white fangs gnashing, and strange conflict
 held
 For those who fell;—each fiercely thirsting sought
 To drink the sable blood. Whom first they
 snatched,
 Prostrate, or staggering with the fresh-made
 wound,
 On him their talons huge they stuck—the soul
 Went down the cold abyss.—To th' heart they
 glutted
 With dead men's gore; behind them cast the corse,
 And back, with hurrying rage, they turned to seek
 The throng of battle. And hard by there stood
 Clotho, and Lachesis, and Atropos.—
 They all around one man in savage fight
 Were mixed, and on each other turned in wrath
 Their glaring eyes and homicidal hands.
 Unspeakable that strife! And close beside
 Stood the War-Misery, wan and worn with
 woe,
 Ghastly and withered, and with hunger-pains
 Convulsed;—her cheeks dropped blood to earth;
 —with teeth
 All wide disclosed, in grinning agony
 She stood;—a cloud of dust her shoulders spread,
 And her eyes ran with tears!

CALLINUS.

[About 782 B. C.]

Or this poet we know nothing more than that he was the supposed inventor of the Elegiac Couplet.

A FRAGMENT.

How long will ye slumber? when will ye take
 heart,
 And fear the reproach of your neighbours at
 hand?
 Fy! comrades, to think ye have peace for your part,
 Whilst the sword and the arrow are wasting
 our land!
 Shame! grasp the shield close! cover well the
 bold breast!
 Aloft raise the spear as ye march on the foe!
 With no thought of retreat—with no terror con-
 fess'd,
 Hurl your last dart in dying, or strike your last
 blow!
 Oh! 'tis noble and glorious to fight for our all—
 For our country—our children—the wife of
 our love!

Death comes not the sooner!—no soldier shall fall
 Ere his thread is spun out by the sisters
 above!
 Once to die is man's doom! rush, rush to the
 fight!—
 He cannot escape though his blood were Jove's
 own;—
 For awhile let him cheat the shrill arrow by
 flight:
 Fate will catch him at last in his chamber
 alone!
 Unlamented he dies—unregretted?—not so,
 When, the tower of his country, in death falls
 the brave;
 Thrice hallowed his name amongst all, high or
 low,
 As with blessings alive, so with tears in the
 grave.

ARCHILOCHUS.

[About 688 B. C.]

Or a noble family in the isle of Paros, and equally famed for his genius and his malignity. Touch me who dare—*Ἀρχιλόχον πατεῖς*—was his motto, and various stories are told concerning his obscenities and defamations, by the infliction of which, on one occasion, he is said to have driven Lycambes and his daughter to self-destruction. His lampoons are lost, and nothing remains of him but some few fragments of a grave and philosophic cast. He is celebrated by Horace, as the inventor of the Iambic foot, and by Cicero, as being one of the greatest poets that ever lived, and only equalled by Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles.

EQUANIMITY.

My soul, my soul, though cureless seem
The ills that vex thy rest;
Bear up; subdue the hostile crew,
With right opposing breast.
Take thou thy stand within spear-reach,
And if thou win the day,
Boast not; nor, beaten once, at home
With vain repining, stay;
But, in misfortune wisely mourn;
In joy rejoice with heed,
And bear in mind, to all mankind,
The measure that's decreed.

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Nothing now can pass belief; in nature's ways
No strange anomaly our wonder raise.
The Olympic father hangs a noon-day night
O'er the sun's disk, and veils its glittering light.
Fear falls on man. Hence miracles, before
Incredible, are counted strange no more.
Stand not amazed, if beasts exchange the wood
With dolphins, and exist amidst the flood;
These the firm land forsake for sounding waves,
And those find pleasure in the mountain caves.

PATIENCE UNDER SUFFERING.

Oh, Pericles! in vain the feast is spread:
To mirth and joy the afflicted soul is dead.
The billows of the deep-resounding sea
Burst o'er our heads, and drown our revelry;
Grief swells our veins with pangs unfelt before;
But Jove's high clemency reserves in store
All-suffering patience for his people's cure:
The best of healing balms is—TO ENDURE.

ON THE LOSS OF HIS SHIELD IN A BATTLE WITH THE SAIANS.

Relicta non bene parmulâ.

THAT shield some Saian decks, which 'gainst
My grain

I left—fair, flawless shield!—beside the wood.
Well, let it go! I and my purse remain:

To-morrow's bull-skin may be just as good.

A PAIR OF MILITARY PORTRAITS. ✓

Boast me not your valiant captain,
Strutting fierce with measur'd stride,
Glorying in his well-trimm'd beard, and
Wavy ringlets' clustered pride.
Mine be he that's short of stature,
Firm of foot, with curved knee;
Heart of oak in limb and feature,
And of courage bold and free.

THE MIND OF MAN.

The mind of man is such as Jove
Ordains by his immortal will;
Who moulds it, in the courts above,
His heavenly purpose to fulfil.

THE STORM.

Behold, my Glaucus, how the deep
Heaves, while the sweeping billows howl,
And round the promontory-steep
The big black clouds portentous scowl,
With thunder fraught, and lightning's glare,
While Terror rules, and wild Despair.

FRAGMENT.

Leave the gods to order all things:
Often from the gulf of woe
They exalt the poor man grow'ling
In the gloomy shades below.
Often turn again, and prostrate
Lay in dust the loftiest head,
Dooming him through life to wander,
Reft of sense, and wanting bread.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Jove sits in highest heaven, and opes the springs,
To man, of monstrous and forbidden things.
Death seals the fountains of reward and fame:
Man dies, and leaves no guardian of his name.
Applause awaits us only while we live,
While we can honour take, and honour give:
Yet, were it base for man of woman born,
To mock the naked ghost with jests or scorn.

TYRTÆUS.

[About 681 B. C.]

TYRTÆUS was the son of Archimbrotus, and presided over a school of some kind—probably of music and poetry—at Athens. The further tradition concerning him is (as all know,) that the Spartans, being worsted in their war with the Messenians, were directed by the oracle to apply to the Athenians for a general, who, in ridicule, presented them with their lame poet, Tyrtæus.

Pausanias, however, does not call him *General*, but *Counsellor*, (Συμβουλος,) adding, that his exertions were confined to composing the dissensions and rousing the fallen spirits of his new allies. He left three kinds of poems;—first, his Military Elegies;—second, his Eunomia, or political ones; and third, his Embateria or marching songs. Only a few of the first have descended to our times.

COURAGE AND PATRIOTISM.

NE’ER would I praise that man, nor deign to sing,
First in the race, or strongest at the ring,
Not though he boast a ponderous Cyclop’s force,
Or rival Boreas in his rapid course;
Not tho’ Aurora might his name adore,
Tho’ eastern riches swell his countless store,
Tho’ power and splendour to his name belong,
And soft persuasion dwell upon his tongue,
Tho’ all but god-like valour, were his own:

My muse is sacred to the brave alone;
Who can look carnage in the face, and go
Against the foremost warriors of the foe.

By heaven high courage to mankind was lent,
Best attribute of youth, best ornament.
The man whom blood and danger fail to daunt,
Fearless who fights, and ever in the front,
Who bids his comrades barter useless breath
For a proud triumph, or a prouder death,
He is my theme—He only, who can brave
With single force the battle’s rolling wave,
Can turn his enemies to flight, and fall
Beloved, lamented, deified by all.
His household gods, his own parental land
High in renown, by him exalted stand;
Alike the heirs and founders of his name
Share his deserts and borrow from his fame
He, pierced in front with many a gaping wound,
Lies, great and glorious, on the bloody ground,
From every eye he draws one general tear,
And a whole nation follows to his bier;
Illustrious youths sigh o’er his early doom,
And late posterity reveres his tomb.
Ne’er shall his memorable virtue die,
Tho’ cold in earth, immortal as the sky;
He for his country fought; for her expired:
Oh would all imitate whom all admired!
But if he sleep not with the mighty dead,
And living laurels wreath his honour’d head,
By old, by young, adored, he gently goes
Down a smooth pathway to his long repose,

Unaltering friends still love his hairs of snow,
And rising elders in his presence bow.
Would ye, like him, the wond’ring world engage,
Draw the keen blade, and let the battle rage!

Yes, it is sweet in death’s first ranks to fall
Where our loved country’s threatening dangers
call!

But he who flies dishonour’d from his home,
And foully driven in beggary to roam,
His wife and children shrieking in his ears,
His sire with shame abash’d, his mother down’d
in tears,

—What indignation at his cowardice
Shall flash upon him from all honest eyes!
How shall he stain, for ever stain his blood,
Rich tho’ it flow, descended from the good!
How shall he brand with infamy his brow!
(Fair tho’ it was, ’t is fair no longer now:)
—An outcast wanderer through a scoffing world
Till to an ignominious grave he’s hurl’d;
Known to all future ages by his shame,
A blot eternal on the rolls of fame!

But let us firmly stand, and scorn to fly,
Save all we love, or with our country die,
Knit in indissoluble files, a band
Of brothers fighting for our native land;
Ne’er let us see the veteran soldier’s arm
Than ours more forward, or his heart more
warm;

Let us not leave him in the midst of foes,
Feeble with age, to deal unequal blows;
Or in the van lie slain, with blood besmear’d
His wrinkled forehead and his snowy beard,
Strip’d of his spoils through many a battle worn.
And gay assumed, that inauspicious morn,
Breathing his soul out bravely at our feet—
Ne’er may our eyes a sight so shameful meet!
But, oh, be ours, while yet our pulse beats high
For gory death, or glorious victory,
Be ours, if not an honourable grave,
Smiles of the fair, and friendships of the brave.

ALCMAN OR ALCMÆON.

[About 680 B. C.]

ALCMAN is said to have been born at Sardis, and numbered amongst the fathers of lyric poetry. His Parthenia, composed in praise of women, and sung by chorusses of virgins, were very popular amongst the Spartans, and procured for

him the title of Γλυκύς—the sweet. Nothing but a few scattered sentences, and disjointed lines—affording the most inadequate materials for any judgment of his merits—have come down to us.

MEGALOSTRATA.

AGAIN sweet Love, by Venus led,
Hath all my soul possess'd;
Again delicious rapture shed
In torrents o'er my breast.
Now Megalostрата, the fair,—
Of all the virgin train
Most blessed—with her yellow hair—
Hath brought me to the Muse's fane.

FRAGMENT.

THE mountain summits sleep, glens, cliffs, and
caves,
Are silent;—all the black earth's reptile brood,
The bees, the wild beasts of the mountain wood;
In depths beneath the dark red ocean's waves
Its monsters rest; whilst, wrapt in bower and
spray,
Each bird is hush'd, that stretch'd its pinions
to the day.

STESICHORUS.

[Born 632—Died 556, B. C.]

A NATIVE of Himera in Sicily, and contemporary with Sappho and Alcæus. It is said that his original name was Tisias, and that he acquired the more expressive one by which he is known, from having first established, and generally arranged the movements of the Chorus, or from having first introduced the episode or stationary union of the two parts or divisions. Whatever may be thought of this (says Mr. Coleridge,) certain it is, that the Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode of the Chorus, became associated throughout Greece, with the name of Stesichorus. His principal poems were the "Destruction of Troy,"—the "Orestea,"—the "Rhadine,"—the "Scylla,"—and the "Geryonæis,"*—of which the titles, with a few scattered frag-

ments, are all that have descended to us. He was the inventor of the fable of "the Horse and the Stag," which has been imitated by Horace and other poets, and which he wrote in order to prevent his countrymen from making an alliance with the tyrant, Phalaris. His poems have been highly extolled by ancient writers, and there are few who will not join in the regret expressed by a modern one for the loss of them. "Utinam profecto (says Lowth,) Stesichorum non invidisset nobis vetustas, cujus gravitatem et magnificentiam omnes prædicant; quem præ cæteris laudat Dionysius quod et argumenta sumeret grandia imprimis et splendide, et in iis tractandis mores et personarum dignitatem egregie servaret."

FROM "THE GERYONEIS."

VOYAGE OF THE SUN.

BUT now the sun, great Hyperion's child,
Embarked again upon his golden chalice,

And westward steered where, far o'er ocean wild,
Sleeps the dim Night in solitary valleys,
Where dwell his mother and his consort mild,
And infant sons, in his sequestered palace;

* The Geryonæis was a poem on the story of the expedition of Hercules against the Spanish monster Geryon, who lived in Cadiz; in the fragment which remains of it, is the earliest mention of that ancient mystic legend of the

sun's passing over the sea in a golden cup, which was lent to Hercules for his voyage through the Mediterranean, and which has given occasion to more learned criticism, than any other cup, beathen or Christian, glass, metal, or wood, ever fabricated or dreamed of.

Whilst onward through the laurel-shaded grove,
Moved, with firm step, the hero son of Jove.

FROM "THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY."

THE SACRIFICE OF TYNDARUS.

. . . . For whereas Tyndarus,
Midst all his rites to all the gods above,
Alone forgot
That giver of sweet gifts, the Queen of Love,—
Wroth with the daughters for the father's sake,
The goddess caused them straight,
Thrice, thrice, their nuptial bonds to break,
And each desert her mate.

THE PROCESSION.

BEFORE the regal chariot, as it past,
Were bright Cydonian apples scattered round,
And myrtle leaves, in showers of fragrance cast,
And many a wreath was there, with roses
bound,
And many a coronal, wherein were set,
Like gems, rich rows of purple violet.

FRAGMENT.

VAIN it is for those to weep
Who repose in death's last sleep.
With Man's life ends all the story
Of his wisdom, wit, and glory.

ÆSOP.

[About 620 B. C.]

A PHRYGIAN and of servile origin.—After having passed by sale from master to master he at length fell into the hands of Iadmon of Samos, who, in admiration of his genius and acquirements, gave him his freedom. Æsop now turned his attention to foreign travel, partly to extend the sphere of his own knowledge, and partly to

communicate that knowledge to others. The latter he did by means of those Fables for which he is so celebrated, and which have associated his name with that pleasing branch of composition through all succeeding ages. The following is the only elegiac strain of his that has come down to us.

DEATH THE SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

WHO, but for death, could find repose
From life, and life's unnumbered woes?
From ills that mock our art to cure,
As hard to fly as to endure?
Whate'er is sweet without alloy,
And sheds a more exalted joy,

Yon glorious orb that gilds the day,
Or, placid moon, thy silver ray,
Earth, sea, whate'er we gaze upon,
Is thine, O Nature, thine alone;
But gifts, which to ourselves we owe,
What are they all, but fear and woe?
Chance-pleasure, hardly worth possessing,
Ten curses for a single blessing!

SOLON.

[Born 638, Died 559, B. C.]

It was the opinion of Plato, that if Solon had seriously applied himself to poetry, neither Hesiod, nor Homer, nor any other, would have been more celebrated. His verses, for the most part, seem to have been of the gnomic or sententious kind, and illustrative of the constitution and laws framed by himself for the Athenians. They are

distinguished (says an eminent scholar,) by a predominant *political* direction, and by a regarding of men rather as citizens and members of a municipality, than as individual agents in simply social life. There is, accordingly, a dignity of manner—a plain grandeur in his sentiment—that seems to flow from a mind reposing in conscious

satisfaction after an honest performance of the most difficult and solemn duty, which can fall to the lot of man—the new-modelling of a political constitution for his country; in doing which he had not been unmindful of the genius and utility of the ancient institutions of the state, nor played any base game for personal power; but, alike unseduced by aristocratic influence or mob adulation, had impartially assigned to all orders such measures of power as reason and experience

taught him to believe most conducive to a total result of good:—"I gave," (says he,)

"I gave the people freedom clear
But neither flattery nor fear;
I told the rich and noble race
To crown their state with modest grace,
And placed a shield in either's hand,
Wherewith in safety both might stand."—

"The people love their rulers best,
When neither cringed to nor oppress."

JUSTICE.

SHORT are the triumphs to injustice given,—
Jove sees the end of all; like vapours driven
By early Spring's impetuous blast, that sweeps
Along the billowy surface of the deeps,
Or passing o'er the fields of tender green,
Lays in sad ruin all the lovely scene,
Till it reveals the clear celestial blue
And gives the palace of the gods to view;
Then bursts the sun's full radiance from the skies,
Where not a cloud can form or vapour rise.*
—Such is Jove's vengeance: not like human ire,
Blown in an instant to a scorching fire,
But slow and certain; though it long may lie,
Wrapt in the vast concealment of the sky;
Yet never does the dread Avenger sleep,
And though the sire escape, the son shall weep.

THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS.

THE force of snow and furious hail is sent
From swelling clouds that load the firmament.

* Sudden, as when the wings of Spring
Rush forth at once with hurrying wing;
Scatter the stagnant fogs, and urge
To foam and storm the ocean surge;
Lay waste the farmer's toil and rise
Through the dense cloudage to the skies;
Lit by the sun outshine again
The sinking billows of the main,
And the blue ether fair to see,
Sleepeth in deep tranquillity.

H. N. Coleridge.

Thence the loud thunders roar, and lightnings glare
Along the darkness of the troubled air.
Unmoved by storms, old ocean peaceful sleeps
Till the loud tempest swells the angry deeps;
And thus the state, in fell distraction tost,
Oft by its noblest citizens is lost;
And oft a people, once secure and free,
Their own imprudence dooms to tyranny.
My laws have arm'd the crowd with useful might,
Have banish'd honours and unequal right,
Have taught the proud in wealth, and high in
place,
To reverence justice, and abhor disgrace;
And given to both a shield, their guardian tower,
Against ambitious aims and lawless power.

REMEMBRANCE AFTER DEATH.

LET not a death, unwept, unhonour'd, be
The melancholy fate allotted me!
But those who loved me living, when I die,
Still fondly keep some cherish'd memory.

A FRAGMENT.

THE man that boasts of golden stores,
Of grain, that loads his groaning floors,
Of fields with freshening herbage green,
Where bounding steeds and herds are seen,
I call not happier than the swain,
Whose limbs are sound, whose food is plain,
Whose joys a blooming wife endears,
Whose hours a smiling offspring cheers.

ALCÆUS.

[About 620 B. C.]

ALCÆUS was a native of Mitylene, and a contemporary and lover of Sappho. Having bitterly satirized Pittacus for his apostasy in usurping the very powers, from which, in conjunction with himself, he had deposed a former tyrant, Alcæus was driven into exile. He endeavoured to return by force of arms, but was unsuccessful, and fell into the hands of his former friend, but now exasperated conqueror, who, however, granted him his liberty, observing that forgiveness was better than revenge. Alcæus was the inventor of the

metre which bears his name, and sung of various subjects,—now celebrating the praises of Bacchus and Venus; now inveighing against tyrants; now deploring the evils of exile and war,

"Dura navis,
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli."

Antiquity is full of his praises; but a few fragments only of his poetry remain, though its echo may be sometimes heard in the strains of his successful imitator and admirer, Horace.

THE SPOILS OF WAR.

GLITTERS with brass my mansion wide;
 The roof is deck'd, on every side,
 In martial pride,
 With helmets rang'd in order bright,
 And plumes of horse-hair nodding white,
 A gallant sight—
 Fit ornament for warrior's brow—
 And round the walls, in goodly row,
 Refulgent glow
 Stout greaves of brass, like burnish'd gold,
 And corselets there in many a fold
 Of linen roll'd;
 And shields that in the battle fray,
 The routed losers of the day
 Have cast away.
 Eubæan falchions too are seen,
 With rich-embroidered belts between
 Of dazzling sheen:
 And gaudy surcoats piled around,
 The spoils of chiefs in war renown'd,
 May there be found—
 These, and all else that here you see,
 Are fruits of glorious victory,
 Achieved by me.

CONVIVIAL.

GLAD your hearts with rosy wine,
 Now the dog-star takes his round;
 Sultry hours to sleep incline;
 Gapes with heat the sultry ground.
 Crickets sing on leafy boughs,
 And the thistle is in flower;
 Melting minds forget their vows
 To the moon in colder hour.

THE POOR FISHERMAN.

THE fisher Diotimus had, at sea
 And shore, the same abode of poverty—
 His trusty boat;—and when his days were spent,
 Therein self-rowed, to ruthless Dis he went;
 For *that*, which did through life his woes beguile,
 Supplied the old man with a funeral pile,

CONVIVIAL.

To be bowed by grief is folly;
 Nought is gained by melancholy;
 Better than the pain of thinking,
 Is to steep the sense in drinking.

POVERTY.

THE worst of ills, and hardest to endure,
 Past hope, past cure,
 Is Penury, who, with her sister mate
 Disorder, soon brings down the loftiest state,
 And makes it desolate.
 This truth the sage of Sparta told,
 Aristodemus old,—
 "Wealth makes the man."—On him that's poor,
 Proud worth looks down, and honour shuts the
 door.

CONVIVIAL.

WHY wait we for the torches' lights?
 Now let us drink, while day invites.
 In mighty flagons hither bring
 The deep-red blood of many a vine,
 That we may largely quaff and sing
 The praises of the God of wine—
 The son of Jove, and Semele,
 Who gave the jocund grape to be
 A sweet oblivion to our woes.
 Fill, fill the goblet—one and two:
 Let every brimmer, as it flows,
 In sportive chase, the last pursue.

THE CONSTITUTION OF A STATE.

WHAT constitutes a state?
 Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate:
 Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crown'd:
 No:—Men, high-minded men—
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
 Men, who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare main-
 tain;
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.

CONVIVIAL.

JOVE descends in sleet and snow,
 Howls the vexed and angry deep;
 Every stream forgets to flow,
 Bound in winter's icy sleep.
 Ocean wave and forest hoar,
 To the blast responsive roar.
 Drive the tempest from your door,
 Blaze on blaze your hearthstone piling,
 And unmeasured goblets pour,
 Brimful high with nectar smiling.
 Then beneath your poet's head
 Be a downy pillow spread.

THE STORM.

NOW here, now there, the wild waves sweep,
 Whilst we, betwixt them, o'er the deep,
 In shatter'd tempest-beaten bark,
 With labouring ropes are onward driven,
 The billows dashing o'er our dark
 Upheaved deck—in tatters riven
 Our sails—whose yawning rents between
 The raging sea and sky are seen.

 Loose from their hold our anchors burst,
 And then the third, the fatal wave
 Comes rolling onward like the first,
 And doubles all our toil to save.

SAPPHO.

[About 620 B. C.]

THIS "tenth Muse" was a native of Mitylene in the island of Lesbos. The name of her father is said to have been Scamandronomus, and that of her mother, Clëis. She was married to Cercolas, a wealthy inhabitant of the isle of Andros, by whom she was left early a widow, with an only child called Clëis. Out of nine books of lyric verse, besides numerous epigrams, epithalamia, and other kinds of poetry, very little remains to us except the Hymn to Venus, and her Ode to the Beloved; but these alone suffice to justify the high praises so universally awarded to her by all Greece, and to place her in the very first rank of lyric poets. Her unaffected grace

and sweetness, her concentrated force, passion, and beauty of expression, are unsurpassed in the Greek tongue, and can be transfused into no other. There seems to be but little doubt of the tender reverence and admiration wherein she was held by the poet Alcæus, who, in a sweet, though unconnected line, (found in one of his few remaining fragments,) addresses her as his Ἰοπλόξ', ἄγν', μελοχόμειδα Σαπφῶν—his violet-wreathed, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho.—As to the tales about her loves and death,—about Phaon and the Leucadian rock,—they seem to have been utterly destitute of all foundation.—See Welcker's "*Sappho von einem herrschenden Vorurtheil befreit.*"

HYMN TO VENUS.

O VENUS, beauty of the skies!
To whom a thousand altars rise,
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O goddess, from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.
If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddess, hear me now.
Descend, thou bright immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.
Thou once did leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew;
Hovering in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they winged their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play,
The birds dismiss'd (while you remain,)
Bore back the empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?
What frenzy in my bosom raged,
And by what care to be assuag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue?
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?
Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distempered soul relief:
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

Another translation of the Same.

IMMORTAL Venus, throned above,
In radiant beauty! Child of Jove!
O skilled in every art of love
And playful snare;
Dread power, to whom I bend the knee,
Release my soul, and set it free
From bonds of piercing agony,
And gloomy care.

Yea, come thyself!—If e'er, benign,
Thy listening ear thou didst incline,
To my rude lay, the starry shine
Of Jove's court leaving,
In chariot yoked with coursers fair,
Thine own immortal birds, that bear
Thee swift to earth, the middle air
With bright wings cleaving.

Soon were they sped—and thou, most blest,
In thine own smiles ambrosial drest,
Didst ask what griefs my mind oppress—
What meant my song—
What end my frenzied thoughts pursue—
For what loved youth I spread anew
My amorous nets—"Who, Sappho, who
Hath done thee wrong?"

What though he fly, he'll soon return—
Himself shall give, though now he spurn;
Heed not his coldness—soon he'll burn,
E'en though thou chide."

And said'st thou this, dread goddess?—O,
Come thou once more to ease my woe!
Grant all!—and thy great self bestow,
My shield and guide!

TO THE BELOVED.

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth, who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For, while I gazed in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; a subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.*

THE DESERTED WIFE.

THE moon has set, and o'er the seas
Throw their last glance the Pleiades;
The weary night is waning fast,
The promised hour is come and past;—
Yet sleepless and alone I lie,
Alone—ah, false one, tell me why.

ON A BELOVED COMPANION.

DEEP in the dreary chambers of the dead,
Asteria's ghost hath made her bridal bed.
Still to this stone her fond compeers may turn,
And shed their cherish'd tresses on her urn.

ON AN ILLITERATE WOMAN.

UNKNOWN, unheeded, shalt thou die,
And no memorial shall proclaim,
That once, beneath the upper sky,
Thou hadst a being and a name.
For never to the Muses' bowers
Didst thou, with glowing heart repair,
Nor ever intertwine the flowers,
That Fancy strews unnumbered there.
Doomed o'er that dreary realm, alone
And shunned by gentler shades, to go,
Nor friend shall soothe nor parent own
The child of sloth, the Muses' foe.†

* Longinus, to whom posterity is indebted for the preservation of this ode, attributes much of its beauty to the judicious choice which she has made of the various feelings attendant on jealous love, and the skilful manner in which she has brought and connected them together.

Long. s. x.

† The fire and enthusiasm of Sappho's character (says Mr. Bland) appear in none of her works more unequivocally than in this little fragment. It is the burst of indignation at some home-spun, mighty-good sort of woman,

FRAGMENTS.

I.

I HAVE a child—a lovely one—
In beauty like the golden sun,
Or like sweet flowers, of earliest bloom,
And Clēis is her name:—for whom
I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,
Would glad resign.

II.

COME, gentle Youth, and in thy flowing locks
With delicate fingers weave a fragrant crown
Of aromatic anise; for the gods
Delight in flowery wreaths, nor lend an ear
Propitious to their suit, who supplicate
With brows unbound with sweetly smelling
flowers.

III.

CLING to the brave and good—the base disown—
Whose best of fortunes is to live unknown.

IV.

THROUGH orchard plots, with fragrance crown'd,
The clear, cold fountain murmuring flows:
And forest leaves, with rustling sound,
Invite to soft repose.

V.

WEALTH, without Virtue, is a dangerous guest;
Who holds them mingled, is supremely blest.

VI.

HESPER! every gift is thine—
Thou bring'st the killing from the rock;
Thou bring'st the damsel with the flock;
Thou bring'st us rosy wine.

VII.

BEAUTY, fair flower, upon the surface lies;
But Worth with Beauty soon in aspect vies.

VIII.

MAIDEN LOVE.

[THE following fragment, as Warton remarks, well represents "the languor and listlessness of one deeply in love!"]

OH, my sweet mother,—'tis in vain—
I cannot weave as once I wove;
So wildered are my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love.

who had neither a soul susceptible of poetry herself, nor the sense to admire, nor the candour to allow of it in others. This is a description of persons, which has been always severely handled by the poets, and the stigma of contempt with which they are branded by Sappho, is mercy to what they are sentenced to undergo by Dante—"Questi sciaurati, che mai non fur vivi," &c.

"Those miserales, who never truly lived.

* * * * *

No record of their names is left on high;

Mercy and Justice spurn them and refuse.

Take we no note of them—look, and pass by!"

IX.

Yes, yes, I own it true—
Pleasure's the good that I pursue.

How blest is then my destiny,
That I may love and honour too—

So bright, so brave, a love is that allotted me!

*. * Mr. H. N. Coleridge, in speaking of the genius of Sappho, observes, that "the very shreds remaining of her works, seem enough to prove her the greatest of lyric poets after Pindar. As compared with Alcæus, Stesichorus, &c., her pre-eminence in every lyric quality, is incontestable; her music, her passion, her imagery, her truth,

are all transcendent; and, after reading what exists of *her*, we can never think of the other poets who preceded, or were coeval with her, without applying to them her own beautiful stanza:—

Ἀστέρες μὲν ἄμπι καλὰν Σελάναν
Ἄλς ἀποχρίπτοντι φαινὸν εἶδος,
Ὅπποταν πλῆθοισα μάλιστα λάμπη
Γὰν.

The stars, that round the beauteous moon
Attendant wait, cast into shade
Their ineffectual lustres, soon
As she, in full-orbed majesty array'd,
Her silver radiance showers
Upon this world of ours.

ERINNA.

[About 610 B. C.]

ERINNA, a native of Lesbos, and friend of Sappho, died at the early age of nineteen. She is described as a girl of extraordinary beauty and genius, but her works, all except two or three epigrams, have unfortunately perished. The ode to Rome, or to Fortitude, as some will translate it, which has been attributed to her, is evidently the production of a much later age.

ON A VIRGIN OF MITYLENE, WHO DIED
ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

THE virgin Myrtis' sepulchre am I;
Creep softly to the pillared mount of woe,
And whisper to the grave, in earth below,
"Grave! thou art envious in thy cruelty!"—
To thee now gazing here, her barbarous fate
These bride's adornments tell; that, with the fire
Of Hymen's torch, which led her to the gate,
Her husband burned the maid upon her pyre:

Yes, Hymen! thou didst change the marriage-song
To the shrill wailing of the mourners' throng.

On the Same.

PILLARS of death! carv'd syrens! tearful urns!
In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid;
To him, that near my tomb his footstep turns,
Stranger or Greek, say to him that a maid
Rests, in her bloom, below: her sire the name
Of Myrtis gave: her birth and lineage high:
Say, too, her bosom friend Erinna came
And on this marble graved her elegy.

PITTACUS.

[About 610 B. C.]

ONE of the Seven Sages of Greece, and Tyrant of Mitylene.

FORESIGHT AND COURAGE.

THE Wise with prudent thought provide
Against misfortune's coming tide;

The Valiant, when the surge beats high,
Undaunted brave its tyranny.

MIMNERMUS.

[About 590 B. C.]

MIMNERMUS was a native of Colophon, in Ionia, and eminent both as a musician and a poet. Judging of him from the few fragments of his writings which have descended to us, he was anything but the joyous spirit described by Horace, Propertius, and others. He complains of the transiency of human enjoyment, of the briefness of youth, and the vanity and wretchedness of life. But such was the prevailing creed of Greece,—of her gayest poets, no less than of her gravest philosophers.—

"Who, therefore, seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not; or, by delusion,
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud."

In the Love Elegy, Mimnermus is said to have reigned supreme, throughout all antiquity; (plus in amore valet Mimnermi versus Homero.) But his great work on the subject, (inscribed to his beloved Nanno,) or all but a shred of it, is lost—destroyed by the Byzantine Inquisitors.

YOUTH AND AGE.

WHAT were life, and where its treasure,
Golden Venus, wert thou flown?
Ne'er may I outlive the pleasure
Given to man by thee alone,—
Honied gifts and secret love,
Joys all other joys above.

Quickly, stripling! quickly, maiden!
Snatch life's blossoms ere they fall;
Age with hate and sorrow laden,
Soon draws nigh to level all,—
Makes the man of comeliest mien,
Like the most ill-favoured seen.

Youth and grace his path declining,
Gloomy thoughts his bosom tear;
Seems the sun, in glory shining,
Now to him no longer fair,—

Joys no more his soul engage,
Such the power of dreary age.

THE EVILS OF MORTALITY.

LIKE blossoms, which the sun's creative ray
And florid spring have fostered into day,
Our May of youth, a stranger yet to pain
And new to pleasure, wantons o'er the plain,
While the dark Parcae watch our every breath,
And weave the fatal web of age and death.
A gay but transitory course we run
Of youth, departing with the summer sun:
This past, the season comes of care and strife,
When death is better than the dregs of life.
Sorrow, in various forms, on all descends,
Disaster, poverty, or loss of friends:
One with protracted hope and vain desires
For children longs and, as he longs, expires;
Another groans in sickness; sufferers all,
Condemn'd alike to drink the cup of gall.

IBYCUS.

[About 561 B. C.]

IBYCUS was a native of Rhegium in Italy, but chiefly resided at the court of Polycrates in Samos. He is styled by Suidas the most love-mad (*ερωτομανεστρατος*) of poets, and the short fragments of his writings, that remain to us, seem fully to bear out the character thus given him. It is not so much, however, on account of his life or writings, as of the circumstances related of his death, and of the deathless interest which has

been attached to them by a later and far greater bard, that he is here introduced.* The story (according to Ælian) is, that, being attacked and wounded to death by robbers, and seeing, in his dying moments a flight of cranes, he cried out:—"Those birds will be my avengers!" And so they were; for one of the murderers happening

* See Schiller's "Kraniche des Ibykus."

soon afterwards to see a flock of the same birds flying over the market place of Corinth, inadvertently exclaimed to his comrades: "Behold the avengers of Ibycus!" His words were overheard, suspicions arose, inquiry followed, truth

came to light, and Ibycus' dying prophecy was accomplished in the execution of his murderers. Hence the proverb of Ἰβίχου ἔχδικοι, in cases of criminals unexpectedly found out and brought to justice.

TO EURYALE.

O **THEU**, the bright-haired Graces' bud and care,
Euryale! Sure Venus fair
And sweet Persuasion, with her eyelids mild,
In rose-flower cradle nourished thee a child.

THE INFLUENCE OF SPRING.

In Spring, bedewed with river-streams,
From where, for everlasting, gleams
The garden of th' Hesperides,
Blossom Cydonian apple-trees;—
In Spring the saplings freshly shine,

Beneath the parent-vine
In shadow and in breeze;
But me Love's mighty power,
That sleepeth never an hour,
From Venus rushing, burneth with desire,
As with the lightning fire;
Black, as the Thracian wind,
He seizes on my mind,
With dry delirious heat
Inflames my reason's seat,
And, in the centre of my soul,
Keeps empire for a child, and holds
uncheck'd control.

THEOGNIS.

[About 544 B. C.]

THEOGNIS was born in the city of Megara or Alcaethoe in Achaia, and was a traveller, a politician, and a man of pleasure, and of the world. He has been accused by ancient writers, of disseminating voluptuousness, under the guise of morality, but nothing of the kind is perceptible

in those relics of his poetry which have descended to us. He lived to be eighty-eight years of age, the greater portion of which period was passed by him and his brother-nobles in one perpetual struggle with the democracy. All his compositions are in the elegiac metre.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Am me! alike o'er youth and age I sigh,
Impending age, and youth that hastens by;
Swift as a thought the flowing moments roll,
Swift as a racer speeds to reach the goal.
How rich, how happy the contented guest,
Who leaves the banquet soon, and sinks to rest.
Damps chill my brow, my pulses flutt'ring beat,
Whene'er the vigorous pride of youth I meet
Pleasant, and lovely; hopeful to the view
As golden visions, and as transient too:
But ah! no terrors stop, nor vows, nor tears
Life's mournful evening, and the gloom of years.

EXHORTATION TO ENJOYMENT.

May peace and riches crown my native towers,
Nor war nor tumults break our festive hours;
May glorious Jove, embracing earth and sky,
Exulting view our mortal harmony;

Thou, sweet Apollo, touch the happy crew,
And warm our hearts to raptures strange and
new;
With shell and lute high raise the strain divine,
And rich libations pour on every shrine!
While to the powers above our praises flow,
Inspiring wine shall make us gods below:
In pleasant converse wrapt, the social soul
Heeds not the wars that shake the northern pole.
Thus to be ever charm'd were sure the best,
With every fretful feverish pulse at rest,
In joy and mirth to drown the din of arms,
The frost of years to come, and death's alarms.
Sweet youth is mine—I revel in her bloom;
(How soon condemned to wither in the tomb!)
Tho' fair in fame, for noble lineage known,
Mute, cold, and dull, as yon neglected stone,
Soon shall I leave the whisp'ring air and sky,
And darkly slumber through futurity.
Be soothed, my soul—how soon another race,
Shall claim whate'er is mine of power or place;

And o'er the mournful spot regardless go,
Where my bones mingle with the earth below!
But ever shall my conscious heart rejoice
At Pleasure's breath, and Music's heavenly voice;
Pleased will I sport, while fragrant draughts inspire,

Or sing symphonious to the minstrel's lyre:
Death's horrid realm no sense of bliss pervades,
Nor wine, nor lyre, nor beauty please the shades.
Then, while on earth my winged pulses beat,
While throbs my heart with youth's delicious heat,

Charm'd will I yield to every new delight,
Ere mournful age shall tear it from my sight.

REASONABLE EXPECTATIONS.

COULD wealth with sorrow unalloy'd be mine,
Oh might my board with varied plenty shine!
But since just Fortune doles to each his share,
Be mine a poorer lot, but free from care.

TEST OF TRUTH.

In vino veritas.

FIRE proves the treasures of the mine,
The soul of man is proved by wine.

TO JUPITER.

JOVE, much I marvel at the way
In which this world thou'rt pleased to sway;
No difference—none, for aught I see—
'Twixt knave and honest man with thee.
Nay, if the truth must be confess'd,
Full oft, I fear, Vice fares the best,
Of gold, and land, and title bags,
And quaffs his wine, and drives his nags,
Whilst toil-worn Virtue dies in rags.

LIFE'S FIRST BLESSING.

KYRNUS! of all good things in life,
There's nought can equal a good wife;
And we, I am sure, may prove it true—
You'll vouch for me, and I for you.

TO KYRNUS.

I've given thee wings o'er boundless earth and sea
To speed thy easy flight;
And thou, for ever dear, shalt voiced be
Mid banquets of delight.
The mellow flute, by fairest youths inspired,
Shall sweetly breathe thy name;
And when within earth's covert dim retired,
Thou'rt lost to heaven's pure flame,
Glory shall wait thee in thy native home—
Alive though in the grave!
Through Greece and all her islands thou shalt roam,
Above the ocean wave—
Nor borne on steeds, but by the Muses led,
Whose temples violets wreath;
For whilst earth lasts, and day's glad light is shed,
This song of thee shall breathe.—
Yet—yet by thee I'm treated like a child,
With fond, vain words, for ever thus beguiled.

GENERAL CORRUPTION OF THE PEOPLE.

STIR not a step! Risk nothing; but believe
That vows and oaths are snares meant to deceive!
Jove is no warrant for a promise given—
Not Jove himself, nor all the gods in heaven.
Nothing is safe; no character secure,
No conduct, the most innocent and pure;
All are corrupt, the commons and the great,
Alike incapable to serve the state.
The ruin of the noblest and the best
Serves for an idle ballad or a jest:
Shame is abolished; and in high command,
Rage, Impudence, and Rapine rule the land.

APPROACH OF THE ENEMY.

A SPEECHLESS messenger! the beacon's light
Announces danger from the mountain's height!
Bridle your horses, and prepare to fly!
The final crisis of our fate is nigh.
A momentary pause, a narrow space
Detains them,—but the foes approach apace.—
We must abide what fortune has decreed,
And hope that heaven will help us at our need.
Make your resolve! at home your means are great;
Abroad you will retain a poor estate.
Unostentatious, indigent, and scant,
You live secure, at least, from utter want.

POVERTY.

FOR noble minds, the worst of miseries,
Worse than old age, or wearisome disease,
Is Poverty. From Poverty to flee,
From some tall precipice into the sea,
It were a fair escape to leap below!
In Poverty, dear Kyrnus, we forego
Freedom in word and deed, body and mind;
Action and thought are fetter'd and confin'd.
Let me then fly, dear Kyrnus, once again!
Wide as the limits of the land and main,
From these entanglements; with these in view,
Death is the lighter evil of the two.

TO THE CHIEF OF A FACTIOUS RABBLE.

LASH your obedient rabble! Cast and load
The burden on their backs! Spur them and goad!
They'll bear it all!—by patience and by birth
The most submissive, humble slaves on earth.

PRAYER FOR GOOD TO HIS FRIENDS, AND REVENGE ON HIS FOES.

MAY Jove assist me to discharge a debt
Of kindness to my friends—and grant me yet
A further boon—revenge upon my foes!
With these accomplished, I could gladly close
My term of life—a fair requital made—
My friends rewarded, and my wrongs repaid!
Gratitude and revenge, before I die,
Might make me deemed almost a deity.
Yet hear, O mighty Jove! and grant my prayer,
Relieve me from affliction and despair!

O take my life—or grant me some redress,
Some foretaste of returning happiness.
Such is my state—I cannot yet descry
A chance of vengeance on mine enemy,
The rude despoiler of my property.
Yet my full wish, *to drink their very blood*,
Some power divine, that watches for my good,
May yet accomplish. Soon may he fulfil
My righteous hope, my just and hearty will.

ENJOYMENT.

ENJOY your time, my soul! another race
Shall shortly fill the world, and take your place
With their own hopes and fears, sorrow and
mirth;
I shall be dust the while, and crumbled earth.
But think not of it. Drink the racy wine
Of rich Taygetus, pressed from the vine
Which Theotimus in the sunny glen
(Old Theotimus, loved of gods and men,)
Planted and watered from a plenteous source,
Teaching the wayward stream a better course:
Drink it, and cheer your heart, and banish care,
A load of wine will lighten your despair.

ON RETURNING TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

WIDE have I wandered, far beyond the sea,
Even to the distant shores of Sicily;
To broad Eubœa's plentiful domain,
With the rich vineyards in its planted plain;
And to the sunny wave and winding edge
Of fair Eurotas with its reedy sedge—
Where Sparta stands in simple majesty:
Among her manly rulers there was I,—
Greeted and welcomed there and everywhere,
With courteous entertainment, kind and fair;
Yet still my weary spirit would repine,
Longing again to view this land of mine.
Henceforward, no design nor interest
Shall ever move me, but the first and best,
With learning's happy gift to celebrate,
Adorn, and dignify my native state.
The song, the dance, music and verse agreeing,
Will occupy my life and fill my being;
Pursuits of elegance and learned skill
(With good repute, and kindness, and good-will
Among the wiser sort,) will pass my time
Without an enemy, without a crime;
Harmless and just with every rank of men,
Both the free native and the denizen.

ANACREON,

[Born, 554—Died, 469 B. C.]

I see Anacreon smile and sing;
His silver tresses breathe perfume,
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses, taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away!
And let me listen to his lay.—*Æskenside.*

ANACREON was born at Teos in Ionia; but on the invasion of that country by Harpagus, the general of the elder Cyrus, he migrated to Abdera in Thrace. He afterwards resided at the court of Polycrates in Samos, whence he was invited to Athens by Hipparchus, who sent a fifty oared galley to convey him over the Ægean. On the death of the usurper he returned to Teos, but was again driven thence by the revolt of His-

tæus. He finally settled in Abdera, and died in the eighty-fifth year of his age, choked (it is said) by a grape-stone which he swallowed in a draught of new wine.

A small portion, only, of his works has descended to us, the remainder, like those of Alcæus, Sappho, Mimnermus, and others, having fallen a sacrifice to the bigotted zeal or hypocrisy of the Byzantine Inquisitors.

LOVE.

I'LL sing of heroes and of kings,
In mighty numbers, mighty things.
Begin, my Muse!—but lo! the strings
To my great song rebellious prove;
The strings will sound of nought but love.
—I broke them all, and put on new;
—'Tis this, or nothing, now will do.
“These, sure,” said I, “will me obey;

These, sure, heroic notes will play.”
Straight I began with thundering Jove
And all th' immortal powers; but Love,
Love smil'd; and from my enfeebled lyre
Came gentle airs, such as inspire
Melting love and soft desire.—
Farewell then, heroes! farewell, kings!
And mighty numbers, mighty things!
Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

BEAUTY.

To all that breathe the air of heaven
 Some boon of strength has Nature given.
 In forming the majestic bull,
 She fenced with wreathed horns his skull;
 A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
 And winged the timorous hare with speed;
 She gave the lion fangs of terror,
 And o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,
 Taught the unnumbered scaly throng
 To trace the liquid path along;
 While for the umbrage of the grove
 She plumed the warbling world of love.
 To Man she gave, in that proud hour,
 The boon of intellectual power;
 Then what, O Woman, what for thee
 Was left in Nature's treasury?
 She gave thee beauty—mightier far
 Than all the pomp and power of war.
 Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power
 Like Woman in her conquering hour,
 Be thou but fair,—mankind adore thee!
 Smile,—and a world is weak before thee!

TO A PAINTER.

ΠΙΟΤ, whose soft and rosy hues
 Mimic form and soul infuse,
 Best of painters! come, portray
 The lovely Maid, that's far away.
 Paint her jetty ringlets playing,
 Silky locks, like tendrils straying;
 And, if painting hath the skill
 To make the spicy balm distil,
 Let every little lock exhale
 A sigh of perfume on the gale.
 Where her tresses' curly flow
 Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
 Let her forehead beam to light
 Burnished as the ivory bright.
 Let her eyebrows smoothly rise
 In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
 Each a crescent gently gliding,
 Just commingling, just dividing.
 But hast thou any sparkles warm
 The lightning of her eyes to form?
 Let them effuse the azure rays
 That in Minerva's glances blaze,
 Mixed with the liquid light, that lies
 In Cytherea's languid eyes.
 O'er her nose and cheek be shed
 Flushing white and softened red;
 Mingling tints, as when there glows
 In snowy milk the bashful rose.
 Then her lip, so rich in blisses,
 Sweet petitioner for kisses,
 Rosy nest, where lurks Persuasion,
 Mutely courting Love's invasion.
 Next, beneath the velvet chin,
 Whose dimple hides a Love within,
 Mould her neck with grace descending,
 And in a heaven of beauty ending;
 While countless charms, above, below
 Sport and flutter round its snow.
 Now let a floating, lucid veil
 Shadow her form, but not conceal;

A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
 And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
 —Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
 It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

ANACREON'S DOVE.

"LOVELY courier of the sky,
 Whence and whither dost thou fly?
 Scattering, as thy pinions play,
 Liquid fragrance all the way.
 Is it business? Is it love?
 Tell me, tell me, gentle Dove."—
 "Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
 Vows to Myrtale the fair;
 Graced with all that charms the heart,
 Blushing nature, smiling art,
 Venus, courted by an ode,
 On the Bard her Dove bestow'd.
 Vested with a master's right,
 Now Anacreon rules my flight:
 As the letters that you see,
 Weighty charge consign'd to me:
 Think not yet my service hard,
 Joyless task without reward:
 Smiling at my master's gates,
 Freedom my return awaits:
 But the liberal grant in vain
 Tempts me to be wild again.
 Can a prudent Dove decline
 Blissful bondage such as mine?
 Over hills and fields to roam,
 Fortune's guest without a home;
 Under leaves to hide one's head,
 Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed;
 Now my better lot bestows
 Sweet repast, and soft repose;
 Now the generous bowl I sip
 As it leaves Anacreon's lip;
 Void of care, and free from dread
 From his fingers snatch his bread,
 Then with luscious plenty gay
 Round his chambers dance and play;
 Or, from wine as courage springs,
 O'er his face expand my wings;
 And, when feast and frolic tire,
 Drop asleep upon his lyre.
 This is all; be quick and go,
 More than all thou can'st not know;
 Let me now my pinions ply,—
 I have chatter'd like a pye."*

CURE FOR CARE.

WHEN my thirsty soul I steep,
 Every sorrow's lulled to sleep.
 Talk of monarchs! I am then
 Richest, happiest, first of men;

* "As I was never struck with any thing in the Greek language, (says Dr. Johnson.) till I read Anacreon's Dove, so have I never read any thing in the same language since, that pleased me more." He then added that the above verses "were planned and even begun," when he was sixteen years old, yet had he never found "time to make an end of them before he was sixty-eight."

Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Cræsus' store,—
Ought I, can I, wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy-leaves my brow entwining,
All my soul elate with glee,—
What are kings and crowns to me

Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
But let *me*, my budding Vine!
Spill no other blood but thine,
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me,—
Who think it better, wiser far,
To fall in banquet than in war.

DRINKING.

OBSERVE, when mother Earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening sweep,
Are beverage to the swelling Deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the Ocean's misty tears.
The Moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then hence with all your sober thinking,
Since Nature's holiest law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.*

GOLD.

Yes,—loving is a painful thrill
And not to love more painful still;
But oh, it is the worst of pain
To love, and not be loved again!
Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, noble birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.
Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven—
Forgive him not, indignant heaven!
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!
War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms:
And oh! the worst of all its arts,
It rends asunder loving hearts.

* Cowley, who has translated, or rather paraphrased, this ode, ends with the following lines:—

Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

CUPID BENIGHTED.

'Twas noon of night, and round the pole,
The sullen Bear was seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Were slumbering all their cares away;
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To shield him from the midnight air.
"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"
"Ah, gentle sire,"—the infant said,—
"In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit; a lonely child,
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes my drear and misty way."

I heard the baby's tale of woe;
I heard the bitter night-winds blow;
And, sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp, and op'd the gate.
'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night.
I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart.
Fondly I take him in, and raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dark and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers, thrilling cold.

And now the ember's genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away:
"I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smil'd)
"I pray thee, let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wandered so,
That much I fear, the midnight shower
Has injur'd its elastic power."—
His fatal bow the urchin drew;
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
As swiftly flew as glancing flame,
And to mine inmost spirit came!
And "fare thee well,"—I heard him say,
As, laughing wild, he wing'd his way;
"Fare thee well, for now, I know,
The rain has not relaxed my bow;
It still can send a thrilling dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

THE EPICURE.

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'erflowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state,
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love; nay, fill it up:
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health, and gay desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way:

Since it equally doth flee,
 Let the motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious ointments shower?
 Nobler wines why do we pour?
 Beauteous flowers why do we spread
 Upon the monuments of the dead?
 Nothing they but dust can show,
 Or bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with roses whilst I live,—
 Now your wines and ointments give;
 After death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my pleasures have!
 All are Stoics in the grave.

THE ROSE.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
 Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,
 In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
 Till with crimson drops they weep.
 Twine the rose, the garland twine,
 Every leaf distilling wine;
 Drink and smile, and learn to think,
 That we were born to smile and drink.
 Rose! thou art the sweetest flower,
 That ever drank the amber shower;
 Rose! thou art the fondest child
 Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!
 Even the Gods, who walk the sky,
 Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
 Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
 His hair with rosy fillets braids,
 When with the blushing sister Graces,
 The wanton, winding dance he traces.—
 Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
 And shed them o'er me while I sing;
 Or, while, great Bacchus, round thy shrine,
 Wreathing my brow with rose and vine,
 I lead some bright nymph through the dance,
 Commingling soul with every glance.

AGE.

OfT am I by the women told,
 "Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old;
 Look! how thy hairs are falling all;
 Poor Anacreon, how they fall!"—
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By the effects I do not know;
 But this I know, without being told,
 'Tis time to live, if I grow old;
 'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
 Of little life the best to make,
 And manage wisely the last stake.

SPRING.

BEHOLD the young, the rosy Spring,
 Gives to the breeze her scented wing;
 While virgin Graces, warm with May,
 Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
 The murmuring billows of the deep
 Have languished into silent sleep.
 And mark! the fitting sea-birds lave
 Their plumes in the reflecting wave;

While cranes from hoary winter fly,
 To flutter in a kinder sky.
 Now the genial star of day
 Dissolves the murky clouds away;
 And cultured field and winding stream
 Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells
 With leafy buds and flowery bells;
 Gemming shoots the olive twine,
 Clusters bright festoon the vine;
 All along the branches creeping,
 Through the velvet foliage peeping,
 Little infant fruits we see
 Nursing into luxury.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
 In happiness compar'd to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill;
 'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants belong to thee;
 All that summer hours produce;
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plough;
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!
 Thou dost innocently joy;
 Nor does thy luxury destroy;
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee country-hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd year!
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life's no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect, happy, thou
 Dost neither age nor winter know;
 But, when thou'st drunk, and danc'd and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
 (Voluptuous and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal!)—
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

ON THE NUMBER OF HIS MISTRESSES.

IF thou canst number o'er to me
 Every leaf on every tree,
 Or count the ceaseless waves that roar
 Against the billow-beaten shore,
 Thou sufficient skill hast proved,
 Thou shalt count the names I've loved.
 At Athens first, Minerva's town,
 Full five-and-thirty write me down;
 But oh! at Corinth, rich and fair,
 What hosts of loved ones I had there!
 For beauteous nymphs it bears the sway,
 None so beauteous sure as they!

Next, my lovely Lesbians tell,
 Ionians, Carians, those that dwell
 In far-famed Rhodes—you may, in all,
 The trifling sum two thousand call.
 What! think'st thou that I yet have done?
 Resume thy tablets:—One by one,
 I'll count thee o'er my Syrian fair;
 And Egypt too must claim a share;
 And fertile Creta yet remains,
 Where Love his empire still maintains
 The dark-eyed nymphs, that shared my flame,
 In Spain, in Afric, shall I name?
 To sultry India's farthest pole,
 Whose dusky charms have fired my soul?

CUPID AND THE BEE.

CUPID once upon a bed
 Of roses laid his weary head;
 Luckless urchin, not to see
 Within the leaves a slumbering bee!
 The bee awaked—with anger wild
 The bee awaked, and stung the child.
 Loud and piteous are his cries;
 To Venus quick he runs, he flies;
 "Oh mother!—I am wounded through—
 I die with pain—what shall I do?
 Stung by some little angry thing,
 Some serpent on a tiny wing—
 A bee it was—for once, I know,
 I heard a peasant call it so."
 Thus he spoke, and she the while
 Heard him with a soothing smile;
 Then said: "My infant, if so much
 Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
 How must the heart, ah, Cupid, be,
 The hapless heart, that's stung by thee?"

FOLLY OF AVARICE.

If hoarded gold possessed the power
 To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
 And purchase from the hand of death
 A little space, a moment's breath,
 How I would love the precious ore,
 And every hour should swell my store;
 That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
 To waft me to his black dominion,
 I might, by bribes, my doom delay,
 And bid him call another day.—
 But since not all earth's golden store
 Can buy for us one bright hour more,
 Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
 Or sigh at life's uncertain date?
 Nor wealth nor grandeur can illumine
 The silent midnight of the tomb.
 No—give to others hoarded treasures,—
 Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
 The goblet rich, the board of friends,
 Whose social souls the goblet blends;
 And mine, while yet I've life to live,
 Those joys which love alone can give.

A VERNAL WALK.

WHEN Spring adorns the dewy scene,
 How sweet to walk the velvet green,

And hear the west-wind's gentle sighs,
 As o'er the gentle mead it flies!
 How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
 Ready to burst in tears of wine;
 And with some maid, who breathes but love,
 To walk, at noontide, through the grove,
 Or sit in some cool, green recess,—
 Oh, is not this true happiness?

HAPPY LIFE.

FILL the bowl with rosy wine!
 Around our temples roses twine!
 And let us cheerfully awhile
 Like the Wine and Roses, smile.
 Crown'd with roses, we contemn
 Gyges' golden diadem.
 To-day is ours; what do we fear?
 To-day is ours; we have it here:
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish, at least, with us to stay.
 Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
 To the gods belongs to-morrow.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

SAD Niobe on Phrygian shore,
 Was turned to marble by despair;
 And hapless Progne learned to soar
 On swallow's wings, through liquid air.
 But I would be a mirror,
 So thou may'st pleased behold me;
 Or robe, with close embraces
 About thy limbs to fold me.
 A crystal fount to lave thee;
 Sweet oils thy hair to deck,
 A zone to press thy bosom,
 Or pearl to gem thy neck.
 Or might I worship at thy feet,
 A sandal for thy feet I'd be,
 Ev'n to be trodden on were sweet,
 If trodden on by thee.

ON TIMOCRITUS.

TIMOCRITUS adorns this humble grave—
 Mars spares the coward, but destroys the brave.

ON CLEANOR.

THEE too, Cleanor, strong desire laid low—
 Desire, that wretched exiles only know,
 Of thy loved native land. The tyrant sway
 Of Winter had no force to make thee stay:
 Thy fatal hour was come; and, tempest-spel'd,
 The wild waves closed around thy cherish'd head.

CONVIVIAL.

NE'ER shall that man my comrade be,
 Or drink a generous glass with me,
 Who, o'er his bumpers, brags of scars,
 Of noisy broils and mournful wars.
 But welcome thou, congenial soul,
 And share my purse and drain my bowl,
 Who canst, in social knot, combine
 The Muse, Good-humour, Love, and Wine.

SIMONIDES.

[Born 558—Died 467, B. C.]

SIMONIDES, "the wise and divine," (as he is called by Plato,) was the son of Leopres, and a native of Ceos, where he presided over a school for the instruction of the Tragic Chorus. He afterwards removed to Syracuse, where he was high in favour with King Hiero, and is said to have died in the ninety-first year of his age. To him is attributed the invention, or, at least, the establishment of the Funeral Elegy. But it was for his Epigrams, written chiefly on those who fell in battle against the Persians, that he was most renowned. These are all characterized, (as Mr. Coleridge truly says,) "by force, down-rightness, and terse simplicity—*ἀφελεία*—in the highest degree of any to be found in the Anthology." In one of them, (that of "the three hundred who died at Thermopylæ")—he bore away the prize from Æschylus.

An anecdote has been related of him by Cicero, that, having found and buried the corpse of some unknown person washed up by the sea, and being afterwards about to embark on a voyage, he was warned by a vision of the dead man to postpone it, lest he should suffer shipwreck. He obeyed the warning and stayed at home, while those, who sailed without him, were shipwrecked and lost.

Our poet is not to be confounded with his relative and namesake, the author of a satiric poem on Woman.*

ON ARCHEDICE, THE DAUGHTER OF HIPPIAS.

DAUGHTER of him, who ruled the Athenian plains,
This honoured urn Archedice contains;
Of tyrants mother, daughter, sister, wife,
Her soul was humble, and unstained her life.

ON TIMOCREON OF RHODES.

AFTER cramming, and swilling, and damning
my neighbours,
I, Timocreon of Rhodes, here repose from my
labours.

ON MEGISTIAS THE SOOTHSAYER, WHO PERISHED WITH LEONIDAS AT THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ.

THIS tomb records Megistias' honoured name,
Who bravely fighting in the ranks of fame,
Fell by the Persians, near Sperchius' tide.
Both past and future well the prophet knew;
And yet, though death was open to his view,
He chose to perish at his general's side.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ.

In dark Thermopylæ they lie;
Oh death of glory thus to die!
Their tomb an altar is, their name
A mighty heritage of fame:
Their dirge is triumph; cankering rust,
And time, that turneth all to dust,

* He wrote an apologue on women, in which he represents them as having been formed from elements and animals of supposed correspondent natures.

That tomb shall never waste nor hide,—
The tomb of warriors true and tried.
The full-voiced praise of Greece around
Lies buried in that sacred mound;
Where Sparta's king, Leonidas,
In death eternal glory has.

On the Same.

GREATLY to die, if this be glory's height,
For the fair meed we own our fortune kind;
For Greece and Liberty we plunged to night,
And left a never-dying name behind.

*On the Same.**

Go, stranger, and to Lacedæmon tell,
That here, obedient to her laws, we fell.

Another translation of the Same.

STRANGER, should Sparta ask our fate, reply
That here, obedient to her laws, we lie.

Another.

Go, tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws we lie.

* Ω ξειν', ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις, ὅτι τῇδε
Κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ρήμασι πειθόμενοι.

Christopher North, in one of his delightful articles on the Greek Anthology, has given us no less than twenty-three translations of this celebrated epitaph, which he thus prefaces: "The oldest and best inscription is that on the altar-tomb of the Three Hundred. Do you remember it? Here it is—the Greek—with three Latin and eighteen English versions. Start not: it is but two lines—and all Greece, for centuries, had them by heart. She forgot them, and 'Greece was living Greece no more.'"—*Blackwood*, Vol. xxxiv, p. 970.

ON CIMON'S LAND AND SEA VICTORY.

NE'er since the olden time, when Asia stood
First torn from Europe by the ocean-flood,
Since horrid Mars thus poured on either shore
The storm of battle and the wild uproar,
Hath Man by land and sea such glory won,
Ne'er seen such deeds, as thou, this day, hast
done.

By land, the Medes in thousands press the
ground;

By sea, an hundred Tyrian ships are drown'd
With all their martial host; while Asia stands
Deep groaning by, and wrings her helpless hands.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT EURYMEDON.

THESE by the streams of famed Eurymedon
Their short, but brilliant, race of life have run;
In winged ships and on the embattled field
Alike, they forced the Median bows to yield,
Breaking their foremost ranks. Now here they
lie,

Their names inscribed on rolls of victory.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

THERE's naught on earth but flits or fades away,
And well indeed the Chian bard might say:—
"The race of Men is as the race of leaves!"
Yet who—though many an ear this truth re-
ceives,—

Imprints it on his heart? For Hope's fond tongue
Can dupe the old, as it has dup'd the young.
Oh, as we tread on Youth's unfolding flowers,
What wild, impracticable schemes are ours!
Oh, how we chase the shadows, as they fly;
No dread, midst health, of pain or troubles nigh,
No thought, that Man is born to suffer and to die.
Fools! dreamers! not to know how small the
span

Of youth and life allowed to mortal man!
But thou,—let wiser thoughts thy soul employ,
Nor fear, while life endures, life's pleasures to
enjoy.*

ON ANACREON.

THE deathless Bard, to every Muse so dear,
Lies buried, in his native Teos, here—
Anacreon—whose lays, all lays above,
Breathed of the Graces, breathed of every Love.
And now by Lethe's streams, in realms of night,
He sighs; but 'tis not for the sun's sweet light,—
'Tis for the graceful loves he left behind,—
Megistia fair, and Smerdia ever kind.
And still his strains in honied accents flow,
Nor sleeps his lyre amongst the shades below.

* Contrast with the above Elegy Dr. Doddridge's para-
phrase of "Dum vivimus vivamus."

"Live while you live"—the Epicure will say—

"And give to pleasure every passing day:"

"Live while you live"—the sacred Preacher cries—

"And give to God each moment as it flies:"

Lord, in my views, let both united be—

I live to pleasure, while I live to Thee!

FRAGMENTS.

I.

MORTAL, dost thou dare to say,
What may chance another day?
Or thy fellow mortal seeing,
Circumscribe his term of being?
Swifter than the insect's wings
Is the change of mortal things.

II.

WHATE'er of virtue or of power,
Or good, or great, we vainly call,
Each moment eager to devour,
One vast Charybdis swallows all.

III.

THE first of human joys is Health;
Next, Beauty; and then, honest Wealth;
The fourth, youth's fond delights to prove
With those—[but most with Her]—we love.

IV.

HUMAN strength is unavailing;
Boastful tyranny unfailing;
All in life is care and labour;
And our unrelenting neighbour,
Death, for ever hovering round;
Whose inevitable wound,
When he comes prepar'd to strike,
Good and bad will feel alike.

DANAE.

WHEN the wind, resounding high,
Blustered from the northern sky,
When the waves, in stronger tide,
Dashed against the vessel's side,
Her care-worn cheek with tears bedewed,
Her sleeping infant Danæ viewed;
And, trembling still with new alarms,
Around him cast a mother's arms.
"My child, what wrongs, what woes, are
mine!

But thy young limbs in sleep recline.
In this poor nook all sad and dark,
While lightnings play around our bark,
Thy quiet bosom only knows
The heavy sigh of deep repose.—
The howling wind, the raging sea,
No terror can excite in thee;
The angry surges wake no care,
That burst above thy long deep hair:
But could'st thou feel what I deplore,
Then would I bid thee sleep the more!
Sleep on, sweet boy; still be the deep;—
Oh, could I lull my woe to sleep!
Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
The baffled malice of my foe;
And may this child, in future years,
Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears!"

Another translation of the Same.

WHILST, around her lone ark sweeping,
Wailed the winds and waters wild,

Her young cheeks all wan with weeping,
 Danæe clasped her sleeping child;
 And "alas" (cried she) "my dearest,
 What deep wrongs, what woes, are mine;
 But nor wrongs nor woes *thou* fearest,
 In that sinless rest of thine.
 Faint the moonbeams break above thee,
 And, within here, all is gloom;
 But fast wrapt in arms that love thee,
 Little reck'st thou of our doom.
 Not the rude spray, round thee flying,
 Has e'en damped thy clustering hair,—
 On thy purple mantlet lying,
 O mine innocent, my Fair.
 Yet, to thee were sorrow sorrow,
 Thou would'st lend thy little ear,
 And this heart of thine might borrow,
 Haply yet a moment's cheer.
 But, no; slumber on, Babe, slumber;
 Slumber, Ocean-waves; and you,
 My dark troubles, without number,—
 O, that ye would slumber too!
 Though with wrongs they've brimmed my
 chalice,
 Grant, Jove, that, in future years,
 This Boy may defeat their malice,
 And avenge his Mother's tears."

THE MISERIES OF LIFE.

Jove rules the world, and, with resistless sway,
 Demands to-morrow what he gave to-day;
 In vain our thoughts to future scenes we cast,
 Or only read them darkly in the past;
 For Hope enchanting points to new delights,
 And charms with dulcet sounds and heavenly
 sights;
 Expecting yet some fancied bliss to share,
 We grasp at bubbles, that dissolve in air,
 And some a day, and some whole years, await
 The whims and chances of capricious fate;
 Nor yet the lovely visions are possess—
 Another year remains to make them blest,
 While age steals on to sweep their dreams away,
 And grim diseases hover round their prey;
 Or war, with iron hold, unlocks the grave,
 Devouring myriads of the young and brave.
 Some on the billows rocked, that roll on high,
 Cling to the plank in vain, and wasted die;
 Some by the halter lay their miseries down
 And rush, unsummoned, to the world unknown.
 Our very sweets possess a secret harm,
 Teem with distress, and poison while they charm.
 The fatal Sisters hover round our birth,
 And dash with bitter dregs our cup on earth:
 Yet cease to murmur at thy fate in vain,
 And in oblivion steep the shaft of pain.

ON ORTHRYADES.

O NATIVE Sparta! when we met the host,
 In equal combat, from the Inachian coast,
 Thy brave three hundred never turn'd aside,
 But where our feet first rested, there we died.
 The words, in blood, which brave Orthryades
 Wrought on his herald shield, were only these—

"Thyrea is Lacedæmon's!"—If there fled
 One Argive from the slaughter, be it said,
 Of old Adrastus he hath learn'd to fly;—
 We count it death to falter,—not to die.

ON A STATUE OF CUPID BY PRAXITELES.

WELL has the sculptor felt what he express;
 He drew the living model from his breast.
 Will not his Phryne the rare gift approve,
 Me for myself exchanging, love for love?
 Lost are my fabled bow and magic dart;
 But, only gazed upon, I win the heart.

ON THE DEATH OF HIPPARCHUS.

FAIR was the light, that brighten'd as it grew,
 Of Freedom, on Athena's favour'd land,
 When him, the Tyrant, bold Harmodius slew,
 Link'd with Aristogeiton, hand in hand.

VIRTUE.

ENCIRCLED by her heaven-bright band,
 On a rough steep doth Virtue stand,
 And he, who hopes to win the goal,
 To Manhood's height who would aspire,—
 Must spurn each sensual, low desire,
 Must never falter, never tire,
 But ON, with sweat-drops of the soul.*

ON HIS PRESERVATION FROM DEATH BY AN APPARITION.

BEHOLD the Bard's preserver! from the grave
 The Spectre came, the living man to save.

INSCRIBED ON A CENOTAPH.

O CLOUD-CAPT Geraneia, rock unblest!
 Would thou had'st rear'd far hence thy haughty
 crest,
 By Tanais wild, or wastes where Ister flows;
 Nor look'd on Sciron from thy silent snows!
 A cold, cold corpse he lies beneath the wave,
 This tomb speaks, tenantless, his ocean-grave.

* Hesiod has a similar sentiment in his "Works and Days."

Where Virtue dwells, the gods have placed before
 The dropping sweat that springs from every pore;
 And ere the feet can reach her bright abode,
 Long, rugged, dark th' ascent, and rough the road:
 The ridge once gain'd, the path, so hard of late,
 Runs easy on, and level to the gate.—*Elton.*

So also Spenser—

In woods, in waves, in wars, She went to dwell
 And will be found with peril and with pain,
 Ne can the man, who moulds in idle cell,
 Unto her happy mansion e'er attain;
 Before her gate High God did sweat ordain
 And wakeful watches ever to abide;
 But easy is the way and passage plain
 To Pleasure's palace;—it may soon be spied,
 And, day and night, her doors to all stand open wide.

Færie Queen, B. ii. c. 3.

TIMOCREON OF RHODES,

[About 471 B. C.]

TIMOCREON, the Lyric Poet and Satirist, is classed by Suidas (but, as Mr. Clinton thinks, without sufficient reason,) among the writers of the old Comedy, and by Plutarch and Athenæus, among the Pentathletes, as well as Poets, of his age. For his satires on Themistocles and Simonides he drew down upon himself the vengeance of the latter in an epitaph, which the reader will find in page 53 of this volume.

RICHES.

BLINDED Plutus! didst thou dwell
Nor in land nor fathom'd sea,

But only in the depths of hell,—
God of riches! Safe from thee,
Man himself might happy be.

ÆSCHYLUS.

[Born 521, Died 456, B. C.]

ÆSCHYLUS, the son of a noble and distinguished family, was born at Eleusis, in Attica. At the age of twenty-five he made his first appearance as a Tragedian, and, a few years after, became yet more distinguished by the part, which, with his brothers, Cynegeirus and Ameinias, he bore in the victories of Marathon, Salamis, and Platea.

For not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
But reached from Virtue's hand the patriot steel.

It was at this time he rose to the height of his poetic fame, and, besides bearing off the first prize in Tragedy, introduced improvements into the Greek Drama, which earned for him in after days, the merited appellation of "Father of Tragedy." He was the first to bring two or more persons on the stage with distinct parts—to add appropriate, though not movable, scenery—and to arrange the drapery of the performers with such taste, elegance, and propriety, as to have furnished models, for habits, even to the ministers of religion.

The latter days of Æschylus did not pass without their sorrows. He was accused of having violated the sanctity of the Eleusinian mysteries in his tragedy of the Furies, and, though absolved from the charge through the intercession of his brother Cynegeirus, (who displayed to the enraged multitude the stump of the arm he had lost at Marathon,) he retired from Athens, bequeathing his tragedies and his fame to posterity. His remaining years were spent at the court of King Hiero, in Sicily, where he died in the 81st Olympiad, (456 B. C.) and in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Out of more than seventy tragedies which he composed, seven only have come down to us.

EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.

Athenian Æschylus, Euphorion's son,
Buried in Geta's fields these lines declare;
His deeds are registered at Marathon,
Known to the deep-haired Mede, who met him there.

FROM THE CHAINED PROMETHEUS.

"**THE Chained Prometheus**" is a representation of constancy under suffering; of a god exiled from his fellow-gods, and doomed to all the penalties of mortality, as a reward "for his disposition to be tender to mankind." The scene lies on a desolate and savage rock of the ocean; and

the drama opens with Vulcan, under the direction of Strength and Force, chaining their captive to it.

Strength. At length then to the wide Earth's
extreme bounds,
To Scythia are we come, those pathless wilds
Where human footstep never marked the ground.

Now, Vulcan, to thy task; at Jove's command
Fix to these high-projecting rocks this vain
Artificer of man; each massy link
Draw close, and bind his adamantine chains.
Thy radiant pride, the fiery flame, that lends
Its aid to every art, he stole, and bore
The gift to mortals; for which bold offence
The gods assign him this just punishment,
That he may learn to reverence the power
Of Jove, and moderate his love to man.

Vulc. Stern Powers, ye have executed your
high mission,
Nor found resistance. My less hardy mind,
Averse from violence, shrinks back and dreads
To bind a kindred god to this wild cliff,
Exposed to every storm: but strong constraint
O'errules me: Jove's commands must be obeyed.
High-thoughted son of truth-directing Themis,
Thee with indissoluble chains must I,
Perforce, now rivet to this savage rock,
Where neither human voice nor human form
Shall meet thine eye; but where, parched in the
sun,

Thy bloom shall wither; where thou'lt wish for
night

To pale day's piercing heats; and then again
For day, to chase the hoar-frosts of the night,
Deeming each present evil still the greatest.
Nor lives there yet, on earth, the power that can
Relieve thee; such alas! the fruits of thy
Philanthropy, who, a god thyself, hast braved
Thy fellow-gods, and, counter to their laws,
Made man a partner in the wealth of heaven.
Therefore the joyless station of this rock,
Unsleeping, unreclining, shalt thou keep,
And many a groan, and many a loud lament,
Throw out in vain, nor move the rigorous breast
Of Jove; for upstart power is always harsh.

Strength. No more: why these delays, this foolish
pity?

Dost thou not hate a god by gods abhorred,
Who prostitutes thy richest gift on man?

Vulc. Strong are the ties of kin and old acquaintance.

Strength. Well; but to disobey thy Sire's commands,
Darest thou do that? Is not that fear more
strong?

Vulc. Soft pity never touched thy ruthless mind.

Strength. Will thy vain pity bring relief? Forbear,

Nor waste thy breath on what avails him nought.

Vulc. O, that my hand, for once, had lost its cunning!

Strength. Why so? Or how's thy art to blame
in this?

Vulc. Yet would I, it had fall'n on some one else.

Strength. All have their lots appointed, save to reign

In heaven; for that is Jove's prerogative.

Vulc. I know it, nor have wherewith to gainsay you.

Strength. Then quick, on with his fetters, that the Father

May find no cause to tax you with delay.

Vulc. The manacles are ready; thou mayst see them.

Strength. Bind them around his hands; use all your might,

Strike, nail them fast, drive them into the rock.

Vulc. One arm is now inextricably fixed.

Strength. Clench then the other as fast, that he may learn

How impotent his craft opposed to Jove's.

Vulc. Thy miseries, Prometheus, I deplore.

Strength. What! dallying yet? Bewailing still the foes

Of Jove? Take heed lest thou bewail thyself.

Vulc. It is a sight too horrible to look on.

Strength. I only see a traitor, punish'd as His deeds deserve. But come, on with the gyves. Downwards—with all thy force enring his legs.

Vulc. This too is done.

Strength. Rivet it tighter, closer.

Vulc. Thy voice is harsh and rugged as thy form.

Strength. Now fair befall thy softness! Yet unbraid not

My rugged and less malleable nature.

Vulc. Let us depart; he is chained, past all escape.

Strength. Now triumph in thy insolence; now steal

The glory of the gods and bear the gift
To mortal man! Can man relieve thee now?
Falsely the gods have called thee provident;
'Twill need far greater providence than thine
To escape the destiny which now surrounds thee.

Prometheus alone.

O Air divine! And ye, swift-winged Winds!
Ye River-fountains! and ye countless smiles
Of dimpling Ocean! Mother Earth! And thou,
Far-piercing Eye of day! On you I call.
Witness what I, a god, from gods endure.
Behold, with what fierce pangs, years without end,
Amerced, have I to struggle here; such chains
Hath this new king of gods devised for me.
Present and future, both, alas! I wail;
When shall these woes have end? But why
inquire?

Since clear before me lies the Future, nor
Can aught of evil, unforeseen, betide.
Then bear what must be, nor wage war with stern

Necessity's unconquerable power.
But to complain, or not complain, alike
Is unavailable. For favours shown
To mortal man I bear this weight of woe.
Hid in a hollow cane the fount of fire
I privately conveyed, of every art
The instructress, and best, noblest gift to man.
For this, this one offence, I wear these chains.
Woe! woe!—But whence that sound? Whence
yon sweet odor

Soft-stealing o'er the sense?—And who comes
there,

Divine, or mortal, or of hero-race?
Comes he to this far rock, spectator of
My wretchedness, or for what other purpose?
Behold me then in chains, a wretched god,

Abhorred by Jove, and all who tread his courts,
For my fond love of man. Ah me! again
I hear a sound, as if of birds. The air
Rustles with fluttering pinions: every object
Approaching me strikes terror on my soul.

Here the Daughters of the Ocean, roused from
their grotts below, come to console the Titan, who,
induced by their kind sympathy, gives vent to
his feelings, relates the causes of his fall, and
endeavours to cheer himself with dreams and
prophecies of the future. Then comes their
father, the ancient Oceanus, who, advising sub-
mission to Jupiter, is dismissed with disdain.—
Left alone with Prometheus, the Oceanides burst
forth into fresh strains of pity.

"The wide earth echoes wailingly;
Stately and antique were thy fallen race,
The wide earth waileth thee!
Lo! from the holy Asian dwelling-place,
Fall for a godhead's wrongs, the mortals' mur-
muring tears,
They mourn within the Colchian land,
The virgin and the warrior daughters,
And far remote, the Scythian band,
Around the broad Mæotian waters,
And they who hold in Caucasus their tower,
Arabia's martial flower
Hoarse-clamouring midst sharp rows of barbed
spears.

One have I seen with equal tortures riven—
An equal god,—in adamant chains
Ever and evermore.
The Titan Atlas, crush'd, sustains
The mighty mass of mighty Heaven,
And the whirling cataracts roar,
With a chime to the Titan's groans,
And the depth that receives them moans;
And from vaults that the earth are under,
Black Hades is heard in thunder;
While from the founts of white-waved rivers
flow
Melodious sorrows, wailing with his woe."

Prom. It was not pride that checked my
tongue, but thoughts
Of my fallen state and bitter degradation;
This cut me to the heart. For who, like me,
Advanced these new-fledged gods. But ye
Know well the tale, and so I'll not repeat it:—
The ills of man you've heard: I formed his mind,
And through the cloud of barbarous ignorance
Diffused the beams of knowledge. I will speak,
Not taxing them with blame, but my own gifts
Displaying, and benevolence to them.
They saw indeed, they heard, but what availed
Or sight or hearing, all things round them rolling,
Like the unreal imagery of dreams,
In wild confusion mixed! The lightsome wall
Of finer masonry, the rafters roof,
They knew not; but, like ants still buried, delved
Deep in the earth and scooped their sunless
caves.
Unmarked the seasons ranged, the biting winter,

The flower-perfumed spring, the ripening sum-
mer
Fertile of fruits. At random all their works
Till I instructed them to mark the stars,
Their rising, and, a harder science yet,
Their setting. The rich train of marshall'd
numbers
I taught them, and the meet array of letters.
To impress these precepts on their hearts I sent
Memory, the active mother of all reason.
I taught the patient steer to bear the yoke,
In all his toils joint-labourer with man.
By me the harnessed steed was trained to whirl
The rapid car, and grace the pride of wealth.
The tall bark, lightly bounding o'er the waves,
I taught its course, and winged its flying sail.
To man I gave these arts; yet, wretch as I am,
So provident for others, I want skill
To extricate myself.

Chor. Unseemly are
Thy sufferings, sprung from impotence of mind.
And fall'n on ills, as some unskilful leach,
That sinks beneath his malady, thy soul
Desponds, nor seeks medicinal relief.

Prom. Hear my whole story, and you'll wonder
more
What useful arts, what sciences I invented.
This first and greatest: when the fell disease
Preyed on the human frame, relief was none,
Nor healing drug, nor cool-refreshing draught,
Nor pain assuaging unguent; but they pined
Without redress, and wasted, till I taught them
To mix the balmy medicine, of power
To chase each pale disease, and soften pain.
I taught the various modes of prophecy;
What truth to dreams attaches, what to omens,
Or casual sights that meet us on the way;
What birds portend, when to the right, when to
The left, they take their airy course.

* * * * *
These arts I taught. And all the secret treasures
Deep buried in the bowels of the earth,
Brass, iron, silver, gold, their use to man,
Let the vain tongue make what high boasts it
may,
Are my inventions all; and, in a word,
Prometheus taught each useful art to man.

Chor. Let not thy love to man o'erleap the
bounds
Of reason; nor neglect thy own sad state:
So my fond hope suggests thou shalt be freed
From these base chains, nor less in power than
Jove.

Prom. Not thus, it is not in the fates, that thus
These things should end; crushed by a thousand
wrongs,
A thousand woes, I shall escape these chains.
Necessity is stronger far than art.

Chor. Who then is ruler of Necessity?
Prom. The triple Fates and unforgetting Furies.
Chor. Must Jove, too, yield to their superior
power?

Prom. Even Jove cannot escape from destiny.
Chor. What but eternal empire, is his fate?
Prom. Ye may not know it now; inquire no
further.

Chor. Is it of moment, that you thus conceal it?

Prom. Think of some other subject; 'tis no time
For this, requiring, as it does, the seal
Of strictest secrecy. By guarding it,
I may, one day, escape this shameful bondage.

The rejoinder of the Chorus is singularly beautiful; but I know of no translation that has done justice to, or given us any idea of, its charms. Mr. Bulwer has only given us six lines of it, in which is contrasted the present mournful strain of the Chorus with that which they had poured
"What time the silence erst was broken,

Around the baths, and o'er the bed
To which, won well by many a soft love-token,
And hymned by all the music of delight,
Our ocean-sister, bright
Hesione was led."

At the end of this choral song appears Io, driven about from place to place, a victim of the same tyranny from which Prometheus was suffering. Her bitter woe and despair are finely contrasted with the stern spirit of Prometheus. Her introduction gives rise to those ancestral and traditional allusions to which the Greeks were so attached. He prophesies of the wanderings to which she is still doomed, and the fate which, at last, awaits her, connected, in some degree, with his own, as from her blood he is, after the lapse of many ages, to receive a deliverer.—After the departure of Io, Prometheus renews his denunciations of Jupiter, in the midst of which Mercury arrives, commands him to disclose the nature of the danger threatened to Jove, and how he is to prevent or avoid it. The Titan refuses to disclose his secret, hurls defiance at his oppressors, and, amidst storm, lightning, and earthquake, is swallowed up in the abyss.

PROMETHEUS—CHORUS.

Chor. How! fear you not to utter words like these?

Prom. What should I fear, by fate exempt from death?

Chor. But he may add fresh tortures to thy pain.

Prom. Let him; I am prepared to brave them all.

Chor. Wise they, who reverence the stern powers of vengeance!

Prom. Go then, fawn, cringe, fall down before your master.

For me, I value Jove at less than nothing.
Let him exert his brief authority,
And lord it whilst he may; 'twill not be long.
But see the runner-slave of this new king
Approaches; what fresh tidings will he bring us?

Enter MERCURY.

Merc. To thee, old Sophist, quintessence of gall's
Black bitterness,* offender of the gods,
Fire-stealer, boastful lavish of gifts
On men, to thee would I address myself.
The Father bids thee say what nuptials these

Thy tongue thus vaunts, as threatening his high power;

And clearly say, couched in no riddling phrases,
Each several circumstance. Now, no duplicity,
No terms ambiguous; such, you know full well,
Is not the way to pacify Jove's anger.

Prom. Thou dost thy message bravely, and in terms

Becoming well the sender and the sent.—
Your empire it is new; and you may deem
Its towers impregnable; but have I not
Already seen two monarchs hurled from them?†
And I shall see a third, this present lord,
Fall with like suddenness and like disgrace.
Think ye I tremble at these new-made gods?
No; fear is yet a stranger to my soul.

Then hence!—the way thou canst!—To thine inquiries

From me thou wilt obtain no other answer.

Merc. 'Twas insolence like this, which on thy head

Drew down this punishment.

Prom. My miseries

I would not change for your gay servitude.
Better to serve here on this earth, than be
Jove's lacquey. You may call this insolence;
I call it,—paying you in your own coin.

Merc. You seem to me delighted with your woes.

Prom. Delighted! Might I see mine enemies
Delighted thus, and thee amongst the rest.

Merc. And why blame me for thy calamities?

Prom. In a word, I hate them all, these gods,
of whom

I have deserved so well, and fared so badly.

Merc. Thou art mad.

Prom. If to detest my foes be madness,
It is a malady that I am proud of.

Merc. Were't well with thee, thou wouldst
not be endured.

Thou'st given me yet no answer for the Father.

Prom. Did he deserve the courtesy, I'd pay it.

Merc. Why am I checked, why rated as a boy?

Prom. A boy thou art, yea, simpler than a boy,
If thou hast hopes to be informed by me.

Not all his tortures, all his arts, shall move me
To unlock my lips, till this cursed chain be loosed.
No; let him hurl his lightnings, wing his snows,
Crush earth and skies, he moves not me to tell
him

What force shall wrest the sceptre from his hand.†

Merc. Weigh well these things; will they un-
loose thy chains?

Prom. Well have they all been weighed, all
long considered.

* Uranus dethroned by his son Saturn; and Saturn by his son Jupiter.

† Jupiter was about to marry Thetis, the daughter of Oceanus; but it was in the Fates that she should have a son who was to be greater than his father. Prometheus alone, by his divine foresight, could open the danger to Jupiter; but this he refused to do, till he should be released from the rock. After that Hercules, by permission of Jupiter, had slain the tormenting eagle, and unbound his chains, he disclosed the decree of the Fates. Thetis was then given in marriage to Peleus, and the prophecy was accomplished in the birth of Achilles.

* ΤΟΝ ΤΙΜΩΣ ΥΠΕΡΤΙΜΩΝ.

Merc. Subdue, vain fool, subdue thine insolence,
And let thy miseries teach thee juster thoughts.

Prom. Thy counsels, like the waves, that dash
against

The rock's firm base, disquiet, but not move, me.
Conceive not of me, that, through fear what Jove
May, in his rage, inflict, my fixed disdain
Shall e'er relent, e'er suffer my strong mind
To sink in womanish softness, to fall prostrate,
Beseeching him to free me from these chains.

Merc. I see thou art implacable, unsoftened
By all the mild entreaties I can urge.
But, like a young steed reined, that proudly
struggles

And champs his iron curb, thy haughty soul
Abates not of its unavailing fierceness.
But pride, disdain to be ruled by reason,
Sinks weak and valueless.—Now mark me
well:—

If not obedient to my words, a storm,
A fiery and inevitable deluge,
Shall burst in three-fold vengeance on thy head.
First his fierce thunder, winged with lightning
flames,

Shall rend this rugged rock, and cover thee
With hideous ruin: long time shalt thou lie
Astonied in its rifted sides, till dragged
Again to light; then shall the Bird of Jove,
The ravening eagle, lured by scent of blood,
Mangle thy body, and each day returning,
An uninvited guest, plunge his fell beak
And feast and riot on thy blackening liver.
Expect no pause, no respite, till some god
Comes to relieve thy pains, willing to pass
The dreary realms of ever-during night,
The dark descent of Tartarus profound.
Weigh these things well; this is no fiction drest
In vaunting terms, but words of serious truth.
The mouth of Jove knows not to utter falsehood,
But what he speaks is fate. Be cautious then;
Regard thyself; nor let o'erweening pride
Disdain the prudent counsels that I give thee.

Chor. Nothing amiss we deem his words, but
fraught

With reason, who but wills thee to relax
Thy haughty spirit, and by prudent counsels
Pursue thy peace. Be then advised; what shame
For one so wise to persevere in error!

Prom. All this I knew, ere he declared his
message:

That enemy from enemy should suffer
Extreme indignity, is nothing strange.
Let him then work his horrible pleasure on me;
Wreath his black curling flames, tempest the air
With vollied thunders and wild-warring winds,
Rend from its roots the firm earth's solid base,
Heave from the roaring main its boisterous waves,
And dash them to the stars; me let him hurl,
Caught in the fiery tempest, to the gloom
Of deepest Tartarus; not all his power
Can quench the ætherial breath of life within me.

Merc. Such ravings, such wild boasts, one might
expect

From moon-struck madmen.—What is this but
madness?

But you, whose gentle hearts with social sorrow

Melt at his sufferings, from this place remove,
Lest the tempestuous roar of Jove's fierce thunder
O'ertake you, and confound your prison'd senses.

Chor. To other themes, to other counsels, turn
Thy voice, where pleaded reason may prevail:
This is ill-urged, and may not be admitted.

Would'st thou solicit us to deeds of baseness?

Whate'er betides, with him will we endure it.

The vile betrayer I have learned to hate;

There is no fouler stain; my soul abhors it.

Merc. Remember, you are warned; if ill o'er-
take you,

Accuse not Fortune, lay not blame on Jove,
As by his hand sunk in calamities

Unthought of, unforeseen: no, let the blame
Light on yourselves; your folly not unwarned,
Not unawares, but 'gainst your better knowledge,
Involved you in th' inextricable toil.

Prom. He fables not; firm earth—(I feel it)—
rocks;

Loud thunders roar, thick-flashing lightnings blaze,
The eddy sands are whirled aloft, and forth

From every quarter, breathing mutual strife,
Leap the wild spirits of the winds, while sky

Is sunk in ocean. Upon me it bursts,
The terror-working storm, sent down from heaven.

O venerated Mother, O wide Æther,
Wafting round all man's common blessing, light—

You see what wrongs I suffer.

FROM "THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES."

The subject of this tragedy is the war between
Eteocles and Polynices for the throne of Thebes;
the catastrophe is the death of the two brothers,
slain by each other's hands.

SCENE—In Thebes, before the principal Temple of
the City.

ETEOCLES, SOLDIER, CHORUS.

Sold. Illustrious King of Thebes, I bring thee
tidings

Of firm assurance from the foe; these eyes
Beheld each circumstance. Seven valiant chiefs

Slew on a black-orbed shield the victim bull,
And, dipping in the gore their furious hands,

By Mars, Bellona, and blood-thirsting Terror,
Swore sacredly—or from their base to rend

These walls and lay our ramparts in the dust,
Or, dying, with their blood to steep this earth.—

Each, in Adrastus' car, some dear remembrance*
Piled for his distant parents; in every eye

Stood tears, but no compassion, no remorse.
Each soul of iron glowing with the rage

Of valour, as the lion, when he glares
Determined battle.—Round the urn I left them

By lot deciding to what gate each chief

* It was a custom of the ancients before a battle in
which they apprehended danger, to send home to their
friends, some trifling token, or remembrance, things of
little value in themselves, but rendered dear by the cir-
cumstances under which they were given. On this oc-
casion they were placed in the car of Adrastus, because
it had been foretold by the Augur Amphiarus, that he
alone of the confederate chiefs would return to Argos.

Shall lead his forces. Against these select
The best, the bravest, of the sons of Thebes,
And instant, at the gates, assign their stations.
For all in arms the Argive host comes on.
Be thine the pilot's part, and, ere the storm
O'ertake us, (even now its waves are roaring)
Prepare thee for the danger.—Mine meanwhile
The watch, and, trust this long-experienced eye,
No peril, without notice, shall approach thee.

Here the Chorus, consisting of Theban virgins,
burst out into loud strains of woe, painting in
glowing colours the rush of the adverse hosts,
the battering of the gates, the yells of the victors,
the shrieks of anguished women and infants, and
all those scenes of distress and horror, which the
insolence of conquest spreads through a van-
quished and plundered city. Offended at their
intimidating cries, Eteocles reprimands them
with harshness, and in no very courtly terms.

"Is this, ye wayward race, the aid you lend
The State, the fortitude wherewith you steel
The souls of the besieged, thus falling down
Before these images to wail and shriek
With lamentations loud? Wisdom abhors you.—
You magnify the foe, and turn our men
To flight: thus are we ruined by ourselves.
This ever will arise from suffering women
To intermix with men. But mark me well;
Whoe'er henceforth dare disobey my orders,
Be they or men or women, old or young,
Vengeance shall burst upon them, the decree
Stands irreversible, and they shall die.
War is no female province, but the scene
For men: hence home! nor spread your mischiefs
here.

* * * * *

But see, the veteran from his watch returns,
Bearing, I ween, fresh tidings from yon host,
Of highest import: quick his foot and hasty.

Re-enter SOLDIER.

Sold. Now can I tell thee, for I know it
well,
The disposition of the foe, and how
Each at our gates takes his allotted post.
Already near the Prætan gate in arms
Stands Tydeus raging; for the Prophet's voice
Forbids his foot to pass Ismenus' stream,
The victims not propitious: at the pass
Furious, and eager for the fight, the chief
(Fierce as a dragon in the mid-day sun)
Reviles the sage, as forming timorous league
With war and fate. Frowning he speaks and
shakes
Three shadowy crests, the honours of his helm,
While shrilly from his shield the brazen bells
Ring terror. On the shield this proud device:
*An azure sky with spangling stars, and in
The midst, bright eye of night, the full-orb'd moon.*
Fierce in the glory of his arms, and mad
For war, he shouts along the river's banks,
Fierce, as some steed which, panting on the
curb,
Waits but the trumpet's sound to burst away.

Before the Prætan gate, its bars removed,
What equal chief wilt thou appoint against him?

Eteoc. This military pride, it moves me not:
The gorgeous blazonry of arms, the crest
High waving o'er the helm, the clashing bells,
Harmless without the spear, inflict no wound.
The sable Night, spangled with stars of heaven,
Predicts perhaps his doom; and, should dark
night

Fall on his eyes, might be deemed ominous,
And he, the prophet of his own destruction.
—Against his rage the son of Astacus
Will I appoint commander; bent on deeds
Of glory, but a votary at the shrine
Of modesty, he scorns the arrogant vaunt
As base, and bids brave actions speak his worth.

Sold. May the gods crown his valiant toil with
conquest.

But Capaneus against the Electran gates
Takes his allotted post, and, towering, stands
Vast as some earth-born giant, and inflamed
To more than mortal daring: horribly
He menaces the walls: (may Heaven avert
His impious rage!) vaunts that, the gods assenting
Or not assenting, his strong hand shall rend
Their rampires down; that e'en the rage of Jove
Descending on the field should not restrain him.
His lightnings and his thunders winged with
fire,

He likens to the sun's meridian heat.
On his proud shield portrayed, *A naked Man
Waves in his hand a blazing torch;* beneath
In golden letters, *I will fire the city.*
Against this man—But who shall dare to engage
His might, and dauntless his proud might
sustain?

Eteoc. Advantage from advantage here arises.
The arrogant vaunts, which man's vain tongue
throws out

Shall on himself recoil. This baughty chief
Threats high, and, prompt to execute his threats,
Spurns at the gods, opes his unhallowed lips
In shallow exultations, hurls on high,
Weak mortal as he is, 'gainst Jove himself
Hurls his extravagant and wild defiance.
On him, I trust, the thunder winged with fire,
Far other than the sun's meridian heat,
Shall roll its vengeance. But against his pride,
Insolent vaunter, shall the glowing spirit
That burns for glory in the daring breast
Of Polyphontes, be opposed; his arm,
Strong in Diana's tutelary aid,
Shall be a sure defence. But to thy tale;
Who next before our gates assumes his station?

Sold. Third from the brazen helm leap'd forth
the lot

Of fierce Eteocles, who takes his post
Against the gates of Neis: there he whirls
His fiery-neighing steeds, that toss their heads,
Proud of their nodding plumes. No mean device
Is sculptured on his shield.—*A Man in arms
His ladder fixed against the enemies' walls,—
Crying aloud, the letters plainly marked,
Not Mars himself shall beat me from these towers.*
Appoint some chief of equal hardihood
To guard the city from a servile yoke.

Eteoc. Such shall I send, to conquest send him ; one

That bears not in his hand this pageantry
Of martial pride. The hardy Megareus,
From Creon sprung, and that bold race, which
rose

Embattled from the earth : him from the gates
The furious neighings of the fiery steeds
Affright not ; but his blood spilt on the earth
Amplly requites the nouriture she gave him ;
Or captive both, the man in arms, the town
Stormed on the sculptured shield, and the proud
bearer,

Shall with their spoils adorn his father's house.

Sold. At the next gate, named from the martial
goddess

Onca* Minerva, stands Hippomedon.

I heard his thundering voice, I saw his form
In bulk and stature proudly eminent ;
I saw him roll his shield, large, massy, round,
Of broad circumference : it struck my soul
With terror. On its orb no vulgar artist
Expressed this image, *A Typhæus huge*
Disgorging from his jaws foul smoke and fire—
With shouts the giant chief provokes the war
And, in the ravings of outrageous valour,
Glares terror from his eyes. Behoves thee then
Strong opposition to his fiery rage,
Which at the gates e'en now spreads wild
dismay.

Eteoc. First Onca Pallas, holding near the
gates†

Her hallowed state, abhors his furious rage ;
And in her guardian care shall crush the pride
Of this fell dragon. Then the son of Ænops,
Hyperbius, of approved and steady valour,
Shall, man to man, oppose him ; one that dares
Assay his fate in the rough shock of battle ;
In form, in spirit, and in martial arms
Consummate—such the graces Hermes gave
him.

In hostile arms thus man shall combat man,
And to the battle on their sculptured shields
Bring adverse gods ; the fierce Typhæus he,
Breathing forth flakes of fire ; Hyperbius,
The majesty of Jove securely throned,
Grasping his flaming bolt : and who e'er saw
The Thunderer vanquished ? In the fellowship
Of friendly gods, the conquerors are with us—
With us the conquerors, with them the conquered,
And as Jove slew Typhæus, so Jove's form
Emblazoned on his shield shall guard Hyper-
bius.

Sold. Prophetic be thy hopes. At the north
gate,

Hard by Jove-born Amphion's tomb, the fifth
Takes his bold station,—swearing by his spear
(Which, more than God, and dearer to his eyes
Than light of heaven, he venerates) to lay
Our city low, though Jove himself oppose him.

* One of the titles of Minerva introduced by Cadmus
from Phœnicia, where she was worshipped under that
name.

† Probably a picture or statue of the goddess placed at
the entrance of the city, and implying that wisdom stood
guard there.

Thus swears this offspring of the Mountain
Nymph,*

Blooming in manly youth. But though so young,
Though scarce the down has sprouted on his
cheek ;

Still ruthless are his thoughts, cruel his eye,
And proudly vaunting at the gate he takes
His terrible stand. Upon his clashing shield
Thebes' foul disgrace, *a ravenous Sphinx*, he bears,
Holding a Theban in her cruel fangs.

'Gainst this let each brave man direct his spear.
No hireling he, to prostitute for gold

The war, or shame the length of way he trod,
E'en from Arcadia : such this stranger comes,
Parthenopæus and, in gratitude
For hospitable boons received from Argos,
Assists her here,—breathing against these towers
Proud menaces, which may the gods avert !

Eteoc. That ruin, which with impious vaunts
they intend

For us, may the just gods turn on themselves.
So let them perish ! To this proud Arcadian
No boaster we oppose ; but one whose hand
Knows its rough work—Actor,—the valiant
brother

Of him last-named. Never will he permit
The man, whose shield bears that abhorred beast
To rush within the gates and execute
His threats of evil on us.

Sold. The sixth chief,

Prudent as brave, the seer Amphiaræus,
At th' Omolœan gate his destined post
In arms assumes, and on the fiery Tydeus
Throws many a keen reproach, reviling him
As homicide, and troubler of the state,
And author, above all, of ills to Argos :
With Murder and the Furies at his heels
Urging Adrastus to these hateful deeds.
Thy brother Polynices, too, he blames,
Descanting on his name and thus rebuking him :
"How grateful to the gods must be this deed,
Glorious to hear, and in the roll of fame
Shining to distant ages, thus to lead
These foreign arms to waste thy country and
Destroy thy country's gods ! E'en though thy
cause

Be just, alas ! will justice dry
A mother's tears ? And when the furious spear,
Hurled by thy hand, shall pierce thy country's
bosom,

Say, can that land with friendly arms receive
thee ?

Prescient of fate, I sha'll enrich this soil,
Sunk in the hostile plain. But let us fight.
One hope is mine,—a not inglorious death."
So spoke the Prophet ; and with awful port
Advanced his massy shield, the shining orb
Bearing no impress : for his generous soul
Wishes to be, not to appear, the Best ;
And from the culture of his modest worth
Bears the rich fruit of great and glorious deeds.
Him let the virtuous and the wise oppose ;
For dreadful is the foe, that fears the gods.

Eteoc. Alas the destiny ! that leagues the just

* The Arcadian Atalanta.

With the unjust. In whatsoever cause,
There is nothing worse than evil fellowship.
Nothing of good is reaped; for when the field
Is sown with wrong, the ripened fruit is death.
If with a desperate band, whose hearts are hot
With villany, the pious hoists his sails,
The vengeance of the gods bursts on his bark,
And sinks him with the heaven-detested crew.
If with a race inhospitably bent
On savage deeds, regardless of the gods,
The just man fix his seat, impending wrath
Spare not, but strikes him with vindictive fury,
Crushed in the general ruin. So this Seer
Of tempered wisdom, of unsullied honour,
Just, good, and pious, and a mighty prophet,
In despite of his better judgment, joined
With men of impious daring, bent to tread
The long, irremovable way, he with them
Shall, if high Jove assist us, be dragged down
To joint perdition.—Him against the strength
Of Lasthenes shall I oppose. In manhood's prime
He bears the providence of age; his eye
Quick as the lightning's glance; before his shield
Flames his protended spear, and longs to obey
His hand. But victory is the gift of heaven.

Sold. The seventh bold chief—forgive me that
I name

Thy brother, and relate the horrible vows,
The imprecations, which his rage pours forth
Against the city;—on fire to mount the walls,
And from their turrets to this land proclaim
Captivity; to meet thee, sword to sword,
Kill thee, then die upon thee: if thou livest,
To avenge on thee his exile and disgrace
With the like treatment. Thundering vengeance
thus

The rage of Polynices calls the gods,
Presiding o'er his country, to look down
And aid his vows. His well-orbed shield he
holds

New-wrought, and with a double impress charged:
*A Warrior blazing all in golden arms,
Led by a female form of modest mien,—
Justice her name—as the inscription speaks,
“Yet once more to his country, and once more
To his paternal throne will I restore him.”*—
Such their devices. But the important task,
Whom to oppose against his force, is thine.
Let not my words offend: I but relate,
Do thou command; for thou art sovereign here.

Eteoc. How dreadful is the hatred of the gods!
Unhappy sons of Œdipus, your fate
Claims many a tear. Ah me! my father's curse
Now stamps its vengeance deep. But to lament,
Or sigh, or shed a tear, becomes me not,
Lest more intolerable grief arise.
Be Polynices told, ill-omened name,
That we'll soon see how far his blazoned shield
Avails; how far inscriptions wrought in gold,
With all their fertile vauntings, will restore him.
If Justice, virgin daughter of high Jove,
Had ever formed his mind, or ruled his actions,
This might have been: but neither when his eyes
First saw the light of life; nor in the growth
Of infancy; nor in the advancing years
Of youth; nor in the riper age, that clothes

With gradual down the manly cheek, did Justice
E'er condescend to look on, or address him.
Nor now, I ween, in this his fell intent
To crush his country, will her presence aid him:
For Justice were not Justice, if she did so,—
If she took part with his audacious spirit.
In this confiding, will I meet, will I
Engage him: who more fit? chief against chief—
Foe against foe—and brother against brother.
What, ho! my greaves, my spear, my armour
proof
Against their storm of stones. My stand is chosen.

In the above scene, (says a modern author of distinguished genius,) “the description of each warrior stationed at each gate, is all in the genius of Homer, closing, as it does, with that of Polynices, whom, at the very mention of his name,* Eteocles himself resolves to confront. At first, indeed, he breaks out into exclamations which denote the awe and struggle of the abhorrent nature; forebodings of his own doom flit before him; he feels that the curses of his sire are ripening to their fruit, and that the last storm is yet to break upon the house of Œdipus. Suddenly he checks the impulse, sensible of the presence of the Chorus. He passes on to reason with himself, through a process of thought, which Shakespeare could not have surpassed. He conjures up the image of his brother, hateful and unjust from infancy to boyhood, from boyhood up to youth,—assuring himself that Justice would be foresworn, if this foe should triumph—and rushes on to his dread resolve.

Eteocles and his brother both perish in the unnatural strife, and the tragedy concludes with the decree of the senate to bury Eteocles, but to withhold the sacred rite from Polynices. 63

Herald. My office leads me to proclaim
mandate
Of the great rulers of the Theban state.
Eteocles, for that he loved his country,
They have decreed with honour to inter.
To shield Thebes from her foes he fought and
feli.

Where glory called the valiant youth to bleed,—
He bled.—Thus far of him; but of his brother,
Of Polynices I am bid to say,
For that he fought against his country, and,
But for opposing gods, had worked her ruin,
It is decreed his corpse shall lie unburied,
Cast out to ravening birds and dogs a prey.
These are the mandates of our Theban rulers.

* “At the mention of each of the other chiefs,” says Potter, “Eteocles had shown himself unmoved, and given his orders with calmness and prudence; nay, his reflections on Amphiaras have a solemn air of religion; but no sooner is his brother named, than he loses all temper. He begins indeed as if he would lament the unhappy fate of his family, but soon starts off from that, and, though himself the aggressor, reviles his brother, as insolent, outrageous, and unjust from his infancy; then, in the spirit of a man that has done an injury, who never forgives, works himself up to that ungoverned rage, which destroyed his brother, himself, and all the unhappy family of Œdipus.

Antigone. And to these Theban rulers I declare,
If none besides dare bury him, myself
Will do that office, heedless of the danger,
And think no shame to disobey the State,
Paying the last sad duties to a brother.
Nature has tender ties, and strongly joins
The offspring of the same unhappy mother.
And the same wretched father.

FROM THE AGAMEMNON.

"IN Agamemnon," says Schlegel in his eloquent lectures on Dramatic Literature, "it was the intention of Æschylus to exhibit to us a sudden fall from the highest pinnacle of prosperity and fame into the abyss of ruin. The prince, the hero, the general of the whole of the Greeks, in the very moment when he has succeeded in concluding the most glorious action, the destruction of Troy, the fame of which is to be re-echoed from the mouths of the greatest poets of all ages, on entering the threshold of his house, after which he has long sighed, is strangled amidst the unsuspected preparations for a festival, according to the expression of Homer, 'like an ox in the stall,' strangled by his faithless wife; her unworthy seducer takes possession of his throne, and the children are consigned to banishment, or to hopeless servitude."

With the view of giving greater effect to this dreadful alteration of fortune, the poet has previously thrown a splendour over the destruction of Troy. This he has done in the first half of the play, in a manner peculiar to himself, and, however singular, well calculated to arrest the imagination. It is of importance to Clytemnestra not to be surprised by the arrival of her husband, and she has therefore arranged an uninterrupted series of signal-fires from Troy to Mycenæ, to announce to her the capture of the former, whenever it should take place.

The Drama opens with the soliloquy of a watchman who supplicates the gods for a release from his toils, as for ten long years he has been exposed to the cold dews of night, has witnessed the various changes of the stars, and looked in vain for the promised signal. He laments the internal ruin of the royal house. At this moment he sees the blaze of the long-wished for fires, and hastens to announce it to his mistress.—Immediately after this appears the Chorus, composed of old men of Argos, who are not yet made acquainted with the great event, and who, after indulging in desultory, often obscure, allusions to the origin and events of the war, conclude with the following description of

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENEIA.

MAILED chiefs, whose bosoms burn
For battle, heard in silence stern
Cries that call'd a father's name,
And set at naught pray'rs, cries, and tears,
And her sweet virgin life and blooming years.
Now when the solemn prayer was said,
The father gave the dire command
To the priestly band,

Men with strong hands and ruthless force,
To lift from earth that maiden fair,
Where she had sunk in dumb despair,
And lay with robes all cover'd round,
Hush'd in a swoon upon the ground,
And bear her to the altar dread,
Like a young fawn or mountain kid:
Then round her beauteous mouth to tie
Dumb sullen bands to stop her cry,
Lest aught of an unholy sound
Be heard to breathe those altars round,
Which on the monarch's house might hang a
deadly spell.

Now as she stood, and her descending veil,
Let down in clouds of saffron, touch'd the ground,
The priests, and all the sacrificers round,
All felt the melting beams that came,
With softest pity wing'd, shot from her lovely
eyes.

Like some imagined, pictured maid she stood,
So beauteous look'd she, seeming as she would
Speak, yet still mute: though oft her father's halls
Magnificent among,
She, now so mute, had sung
Full many a lovely air,
In maiden beauty, fresh and fair;
And with the warbled music of her voice
Made all his joyous bowers still more rejoice;
When feast, and sacrifice, and song,
Led the glad hours of lengthen'd day along.

* * * * *

Clytemnestra now announces to the Chorus the capture of Troy. They, half-incredulous, demand of her *what* messenger had so quickly conveyed the intelligence, to which Clytemnestra replies that it was Vulcan, it was the Fire-god:—

'Twas Vulcan; peering through the night,
O'er Ida's groves he shone;
And watch to watch, and height to height,
The herald flame sent on;
From Ida to the Lemnian steep,
From Lemnos up to Jove's proud keep,
To Athos, swept the fiery shower,
Thence, chequering ocean with its rays,
All-sunbright burst the golden blaze
On far Macistus' tower;
Nor slept; but, gathering swift relay,
Shot, crackling, on its airy way—
O'er wild Euripus' stream it flew;
Messapion's guards the signal knew,
Kindled their heathery piles on high,
And sped the glad news through the sky.

And on, still on, still undecay'd,
It bounded o'er Asopus' glade,
Shone, moonlike, on Cithæron's height,
And rous'd up fresh relays of light,
And on again;—unspent, unsleeping,
On the herald meteor came;
Now o'er lake Gorgopis sweeping,
Now up Ægiplancton leaping,
High it soar'd, a beard of flame,
High—in renew'd strength elate—
O'er the far Saronic strait

To Arachne's answering pyre;
Thence towards Argos—higher—higher—
O'er Agamemnon's roof down swoops the Iðean
Fire.*

Chor. Hereafter to the gods, O queen! I'll pray.
But now, in wondering pleasure at thy words,
I fain would stand, and hear them o'er again.

Clyt. This very day the Greeks are lords of
Troy.

Now in the streets methinks I hear a peal
Of dreadful discord. Oil and vinegar
Into one vessel pour'd will ne'er unite,
But, like two foes at variance keep apart:
So they the conquer'd of the taken city,
And they the victors: you may hear apart
Two several voices, like their several fates.
These prostrate, rolling on the slaughter'd bodies
Of husbands, brothers; children by the sires
Who gave them being, their fond parents dead,
Wail with sad outcries, with enthralled necks;
But they the victors, wearied, famished,
With toils of battle, running up and down
Through the dun shades of night, at length like
wolves

Round the full boards and city feasts are set,
Carousing in confusion; all pell-mell
Throng in the costly Trojan palaces
Won by their swords; now rid of open camps
And dewy cover of night-freezing skies,
And stretch'd at ease, like careless poor men tired,
Sleep through the watches of th' unguarded night.
'Tis well—and so it will be—if they keep
Due reverence and homage to the gods
Of that forsaken city and their fanes,
They may chance 'scape such sad vicissitude,
Nor feel themselves what they inflict on others—
But let no impious lust, no thirst of gold,
Light on them longing for disastrous spoils,
Mad passion for those things 'tis sin to love!
Let them beware; they still want Heav'n's high
favour

To bring them back unhurt; they still have left
One whole side of the Stadium's length to run.
But should they come, their forfeits on their heads,
With Heav'n's high wrath benighted, then indeed
The curse of blood might follow at their heels,
And Troy's ensanguined sepulchres yield up
Their charnel'd dead to cry aloud for vengeance—
E'en should not fortune blow them other ills.
These are but woman's words; but O prevail
Our better destinies, nor let the balance
Hang in suspense; of many a proffer'd blessing,
I would have fix'd my heart, and chosen this.

* The practice of conveying intelligence by fire-signals is frequently mentioned by ancient writers. See Homer, *Il. xviii.*; Herodotus, *Call. 3.*; Thucydides, *ii. 94.*; Virg. *Æneid. ii. 256.*; Polyb. *x. 43, &c.* There is a pretty story in Pausan. *Corinth.* of Lynceus, after the dreadful marriage night, which he alone of the fifty brothers survived, making fire-signals to Hypermnestra of his safe arrival at Larissa, and of her answering him by like signals from Larissa. As to the possibility of transmitting a signal by fire from Mount Ida to Argos by means of the successive stations above enumerated, that part of the question seems to have been most satisfactorily computed and shown both by Vossius and Casaubon.

Chor. O queen! no man more sagely could
have spoken,
Or utter'd graver sentiments; but I
Now being possess'd of thy confirmed tidings,
Prepare me rightly to address the gods;
For by our toils a glorious crown is won.

[*Exit CLYTEMNESTRA.*]

CHORUS.

O monarch Jove! O gracious Night!
Mother of these glories bright;
Who flung'st th' impassive net o'er Troy's high
tower,

Slumb'ring deep in silent hour:
Surrounding all
With thickest pall
Cast upon her babes at night,
And her warlike men of might;
That none could 'scape the mighty throw
Of Atë's hideous net, which compass'd all with
woe.

It has been said, that gods above
Stoop not their eyes on men below,
When with black insolence they durst invade
The inmost sanctuary of grace,
And judging Gods defied.

So said the impious; but the Gods
Have shown themselves in dreadful view
E'en to the children of aspiring kings,
And to these hosts of war in armour bright,
Steel'd and caparison'd for lawless fight,
Whilst plumed Mars breathed horror on their
helms:

And to the plenteous palaces of pride,
The towers of grandeur, and the thrones of
state,
Too glorious to be good.
Be sober-minded wisdom mine,
The chasten'd soul, and lowly lot,
Free from the sins and woes that guard the
regal gate.

* * * * *

The Chorus then revert to the elopement of
Helen, to the agony and despair of Menelaus on
discovering her flight, and to the calamities en-
dured by the Greeks in their efforts to recover
her:—

Ah! woe the halls, and woe the chiefs,
And woe the bridal bed!

And woe her steps,—for once she lov'd,
The lord, whose love she fled!

Lo! where, dishonour yet unknown,
He sits, nor deems his Helen flown,
Tearless and voiceless, on the spot,
All desert, but he feels it not!

But, soon alive to miss and mourn,
The form beyond the ocean borne,
Shall start the lonely king!

And thought shall fill the lost-one's room,
And darkly through the palace gloom
Shall stalk a ghostly thing.

Her statues meet, as round they rise,
The leaden stare of lifeless eyes;
Where is their ancient beauty gone?—
Why loathe his looks the breathing stone?

Alas! the foulness of disgrace
 Hath swept the Venus from her face!
 And visions in the mournful night
 Shall dupe the heart to false delight,
 A false and melancholy;
 For what with sadder joy is fraught
 Than things at night by dreaming brought,
 The Wish'd-for and the Holy.
 Swift from the solitary side,
 The Vision and the Blessing glide,
 Scarce welcom'd ere they sleep.
 Pale, bloodless dreams aloft,
 On wings unseen and soft,
 Lost wanderers, gliding through the paths
 of sleep.

* * * * *
 But through the bounds of Græcia's land
 See Mourning on each threshold stand,
 And well may Greece with grief be rent;
 She well remembers whom she sent,
 She sees them not return:
 Instead of men to each man's home,
 Urns and ashes only come,
 And the armour which they wore;
 Sad relics to their native shore.
 For Mars, the barterer of the lifeless clay,
 Who sells for gold the slain,
 And holds the scale, in battle's doubtful day,
 High balanced o'er the plain;
 From Ilium's walls for men returns
 Ashes and sepulchral urns;
 Ashes wet with many a tear,
 Sad relics of the fiery bier.
 Round the full urns the general groan
 Goes, as each their kindred own.
 One they mourn in battle strong,
 And one that 'mid the armed throng
 Sunk in glory's slaughtering tide,
 And for another's consort died.
 Such the sounds that, mix'd with wail,
 In secret whispers round prevail;
 And envy, join'd with silent griefs,
 Spreads 'gainst the two Atridæ chiefs,
 Who began the public fray,
 And to vengeance led the way.
 Others they mourn whose monuments stand
 By Ilium's walls on foreign strand;
 Where they fell in beauty's bloom,
 There they lie in hated tomb;
 Sunk beneath the massy mound,
 In eternal chambers bound.
 Whene'er a city moves its men to wrath,
 Heavy their rumour; and a people's curse
 Works out its ruler's woe.
 My soul stands tiptoe with affright;
 I stand like one with listening ear,
 Ready to catch the sound of fear;
 And lift my eyes to see some sight
 Coming from the pall of night.

For Gods behold not unconcern'd from high,
 When smoking slaughter mounts the sky,
 The mighty murderers of the direful plain.
 For then the black Erinnysses arise
 With Time their helper, and with fate reversed;
 And make the mighty justice-slighting man
 Pale in the midst of Glory's proud career;

And hurl him 'mid the hapless crew who groan,
 Helpless, unpitied, and unknown.
 To be far-famed, and touch the skies,
 Is on a giddy height to move;
 The fire of Jove bursts in his eyes,
 And the thunder rolls above.
 Grant me wealth, but not that state
 Where Envy waits upon the great;
 Let me not be in high renown,
 The sacker of another's town;
 Nor let me see my country fall
 By others' hands to slavery's thrall.

Now, from the beacon-light which fires the skies,
 Quick through the town the winged rumour flies:

If true, who knows?

It may be false, I fear!

For who so childish, and of senses shorn,
 To let his soul be kindled all at once
 With the first tidings of a moment's glare,
 And then, when changeeful tidings come,
 To sink into despair?

It well beseems a female throne,
 Before the event is clearly known,

To solemnize the joy:

The female mind too quickly moves,
 Too apt to credit what it loves;
 But short-lived is the fame
 Which female heraldries proclaim.

CHORUS AND CLYTEMNESTRA.

Clyt. Soon shall we know if these light-bearing
 lamps,

These watches kept, these interchanging fires,
 Are true; or if, like some delicious dream,
 This light has cozen'd us: my eyes desery
 A herald from the beach approaching fast,
 And mark his olive boughs—all looks well now:
 God grant it may so end!

Enter HERALD.*

Her. Hail to! my native and paternal soil!
 Hail to! my country, and the sweet approach
 Of Argive land! in ten long years return'd,
 I stand upon thee gladly, O my country!
 And save this one of many a shipwreck'd hope.
 O much I fear'd I ne'er should see thy shores,
 Nor when I died, be gather'd to thy lap.

* The unity of action is preserved in this play, but the unity of time would appear to be disregarded, for nothing but a miracle could have brought the herald home so soon, supposing the exhibition of the beacons to have taken place immediately on the taking of Troy. The fact is, the Greek poets did not observe the minor unities of time and place so scrupulously as the French. Sophocles presents in the *Trachiniae* a more glaring example, in the mission of Hyllus and his return, (a distance of 120 Italian miles,) which takes place during the acting of a hundred lines. In the *Eumenides* Æschylus opens the play at Delphi, and ends it at Athens. Aristotle, as Twining properly remarks, does not lay down the unity of time as a rule, but says that tragedy endeavours to circumscribe the period of its action to one revolution of the sun.

The joy of the herald, and his salutation of his country's Gods, before he noticed his countrymen, was in the spirit of those days, and differing from ours. Cato, in a didactic work, recommends the farmer on his return, 'Primum larem salutato.'

Now Earth, all hail! all hail, thou Sun of light!
And Jove, this realm's great paramount! and thou,
O King of Pytho, hurling from thy bow
Thy shafts no more against us; full enough
We felt thy ire by sad Scamander's banks:
Now be our saviour, and our lord of games,
O King Apollo! and I call ye all,
Ye Gods of festivals, and thee, my patron,
Sweet Herald God! whom heralds most adore;
And ye, the worshipp'd Heroes of old times,
Who sent your armed sons to battle forth;
Receive what now remains of us, the gleanings
Of hostile spears. O palace of our kings!
Dear roofs, and venerated judgment seats!
And ye, sun-facing images of Gods!
Now, now, if ever, beam with joyful eyes
Upon your king returning;—lo! he comes,
King Agamemnon, bringing now at last
A light in darkness, and a general shine
On you, on all the people, on all those
Who throng around. But greet him, greet him
well,

(Such honour is the mighty conqueror's meed)
Who, arm'd with vengeance and the mace of
Jove,

Unloosed the stony, massy girths of Troy.
Ay, now Jove's spade has finish'd its dread work,
And made a mound of all that mighty field;
Altars and fanes in unknown ruins lie,
And without seed lies all the blasted land.
Thus comes Atrides from the siege of Troy,
Which 'neath his yoke has bent her turrets high.
O happy, glorious, honourable man,
Deserving praise of men far, far beyond
What any worthy of this age can claim.
The vaunts of Troy and Paris are no more,
Boasting the arm of Justice could not reach them;
But it has spann'd them with a hand as large
As their offendings: the convicted thief*
Has lost his mainprize, and the ravisher
Has with his beauteous fair one lost himself,
And bared his father's house to the dire edge
Of naked ruin; and old Priam's sons
Have with their blood his double forfeits paid.

Chor. Herald of the Argives from the host, all
health

And joy be with thee.

Her. Take me to ye, Gods!
I ne'er can live to greater joy than this!

Chor. Felt'st thou in absence all a lover's pangs
For this thy native land?

Her. Behold my eyes
Weep with delight, and answer thee in tears.

Chor. Others shared with you in that sweet
disease.

Her. How, pr'ythee? let me understand thee!
speak.

Chor. Some long'd for you, much as ye long'd
for them.

Her. We were then both regretting and re-
gretted?

Chor. Ay, we regretted, but with smother'd
groans,

Stifled in secret.

Her. Whence this secret sorrow?

* Paris.

Chor. Hush! silence is a balm that cures mis-
hap.

Her. Ha! were there any then that caused such
fear

To make thee tremble when your king was
absent?

Chor. You spoke our feelings when you wel-
comed death.

Her. From joy I spoke it; but thus length of
time

Brings with it much that falls out to our liking,
And much to cavi! at. For who but God
Lives through all age without the stain of woe?
I could tell hardships and inclement watches;
Cribbs and close-pent up hatches; beds on plank;
Our labours, rather call them suff'rings, were
Set by the hours of each revolving day.

But this was light to what we bore on land:
Tents by the hostile walls, and drizzling skies,
And marshy fens, and jerkins mildew'd o'er,
And, matty-hair'd, our soldiers look'd like beasts.
Or shall I tell our wint'rings, and the cold

We scarce could bear, engender'd by the snows
That hid mount Ida, when the rage of winter
Swept from the landskip e'en the birds of air?
Or how we broil'd in summer's sultry calms,
When, on his mid-day couch, the unruffled sea
Slept in the stillness of the noontide air,
Without a breeze or sigh of zephyr heard.

'Tis o'er; 'tis ended—why lament it now?
Now all the labours of the war are past,
Are past to us; ay, and past too to them,
Our comrades dead; to them all feeling's past,
Or thoughts of rising from their lowly beds.
Why talk of them, poor souls? why tell how many
Perish'd, alas! and overloud the joy
Of those whose life is left? Down, down, sad
thoughts!

'Tis time to part from grief, and welcome joy.
We that are left of that great Argive host
Can say our losses in the scale are light
Weigh'd 'gainst our gains: why we may take our
station,

Borne on the wings of Fame o'er sea and land,
And show our glories in the dazzling sun,
Proclaiming as we go—'These are the spoils
The Greeks have taken from the towers of Troy,
And hung them in the temples of their Gods,
A blazonry for ages yet to come.'

As such sounds spread abroad, the listening world
Must needs our chiefs admire, our city laud,
And honour will be paid to Jove, whose grace
These deeds accomplish'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA (who had been apart during the
previous conversation, now approaching,)

I have rejoiced already, in that hour
When the first midnight messenger of fire
Rode through the dark, proclaiming Troy was
taken.

Some argued me of lightness of belief:
'Sure dost thou think Troy sack'd, by midnight
fires

Too easily persuaded? Ah! fond woman,
Thou bear'st a buoyant and believing heart.'

I, thus perplex'd, yet, woman as I was,
 Commanded sacrifice, and through the city
 The solemn choirs of ululation rang.
 But now enough! I'll hear no more from thee;
 The king comes shortly; from his mouth alone
 I'll hear the rest. Ay, now my noble lord
 Arrives! my eager thoughts fly forward to him,
 My soul's in preparation to receive him.
 And how to do it fitly? O blest day!
 Fairest of earthly days to her whose eyes
 Behold her lord returning, by kind gods,
 Safe from the edge of battle—go, speed his steps;
 Bid him come quickly to his city, bid him
 Back to his wife, whom he will find such as
 He left her, the true watch-dog of his hearth,
 Gentle and kind to him, and only hostile
 To those who wish him ill; one who has ne'er
 Known pleasure in the converse of another;
 But still, like metal from the dyer's hand,
 Stands pure, by breath of evil fame unsullied.

[*Erit* CLYTEMNESTRA.

Her. 'Tis bravely spoken, like a noble woman.
 How fair her lips spoke vaunts of conscious truth!

Chor. Indeed, and with becoming grace she
 spoke
 Those fair, clear, pearly words thy ears have
 heard.

But let me question thee; and, Herald, say,
 Is Menelaus safe? come he with you?
 Dear sovereign, ever honour'd in this land.

Her. His fate we know not; from the Achaian
 host

He and his vessel both have disappeared.

Chor. How spoke the current rumour of the
 fleet?

Think they he lives, or perish'd in the storm?

Her. All is in doubt: none knows to speak for
 certain,

Except indeed the orb of day would tell,
 The common eye of nature and the world.

Chor. But tell us of the tempest.

Her. Elements*
 Before most hostile, join'd in league together
 To wreck us, fire and water; the wing'd light-
 ning

And sea did both their utmost. In the night
 The horrid clamour of the Thracian winds
 Gave note of woe, curling the monstrous deep
 With rising billows, and uprear'd the ships,
 Ship against ship, with crashing mainyards roll'd.
 But when the bright light of the sun arose,
 We saw the wide Ægean effloresc†
 With wrecks of ships, and weltering carcasses
 Of Argive men, that the thick foam inlaid.
 We and our ship (whose hull still bore it bravely)
 Escaped their doom, stol'n or begg'd off from fate
 By some superior being: 'twas not man
 Who help'd us then and grasp'd our giddy
 helm;

* So Milton in his *Paradise Regained*, b. iv.

"Fire with water

In ruin reconciled."

† The word in the original conveys the idea of the sea
 flowering with bodies and wrecks, rising from it as
 flowers and plants from a field. The metaphor is very
 common in Greek authors.

And saving Fortune sat upon our-ship
 Doing a seaman's duty, till we came
 Safe into harbour from the seething sea,
 Nor stranded on the rough stone-ribbed coast.
 O how the day look'd lovely, when ashore
 We crawl'd, escaped from the wat'ry jaws
 Of a sea-death! but yet our sense so stunn'd,
 We scarce could credit it: then our fresh loss
 Smote heavy on us, and thick-coming fancies
 We fed upon in musing, as we thought
 Of our lost comrades, and our shipwreck'd host.
 And now of them, if some have life and being,
 Their converse is of us as ours of them;
 And now they sit around with woful face,
 And as of men departed now they speak,
 And we the deadmen, they the mourners are;
 But be't the best it may. For Menelaus,
 Look for his coming first, our chiefest care,
 If still some peering sunbeam can espy
 The chief among the living crowd of men,
 And looking at the gladness of life's day,
 By Jove's contrivances, not minded yet
 The noble race of Atreus to destroy;
 We still may nourish hopes he yet will come
 Safe to his native home. And now, my friend,
 Thou hast heard all, and all thou hast heard is
 true.

[*Erit* HERALD.

CHORUS.

* * * * *

When Helen came to Ilion's towers,
 O what a glorious sight, I ween, was there!
 The tranquil beauty of the gorgeous queen
 Hung soft as breathless summer on her cheeks,
 Where on the damask sweet the glowing Zephyr
 slept;
 And like an idol beaming from its shrine,
 So o'er the floating gold around her thrown
 Her peerless face did shine;
 And though sweet softness hung upon their
 lids,
 Yet her young eyes still wounded where they
 look'd.
 She breathed an incense like Love's perfumed
 flower,
 Blushing in sweetness; so she seem'd in hue,
 And pained mortal eyes with her transcendent
 view:
 E'en so to Paris' bed the lovely Helen came.
 But dark Erinnyes, in the nuptial hour,
 Rose in the midst of all that bridal pomp,
 Seated midst the feasting throng,
 Amidst the revelry and song;
 Erinnyes, led by Xenian Jove,
 Into the halls of Priam's sons,
 Erinnyes of the mournful bower,
 Where youthful brides weep sad in midnight
 hour.

'Twas said of old, and men maintain it still,
 Fortune, how great soe'er, is never crown'd,
 But when the great possessor, at the close
 Of earthly grandeur, leaves an heir behind,
 And sinks not childless to his grave.
 But then they say it often haps
 Fortune will wither on the father's grave,

And though his race was blest before,
'Twill bud with sorrows weeping sore,
And never ending once begun.
But I think not, as think the crowd:
The impious doer still begets
A brook of impious doers more,
Children and heirs of all his wicked deeds:
Whilst from the house of righteous men,
Who even-handed justice love,
Comes a long line of children good and fair.
Foul Villany, that wanton'd in its day,
Now its old crimes by time are half effaced,
Still reproduces others fresh and young,
In generations new of wicked men;
And brings its horrid progeny to light.

* * * * *

Agamemnon now returns, borne in a sort of triumphal procession; and seated in another car, laden with booty, follows Cassandra, his prisoner of war, and mistress, according to the privilege of the heroes of those days. Clytemnestra greets him with hypocritical joy and veneration; she orders her slaves to cover the ground with the most costly embroideries of purple, that it might not be touched by the foot of the conqueror. Agamemnon, with wise moderation, at first refuses to receive an honour due only to the Gods; at last he yields to her invitations, and enters the house. The Chorus then begin to utter dark forebodings. Clytemnestra returns to allure Cassandra to her destruction by the art of soft persuasion. The latter remains dumb and motionless; but the queen is hardly gone, when, seized with a prophetic rage, she breaks out into the most perplexing lamentations, and afterwards unveils her prophecies more distinctly to the Chorus:—she sees in her mind all the enormities which have been perpetrated in that house: the repast of Thyestes, which the sun refused to look on; the shadows of the dilacerated children gazing down on her from the battlements of the palace. She sees also, the death prepared both for Agamemnon and herself—and then, as if seized with overpowering fury, rushes maniac-like, into the house to meet her doom.

CLYTEMNESTRA, CASSANDRA, CHORUS.

Clyt. Go in—go in! Cassandra! thee I mean, Enter thou too! since in this mansion Jove Has placed thee, nothing wrathfully, to share With many a slave the lavers, as thou stand'st By th' altar of our fortune-giving God.* Come forth from out that wain: neither be thou O'erweening, too high-stomach'd for thy lot;— Such once was that of great Alcmena's son.

Chor. O be persuaded; come down from thy car.

Clyt. I have no time for dallying here; already The victims, rang'd for sacrifice, demand Our presence.—Wouldst thou do our bidding, Take no long time in doing it. If thy tongue

Knows not to speak our language, let some sign Supply, the place of words—speak with thy hands.

Chor. Wild as some new-caught animal, she needs

The aid of an interpreter.

Clyt. She is mad;

And I shall waste no further words upon her.

[Exit CLYTEMNESTRA.]

Chor. Sad one, 'tis ours to pity, not upbraid, thee.—

Then come down from thy car; submit to fate And put on thy new yoke.

Cass. O woe, woe, woe!

Oh Earth! oh Gods! Apollo! oh Apollo!

Chor. Why with that voice of woe invoke Apollo?

Ill do these notes of grief accord with him.

Cass. Oh Earth! oh Gods! Apollo! oh Apollo!

Chor. Again she calls upon the Gods, blaspheming!

Cass. Apollo! O Apollo! my Apollo!

Now for the second time thou hast undone me.

Chor. She seems to prophesy of her own woes. God dwells within her, though she be a slave!

Cass. Apollo! O Apollo! my Apollo!

Ah! whither hast thou brought me? To what house?

Chor. Ask'st thou what house? It is the royal house

Of the Attidæ—what I speak is truth.

Cass. Ha! ha! that dismal and abhorred house! The good Gods hate its dark and conscious walls!

It knows of kinsmen by their kinsmen slain, And many a horrid death-rope swung!

A house, where men like beasts are slain!

The floor is all in blood!

Chor. The stranger's like a quick-nosed hound, and seems

As though she scented murder in this house.

Cass. These are my witnesses! I follow them! Phantoms of children! terribly they weep! Their throats are cut! and now behold the supper Of roast flesh smoking, which their father eats!

Chor. We have heard, O prophetess, of thy great name;

Ay—but we want no prophets in this house.

Cass. Alas! ye Gods, what is she thinking on? And what is this that looks so young and fresh? Mighty, mighty is the load She is unravelling in these dark halls!

A foul deed for her dear friends plotteth she,

Too sore to bear, and waxing past all cure! Where's Pity! dead! Where's Succour? far away.

Chor. What means she?

Cass. Wretch! ah, what art thou about? A man's in the bath—beside him there stands One wrapping him round—the bathing clothes drop,

Like shrouds they appear to me, dabbled in blood!

Yet 'twill be quick—'tis now upon the stroke!

A hand is stretch'd out—and another too!

As though it were a grasping—look, look, look!

* Κρατίου Βουλή. The altar placed in the buttery, or place where provisions were kept, was consecrated to Ctesian Jove, or Jove the Guardian of Property.

Chor. 'Tis yet all dark to me : by riddles posed
I find no way in these blind oracles.

Cass. Ha ! ha ! Alas ! alas ! what's that ?
Is that Hell's dragnet that I see ?
Dragnet ! or woman ? she, the very she
Who slept beside thee in the midnight bower,
Wife and murd'ress ! Howl, dark choirs !

Howl in timbrel'd anthems dark

For Atreus' deadly line,

And the stony shower of blood.

Chor. Ye Gods ! what vengeance of a Fury's
this !

Cass. Ha ! ha ! see there ! see there !
Keep the bull from the heifer, drive, drive her
away !

The bull is enchafed and hoodwink'd, and roars ;
His black branching horns have received the
death-stab.

He sprawls and falls headlong ! he lies in the
bath,

Beside the great smouldering caldron that burns !

The caldron burns,—it has a deadly blue !

Chor. No deep skill boast I in the spell of Gods ;
And yet methinks all that she says bears in't
The stamp of ill ; but when has aught of good
From the divining power to man accrued ?
Its deep ambiguous terms the truth invest
With mysteries that awe the inmost soul.

Cass. Alas ! alas ! ah, wretch ! ah, luckless fate !
Myself, myself I moan !

Wretch that I am ! why hast thou brought me
here,

Unless to lie beside him in his death ?

Is't not ? what else ? what other can it be ?

Chor. O sure thou art one of a deep-raging soul,
Driven mad by some god, and, (like her, the
sweet bird,

Who wails Ityn, her Ityn,) with unwearied voice,
But vex'd heart, pouring forth thy sad lay.

Cass. Ah, ah ! the shrill Nightingale ! O how I
moan

As I think of her fate, so unlike to my own ;
She has wings, and she lives without sorrow or
fear,

But my doom is the axe or the sharp-edg'd spear !

Chor. Ah ! whence are these sorrows, that gush
from thine eyes,

As if thou wert dreaming of woe ?

And that ominous cry, that wild scream of
affright ?

Whence, whence that dark spell of more than
man's lore,

That ill-boding, horrible spell ?

Cass. O nuptials of Paris ! O nuptials of death
To his friends ! O Scamander, my sweet native
stream !

Ah, wretch that I am ! then I roved by thy
stream,

Young, careless, and happy ! but now I must go
To Cocytus' banks,—there to sing my dark woe !

Chor. What's this thou hast oracled ?—horrid,
yet clear—

A babe might e'en know it.—Mine engor'd heart
Is with terror struck down, as thou wail'st thy
dark fate,

Making moan, that astounds me to hear.

Cass. O Troy ! Woes of Troy ! now all-prostrate
and lone !

O ye altars, that blaz'd before Priam's high throne !
Vain, vain your blood-offerings, your victims, to
save

Troy's towers from destruction, Troy's sons from
the grave.

Even I soon on earth must my warm blood out-
pour.

Chor. That strain's a sequel to the strain before.

Cass. Pale phantoms brood within these
guarded towers ;

Screams are heard nightly, and a dismal din

Of strange, terrific, and unearthly choirs,

Singing in horrid, full, harmonious chord.

What do they sing of ? Nothing good I ween.

For, blood of mortal man since they have drank,
Still more unquenchable their riot grows.

The Masque of Sisters ! the Erinnyes drear !

They are all seated in the rooms above,

Chanting how Atë came into the house*
In the beginning : gloomily they look !

Each sings the lay in catches round, each has
Foam on her lips, and gnashes grim her teeth,

Where heavily the incestuous brother sleeps,
Stretch'd in pale slumber on the haunted bed.

Ha ! do the shafts fly upright at the mark ?

Fly the shafts right, or has the yew-bow miss'd ?

Methinks the wild beast in the covert's hit ;

Or rave I, dreaming of prophetic lies ?

Come, bear thou witness, out with it on oath,

That I know well the old sins of this house.

Chor. How can an oath, the evil fix'd so fast,
Help it or cure it ? But thou movest our wonder,
Bred in strange land, in city stranger-tongued,
Far beyond seas, that thou shouldst speak as if
Thou hadst been present at the scenes thou
speak'st of.

Cass. Prophet Apollo gave me this high boon.

Chor. From love of thee ? the God, felt he de-
sire ?

Cass. Before this hour I fear'd for shame to
tell it.

Chor. Ay, for great folks are delicate and nice.

Cass. He was a champion, vehemently breath-
ing

The breath of love and pleasing fire upon me.

Chor. Came there a marriage then 'twixt him
and thee ?

Cass. I said it should be, but I spoke him false.†

Chor. At that time was thou of his arts possesst ?

Cass. E'en so, that I was then a prophetess
Foretelling to my country all its woes !

* The crime in the family of Atreus, here alluded to, was the adultery of Thyestes with Aërope, his brother's wife, which formed the subject of Euripides' Cressæ. Otherwise the first crime upon record of this unfortunate family was the treacherous murder of Myrtilus by Pelops, on the false accusation of his wife Hippodamia. See the story told at full length, and not much to the credit of this young Grecian princess, in Eustathius, 185, edit. Rom. The intrigue of Thyestes and Aërope is alluded to also in Eurip. Elec. 720.

† All this story of Apollo's love for Cassandra, his gift to her of inspiration, and her chaste deception of him, are commonly known. Lycophron, in his Alexandra, makes her give the same history of it.

Chor. How then? And didst thou 'scape Apollo's wrath?

Cass. For my transgression, none believed my words!

Chor. To us thy words seem worthy of belief.

Cass. O! O! hu! hu! alas!

The pains again have seized me! my brain turns!

Hark to the alarm and prophetic cries!

The dizziness of horror swims my head!

D'y'e see those yonder, sitting on the towers?

Like dreams their figures! Blood-red is their hair!

Like young ones murder'd by some kinsman false!

Horrible shadows! with hands full of flesh!

Their bowels and their entrails they hold up,

Their own flesh, O most execrable dish!

They hold it! out of it their father ate!

But in revenge of them there's one who plots,

A certain homebred, crouching, coward lion;

Upon his lair the rolling lion turns,

And keeps house close, until the coming of

My master! said I master? Out! alas!

I am a slave, and I must bear the yoke.

King of the ships, and sacker of great Troy,

Thou know'st not what a hateful bitch's tongue

Glozing and fawning, sleekfaced all the while,

Will do! like Atë stealing in the dark!

Out on such daring! female will turn slayer

And kill the male! What name to call her? Snake,

Horrible monster, crested amphibæna,

Or some dire Scylla dwelling amid rocks!

Ingulphing seamen in her howling caves!

The raving of Hell's mother fires her cheeks,

And, like a pitiless Mars, her nostrils breathe

To all around her war and trumpet's rage.

O what a shout was there! it tore the skies

As in the battle when the tide rolls back!

'Twas the great championess—how fierce, how fell!

No, 'tis all joy, and welcome home, sweet lord,

The war is o'er, the merry feast's begun.

Well, well, ye don't believe me—'tis all one.

For why? what will be, will be; time will come;

Ye will be there, and pity me, and say,

'She was indeed too true a prophetess.'

Chor. 'Thyestes' bloody feast I oft have heard of—

Her drift beyond that point I cannot see.

Cass. I say, thou shalt see Agamemnon's death!

Chor. What man such execrable deed designs?

Cass. What man? I pity thee; thou art wondrous dim,

And hast o'erlooked my oracles indeed.

Chor. But they are dark, and hard for us to find.

Cass. O what a mighty fire comes rolling on me!

Help! help! Lycean Apollo! Ah me! ah me!

She there, that two-legg'd lioness! lying with

A wolf, the highbred lion being away,

Will kill me! woeful creature that I am!

And look you busy mixing poison up,

She'll fill me such a cup too in her ire!

She cries out, whetting all the while a sword

'Gainst him, 'tis me, and for my bringing here

That such a forfeit must be paid with death!

O why then keep this mockery on my head?

Off with ye, laurels, necklaces, and wands!

The crown of the prophetic maiden's gone!

[*Tearing her robes.*]

Away, away! die ye ere yet I die!

I will requite your blessings, thus, thus, thus!

Find out some other maiden, dight her rich,

Ay, dight her rich in miseries like me!

And lo! Apollo! himself! tearing off

My vest oracular! Oh! cruel God!

Thou hast beheld me, e'en in these thy robes,

Scoff'd at when I was with my kinsmen dear,

And made my enemies' most piteous despite,

And many a bad name had I for thy sake;

A Cybele's mad-woman, beggar priestess,

Despised, unheeded, beggar'd, and in hunger;

And yet I bore it all for thy sweet sake.

And now to fill thy cup of vengeance up,

Prophet, thou hast undone thy prophetess!

And led me to these passages of death!

A block stands for the altar of my sire;

It waits for me, upon its edge to die,

Stagger'd with blows—in hot red spouting blood!

Oh! oh! but the great gods will hear my cries

Shrilling for vengeance through the vaulted roofs!

The gods will venge us when we're dead and cold.

Another gallant at death-deeds will come!

Who's at the gates? a young man fair and tall,

A stranger, by his garb, from foreign parts;

Or one who long since has been exiled here:

A stripling, murderer of his mother's breast!

Brave youth, avenger of his father's death!

He'll come to build the high-wrought architrave,

Shrmounting all the horrors of the dome.

I say, the gods have sworn that he shall come.

His father's corse (his crest lies on the ground)

Rises, and towers before him on the road!

What mourning still? what still my eyes in tears?

And here, too, weeping on a foreign land?

I, who have seen high-tower'd Ilion's town

Fall, as it fell; whilst they who dwell therein

Are, as they are! before high-judging Heaven!

I'll go and do it! I'll be bold to die!

I have a word with ye, ye gates of hell!

[*To the gates of the palace as she is about to enter.*]

I pray ye, let me have a mortal stroke,

That without struggling, all this body's blood

Pouring out plentifully, in gentle stream

Of easy dying, I may close my eyes!

Chor. O woeful creature, woeful, too, and wise!

O maid, thou hast been wand'ring far and wide!

But if in earnest thou dost know thy fate,

Why like a heifer, goaded by a god,

Dost thou thus fearless to the altar walk?

Cass. Hide where I will; there's no escape from fate.

Chor. Yet is there some advantage in delay.

Cass. My day is come, by flight I should gain little.

Chor. Know then, thou'lt suffer from being over bold.

Cass. But to die gloriously is honour's crown.

Chor. None ever hears the happy speak such words.

Cass. Oh Father! oh!—Thou and thy noble sons!

[*Starting back.*]

Chor. What ails thee now? What caus'd that start?

Cass. Foh! Foh!

Chor. What means foh, foh? Some loathing at thy heart?

Cass. The house breathes scents of murder.

Chor. 'Tis the scent Of burning sacrifice upon our altars.

Cass. No; rather like a vapour from the tomb!

Chor. There breathes no Syrian odour in thy words.

Cass. Wailing my own and Agamemnon's fate, These domes I enter! Life, enough of thee! And, strangers see! Not like a timorous bird, Do I draw back to shun the fowler's snare.

O bear this witness to a dying woman,
When the day comes that blood shall flow for blood,

Woman's for woman's; Man's for man's, for this Ill-mated man's—O then remember me.

Chor. Oh! I do pity thee, unhappy maid!

For thy sad tragic and predestined fate.

Cass. Once more! once more! oh let my voice be heard!

I love to sing the dirges of the dead,
My own death knell, myself my death knell ring!

The sun rides high, but soon will set for me;
O sun! I pray to thee by thy last light,
And unto those who will me honour do,
Upon my hateful murderers wreak the blood
Of the poor slave they murder in her chains,
A helpless, easy, unresisting victim!

Alas for mortals!—what their power and pride?
A little shadow sweeps it from the earth!

And if they suffer—why the fatal hour
Comes o'er the record like a moisten'd sponge
And blots it out.

[Exit CASSANDRA.]

Scarcely has the prophetess withdrawn, than we hear behind the scenes the groans of the murdered king. The palace opens and Clytemnestra is seen standing beside the dead body of her lord—an undaunted criminal, who not only confesses the deed, but boasts of it as a just requital for Agamemnon's sacrifice of Iphigeneia to his own ambition.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ.

THESE, too, defenders of their country fell;
Their mighty souls to gloomy death betray'd:
Immortal is their fame who, suffering well,
Of Ossa's dust a glorious garment made.

FROM THE PERSIANS.

"THE PERSIANS" may be considered rather in the light of a proud triumphal song in honour of Liberty, than of a regular tragedy. It was exhibited eight years after the defeat of Xerxes at Salamis, whilst the memory of each circumstance was yet recent, so that the narration may be con-

sidered, in some degree, as a history of that great event.—The scene is at Susa, and near the tomb of Darius.

ATOSSA, CHORUS.

Atoss. Indulge me, friends, who wish to be informed

Where, in what clime, the towers of Athens rise?

Chor. Far in the west, where sets the imperial sun.

Atoss. Yet my son willed the conquest of this town.

Chor. May Greece, through all her states, bend to his power.

Atoss. Do they send numerous armies to the field?

Chor. Armies, that to the Medes have wrought much woe.

Atoss. Have they sufficient treasures in their houses?

Chor. Their rich earth is a copious fount of silver.

Atoss. From the strong bow wing they the barbed shaft?

Chor. No; but they have stout spears and massy bucklers.

Atoss. What monarch reigns, and who commands their army?

Chor. Slaves to no lord, they own not kingly power.

Atoss. How can they then resist the invading foes?

Chor. So as to destroy the armies of Darius.

Atoss. Serious your words to parents, who have sons there.

Chor. But if I judge aright, thou soon shalt hear Each circumstance; for here's a Persian messenger.

Tidings, no doubt, he brings of good or ill.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. Woe to the towns of Asia's peopled realms!

Woe to the laud of Persia, once the port
Of boundless wealth! All, at a blow, has perished!

Ah me! How sad his task, who brings ill tidings.
But to my tale of woe—I needs must tell it.
Persians, the whole barbaric host has fallen.

Chor. O horror, horror, what a train of ills.

Mess. I speak not from report; but these mine eyes

Beheld the ruin which my tongue would utter.

Chor. Alas! Is Ellas then unscathed? And has Our arrowy tempest spent its force in vain?

Mess. In heaps the unhappy dead lie on the strand

Of Salamis and all the neighbouring shores.

Chor. Raise the funereal cry, with dismal notes

Wailing the wretched Persians. Oh, how ill
They planned their measures! All their army perished!

Mess. O Salamis, how hateful is thy name!

Oh, how my heart groans but to think of Athens!

Chor. How dreadful to her foes! Call to remembrance

How many Persian dames, wedded in vain,
Hath Athens of their noble husbands widow'd?

Atoss. Astonied with these ills, my voice thus long

Hath wanted utterance: griefs like these exceed
The power of speech or question: yet ev'n such,
Inflicted by the gods, must mortal man
Constrain'd by hard necessity endure.
But tell me all, without distraction tell me,
All this calamity, though many a groan
Burst from thy labouring heart. Who is not fallen?
What leader must we wail? What sceptred chief

Dying hath left his troops without a lord?

Mess. Xerxes himself lives, and beholds the light.

Atoss. That word beams comfort on my house, a ray

That brightens through the melancholy gloom.

Mess. Artembares, the potent chief that led
Ten thousand horse, lies slaughtered on the rocks
Of rough Silenias. The great Dadaces,
Beneath whose standard march'd a thousand horse,

Pierced by a spear, fell headlong from the ship.
Tenagon, bravest of the Bactrians, lies
Roll'd on the wave-worn beach of Ajax's isle.
Lileus, Arsames, Argestes, dash
With violence in death against the rocks
Where nest the silver doves.* Arcteus, that dwelt

Near to the fountains of the Egyptian Nile,
Adeues, and Pheresba, and Pharnuchus
Fell from one ship. Matallus, Chrysa's chief,
That led his dark'ning squadrons, thrice ten thousand,

On jet-black steeds, with purple gore distain'd
The yellow of his thick and shaggy beard.
The Magian Arabus, and Artames
From Bactra, mould'ring on the dreary shore
Lie low. Amistris, and Amphistreuus there
Grasps his war-wearied spear; there prostrate lies

The illustrious Ariomardus; long his loss
Shall Sardis weep: thy Mysian Sisames,
And Tharybis, that o'er the burden'd deep
Led five times fifty vessels; Lerna gave
The hero birth, and manly grace adorn'd
His pleasing form, but low in death he lies
Unhappy in his fate. Syennesis,
Cilicia's warlike chief, who dared to front
The foremost dangers, singly to the foes
A terror, there too found a glorious death.
These chieftains to my sad remembrance rise,
Relating but a few of many ills.

Atoss. This is the height of ill, ah me! and shame

To Persia, grief, and lamentation loud.
But tell me this, afresh renew thy tale:
What was the number of the Grecian fleet,
That in fierce conflict their bold barks should dare

Rush to encounter with the Persian hosts.

Mess. Know then, in numbers the barbaric fleet

Was far superior: in ten squadrons, each
Of thirty ships, Greece plough'd the deep; of these

One held a distant station. Xerxes led
A thousand ships; their number well I know;
Two hundred more, and seven, that swept the seas

With speediest sail: this was their full amount.
And in the engagement seem'd we not secure
Of victory? But unequal fortune sunk
Our scale in fight, discomfitting our host.

Atoss. The gods preserve the city of Minerva.

Mess. The walls of Athens are impregnable,
Their firmest bulwarks her heroic sons.

Atoss. Which navy first advanced to the attack?
Who led to the onset, tell me; the bold Greeks,
Or, glorying in his numerous fleet, my son?

Mess. Our evil genius, lady, or some god
Hostile to Persia, led to ev'ry ill.

Forth from the troops of Athens came a Greek,
And thus address'd thy son, the imperial Xerxes:
"Soon as the shades of night descend, the Grecians

Shall quit their station; rushing to their oars
They mean to separate, and in secret flight
Seek safety." At these words, the royal chief,
Little conceiving of the wiles of Greece
And gods averse, to all the naval leaders
Gave his high charge:—"Soon as yon sun shall cease

To dart his radiant beams, and dark'ning night
Ascends the temple of the sky, arrange
In three divisions your well-ordered ships,
And guard each pass, each outlet of the seas:
Others enring around this rocky isle
Of Salamis. Should Greece escape her fate,
And work her way by secret flight, your heads
Shall answer the neglect." This harsh command
He gave, exulting in his mind, nor knew
What Fate design'd. With martial discipline
And prompt obedience, snatching a repast,
Each mariner fix'd well his ready oar.
Soon as the golden sun was set, and night
Advanced, each train'd to ply the dashing oar,
Assumed his seat; in arms each warrior stood,
Troop cheering troop through all the ships of war.
Each to the appointed station steers his course;
And through the night his naval force each chief
Fix'd to secure the passes. Night advanced,
But not by secret flight did Greece attempt
To escape. The morn, all beauteous to behold,
Drawn by white steeds bounds o'er the enlighten'd earth;

At once from ev'ry Greek with glad acclaim
Burst forth the song of war, whose lofty notes
The echo of the island rocks return'd,
Spreading dismay through Persia's hosts, thus fallen

From their high hopes; no flight this solemn strain
Portended, but deliberate va'our bent
On daring battle; while the trumpet's sound
Kindled the flames of war. But when their oars
The pæan ended, with impetuous force

* Salamis was the birth-place of Ajax, and sacred to Venus; hence it was said to abound with doves.

Dash'd the resounding surges, instant all
Rush'd on in view : in orderly array
The squadron on the right first led, behind
Rode their whole fleet; and now distinct we
heard

From ev'ry part this voice of exhortation :—
"Advance, ye sons of Greece, from thralldom save
Your country,—save your wives, your children
save,

The temples of your gods, the sacred tomb
Where rest your honour'd ancestors; this day
The common cause of all demands your valour."
Meantime from Persia's hosts the deep'ning shout
Answer'd their shout; no time for cold delay;
But ship 'gainst ship its brazen beak impell'd.
First to the charge a Grecian galley rush'd;
Ill the Phœnician bore the rough attack,
Its sculptured prow all shatter'd. Each advanced
Daring an opposite. The deep array
Of Persia at the first sustain'd the encounter;
But their throng'd numbers, in the narrow seas
Confined, want room for action; and, deprived
Of mutual aid, beaks clash with beaks, and each
Breaks all the other's oars: with skill disposed
The Grecian navy circled them around
In fierce assault; and rushing from its height
The inverted vessel sinks: the sea no more
Wears its accustomed aspect, with foul wrecks
And blood disfigured; floating carcasses
Roll on the rocky shores: the poor remains
Of the barbaric armament to flight
Ply every oar inglorious: onward rush
The Greeks amidst the ruins of the fleet,
As through a shoal of fish caught in the net,
Spreading destruction: the wide ocean o'er
Wailings are heard, and loud laments, till night
With darkness on her brow brought grateful
truce.

Should I recount each circumstance of woe,
Ten times on my unfinished tale the sun
Would set; for be assured that not one day
Could close the ruin of so vast a host.

Atoss. Ah, what a boundless sea of woe hath
burst

On Persia, and the whole barbaric race!

Mess. These are not half, not half our ills; on
these

Came an assemblage of calamities,

That sunk us with a double weight of woe.

Atoss. What fortune can be more unfriendly
to us

Than this? Say on, what dread calamity

Sunk Persia's host with greater weight of woe.

Mess. Whoe'er of Persia's warriors glow'd in
prime

Of vig'rous youth, or felt their generous souls
Expand with courage, or for noble birth
Shone with distinguish'd lustre, or excell'd
In firm and duteous loyalty, all these
Are fall'n, ignobly, miserably fall'n.

Atoss. Alas, their ruthless fate, unhappy friends!

But in what manner, tell me, did they perish?

Mess. Full against Salamis an isle arises,

Of small circumference, to the anchor'd bark

Unfaithful; on the promontory's brow,

That overlooks the sea, Pan loves to lead

The dance: to this the monarch sends these
chiefs,

That when the Grecians from their shatter'd
ships

Should here seek shelter, these might hew them
down

An easy conquest, and secure the strand
To their sea-wearied friends; ill-judging what
The event: but when the fav'ring god to Greece
Gave the proud glory of this naval fight,
Instant in all their glitt'ring arms they leap'd
From their light ships, and all the island round
Encompass'd, that our bravest stood dismay'd;
While broken rocks, whirl'd with tempestuous
force,

And storms of arrows crush'd them; then the
Greeks

Rush to the attack at once, and furious spread

The carnage, till each mangled Persian fell.

Deep were the groans of Xerxes when he saw

This havoc; for his seat, a lofty mound

Commanding the wide sea, o'erlooked his hosts.*

With rueful cries he rent his royal robes,

And through his troops embattled on the shore

Gave signal of retreat; then started wild,

And fled disorder'd. To the former ills

These are fresh miseries to awake thy sighs.

Atoss. Invidious Fortune, how thy baleful power

Hath sunk the hopes of Persia! Bitter fruit

My son hath tasted from his purposed vengeance

On Athens, famed for arms; the fatal field

Of Marathon, red with barbaric blood,

Sufficed not; that defeat he thought to avenge,

And pull'd this hideous ruin on his head.

But tell me, if thou canst, where didst thou leave

The ships that happily escaped the wreck?

Mess. The poor remains of Persia's scatter'd
fleet

Spread ev'ry sail for flight, as the wind drives,

In wild disorder; and on land no less

The ruin'd army; in Bœotia some,

With thirst oppress'd, at Crene's cheerful rills

Were lost; forespent with breathless speed some
pass

The fields of Phocis, some the Doric plain,

And near the gulf of Melia, the rich vale

Through which Sperchius rolls his friendly stream.

Achaia thence and the Thessalian state

Received our famish'd train; the greater part

Through thirst and hunger perish'd there, oppress'd

At once by both: but we our painful steps

Held onwards to Magnesia, and the land

Of Macedonia, o'er the ford of Axios,

And Bolbe's sedgy marches, and the heights

Of steep Pangæos, to the realms of Thrace.

That night, e'er yet the season, breathing froze,

Rush'd winter, and with ice encrust'd o'er

The flood of sacred Strymon: Such as own'd

No god till now, awe-struck, with many a prayer

* A king sate on the rocky brow

Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;

And ships, by thousands, lay below,

And men in nations;—all were his!

He counted them at break of day—

And when the sun set, where were they?

Byron.

Adored the earth and sky. When now the troops
Had ceased their invocations to the gods,
O'er the stream's solid crystal they began
Their march; and we, who took our early way,
Ere the sun darted his warm beams, pass'd safe:
But when his burning orb with fiery rays
Unbound the middle current, down they sunk
Each over other; happiest he who found
The speediest death: the poor remains, that
'scaped,
With pain through Thrace dragg'd on their toil-
some march,

A feeble few, and reach'd their native soil;
So Persia sighs through all her states, and mourns
Her dearest youth. This is no feigned tale:
But many of the ills, that burst upon us
In dreadful vengeance, I refrain to utter.

Chor. O Fortune, heavy with affliction's load,
How hath thy foot crush'd all the Persian race!

Atoss. Ah me, what sorrows for our ruin'd host
Oppress my soul! Ye visions of the night,
Haunting my dreams, how plainly did you show
These ills!—You set them in too fair a light.
Yet, since your bidding hath in this prevail'd,
First to the gods wish I to pour my prayers,
Then to the mighty dead present my off'rings,
Bringing libations from my house: too late,
I know, to change the past; yet for the future,
If haply better fortune may await it,
Behooves you, on this sad event, to guide
Your friends with faithful counsels. Should my
son

Return ere I have finish'd, let your voice
Speak comfort to him; friendly to his house
Attend him, nor let sorrow rise on sorrows.

CHORUS.

Strophe.

Awful sovereign of the skies,

When now o'er Persia's numerous host
Thou badest the storm with ruin rise,
All her proud vaunts of glory lost,
Ecbatana's imperial head

By thee was wrapt in sorrow's dark'ning shade;
Through Susa's palaces with loud lament,
By their soft hands their veils all rent,
The copious tear the virgins pour,
That trickles their bare bosoms o'er.
From her sweet couch up starts the widow'd
bride,

Her lord's loved image rushing on her soul,
Throws the rich ornaments of youth aside,
And gives her griefs to flow without control:
Her griefs not causeless; for the mighty slain
Our melting tears demand, and sorrow-soften'd
strain.

Antistrophe.

Now her wailing's wide despair
Pours these exhausted regions o'er:
Xerxes, ill-fated, led the war;

Xerxes, ill-fated, leads no more;
Xerxes sent forth the unwise command,
The crowded ships unpeopled all the land;
That land, o'er which Darius held his reign,
Courting the arts of peace, in vain,

O'er all his grateful realms adored,
The stately Susa's gentle lord.
Black o'er the waves his burden'd vessels sweep,
For Greece elate the warlike squadrons fly;
Now crush'd, and whelm'd beneath the indignant
deep

The shatter'd wrecks and lifeless heroes lie:
While, from the arms of Greece escaped, with
toil

The unshelter'd monarch roams o'er Thracia's
dreary soil.

Epode.

The first in battle slain

By Cychrea's craggy shore

Through sad constraint, ah me! forsaken lie,

All pale and sinner'd with gore:—

Raise high the mournful strain,

And let the voice of anguish pierce the sky:—

Or roll beneath the roaring tide,

By monsters rent of touch abhorrd;

While through the widow'd mansion echoing wide
Sounds the deep groan, and wails its slaughter'd
lord:

Pale with his fears the helpless orphan there

Gives the full stream of plaintive grief to flow;

While age its hoary head in deep despair

Bends, list'ning to the shrieks of woe.

With sacred awe

The Persian law

No more shall Asia's realms revere;

To their lord's hand

At his command,

No more the exacted tribute bear.

Who now falls prostrate at the monarch's throne?

His regal greatness is no more.

Now no restraint the wanton tongue shall own,

Free from the golden curb of pow'r;

For on the rocks, wash'd by the beating flood,

His awe-commanding nobles lie in blood.

ATOSSA, CHORUS.

Atoss. Whoe'er, my friends, in the rough stream
of life

Hath struggled with affliction, thence is taught
That, when the flood begins to swell, the heart
Fondly fears all things; when the fav'ring gale
Of Fortune smooths the current, it expands
With unsuspecting confidence, and deems
That gale shall always breathe. So to my eyes
All things now wear a formidable shape,
And threaten from the gods: my ears are pierc'd
With sounds far other than of song. Such ills
Dismay my sick'ning soul: hence from my house
Nor glitt'ring car attends me, nor the train
Of wonted state, while I return, and bear
Libations soothing,—charms that soothe the dead:
White milk, and lucid honey, pure-distill'd
By the wild bee—that craftsman of the flowers:
The limpid droppings of the virgin fount,
And this bright liquid from its mountain-mother
Borne fresh—the joy of the time-hallowed vine;—
The pale-green olive's odoriferous fruit, whose leaves
Live everlastingly—and those wreathed flowers,
The smiling infants of the prodigal earth.

PINDAR.

[Born, 518—Died, 439 B. C.]

Φανήντα συνστόισι.—*Olymp. II.*

'Beneath mine elbow a full quiver lies
Of fleetest arrows, sounding to the wise;
But for the crowd they need interpreters.
His skill is most who learns in Nature's school;
All else, expert by rule,
Are none of hers;
Mere tongues in vehement gabble idly heard,
Clamoring, like daws, at Jove's celestial bird.'—*Cary.*

THIS renowned bard was a native either of the Theban city, or of Cynocephalæ, a village in its immediate territory and neighbourhood. He was by profession a musician and poet, and for his early skill as such, is said to have been, in some degree, indebted to the beautiful Corinna, a distinguished poetess of the same age and country, but of whose compositions we know little or nothing. It is related of her, however, that she defeated her pupil in no less than five contests, and that, on one occasion, having recommended him to ornament his productions with mythical narrative, and receiving, in return, some lines cram-full of Theban mythology, she bade him "sow by hand, and not by sackfulls."—Of Pindar's numerous compositions, consisting of Hymns to the Gods, Funeral songs, and Odes in honour of the conquerors at the four great festivals of Greece, little besides the latter, have come down to us; but of the veneration in which he and his writings were held by all Greece, the most

unequivocal proofs remain. A portion of the people's first fruits was appropriated to his use; an iron chair was erected for him in the very temple of Apollo; his statue stood in the circle of games at Thebes; he was courted and enriched, alike by rulers and people, not only of his own, but of every land in which the Greek tongue was known, and in later times, when Thebes was captured, first by the Spartans, and subsequently by Alexander, the very house which he had inhabited, had the honour of being spared by the victors.* Pindar, though precluded by the unhappy circumstance of his country's league with Persia, from joining the ranks of Athens and Sparta, in the great war of Grecian independence, has not concealed his admiration of the heroes who did so. But Pindar's greatest praise is the generally moral and religious tone which pervades his writings. He maintains the immortality of the soul, and distinctly lays down the doctrine of future punishments and rewards.

OLYMPIC I.

TO HIERO, KING OF SYRACUSE, VICTOR IN THE
SINGLE HORSE RACE.

WITH water nought may vie;
And gold, like fire at midnight blazing,
Glittering heaps outshineth far:
But, if thou tell'st of victory,
Soul, through wastes of ether gazing,
Than the sun no brighter star
Seek; nor deem this earth supplies
A nobler than th' Olympic prize.
Thence doth the many-voiced hymn arise,
Which in their thought wise minstrels frame,
To warble forth the great Saturnian's name
Round Hiero's blest hearth with plenty stor'd:
Rightful sceptre who retains

O'er Sicilia's pastoral plains;
Culling the top of every flower
That blossometh in Virtue's bower:
Nor less he knows the charms that lie
In the sweet soul of Poesy,
Such Music as around his board
By us, who love him, oft is pour'd.

Reach then the Dorian shell,
On yonder nail, suspended;
If in thee, sweet remembrance grateful dwell

* It is to the latter of these captures that Milton has alluded, in a noble sonnet, written when the city of London was threatened with a like calamity.

"Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower;
The great Emathian conqueror bade spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground!"

Of Pisa, and the steed
Phereñicus, he whose speed,
As with ungoaded side
He rush'd by Alpheus' tide,
With mighty triumph, blended
His Syracusan lord, the courser-loving king.

For him a light of glory doth upspring
Amid the land with heroes teeming,
Lydian Pelops' colony,
Whom Neptune chose to be his joy;
When from that cauldron pure,
Clotho did him secure,
Deck'd with an ivory shoulder whitely beaming.

Many a wonder is, in sooth,
But sometimes more than truth
On man's beguiled thought
Invention will prevail
With a well-woven tale,
In varied colours, quaintly wrought:
And grace, that can a magic throw
On all that charms the sense below,
By lustre not his own reliev'd,
Hath made th' incredible believed.
But after-days the best convincers are:
And man, should only fair
Speak of the gods, and good:
For so is blame eschew'd.

O son of Tantalus, not as of yore,
Will I record thy story:
That when to gods, invited guests,
At Sipy'us, thy sire
Spread in return his ample feasts,
Then, smitten with desire,
Thee the trident-ruler bore
Snatch'd up on golden steeds to Jove's high
consistory;

Where Ganymede came after thee
To Jove for equal ministry.
But when thou vanish'st wert; nor sought
Long time, was to thy mother brought,
Some envious neighbour whispering said
That they thy limbs had with a blade,
In seething water, hewn; and set
Upon the board thy sodd'ed flesh, and eat.
That impious thought be far from me
To tax a god with gluttony.
Small gain awaits the slanderer's tongue
If any, mortal tribes among,
In honour high advanced to live,
Th' Olympian watchers e'er did give,
That Tantalus was he.
But the great bliss unable to digest,
And with satiety oppress'd,
A direful harm he rued, the stone
Enormous o'er him hung by Jove,
Which away from his head
Endeavouring to remove,
He is to joy a stranger.
Such life he hath; with endless danger,
And toil insufferable, led:
(With other three, not he alone,)
For that from heaven he stole away
The nectar and ambrosia,
Which him incorruptible made;
And to his earthly peers convey'd.

Who hopes that aught he doth may lie
A secret from immortal eye,
Sins 'gainst the power of heaven.
Therefore his son, the gods again
Sent to the short-lived race of men,
From their own mansions driven.
He, soon as duskier down did shade
The bloom upon his cheek display'd,
Of ready nuptials thought;
And from her Pisan sire, the glorious maid
To win, Hippodameia, sought.
He came; and by hoar ocean's flood
Alone in darkness stood,
Then call'd amid the sullen roar
On him whose trident shook the shore.
Straight at his feet the god appear'd,
And thus his suppliant voice was heard.

"Neptune, if thou at all hast held
The gifts of Venus dear,
Of brave Cœnomaus be quell'd
By thee the brazen spear.
In swiftest chariots speed me on
To Elis, and with triumph crown.
Thirteen hero-suitors slain,
His daughter's wedding he delays.
The mighty conquest, ne'er will gain
A man whom fear of peril frays.
And why, of those with death their doom,
Should any, sitting down in gloom,
Without a name his age consume,
Vainly; nor a portion share
In aught that noble is and fair?
Mine is the trial; and thine be
To grant success and victory."
He spoke; nor fail'd of his desire.
And, honouring him, the god
A golden car bestow'd,
And winged steeds that never tire.
Cœnomaus fell his might before,
And the virgin bride he led.
Six lordly sons to him she bore,
Each in school of virtues bred.
And now by Alpheus' wave he lies,
Mingled with famous obsequies,
That round his tomb they celebrate,
Near the great altar's thronged state.
And far abroad the glory hath look'd out
Of Pelops, in th' Olympic courses,
Where swift feet do try their forces,
And the toils of champions stout.
O'er the victor's life, the balm
Of triumph sheds a holy calm.
The good supreme, that mortal knows,
Still from to-day's contentment flows.

For such behoves me now to breathe
Æolian measures; a fit wroath,
That to the courser's speed belongs.
No other host, expert in lovely lore,
Or in might excelling more,
At least of mortals now,
I e'er shall clothe in folds of dædal songs.
God is thy guardian, Hiero; and shares
In these thy princely cares.
And, if he fail not soon,
I trust with yet a sweeter tune,

To sound in chariot swift thy praise;
Finding a prosperous journey for my lays;
And stand beside the Cronian height,
That shines in evening's ample light.

Therefore for me the Muse
Doth in her strength a mightier weapon feed.

Manifold are the ways
That men to greatness lead:
In kings the summit ends.
No further stretch thy views.
Thine be the lot, this time
To tread the path sublime;
For me, meanwhile, with conquerors my friends
To live, conspicuous still
For the wise poet's skill,
Wherever Greece extends.

FROM OLYMPIC II.

FUTURE PUNISHMENT AND REWARD.

THE deeds that stubborn mortals do
In this disordered nook of Jove's domain,
All find their meed; and there's a Judge below,
Whose hateful doom inflicts th' inevitable pain.

O'er the Good, soft suns awhile,
Through the mild day, the night serene,
Alike with cloudless lustre smile,
Tempering all the tranquil scene.
Their's is leisure; vex not they
Stubborn soil, or watery way,
To wring from toil want's worthless bread:
No ills they know, no tears they shed,
But with the glorious gods below
Ages of peace contented share:
Meanwhile the Bad, in bitterest woe,
Eye-startling tasks, and endless tortures bear.

All, whose steadfast virtue thrice
Each side the grave unchanged hath stood,
Still unseduced, unstained with vice,—
They, by Jove's mysterious road,
Pass to Saturn's realm of rest,
Happy isle, that holds the Blest;
Where sea-born breezes gently blow
O'er blooms of gold that round them glow,
Which Nature boon from stream or strand
Or goodly tree profusely showers;
Whence pluck they many a fragrant band,
And braid their locks with never-fading flowers.

FROM OLYMPIC IV.

THE BIRTH OF IAMUS.

HER crimson'd girdle down was flung,
The silver ewer beside her laid,
Amid a tangled thicket hung
With canopy of brownest shade;
When forth the glorious babe she brought,
His soul instinct with heavenly thought.
Sent by the golden-tressed god,
Near her the Fates indulgent stood
With Ilithyia mild.
One short sweet pang releas'd the child;
And Iamus sprang forth to light.

A wail she utter'd; left him then
Where on the ground he lay;
When straight two dragons came
With eyes of azure flame,
By will divine awaked out of their den;
And with the bees' unarmful venom, they
Fed him, and nursled through the day and night.
The king meanwhile had come,
From stony Pytho driving; and at home
Did of them all, after the boy, inquire,
Born of Evadne;—"for," he said, "the sire
Was Phœbus, and that he
Should of earth's prophets wisest be,
And that his generation should not fail."
Not to have seen or heard him they avouch'd,
Now five days born. But he, on rushes couch'd,
Was cover'd up in that wide brambly maze:—
His delicate body wet
With yellow and empurpled rays
From many a violet.
And hence his mother bade him claim
For ever this undying name.

FROM OLYMPIC VII.

ORIGIN OF RHODES.

STILL, as ancient legends say,
Amid the depths of ocean lay
The wondrous island unreveal'd;
What time the sovran Father held
Council with the gods to share
Earth and all her regions fair.
Each had his portion. But not one
Bethought him of the absent Sun,
For whose chaste power, in sooth forgot,
No land remain'd to own his lot.
Recall'd to mind, high Jove would fain
Have cast the chances o'er again.
But he allow'd not. For his ken,
He said, amid the silvery surge,
Had mark'd an islet land emerge.
Kindly for flocks and foodful grain.
And straight to seal the portion his,
Golden-tired Lachesis
He bade her hands to heaven uprear,
And a faithful vow to swear,
The mighty oath of every god,
Confirm'd by Jove's imperial nod;
That soon as full disclos'd to air,
Henceforth he should that region share:
Truth crown'd the words; the island bloom'd
From the moist sea, by him assum'd,
Of heaven's sharp rays authentic sire,
Lord of the coursers breathing fire.

FROM OLYMPIC XIV.

TO THE ORCHOMENIAN GRACES, IN BEHALF OF THE BOY ASOPICHUS.

O ye, ordain'd by lot to dwell
Where Cephisian waters well;
And hold your fair retreat
Mid herds of coursers beautiful and fleet;
Renowned queens, that take your rest
In Orchomenus the blest,

Guarding with ever-wakeful eye
The Minyans' high-born progeny;
To you my votive strains belong:
List, Graces, to your suppliant's song.
For all delightful things below,
All sweet, to you their being owe;
And at your hand their blessings share
The wise, the splendid, and the fair.

Nor without the holy Graces,
The gods, in those supernal places,
Their dances or their banquets rule;
Dispensers they of all above
Throughout the glorious court of Jove;
Where each has plac'd her sacred stool
By the golden-bow'd Apollo,
Whom in his harpings clear they follow;
And the high majestic state
Of their Eternal Father venerate.

Daughters of heav'n;—Aglaiä, thou
Darting splendours from thy brow;
With musical Euphrosyne,—
Be present. Nor less call I thee,
Tuneful Thalia, to look down
On this joyous rout, and own
Me their bard, who lead along,
For Asophichus, the throng
Tripping light to Lydian song;
And Minya for thy sake proclaim
Conqueress in the Olympic game.

Waft, Echo, now, thy wing divine
To the black dome of Proserpine;
And marking Cleodamus there,
Tell the glad tidings;—how his son,
For him, hath crown'd his youthful hair
With plumes in Pisa's valley won.

PYTHIAN I.

TO HIERO OF SYRACUSE, VICTOR IN THE
CHARIOT RACE.

O THOU, whom Phœbus and the choir
Of violet-tressed Muses own,
Their joint treasure, golden lyre,
Ruling step with warbled tone,
Prelude sweet to festive pleasures;
Minstrels hail thy sprightly measures;
Soon as shook from quivering strings,
Leading the choral bands, thy loud preamble
rings.

In thy mazes, steep'd, expire
Bolts of ever-flowing fire.
Jove's eagle on the sceptre slumbers,
Possess'd by thy enchanting numbers;
On either side, his rapid wing,
Drops, entranc'd, the feather'd king;
Black vapour o'er his curved head,
Scaling his eyelids, sweetly shed;
Upheaving his moist back he lies,
Held down with thrilling harmonies.
Mars the rough lance has laid apart.
And yields to song his stormy heart.
No god but of his mood disarm'd,
Is with thy tuneful weapons charm'd;
Soon as Latona's sapient son
And deep-ton'd Muses have their lays begun.

But whomsoever Jove
Hath looked on without love,
Are anguish'd when they hear the voiceful
sound.

Whether on land they be,
Or in the raging sea;
With him, outstretched on dread Tartarian
bound,

Hundred-headed Typhon; erst
In fam'd Cilicia's cavern nurst;
Foe of the gods; whose shaggy breast,
By Cuma's sea-beat mound, is prest;
Pent by plains of Sicily,
And that snow'd pillar heavenly high,
Ætna, nurse of ceaseless frost;
From whose cavern'd depths aspire
In purest folds upwreathing, tost,
Fountains of approachless fire.
By day, a flood of smouldering smoke,
With sullen gleam, the torrents pour;
But in darkness, many a rock,
And crimson flame, along the shore,
Hurls to the deep with deaf'ning roar.
From that worm, aloft are thrown,
The wells of Vulcan, full of fear;
A marvel strange to look upon;
And, for the passing mariner,
As marvellous to hear;
How Ætna's tops with umbrage black,
And soil, do hold him bound;
And by that pallet, all his back
Is scored with many a wound.

Thy pleasure, Jove, oh be thy pleasure done:
Who dost this mount command,
Forehead of fruitful land,
Whence her illustrious founder hath surnam'd
The neighbour city, whom in Pytho's ring
The herald, late, proclaim'd
For Hiero, in his chariots triumphing.

By sailors, when they quit the coast,
At loosing, it is prized the most,
If speeding gale should come;
For so, with fortune to their friend,
Alike they augur, in the end,
A better voyage home:
And on such auspices we found
Opinion, that no less renown'd
She still shall be, as time succeeds;
Her garlands bright, her conquering steeds,
Ordain'd, in frequent song, the prize,
Mid feasts and high solemnities.

O Lycian! thou who art in Delos king;
Apollo; and dost love the spring
Of Castaly, outrilling
From the Parnassian steep;
May'st thou be ever willing,
This, in thy thought to keep,
And the fair region, in her people, blest.
For of the gods, whate'er is best
In mortal virtues; all the wise are sprung,
And all the stout in hand, and eloquent in tongue.

Intent this man to praise,
I trust to whirl my javelin, brazen tip,
Not out of limit, yet that all who raise
A rival arm, shall be by far outstript.

So may time, still heaping more,
His blissful measure fill;
Directing, with increase of store,
Forgetfulness of ill.
He surely may recall to thought
In what wars he hath defied,
(His soul with patient courage fraught)
The fierce encounter, when they glory found,
Such as in Hellenian ground,
By help divine, none culls beside;
Riches, with proud honour, crown'd.

Now, Philoctetes' guise pursuing,
He hath the soldier play'd.
A mighty one in need came wooing,
And lured him to his aid;
And from the Lemnian isle, they say,
Where long with ulcer vex'd he lay,
Godlike heroes bore away
The bowyer son of Pæan, who destroy'd
The town of Priam, and for Grecia's host
Their labour ended; weak in frame he went,
But fate had will'd th' event.
E'en so may God for Hiero decree,
That what in after time he covets most,
Shall be by apt occasion still enjoy'd.

Muse, I would next a strain from thee,
Warbled to Dinomenes;
Reward for chariots won.
Not alien to a son,
His father's victories.

Come, for the king of Ætna let us find
A song to take his charmed mind.
For him arose, at Hiero's command,
Those stately walls in freedom plann'd;
The model built by hands divine,
The rule outstretch'd by Hyllus' line.

And aye Ægimius' Dorian laws
Are duly kept by each, who draws
His lineage, or from Pamphilus,
Or th' Heraclidæ; they who bide
Near banks of steep Taygetus,
And to Amyclæ, from the side
Of Pindus issuing, came; and neighbours were
Right glorious to those twins of Tyndarus,
Whose fame did flourish for their warlike spear.
Grant, Jove, a lot like theirs,
To dwellers by the wave of Amena,
Both citizens and kings;
Certain as true report from mortals brings.
With thee to guide his wakeful cares,
His realm in quiet may the ruler sway;
And turning them to love,
Honour the people; bid his son obey.
Hear, O Saturnian; thou my prayer approve.
Undisturb'd at home let dwell
Phœnicia's band; nor more rebel
The tumult of Tyrrhenian crew,
Marking what shameful rout o'erthrew
Their groaning ships on Cuma's shore,
And all in that defeat they bore,
(As swift his victor navy flew)
From Syracuse's lord;
Who dash'd their youth into the sea,
Setting the land of Grecia free
From servitude abhorr'd.

At Salamis I claim of right
A grace for Athens; and will tell,
In Sparta, of Cithæron's fight,
Where with bent bows the Medians fell.
On Himera's well-water'd coast,
For sons of brave Dinomenes,
The hymn, by valour earn'd, shall boast
What fears their fallen foemen seize.

If any speak in season due,
And ravel up into a few
His many ends combin'd;
Censorious blame attends him less.
Prolix and wearisome excess
Will dull a nimble mind;
And neighbours' ears in secret pine
At blessings that in others shine.
But thou no less (for better far
Envy than pity be our share)
Each noble aim pursue.
With rudder just thy people guide;
And steel thy tongue, however tried,
On anvil firm and true.
Aught but from thee at random thrown,
As somewhat great, abroad is blown.
To many thou dividest sway;
And many mark thee, either way,
Thy faithful witnesses.

Still hold thy bloom of bravery on;
No cost, no labour be foregone
To feed this proud excess.
If aught, O friend, to thee be dear
The pleasant sound, that greets thine ear;
Like some bold helmsman, spreading strain
Thy wind-swept canvas; and disdain
The flatt'ring wiles of meaner gain.

At close of glory's boastful day,
Sure as the mighty pass away,
To point their lives, alone remain
Recording tale and poet's strain.
Fades not the worth of Cræsus mild:
But Phalaris, with blood defil'd,
His brazen bull, his torturing flame,
Hand o'er alike to evil fame
In every clime. No tuneful string,
No voice, that makes the rafters ring,
Receive his name, in hall or bower,
When youth and joyance win the hour.

First prize to mortals, good success;
Next portion, good renown:
Whomever both conspire to bless,
He wins the highest crown.

FROM PYTHIAN IV.

JASON'S APPEARANCE AMONGST THE CITIZENS OF IOLCOS.

BUT whence that voyage? what necessity
Bound on their hearts its adamant chain?
'Twas Pelias' doom, through fraud or force to die,
By Æolus' renowned descendants slain.
For e'en his soul with wisdom filled
The threatening oracle had chilled;
That, breathed from earth's mysterious cave,
The wood-crowned earth's mysterious nave,

Bade him with all his kingly care
The single-sandal'd wight beware,
Come when he should, stranger or citizen,
Down from his mountain-hold to famed Iolus'
glen.

All at the appointed time, with ported spears,
In either hand, appeared the dreadful man;
Shaped in Magnesian guise a garb he wears,
That round his noble limbs compacted ran.
O'er which a pard-skin from the storm
Sheltered his stout, unshuddering form.
His mantling locks, unshorn, unbound,
In nature's wildness, waving round,
Down his broad back illustrious shook;
Forward, all bent on speed, he broke,
Till, in the forum halting, calm, unmoved,
Amidst the inquiring crowd, his dauntless heart
he proved.

Unknown he stood—"Apollo's mien
Is this?" Some gazing wonderer cried—
"Or his, that wooed the Cyprian queen,
Whose reins the brazen chariot guide
In flowery Naxos, ages since
Otus, and Ephialtes, daring prince,
Iphimedeia's offspring, died;
Tityus, gigantic form, Diana slew
When, from her chaste and quivered side,
Her huntress-bolt th' unconquered virgin drew;
That, warned from joys forbidden, men might
haste
The practicable bliss to taste."

Thus they, with vague surmise, in crowds,
discoursed,
Listening and whispering; when in bur-
nished car
Pelias, with mules all-panting, thither forced
His urgent speed. Astounded, from afar
The stripling's dexter ancle round
He spied a single sandal bound;
Yet with disguised alarm, "Proclaim,
Stranger," said he, "thy country's name;
Tell me what matron, born of earth,
From her fair bosom gave thee birth?
Let not the loathed lie thy lips disgrace,
But meet my just demand, and frankly tell thy
race."

Him, with undaunted virtue's accents mild,
Answered the youth: "From Chiron's school
I come;

The Centaur's daughter nursed me from a child,
And good Chariclo made her cave my home.
Now, when, by their kind care sustained,
My strength its twentieth year had gained,
For no foul deed, no phrase unchaste,
From that sage intercourse displaced,
My home I visit, to require
The ancient honours of my sire;
Which erst to ruling Æolus and his heirs
Jove in his bounty gave, and now the usurper
wears.

"He, by perverse ambition stung,
The traitor Pelias, as 'tis said,
Their sceptre from my parents wrung,
Which they by right, with justice, swayed.

They on my birth's eventful day,
Dreading that lawless ruler, in dismay,
My death pretended, and prepar'd
Domestic semblance of sepulchral rite,
And female moans and sighs were heard:
Me swathed in purple, to the secret night
Trusting their silent path, in Chiron's care
They placed, the nurturer of their heir.

"Such is my tale—good people, tell me true—
My fathers rode the milk-white steed—
where stand
Their stately towers?—'Tis Æson's son ye
view;

I come no alien to a stranger's land;
My godlike host, the Centaur-seer,
The name of Jason bade me bear."—
Thus spake the youth; his father's glance
Discerned far off the son's advance,
And the big tears of extasy
Came bubbling from his aged eye.
So swelled his bursting heart with joy to find
His lost illustrious boy the comeliest of man-
kind.

Thither, in haste, allured by Jason's fame,
His reverend uncles; from their neighbour-
ing towers
By Hyperia's fountain, Pheres came,
Came Amythaon from Messene's towers;
Admetus and Melampus too,
To greet their glorious kinsmen flew.
With welcome warm and sumptuous feasts
Jason regaled his honoured guests,
And freely, without change or check,
Threw loose the reins on pleasure's neck:
Five days and nights in sympathy of soul
Plucked they the laughing flowers that crown the
social bowl.

On the sixth morn his plan proposed,
Its cause, importance, means, and bent,
To all his kin the youth disclosed.
Forthwith they sallied from their tent;
In haste for Pelias' mansion bore,
And now already stood within the door.
The soft-hair'd Tyro's artful son,
Spontaneous rose to meet the martial throng;
When, with mild air and soothing tone,
Dropping sweet words that melted from his
tongue,
Jason the conference raised on wisdom's base:
"Hear thou, Petrean Neptune's race!

"Prone is man's mind from honour's arduous
way
To verge into the tempting paths of gain,
Rough in the advance and leading far astray:
But thine and mine it must be to restrain
Our wrath, and weave our future weal:
I speak to ears that heed and feel.
One parent's womb, thou know'st, of yore
Cretheus and bold Salmoneus bore;
And we, their grandsons, thus look on
The glory of the golden sun.
But, when affection cools and hateful ire
Rankles in kinsmen's hearts, the decent Fates
retire.

"Oh, 'tis not seemly thus with lance and shield,
That thou and I, for honours ancestral,
Base war should wage. Take all my spacious
field;

My flocks and brindled herds, I cede them
all,

Which from my sire thy daring stealth
Forced, and yet feeds;—thy pampered wealth
I grudge thee not, and view with ease
Thy house enhanced with spoils like these.

But what I challenge for mine own,
My sovereign sceptre, and the throne
Whereon sate Æson, when the law divine
His horsemen hosts received—these, Pelias, must
be mine:

"These, without conflict from thy hand,
Lest ill betide thee, yield us back."—

Thus urged the prince his just demand:
And thus e'en Pelias kindly spake:

"Thy will be mine; but me the late
Remains of life's declining hour await;
Thy youth now wantons in its bloom;

Thou canst appease the subterranean powers;
The soul of Phryxus from the tomb

Calls me to bear him from Aietes' towers,
And seize the ponderous ram's refulgent hide,
That saved him from the raging tide;

"Saved from the incestuous step-dame's angrier
dart.

This to mine ear a dream miraculous
Hath told: for this have I with anxious heart
Castalia's counsels asked, that urged me thus
Thither with bark and band to speed—
Dare thou for me the adventurous deed,
And I will leave thee lord and king:
Jove, from whom all our races spring,
Be Jove himself our binding oath,
Witness and warrant of our troth."

This compact to the chiefs propounded, they
With full consent approved, and, parting, went
their way.*

From the Same.

THE SAILING OF THE ARGO.

AND soon as by the vessel's bow,
The anchor was hung up;
Then took the leader on the prow,
In hands, a golden cup;
And on great father Jove did call;
And on the winds, and waters all
Swept by the hurrying blast;
And on the nights, and ocean ways;
And on the fair auspicious days,

And sweet return at last.
From out the clouds, in answer kind,
A voice of thunder came;
And, shook in glistening beams around,
Burst out the lightning flame.
The chiefs breath'd free; and at the sign,
Trusted in the power divine.
Hinting sweet hopes, the seer cried,
Forthwith their oars to ply;
And swift went backward from rough hands,
The rowing ceaselessly.

Conducted by the breezy south,
They reached the stormy Axine's mouth;
There a shrine for Neptune rear'd;
Of Thracian bulls, a crimson herd
Was ready; and heav'n founded-stone,
Wide-spread, to lay the altar on.
Peril deep before them lay;
And to the Lord of ships they pray,
Amidst their ever-raging shocks,
To 'scape the jostle of fierce rocks.
For twain there were, alive, that whirl'd
Swifter than bellowing winds are hurl'd.
But now to them, that voyage blest
Brought their final day of rest.

FROM NEMEAN I.

THE INFANT HERCULES.

I PRAISE not him, whose palace stored
Reserves unsunn'd the secret hoard,
For private aims design'd.

Riches, for happiness employ'd,
Are with applause of all enjoy'd;
By friends, that share them, blest.
For common hopes to man are given;
Labour his lot, by will of heaven;
And naught, for self, possess.

Worth the theme, on Hercules
Gladly doth my spirit seize;
From the records of old story,
Waking up a tale of glory:
How, escaped the mother's pang,
Into wondrous-gleaming light,
With his twin-born brother sprang
The son of Jove; and from the height,
Seated on her throne of gold,
How Juno did the babe behold,
Where wrapt from jealous eye of day,
In yellow swaddling-bands, he lay.

Forthwith the queen, whom heav'n adores,
In angry mood, her dragons sent,
And rushing through the open doors,
To the wide chambers in they went;
Eager the children to enfold
With keen jaws in ravine roll'd.
But he against them, raised upright
His head, and first essay'd the fight;
Grasping by their necks the twain
With hands they struggled from in vain.
They hung and gasp'd, till life was tir'd;
Then from enormous folds expired.
Oppress the women sunk with dread,
That watched about Alcmena's bed;

* "We know nothing that gives us a more lively idea of the heroic age of Greece, than the original lines; the splendid appearance of Jason in the forum so strikingly painted—his frank answer to the crafty Pelias—the tender joy of the aged Æson at meeting his son—the five days feasting in preparation for the attack, and Jason's noble address—even the thoughtless easiness with which he is diverted from his purpose by the lure of a perilous and honourable adventure—all these savour of that time, at once patriarchal and heroic, to which our fancies recur with ever new delight."—*Quarterly Review*.

For she unclad had leapt to scare
The serpents from her infant lair.
Swift the Cadmean princes, arm'd
In glittering steel, throng'd in, alarm'd;
Amphitryon foremost of the ring,
His naked falchion brandishing,
Smitten with a pang severe.
Others pain we lightly bear;
But the woes, that home befall,
Press alike the hearts of all.

He stood. Delight and wonder mix'd
His step suspense, in silence, fix'd;
Surveying with a rapture wild,
The might and courage of his child:
And heav'n beyond his utmost thought,
Had turn'd the fearful news to nought.
A neighbouring seer he summoned straight,
Tiresias, who best knew
To read the dark decrees of fate;
Of Jove, a prophet true:
Who, to him and all the host,
His fortunes did explain:
What monsters he shall slay by land,
And what amidst the main:
And who, with fell ambition flown,
Shall from a high estate be thrown,
To meet, beneath his righteous doom,
A bitter lot, a timeless tomb.
And last of all, on Phlegra's coast,
When gods against the giant host
Should stand in dread array;
That underneath his weapons, must
Their radiant locks be smear'd in dust,
Did that diviner say.
And he with peace, his lot to close,
Shall dwell for aye in sweet repose;
Amid those mansions wondrous fair,
A portion with the gods to share;
And of his mighty toils the meed,
Hebe, the destined bride, shall lead,
In youthful beauty's bloom;
And the blessed spousal's ending,
Near Saturnian Jove ascending,
Gaze round upon the awful dome:

FROM NEMEAN III.

INNATE WORTH.

GREAT is the power of inbred nobleness:
But he, that all he hath to schooling owes,
A shallow wight obscure,
Plants not his step secure;
Feeding vain thoughts on phantoms number-
less,

Of genuine excellence mere outward shows.

In Phyllyra's house, a flaxen boy,
Achilles oft in rapturous joy
His feats of strength essay'd.
Aloof, like wind, his little javelin flew:
The lion and the brindled boar he slew
Then homeward to old Chiron drew
Their panting carcasses.
This, when six years had fled.
And all the after time
Of his rejoicing prime,

It was to Dian and the blue-eyed Maid,
A wonder how he brought to ground
The stag without or toils or hound:
So fleet of foot was he.

FROM NEMEAN VIII.

THE POETS PRAYER FOR A GUILTELESS AND BENEVOLENT DISPOSITION.

HATEFUL of old the glozing plea,
With bland imposture at his side,
Still meditating guile;
Fill'd with reproaches vile;
Who pulls the splendid down,
And bids th' obscure in fest'ring glory shine.

Such temper far remove, O Father Jove, from
me.

The simple paths of life be mine;
That when this being I resign,
I to my children may bequeath
A name they shall not blush to hear.
Others for gold the vow may breathe,
Or lands that see no limit near:
But fain would I live out my days,
Beloved by those with whom they're past,
In mine own city, till at last
In earth my limbs are clad;
Still praising what is worthy praise,
But scatt'ring censure on the bad.
For virtue by the wise and just
Exalted, grows up as a tree,
That springeth from the dust,
And by the green dews fed,
Doth raise aloft her head,
And in the blithe air waves her branches free.

FROM NEMEAN X.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

THEIR days with mutual interchange are
spent,

One with Father Jove on high,
And one within earth's caverns pent,
In the glens of Therapnæ.
Such their equal doom dispensed;
And this the life that Pollux chose
Rather than a god to be
And dwell in heav'n perpetually,
When Castor fell by blows
Of Idas' javelin, for his herd incensed.
As from Taygetus around he spied,
Lynceus, of mortals, keenest-eyed,
Had seen them ambush'd in a hollow oak.
On speedy foot forthwith they ran,
And swift their deed of blood began,
Those sons of Aphareus; on whom
Jove signal vengeance took.
For, after them, flew Leda's son;
And they, beside their father's tomb,
Stood to bide his coming on.

Snatching thence a carved stone,
The scutcheon of the dead,
They, at the breast of Pollux lovell'd it:
But him they did not bruise,

Nor forced a step retreat.
Then rushing on with violent spear,
In Lynceus' sides he drove
The steely point: while Jove,
On Idas, thunder dire
Flash'd, in whose smould'ring fire,
Deserted and alone, both perish'd there.
So ill are like to fare
Who levy war against their better's head.

Back to his brother, Pollux strode in haste,
Whom not yet dead he found,
But stretch'd upon the ground,
With short breath, shudd'ring, all aghast;
And dewing his warm tears with many a
groan,

Aloud he made his moan.
"Oh, Father Jove! what end
Shall to this anguish be?
Command death too for me
With him, O king! Honour no more is left
To one of friends bereft;
And few of mortals faithful are to lend
Their succour in calamity."
He ended; and before him stood
The Almighty Sire, and thus
Was heard in answering voice:
"Thou art my son: but him of mortal brood,
Engender'd after thee,
Thy mother to her husband bare.
But come: of these things yet I give thee choice.
If thou the doom of death
And hated age wouldst flee,
And in Olympus still abide with us
And Pallas and stern Mars of ebon spear;
This henceforth is thy lot.
But for thy brother if thou yet dost fight,
And art resolved of all
T' allow him equal share,
Then under earth, o'erwhelm'd,
Thou half thy days must breathe,
And half in heav'n amidst our golden hall."
Such were the words: and he
In counsel waver'd not,
But straight unclosed the sight
And then the voice of Castor brazen-helm'd.

FROM ISTHMIAN III.

Jove! our greatest virtues we,
Mortal beings owe thee.
Bliss thrives with such as fear thy sway,
But from the froward falls away.
The brave and good, in warbled strains,
Should win requital of their pains,
And, wafted by the choral throng,
Be borne in graceful pomp along.

FROM ISTHMIAN IV.

They, who their puissance never try,
Are lost in dumb obscurity;
And such, as strive, may haply meet,
Before the end, some strange defeat.
For Fortune, at her will, bestows
On mortal works the appointed close.

And sometimes have the better men,
Through guile of worse, supplanted been *

FROM ISTHMIAN VIII.

MARRIAGE OF PELEUS AND THETIS.

And Jove for Thetis with bright Neptune vied,
Each wishing her his bride,
By spell of love possess.

But they, the pow'rs divine averr'd,
Must from that nuptial bed refrain,
Soon as presageful lips they heard
Uter the sure prophetic strain.
For Themis, in the midst who sat,
Reveal'd the stern decree of fate;
That from the sea-nymph born, an heir,
Stronger than his sire, shall bear
Another weapon grasp'd in hand,
Mightier than the levin-brand,
Or than that three-forked mace;
If she meet in strict embrace
With the Sovran of the Sky,
Or his brother-deity.
"Cease then your suit. And let her brook
A mortal bed, and look
Upon a son in fight laid low;
With hands like Mars' to chase the foe,
And speed of foot, as lightning-shine.
To bid the spousal rites, be mine:
So her to Peleus I assign,
Son of Æacus, renown'd
O'er Iolcos' ample bound
For the man that honours most
With pious pray'r our saintly host.
To Chiron's everlasting den
Be the tidings swiftly sped:
Nor Nereus' child for us again
The petals of contention spread.
But when next that solemn eve
Duly doth the moon divide,
For the chieftain let her leave
Her lovely virgin zone aside."

The Goddess ended. And her speech
When the pow'rs Saturnian heard,
Their deathless brows they nodded each.
Nor without fruit her heav'nly word
Fell to the ground. For, as they say,
Jove himself did keep the day
Of Thetis' nuptials; and the rhymes
Of poets sage to stranger climes
Achilles early prowess show'd,
He, who the viny Mysian shore,
Sprinkling with empurpled gore
Of Telephus, bedew'd;

And for th' Atidæ bridged their homeward way;

* Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one, in dangerous times,
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
A smaller tally of the singular few
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.—
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Taylor's Philip Van Artevelde.

And ransom'd beauteous Helena;
 And cut the nerves of Troy in twain,
 That erst amid the battle fray
 Had stopt his lance's furious way;
 Memnon's might and Hector's pride;
 And many a glorious prince beside;
 Whom he pointing down their road
 To Proserpine's dark abode,
 In lustre gave alike to shine
 Ægina and his noble line.
 Nor when in death himself he lay,
 Lack'd he a sweet recording lay,
 But at his funeral pyre and sacred tomb,
 The Heliconian maidens, standing round,
 Pour'd forth in many a lamentable sound
 The dirgeful strain that told his timeless doom.
 For fav'ring Gods the brave consign
 E'en in their death to song divine.

A FRAGMENT.

TO THE SUN UNDER AN ECLIPSE.

BEAM of the Sun, Heaven-watcher, Thou, whose
 glance

Lights far and wide, unveil to me, unveil
 Thy brow, that once again mine eye may hail
 The lustre of thy cloudless countenance.
 Surpassing star! Why thus at noon of day
 Withdrawing, would'st thou mar

Man's stalwart strength and bar
 With dark obstruction Wisdom's winding way?
 Lo! on thy chariot-track
 Hangs midnight pitchy-black;
 While thou, from out thine ancient path afar,
 Hurriest thy belated car.
 But thee, by mightiest Jove, do I implore—
 O'er Thebes thy fleet steeds' flight
 To rein, with presage bright
 Of plenteousness and peace for evermore.
 Fountain of Light!—O venerated Power!—
 To all of earthly line
 A wonder and a sign,
 What terror threatenest thou at this dread hour?
 Doom of battle dost thou bring;
 Or cankerous blight, fruit-withering;
 Or crushing snow-showers' giant weight;
 Or faction, shatterer of the state;
 Or breaching seas poured o'er the plain;
 Or frost that fettereth land and spring;
 Or summer dank whose drenching wing
 Droops heavily with rain?
 Such fate, portendeth such, thy gloomy brow?
 Or, deluging beneath the imprison'd deep,
 This earth once more, man's infant race wilt
 thou
 Afresh from off the face of nature sweep?

PRATINAS.

[About 525 B. C.]

A PELOPONNESIAN of the city of Phlius, and author of several tragic and satiric dramas, now lost. On one occasion, during his acting at Athens, the wooden stage broke down under the

weight of the crowd, and much mischief having ensued, the Athenians set about building a theatre of more solid materials, and better adapted to the improving character of the Greek drama.

"Pratinas" (says Mr. Cumberland,) "struck out a considerable improvement in the orchestral part of his drama, by revoking the custom of allowing the minstrels to join the chaunt or strain with the chorus, and suffering them only to accompany with their pipes. The people, however, not yet weaned from their old prejudice for the noisy Bacchanalian songs of their village masques, opposed themselves violently against the innovation, when, in the midst of the tumult, Pratinas appeared on the stage in person, and, in a kind of Salian song, accompanied with dancing, addressed his audience to the following effect:

What means this tumult? Why this rage?
 What thunder shakes the Athenian stage?
 'Tis frantic Bromius bids me sing;
 He tunes the pipe, he smites the string;

The Dryads with their chief accord,
 Submit and hail the Drama's Lord.*
 Be still! and let distraction cease,
 Nor thus profane the Muse's peace.
 By sacred fiat I preside
 The Minstrel's master and his guide:
 He, while the choral strains proceed,
 Shall follow, with responsive reed;
 To measur'd notes, whilst they advance,
 He, in wild maze, shall lead the dance.
 So generals in the front appear,
 Whilst Music echoes from the rear.—
 Now silence each discordant sound!
 For, see, with ivy-chaplet crown'd,
 Bacchus appears! he speaks in me—
 Hear, and obey the God's decree.

* Pratinas had been the first to introduce satyrs and dryads with these lively songs and movements, and was, therefore, regarded as the inventor of the satiric drama.

EPICHARMUS.

[About 500 B. C.]

A NATIVE of Cos, and an inhabitant of Sicily; called by Theocritus the Inventor, and by Plato the "Homer," of Comedy. His dramas were partly mythological, and partly political; and the style and language as varied as the subjects of them; sometimes full of moral and gnomic sentiment, and, at others, degenerating into wildest buffoonery. The "Menæchmi" of Plautus is said to have been founded on one of his plays. Though he composed at least thirty-five, only an occasional fragment or sentence of any of them has descended to us.

MARRIAGE.

———Marriage is like
A cast of dice!—Happy indeed his lot
Who gets a good wife, one of morals pure
And withal easy temper;—but alight on
A gadding, gossiping, expensive jade,
And heaven deliver thee! 'Tis not a wife
Thou weddest, but an everlasting plague,
A devil in she's clothing. There is not
In the habitable globe so dire a torment;
I know it to my cost:—the better luck
Is his who never tried it.

GENEALOGIES.

Good gossip, if you love me, prate no more;—
What are your genealogies to me?

Away to those who have more need of them!
Let the degenerate wretches, if they can,
Dig up dead honour from their fathers' tombs
And boast it for their own,—vain, empty
boast!
When every common fellow, that they meet,
If accident hath not cut off the scroll,
Can show a list of ancestry as long,—
You call the Scythians barbarous, and despise
them;
Yet Anacharsis was a Scythian born;
And every man of a like noble nature,
Though he were moulded from an Æthiop's
loins,
Is nobler than your pedigrees can make him.

ONOMACRITUS.

[About 500 B. C.]

ONOMACRITUS was a priest and soothsayer of Athens, who professed to be in possession of certain oracular verses of the poet Musæus. He stood high in favour with Hipparchus; but being at length convicted of interpolating his own verses amongst those of Musæus, was banished by him as an impostor. He was afterwards one of the deputies from the princes of Thessaly to the Persian king, inviting him to invade Greece, and is said to have predicted to Xerxes that he should throw a bridge over the Hellespont; a prophecy which naturally enough tended to its own fulfilment. He was thought to be the real author of the poems ascribed to Orpheus. The probability, however, is that, being in possession of certain genuine Orphic fragments, he used them, (like another Macpherson,) as the groundwork of his own fabrications.

FROM THE ARGONAUTICS.

VISIT OF THE ARGONAUTS TO THE CAVE OF CHIRON.

THEN with a whistling breeze
did Juno fill the sail,
And Argo, self-impell'd,
shot swift before the gale.

The kings with nerve and heart
the oar unwearied plied;
Plough'd by the keel, foam'd white
th' immeasurable tide.
But when from Ocean's streams
the sacred dawn appear'd,
And morning's pleasant light
both gods and mortals cheer'd;

Then, from the shore, the rocks
 and windy summits high
 Of wood-topt Pelion rear'd
 their beacon midst the sky.
 The helm, with both his hands,
 the pilot Tiphys held;
 The vessel cut the wave,
 with quiet course impell'd;
 Then swift they near'd the shore;
 the wooden ladder cast,
 And forth the heroes leap'd,
 relieved from labours past.
 Then to the circling throng
 the horseman Peleus cried;
 "Mark, friends! yon shadowing crag,
 midway the mountain side:
 There Chiron dwells, most just
 of all the Centaur race,
 That haunt high Pelion's top;
 a cave his dwelling place.
 He there awards the right,
 or heals the body's pains;
 And chaunts to neighbouring tribes,
 oracular, his strains.
 To Phœbus' chorded harp,
 the laws, in wisdom, sings;
 Or Hermes' hollow lute,
 of shell sonorous, strings;
 And therefore Thetis came,
 with silver feet, to trace
 High Pelion's waving woods,
 my babe in her embrace;
 And here to Chiron's hands,
 the new-born infant brought,
 To cherish with a father's eye,
 and rear with prudent thought.
 Indulge my longing, friends!
 with me the cavern tread,
 To mark how fares my boy;
 how gifted, and how bred."
 He trod the beaten path;
 we follow'd where he led;
 We enter'd straight a grot,
 of gloomy twilight shade:
 There on a lowly couch,
 the Centaur huge was laid.
 At length unmeasured stretch'd,
 his rapid legs were thrown;
 And, shod with horny hoofs,
 reclin'd upon the stone.
 The boy Achilles stood,
 erect, beside the sire;
 And smote with pliant hand
 the spirit-soothing lyre.
 But, when the Centaur saw
 the noble kings appear,
 He rose with courteous act, and kiss'd,
 and brought them dainty cheer.
 The wine in beakers served,
 the branchy couches spread
 With scatter'd leaves, and placed
 each guest upon his bed.
 In dishes rude the flesh
 of boars and stags bestowed;
 While draughts of luscious wine
 in equal measure flow'd.

But now, when food and drink
 had satisfied the heart,
 With loud, applauding hands,
 they urged my minstrel's art:
 That I, in contest match'd
 against the Centaur sire,
 Should, to some wide-famed strain,
 attune the ringing lyre.
 But I, averse, forbore
 in contest to engage,
 And blush'd, that youth should vie
 with more experienced age,
 Till Chiron join'd the wish,
 himself prepared to sing;
 And forced me to contend,
 reluctant, on the string.
 Achilles stretch'd his hand,
 and gave the beauteous shell,
 Which Chiron took, and sang
 the Centaur combat fell:
 How them the Lapithæ
 for daring outrage slew;
 How, mad with strength of wine,
 'gainst Hercules they flew;
 And him, on Pholoe's mount,
 to stubborn conflict drew.
 I next the lute received,
 of echo sweet and shrill,
 And bade my breathing lips
 their honour'd song distil:
 In dark and mystic hymn,
 I sang of Chaos old,
 How the parted elements
 in round alternate roll'd;
 Heaven flow'd through boundless space,
 and earth her teeming train
 Fed from her ample breast, and deep
 in whirlpools heaved the main.
 I sang of elder Love,
 who, self-sufficing, wrought
 Creation's differing forms,
 with many-counsel'd thought.
 Of baneful Saturn next,
 and how the heaven above
 Fell with its regal sway
 to thunder-launching Jove.
 I sang the younger gods,
 whence rose their various birth,
 How spread their separate powers
 through sea, and air, and earth.
 Of Brimus, and of Bacchus last,
 and giants' mystic fame,
 And whence man's weaker race arose,
 of many-nation'd name.
 Through winding cavities,
 that scop'd the rocky cell,
 With tone sonorous thrill'd
 my sweetly vocal shell.
 High Pelion's mountain-heads,
 and woody valleys round,
 And all his lofty oaks
 remurmur'd to the sound.
 His oaks uprooted rush,
 and all tumultuous wave,
 Around the darken'd mouth
 of Chiron's hollow cave.

The rocks re-echo shrill;
 the beasts of forest wild
 Stand at the cavern's mouth,
 in listening trance beguill'd:
 The birds surround the den;
 and, as in weary rest,
 They drop their fluttering wings,
 forgetful of the nest.
 Amazed the Centaur saw:
 his clapping hands he beat,
 And stamp'd in extasy the rock
 with hoof'd and horny feet.
 When Tiphys threads the cave,
 and bids the Minyan train
 To hurry swift on board;
 and thus I ceased my strain.
 The Argonauts leap'd up in haste,
 and snatch'd their arms again.
 Then Peleus to his breast
 his boy, embracing, rears;
 Kissing his head and beauteous eyes,
 and smiling through his tears.
 Achilles so was soothed;
 and, as I left the cave,
 A leopard's spotted skin,
 in pledge, the Centaur gave.
 Forth from the den we sprang,
 down from the mountain high;
 The aged Centaur spread
 his raised hands tow'rd's the sky:
 And call'd on all the gods
 a safe return to give,
 That, fam'd in ages yet unborn,
 the youthful kings might live.
 Descending to the shore,
 we climb'd the bark again;
 Each press'd his former bench
 and lash'd with oar the main;
 Huge Pelion's mountain swift
 receded from our view,
 And o'er vast Ocean's green expanse
 the foam white-chafing flew.

TO THE MOON.

HEAVENLY Selene! goddess queen!
 that shedd'st abroad the light!
 Bull-horned moon! air-habiting!
 thou wanderer through the night!
 Moon, bearer of the nightly torch!
 thou star-encircled maid!
 Female at once, and male the same;
 still fresh, and still decay'd!
 Thou! that in thy steeds delight'st,
 as they whirl thee through the sky:
 Clothed in brightness! mighty mother
 of the rapid years that fly!
 Fruit-dispenser! amber-visaged!
 melancholy, yet serene!
 All-beholding! sleep-enamour'd!
 still with trooping planets seen!
 Quiet-loving! who in pleasure,
 and in plenty takest delight!
 Joy-diffusing! fruit-maturing!
 sparkling ornament of night!

Swiftly-pacing! ample-vested!
 star-bright! all-divining maid!
 Come benignant! come spontaneous!
 with thy starry sheen array'd!
 Sweetly-shining! save us, virgin!
 give thy holy suppliants aid!

FROM THE ORPHIC REMAINS.

I.

ONE self-existent lives: created things
 Arise from him; and he is all in all.
 No mortal sight may see him; yet himself
 Sees all that live. He out of good can bring
 Evil to men: dread battle; tearful woes;
 He, and no other. Open to thy sight
 Were all the chain of things, could'st thou behold
 The Godhead, ere as yet he stepp'd on earth.
 My son! I will display before thine eyes
 His footsteps, and his mighty hand of power.
 Himself I cannot see. The rest is veil'd
 In clouds; and ten-fold darkness intercepts
 His presence. None discerns the Lord of men,
 But he, the sole begotten, of the tribe
 Of old Chaldeans: he, to whom was known
 The path of stars, and how the moving sphere
 Rolls round this earth, in equal circle framed,
 Self-balanced on her centre. 'Tis the God,
 Who rules the breathing winds, that sweep around
 The vault of air, and round the flowing swell
 Of the deep, watery element; and shows
 Forth, from on high, the glittering strength of
 flame.

Himself, above the firmament's broad arch,
 Sits, on a throne of gold: the round earth lies
 Under his feet. He stretches his right hand
 To th' uttermost bounds of ocean, and the root
 Of mountains trembles at his touch; nor stands
 Before his mighty power. For he, alone,
 All-heavenly is, and all terrestrial things
 Are wrought by him. First, midst, and last, he
 holds

With his omniscient grasp. So speaks the lore
 Of ancient wisdom: so the man, who sprang
 Forth from the cradling waters, speaks: who took
 The double tables of the law from God;
 Thou to speak, were impious. Every limb
 I tremble, and my spirit quakes within.

II.

JOVE is the first and last;
 who th' infant thunder hurl'd;
 Jove is the head and midst;
 the framer of the world;
 Jove is a male; a nymph
 of bloom immortal, Jove;
 Jove is the base of earth,
 and starry Heaven above.
 Jove is the breath of all;
 the force of quenchless flame;
 The root of ocean, Jove;
 the sun and moon, the same.
 Jove is the King, the Sire,
 whence generation sprang;
 One strength, one Demon, great,
 on whom all beings hang;

His regal body grasps
the vast material round;
There fire, earth, air, and wave,
and day, and night are found;
Wisdom, first maker, there,
and joy-prolific Love;
All these centering fill
the mighty frame of Jove.

FROM THE LITHICS.

Th' immortal gods will view thee with delight,
If thou should'st hold the agate, branching bright

With veins, like many a tree, that rears its head
In some fair garden, with thick boughs bespread:
As the tree agate, thus, to mortals known,
In part a branchy wood; in part a stone.
If on thy oxen's horns this gem be bound,
When with the cleaving share they turn the
ground;
Or on th' unwearied ploughman's shoulder borne,
Then shall thy furrows spring with thickening
corn:
Full-bosom'd Ceres, with the wheaten crown,
Shall lean from Heaven and scatter harvests
down.

SOPHOCLES.

[Born 495, Died 405, B. C.]

SOPHOCLES was born, at Colonos near Athens, of respectable and opulent parents, who had him educated in all the learning and accomplishments of the times. His first exhibition was at the early age of sixteen, when he appeared in the character of exarch, or leader of the Athenian youths, who had been selected to perform the triumphant Pæan around the trophy of Salamis. In 468, being then twenty-seven, as well as in many subsequent years, he bore off the first prizes in Tragedy,—on one occasion, from Æschylus himself, whose vast but rugged grandeur was less in harmony with the reigning taste than the artful and polished genius of his younger rival. In 440, Sophocles was amongst the colleagues of Pericles and Thucydides in the Samian war,—an appointment said to have been the reward of his political wisdom, as displayed in his Tragedy of Antigone, but which he more probably owed to his popular manners, serenity of temper, and even laxity, or rather want of public principle.* He held other high offices of

State, but it was by his Tragedies, and not by his military or political services, that he earned for himself the immortality which is so justly his due, and which can only cease with the divine language in which he wrote. The story of his son Iophon having attempted to remove him from the management of his property on the ground of dotage or lunacy, and of his having repelled the charge by reading to the Judges his beautiful Ode in praise of his native Colonos, though received by Cicero, is now supposed, on further examination and comparison of dates, circumstances, and historical allusions, to be very apocryphal, if not altogether void of foundation.

Sophocles died at the age of 90, leaving behind him upwards of one hundred Tragedies, of which only seven have come down to our times.

* "His serenity, like that of Goethe, has in it something of enviable, rather than honourable, indifference. He owed his first distinction to Cimon, and he served afterwards under Pericles;—on his entrance into life, he led

the youths that circled the trophy of Grecian freedom, and, on the verge of death, he calmly assented to the surrender of Athenian liberties. In short, Aristophanes perhaps mingled more truth than usual with his wit, when, even in the shades below, he says of Sophocles, 'He was contented here—he is contented there.' A disposition thus facile, united with an admirable genius, will not unfrequently effect a miracle and reconcile prosperity with fame."—*Balcan Lytton's Athens.*

FROM KING ŒDIPUS.

LAIUS, king of Thebes, having learned from the Oracle, that he was destined to perish by the hand of his own son, commands his wife, Jocasta, to destroy the infant as soon as born. The mother accordingly gave the child to a domestic, with orders to expose him on Mount Cithæron. There he is found by one of the shepherds of Polybus, king of Corinth, who, having no children, adopts him as his own. On arriving at years of maturity, Œdipus goes to consult the

Oracle concerning his parents and history; and being told that he would commit both parricide and incest, resolves on returning to Corinth no more. Travelling, however, towards Phœcis he meets Laius, and in a dispute which ensues,—ignorant of the name and quality of his opponent,—slays him. He then proceeds to Thebes, destroys the Sphinx, a monster which was infesting the land, and, in reward, is raised to the throne and honoured with the hand of the widowed queen. Œdipus reigns, for a while, powerful and beloved; but a pestilence at length

ensues, and Creon, the brother of Jocasta, having been despatched to Delphi to learn the cause, brings back word that the plague will never cease until the blood of Laius is avenged. An investigation follows, and the horrid secret is brought to light; whereupon Jocasta destroys herself, and Œdipus, having torn out his own eyes, relinquishes the throne, and departs an exile from Thebes.

ŒDIPUS, TIRESIAS, CHORUS.

Œd. Tiresias, whose expansive mind surveys
All man can learn, or solemn silence seal,
The signs of heaven, and secrets of the earth;
Though sight is quenched in darkness, well thou
know'st

The fatal plague that desolates our Thebes;
From which, O prince, we hope to find in thee
Our help, and sole preserver. List, if yet
Thou hast not heard his mandate,—the response
Return'd by Phœbus. Never shall this pest
Cease its wide desolation, till we seize,
And on the assassins of the murdered king
Avenge his fall by exile or by death.
O then refuse not thou, if thou hast aught
Of augury or divination sure,
To save thyself, thy country, and thy king,
And ward this foul pollution of the dead.
We trust in thee. Of all our earthly toils
The best and noblest is to aid mankind.

Ti. Ah! woe is me! for wisdom is but woe,
When to be wise avails not. This I knew,
But ill remembered, or I ne'er had come.

Œd. What may this mean! and whence this
strange dismay?

Ti. Dismiss me to my home: this grace con-
ferred,

Thou wilt endure thy griefs, I mine, more lightly.

Œd. It were unjust, ungrateful to the state,
Which hath sustained thee, to withhold thy
counsel.

Ti. Thy words are most untimely to thyself.
Let me beware, lest I too swerve from caution.

Ch. Oh, by the gods, refuse not what thou
canst.

In one assenting prayer we all implore thee.

Ti. For ye are all unwise. Be well assured,
I will not speak and publish thy despair.

Œd. Dost thou then know and wilt not speak
the truth?

Wilt thou betray us, and subvert thy country?

Ti. I would not injure thee, nor wound my-
self.

Why urge me thus? nought shalt thou hear from
me.

Œd. Basest of villains! for thou wouldst excite
The insensate rock to wrath, wilt thou not speak?
Still dost thou stand un pitying and unmoved?

Ti. Thou hast reproved my warmth, yet little
know'st

What dwells in thine own bosom, though on me
Thou heap'st reproach.

Œd. And who could calmly hear
Such words, so shameful to thine injured country?

Ti. Soon will these things appear, though I be
silent.

Œd. Doth it not then behove thee to declare
What soon shall come to light?

Ti. I'll speak no more.
Indulge this lawless passion at thy will.

Œd. Naught will I now suppress, since anger
prompts

My unreserv'd speech. I do suspect thee
Accomplice of the deed, save that thy hand
Struck not the mortal blow; had sight been thine,
I then had charged thee as the only villain!

Ti. Ha! is it thus? Nay, then, I tell thee,
king!

Adhere to thine own edict; from this hour
No more hold converse or with these or me.
Thou art the sole polluter of our land.

Œd. Art thou so lost to shame, as to indulge
A taunt like this. Think'st thou to 'scape un-
scathed!

Ti. I have escaped: the might of truth is mine.

Œd. By whom informed?—not through thy
prescient art.

Ti. By thee; thy will constrained me thus to
speak,

Though most reluctant.

Œd. What! Repeat thy words
That I may learn more clearly.

Ti. Know'st thou not
Before, or wouldst thou tempt me to speak on?

Œd. I have not caught thy purport. Speak
again.

Ti. I say thou art the murderer whom thou
seekest.

Œd. Thou shalt not vent that slander twice
unpunished.

Ti. Shall I proceed and fire thy rage to frenzy?

Œd. Speak what thou wilt, it will be said in
vain.

Ti. Thou dost not know what guilty ties unite
thee

To those thou deem'st most dear; thou dost not
see

The ills that close thee round.

Œd. And dost thou hope
Again to triumph in thy vaunt unharmed?

Ti. If there be aught of potency in truth.

Œd. There is, but not for thee. Thou hast it
not,

Dark in thine eye, in heart and ear yet darker.

Ti. Wretched art thou in thus upbraiding me,
Whom all, ere long, shall urge with like reproach.

Œd. Nurtured in night alone, thou canst not
harm

The man who views the living light of heaven.

Ti. 'Tis not thy doom to fall by me; for this
Phœbus is mighty, who will work the whole.

Œd. Didst thou, or Creon, frame these sage
inventions?

Ti. Not Creon wrongs thee, thou dost wrong
thyself.

Œd. O wealth, O empire, and thou nobler art,
Potent o'er all to brighten life with joy,

What baleful envy on your splendour waits!

Since for these regal honours, which the state

Confided to my hand, a boon unsought,

Creon, my first and once most faithful friend,

By traitorous cunning saps my rightful sway,

And hath suborned this dark designing wizard,
This scheming specious sorcerer, skilled alone
To seek his profit, sightless in his art.
When didst thou ever prove a faithful prophet?
Why, when the monster screamed her mystic
charm

Didst thou not break it to redeem thy country?
To solve th' enigma was no chance emprise;
Well might such task demand the prophet's aid!
Yet nought from divination couldst thou learn;
Nought did the gods inform thee: then I came,
This unexperienced Œdipus, and, led
By reason, not by auguries, quelled the foe;—
Whom now thou seek'st to banish, deeming thus
To stand in state usurped near Creon's throne;
But thou, with him who shared thy base designs,
Shall feel our righteous vengeance. Save that
age

Some reverence claims, now would I teach thee
wisdom.

Ch. If we conjecture right, the prophet spake
In vehement wrath; thus too, O king, thou
speakest.

Such ill besseems our state: 'twere best to seek
How we may trace the pleasure of the god.

Ti. Though thou art monarch, yet with like
reproach

Thy slanders will I quiet, for this I can;
To thee I am no vassal, but to Phæbus;
Nor will I look to Creon as my patron.
Know, since my blindness wakes thy keen
reproach,

Clear-sighted as thou art, thou dost not see
What ills enclose thee—where thou hast thy
home—

With whom that home is shared. Art thou ap-
prized

Who gave thee birth? Thou art th' unconscious foe
Of thine own race on earth, and in the tomb:
Soon shall thy father's, soon thy mother's, curse
With fearful stride expel thee from the land;
Now blest with sight,—then, plunged in endless
gloom.

Ere long what shore shall not attest thy cries?
How will they echo from Cithæron's brow,
When thou shalt learn that marriage, where
impelled,

As, with propitious gales, in evil port
Thy heedless bark had anchored. Seest thou not
A gathering storm of miseries, doomed ere long
To burst alike on thee and on thy children?
Vent now on Creon and my prescient word
Thy keen upbraidings. None of mortal race
Hath ever fallen so low as thou shalt fall.

Œd. Must I then brook such shameless taunts
from thee?

A curse light on thee, babbler! to thy home
Away, and rid us of thy hateful presence.

Ti. But for thy summons, I had never come.

Œd. I little dreamed that thou wouldst prate
so weakly,

Or never had I sought thy presence here.

Ti. Though to thy better wisdom void of sense
We seem, thy parents once esteemed us wise.

Œd. Who are they? Stop and tell who gave
me birth.

Ti. This day will show thy birth, and seal thy
ruin.

Œd. How wild, and how mysterious are thy
words!

Ti. Art thou not skilled t' unriddle this enigma?

Œd. Reproach the path that led me up to
greatness.

Ti. That very path hath led thee to perdition.

Œd. I reck not that, so I preserve the state.

Ti. Then I depart. Thou, boy, conduct me
hence.

Œd. Aye, let him lead thee hence. Here thou
dost nought

But plague us; rid of thee we may have peace.

Ti. I go; but first will do mine errand here,
By thy stern looks unawed. Thou canst not
harm me.

I tell thee, king, the man whom thou hast sought
With fearful menaces, denouncing death
On Laius' murderer, that man is here.

In words he seems an alien, yet shall prove
By birth a Theban, nor in this disclosure
Shall long exult. From sight reduced to blindness,
To penury from wealth, he shall go forth
To foreign climes by a frail staff directed.

Then to his children shall be proved at once

A brother and a father; and to her

Who gave him birth a husband and a son,

Co-rival of the father whom he slew.

Seek now thy palace, and reflect on this;

And, if thou find my bodings unfulfilled,

Deem me untutored in prophetic lore.

[*Exeunt* TIRESIAS and ŒDIPUS.]

CREON, CHORUS.

Cr. O citizens, of that atrocious crime
With which the king doth charge me, late apprized,
Such charge I cannot brook. If, in the hour
Of general suffering, he suspect that I
Have sought to wrong him, or in word or act,
E'en life itself were valueless to me,
Thus coupled with dishonour.

Ch. He but spoke
From passion, not from cool deliberate judgment.

Cr. Whence could it seem, that, by our wiles
suborned,

The prophet framed these falsehoods?

Ch. So indeed
The king affirmed; but on what grounds, I know
not.

Cr. With mind unwarped, and unperturbed eye
Did he thus charge me?

Ch. Sooth I cannot tell;
I do not scrutinize the acts of princes.

But lo! himself approaches from the palace.

Enter ŒDIPUS.

Œd. Ha, wherefore cam'st thou hither? Is thy
brow

So armed with bold presumption, that thou dar'st
Still tread our courts, a false convicted traitor,
Convicted in thy scheme to shed our blood,
And steal into a throne? Say, by the gods
What folly, what supineness, hast thou marked
In me, to form an enterprise like this?
Or didst thou think I had no eye to trace

Thy wiles—when traced, no firmness to revenge them?

Cr. Know'st thou what thou wouldst do? To our reply

Grant first impartial audience; learn, then judge.

Æd. Aye, thou art mighty in the strife of words;

But I am slow to learn of one like thee,

Whom I have proved rebellious and perverse.

Cr. First do thou hear what I would fain reply.

Æd. So thou reply not thus, "I am no villain."

Cr. If thou dost deem this self-willed senseless pride

Will aught avail thee, thou art most unwise.

Æd. And if thou deem'st to mock thy kinsman's wrongs

And 'scape unpunished, thou art most unwise.

Cr. Thy words have show of justice, but explain

Wherein I thus have wronged thee.

Æd. Didst thou then,

Or didst thou not, persuade me here to summon

This holy and most venerable prophet?

Cr. I did, and still my counsel is the same.

Æd. How long a space hath now elapsed since Laius—

Cr. What act performed? I cannot see thy drift.

Æd. Fell thus obscurely by a ruffian hand?

Cr. We must retrace a length of years obscure.

Æd. Did this sage prophet then profess his art?

Cr. Unmatched, as now, in wisdom, and esteemed

With equal reverence.

Æd. Did he at the time

Make mention of my name?

Cr. Never; at least

Not in my presence.

Æd. Did ye not enforce

Strict inquisition for your murdered lord?

Cr. How could we pass it by? Our search was vain.

Æd. Why spake not then this sage diviner thus?

Cr. I know not, and strict silence would preserve

On points unknown.

Æd. One point at least thou know'st,

And, if true wisdom guide thee, will disclose it.

Cr. Name it! I will not aught I know deny.

Æd. Were not the prophet basely leagued with thee,

He had not charged me with the death of Laius.

Cr. If thus he speaks, thou know'st. I claim in turn

To ask of thee as thou hast ask'd of me.

Æd. Ask what thou wilt, I never shall be proved

A base assassin.

Cr. Is my sister thine,

Thine by the nuptial tie?

Æd. To such a question

I cannot give denial.

Cr. Dost thou not

Divide with her the empire of the land?

Æd. 'Tis my chief pride to grant her every wish.

Cr. Do not I hold an equal rank with both?

Æd. Thence dost thou seem indeed a faithless friend.

Cr. Not if thou weigh my words, as I weighed thine,

With cool and temperate judgment. First reflect,

Who would prefer the terrors of a throne

To fearless sleep, with equal power combined?

Nor I, nor any whom true wisdom guides,

Would seek the empty pageant of a crown,

Before the real potency of kings.

Now, void of fears, I gain my wish with thee;

Were I a king, full oft must I renounce it.

How, then, could empire be to me more dear

Than this serene, yet not less potent, sway?

I am not thus by flattering hope beguiled,

To quit substantial good for empty honour.

All now is pleasure; all men court me now;

They who desire thy favour seek my aid

To advocate their cause; through me they gain

The boon solicited, and should I then

Renounce such pleasures for the pomp of empire?

So wild a scheme the prudent soul discards.

Such plots I never loved, and would disdain

To mingle with the guilty band who frame them.

If thou dost seek a proof, to Delphi send;

Ask if aright the oracle I brought thee.

Shouldst thou detect me leaguings with the seer

To work thee wrong, be instant death my meed,

Twice doomed,—by thy decree, and by mine own;

But tax me not with guilt on vague suspicion.

To deem the good unworthy, or account

Alike the base and noble, is unjust.

The man who drives an upright friend to exile,

Doth wound himself no less, than if he struck

At his own valued life. Of this, in time,

Shalt thou be well convinced; long space it asks

To prove the stainless honour of the just,

One day suffices to detect a traitor.

Ch. Well hath he said, O king, to one forewarned

Of falling; quick resolves are rarely safe.

Æd. When one is quick to frame insidious plots,

I too have need of quickness to repel him.

If I remain inactive, he will gain

His traitorous end, while my slow cares avail not.

Cr. What is thy will?—To force me into exile?

Æd. Nay, exile shall not be thy doom, but death.

Cr. When thou hast proved what merits such a sentence.

Æd. Yet will I rule.

Cr. Thou shalt not tyrannise.

Æd. Thebes! Thebes!

Cr. And I too have a part in Thebes;

It is not thine alone.

Ch. Princes, forbear!

In happy moment, lo! from out the palace

Jocasta comes; her presence may appease

The growing rancour of this desperate strife.

Enter JOCASTA.

Joc. Why, O unhappy princes! have ye raised
This unadvised strife, nor blush to wake
Your private feuds when public woes distract us?
Wilt thou not home, my lord, and thou too, Creon,
Nor from slight cause excite severer ills?

Cr. My sister, Ædipus, thy husband, wills me
Foul wrong. One of two ills awaits my choice;
Or death, or exile from my native land.

Æd. I own it; for I have detected him
In basest practices against my life.

Cr. If I have done it, if the charge be true,
May heaven's dread curse descend at once to
blast me.

Joc. Oh, by the gods, my Ædipus, believe him;
Revere the solemn test that seals his truth;
Regard me, too, and these thy faithful friends.

Strophe I.

Ch. By prompt reflection swayed,
O king! I pray thee, yield.

Æd. Wherein shall I accord thy prayer?

Ch. Revere the prince, before
Not senseless proved, now bound by solemn oath.

Æd. Know'st thou what thou would'st ask?

Ch. I know.

Æd. Then speak.

Ch. Forbear to charge a friend with crimes
unproved,

Who calls the gods to witness for his truth.

Æd. In such request, know well, thou dost but
seek

Thy monarch's death, or exile from the land.

Strophe II.

Ch. No! by yon radiant sun,
Prince of the powers above,
Low may I fall, a godless, friendless wretch,
If e'er my bosom harboured thought like this.
'Tis my poor country's woe
That rankles in my breast,
And now must strike a deeper blow,
If to our common ills be added yours.

Æd. Then let him hence, though certain death
ensue,

Or I be thrust with infamy to exile.

Thy plea awakes my sympathy, not his;

Go where he will, my quenchless hate attend him.

Cr. Even in relenting art thou stern; thy wrath
Too far indulged, most fearful. Souls like thine
Are the just authors of their own remorse.

Æd. Wilt thou not leave me, and depart?

Cr. I go,
Unknown by thee, but still by these deemed
righteous.

[*Exit CREON.*]

Antistrophe I.

Ch. Why, lady, dost thou pause
To lead thy lord away?

Joc. First tell me what inflamed their wrath?

Ch. Suspicion from dark words

Arose; and e'en a groundless charge offends.

Joc. By both preferred?

Ch. E'en so.

Joc. And what the cause?

Ch. Enough, enough I deem it, when the State
Is plunged in grief, to cease where they too
ceased.

Æd. Mark how thy speech, although I know
thee worthy,
Tends but to trouble and depress my heart!

Antistrophe II.

Ch. My lord, I spoke not once
Unmeaning words alone.

But deem me void of wisdom, and bereft

Of sage reflection, if I fall from thee,

Who, when in adverse storms

My much-loved country strove,

Didst steer her to a prosperous port.

O, if thou canst, be thus our pilot now!

Joc. Nay, by the gods, inform me too, O king!
What to such rancour first inflamed thy wrath?

Æd. I will, for I revere thee more than these;

'Twas Creon, who hath framed a treacherous wile.

Joc. Say, if thou canst convict him of the crime.

Æd. He dares to tax me with the death of
Laius.

Joc. Himself th' accuser, or apprized by others?

Æd. He hath suborned that false malignant
seer,

Who claims free license for his slanderous tongue.

Joc. Dispel the thoughts that agitate thy breast.

Hear me, and learn, that none of mortal birth

Can trace the future by prophetic skill.

The proof of this concisely will I show.

An oracle to Laius once came forth,

(I will not say by Phœbus self denounced,

But by his ministers.) that fate ordained him

To perish by a son whom I should bear;—

And yet, as rumour tells, where three ways meet,

By foreign ruffians was the monarch slain.

Our child was born, but ere three days had past,

Piercing the joints, he bound the infant's feet,

And cast him forth by menial hands to die

On an untrodden rock. In nought the word

Of Phœbus was fulfilled;—nor was the child

His father's murderer, nor did Laius meet

The doom he dreaded from a filial hand;

Yet thus the doughty oracles declared.

Then heed them not. If Phœbus wills the
search,

He will himself the latent truth disclose.

Æd. O lady, as I listen, how my thoughts

Distemp'ered wander, and my soul is torn!

Joc. What strange solicitude prompts words
like these?

Æd. I heard, or seem to hear, that Laius fell
Beneath the ruffian band, where three ways meet.

Joc. So rumour whispered then, and I still pro-
claims.

Æd. What region was the scene of this dark
deed?

Joc. Phocis the realm is called, the parted road
From Delphi and from Daulia blends in one.

Æd. What time hath now elapsed since this
befel?

Joc. 'Twas through the State divulged, short
time ere thou

Didst rise in glory to the throne of Thebes.

Æd. Almighty Jove! to what hast thou reserved me?

Joc. My *Ædipus*, what means this wild dismay?

Æd. Oh, ask not, ask not, tell me of this *Laius*. What was his aspect, what his age, O speak!

Joc. His port was lofty, the first snows of age Had tinged his locks; his form resembled thine.

Æd. Wretch that I am, on mine own head, it seems

Have I called down this dread destroying curse.

Joc. How say'st thou, king! I tremble to behold thee.

Æd. I fear the prophet saw, alas! too clearly. One question more, and all will be disclosed.

Joc. I tremble—but will truly tell thee all.

Æd. Went the king private, or with many guards

Encompassed, as became his regal sway?

Joc. His followers were but five—a herald one; Sole rode the monarch in a single car.

Æd. Alas! Alas! 'tis all too evident; But, lady, who this sad narration brought?

Joc. A slave, the sole survivor of the train.

Æd. Is he now present in the palace?

Joc. No.

Returning thence, when he beheld thee crowned Monarch in Thebes, and *Laius* now no more, Claspings my hand, with suppliant prayers he craved

Some rural charge to tend our herds afar, Where never more might he behold the city.

Such charge I gave assenting; though a slave, He well deserved a richer recompense.

Æd. How can we bid his instant presence hither?

Joc. Soon shall he come. Yet wherefore seek'st thou this?

Æd. I tremble, lady, for myself, and much Hath now been said to wake my wish to see him.

Joc. He will arrive ere long. Meanwhile, O king,

I, too, am worthy to partake thy cares.

Æd. I will not this deny thee, to such height Of expectation raised; to whom more dear Could I confide my fortunes, than to thee?

My sire was Polybus, fair Corinth's lord,

My mother Merope, of Doric race;

I, too, was counted noblest of the State,

Till chanced a strange event that claimed my wonder,

Though scarce deserving of the care it caused.

One at a banquet, in a drunken mood,

Reviled me, as not sprung from Polybus.

Oppressed with weighty thoughts, throughout the day

I scarce could curb my wrath, and on the next, From both my parents warmly asked the truth.

They heard my tale, incensed with deepest rage Against th' inebriate babbler. Though with them I was delighted, yet th' opprobrious taunt

Burnt in my breast, and rankled in my soul. Unknown to both, I hastened to the shrine

Of Delphi; Phœbus, reckless of my prayer,

Dismissed me thence dishonoured; but denounced A long, long train of dark and fearful sorrows;—

That I, in wedlock to my mother bound, Should bring to light a race accursed of men, And in a father's blood my hands imbrue.

Hearing these bodings dire, I bade farewell

To the loved realm of Corinth, by the stars

My wandering course directing far away,

That never, never might I see the shame

Of those dread oracles fulfilled in me.

I passed those very regions in my course

Where fell the murdered monarch. To thee, lady,

I will reveal the truth. As I pursued

My onward journey, nigh the triple path

A herald there encountered me, with one

Borne, as thou said'st in single car sublime.

The leader then, and that old chieftain too,

With violent impulse thrust me from the path;

I struck the rude aggressor in mine anger,

But the old man observing, when I passed

Beside his chariot, with his double goad

Smote on my brow. Unequal was the meed

My hand returned. I raised my vengeful staff,

And straight he rolled expiring from the car.

I slew the whole. But, if this stranger prove

The murdered *Laius*, who of all mankind

Exists more deeply wretched than myself.

Oh! who more hateful to th' avenging gods?

Nor citizen, nor stranger to my need

Henceforth may grant the refuge of a home;

And I, howe'er unconscious, on myself

Invoked the withering curse. I, by whose hand

His blood was shed, pollute this nuptial couch—

Am I not all abandoned, all defiled?

If I must fly, and, flying, ne'er behold

My best-loved friends, or tread my natal earth,

Or else am doom'd, in most unnatural ties,

To wed my mother, and my father slay,

Good Polybus, who gave me life and nurture,

Would he not rightly judge who deemed these woes

The work of some inexorable god?

Never, O never, ye most Holy Powers,

May I behold that day. Oh, may I sink

To death's more friendly darkness, ere my life

Be marked and sullied by a stain so foul.

Ch. Thy words, O king! are fearful; yet retain

Thy hope, till from this herdsman thou hast heard.

Æd. I but await his presence, for in him

Concentrates all the hope that now is left me.

Joc. When he arrives, what is thy purpose next?

Æd. I will inform thee; if his tale agree

With thine in all things, I escape the crime.

Joc. What of such moment did my words imply?

Æd. Thou said'st, the man ascribed the death of *Laius*

To banded ruffians; if he still adhere

To this report, I am at once absolved;—

The deed of numbers is no deed of one:

If he but name a single murderer,

'Tis but too plain the deadly act was mine.

Joc. But this, be well convinced, he then affirmed,

Nor can he now retract his former tale—

Not I alone, th' assembled State is witness.
If aught he change the tenor of his words,
Still, my good lord, it cannot thence appear
That Laius fell, as Phœbus' voice foretold,
Slain by my son. Alas! my hapless child
Slew not,—but perished ere his father fell.
So lightly do I hold each oracle,
No longer would I waste a thought on either.

Æd. Nor can I blame thee; but with speed
despatch

A summons to this herdsman,—linger not.

Joc. Straight will I send. But pass we now
within.

Nought of thy pleasure shall be left undone.

[*Exit* *ÆDIPUS*.]

Joc. Princes of Thebes, we deemed it meet to
seek

The temples of the gods, and in our hands
These votive wreaths, this odoriferous incense bear.
The soul of *Ædipus* on a wild sea
Of anxious care is tossed;—nor, as becomes
The prudent, weighs by former oracles
This late response, but lends a willing ear
To all who speak of terrors. Since my voice
Avails no more, Lycæan king, to thee
I fly, for thou art nearest to our need,
And come in prayer, a suppliant to thy shrine,
That thou mayst grant us thine auspicious aid;
Since all now tremble, when we thus behold
Our very pilot shuddering and appalled.

[*Enter* *CORINTHIAN*.]

Cor. Can ye inform me, strangers, where your
king,

Great *Ædipus*, his regal state maintains;

Or, if ye know, where I may find the monarch?

Ch. These are th' imperial halls—he is
within—

This is his wife, the mother of his children.

Cor. Blest may she be, and ever with the
blest

Hold glad communion; to her royal lord

A most accomplished consort.

Joc. Equal joy

Attend thee, stranger,—thy kind greeting claims

This due return of courtesy. But say,

Whence cam'st thou to our Thebes, and what
thy tidings?

Cor. Joy to thine house, O lady! and thy lord.

Joc. What joy?—and from what region art
thou come?

Cor. From Corinth. At my words thou wilt
rejoice:

Why should'st thou not—yet fond regrets will
rise.

Joc. What dost thou mean, and whence this
two-fold influence?

Coc. The assembled States of Isthmus, rumour
tells,

Will choose thy lord to mount the vacant throne.

Joc. How vacant? Reigns not Polybus in
Corinth?

Cor. No more!—His only kingdom is the tomb.

Joc. Mean'st thou, old man, that Polybus is
dead?

Cor. May I, too, perish if my words be false.

Joc. Haste, haste, attendant, and convey with
speed

These tidings to your lord. Vain oracles!

Where are your bodings now? My *Ædipus*,
Fearing to slay this man, forsook his country;
Now Fate, and not his hand, had laid him low.

[*Enter* *ÆDIPUS*.]

Æd. Why, my beloved Jocasta, hast thou sent
To bid my presence hither?

Joc. Hear this man—
Attend his tidings, and observe the end

Of these most true and reverend oracles.

Æd. Who is this stranger—with what message
charged?

Joc. He is from Corinth, thence despatched to
tell thee

That Polybus, thy father, is no more.

Æd. What sayest thou, stranger? Be thyself
the speaker.

Cor. Then, in plain terms, the king is dead
and gone.

Æd. Died he by treason, or the chance of sick-
ness?

Cor. Slight ills dismiss the aged to their rest.

Æd. Then by disease, it seems, the monarch
died.

Cor. And bowed beneath a withering weight
of years.

Æd. Ha! is it thus? Then, lady, who would
heed

The Pythian shrine oracular, or birds

Clanging in air, by whose vain auspices

I was fore-doomed the murderer of my father?

In the still silence of the tomb he sleeps.

While I am here—the fatal sword untouched

Unless he languished for his absent child,

And I was thus the author of his doom.

Now in the grave he lies, and with him rest

Those vain predictions, worthy of our scorn.

Joc. Did I not tell thee this before?

Æd. Thou didst,
But terror urged me onward.

Joc. Banish now

This vain solicitude.

Æd. Should I not fear

The dark pollution of my mother's bed?

Joc. Oh why should mortals fear, when for-
tune's sway

Rules all, and wariest foresight nought avails?

Best to live on unheeding, as thou may'st.

And dread not thou thy mother's lawless
couch;

Oft is the soul dismayed by hideous dreams

Of guilt like this,—but life's rough path is found
Smoothest to him, who spurns such wild illusions.

Æd. I should admit the justice of thy plea,
Save that my mother lives; while she survive,

Though thou speak'st well, I cannot choose but
fear.

Joc. Proof strong and sure thy father's fate
affords.

Æd. Strong, I confess;—my fears are for the
living.

Cor. And by what woman are these terrors
roused?

Æd. By Merope, the wife of Polybus.

Cor. And what, to her relating, thus alarms thee?

Æd. Stranger, a dark and hideous oracle.

Cor. May it be told?—or shouldst thou not disclose it

To other's ears?

Æd. I may and will disclose it.

Phœbus foretold that I should wed my mother,
And shed with impious hand a father's blood.

For this I fled my own Corinthian towers.

To seek a distant home—that home was blest;

Though still I languished to embrace my parents.

Cor. This fear then urged thee to renounce thy country?

Æd. Old man, I would not be a father's murderer.

Cor. Then wherefore, since thy welfare I regard,

Should I forbear to rid thee of this terror?

Æd. Do so, and rich shall be thy recompense.

Cor. This hope impell'd me here, that when our State

Hails thee her monarch, I might win thy favour.

Æd. Ne'er will I seek the authors of my birth.

Cor. 'Tis plain, my son, thou know'st not what thou doest!

Æd. How! how! old man, by heaven, unfold thy meaning.

Cor. If this preclude thee from returning home—

Æd. I fear lest Phœbus saw, alas! too clearly!

Cor. If thou dost dread pollution from thy parents—

Æd. That restless dread for ever haunts my soul.

Cor. Know, then, thy terrors all are causeless here.

Æd. How so? if of these parents I was born?

Cor. But Polybus is nought allied to thee.

Æd. How say'st thou? was not Polybus my father?

Cor. No more than I—our claims are equal here.

Æd. Had he who gave me life no nearer claim Than thou, a stranger?

Cor. Nor to him or me
Ow'st thou thy birth.

Æd. Then wherefore did he grant A son's beloved name?

Cor. He from my hand
Received thee as a gift.

Æd. With such fond love
How could he cherish thus an alien child?

Cor. His former childless state to this impelled him.

Æd. Gav'st thou a purchased slave, or thy own child?

Cor. I found thee in Cithæron's shadowy glades.

Æd. Why didst thou traverse those remoter vales?

Cor. It was my charge to tend the mountain herds.

Æd. Wert thou an herdsman, and engaged for hire?

Cor. I was, my son, but thy preserver too.

Æd. From what afflictions didst thou then preserve me?

Cor. This let thy scarr'd and swollen feet attest.

Æd. Ah! why dost thou revive a woe long passed?

Cor. I loosed thy bound and perforated feet.

Æd. Such foul reproach mine infancy endured.

Cor. From this event arose the name thou bear'st.

Æd. Was it a father's or a mother's act?

By the good gods inform me!

Cor. This I cannot—
He may know more, perchance, who gave thee to me.

Æd. Thou didst receive me then from other hands,

Nor find me as by chance?

Cor. No; to my hand
Another herdsman gave thee.

Æd. Who was he?

Canst thou inform me this?

Cor. He was, I believe,
A slave of Laius.

Æd. What! of him who erst

Ruled o'er this land?

Cor. The same;—this man to him
Discharged an herdsman's office.

Æd. Lives he yet

That I may see him?

Cor. Ye, his countrymen,
Are best prepared this question to resolve.

Æd. Is there of you who now attend our presence,

One who would know the herdsman he describes,
Familiar erst or here, or in the field?

Speak—for the time demands a prompt disclosure.
Ch. He is, I deem, no other than the man

Whom thou before didst summon from the fields.
This none can know more than the Queen.

Æd. Think'st thou, O Queen, the man whose
presence late

We bade, is he of whom this stranger speaks?

Joc. Who—spake of whom?—Regard him not,
nor dwell,

With vain remembrance, on unmeaning words!

Æd. Nay, heaven forbend, when traces of my
birth

Are thus unfolding, I should cease to follow.

Joc. Nay, by the gods I charge thee! search
no more,

If life be precious still. Be it enough

That I am most afflicted.

Æd. Cheer thee, lady,

Though my descent were proved e'en trebly
servile,

No stain of infamy would light on thee.

Joc. Ah yield, I do conjure thee—seek no more.

Æd. I will not yield, till all be clearly known.

Joc. 'Tis for thy peace I warn thee—yet be wise.

Æd. That very wisdom wounds my peace
most deeply.

Joc. Unhappy—never may'st thou know thy
birth.

Æd. Will none conduct this shepherd to our
presence?

Leave her to triumph in her lordly race.

Joc. Woe! woe! unhappy! henceforth by that name
Alone can I address thee, and by that
Alone for ever.

[*Exit JOCASTA.*]

Ch. Whither, my good lord,
Hath the queen parted, urged by wild dismay?
I fear, I fear, lest this portentous silence
Be but the prelude to impending woe.

Æd. Let the storm burst, I reckon not. I will on
To trace my birth, though it be most obscure.
Pride swells her thus, for in a woman's breast
Pride reigns despotic, and she thinks foul scorn
Of my ignoble birth. I deem myself
The child of Fortune, in whose favouring smile
I shall not be dishonoured. She alone
Hath been my fostering parent; from low state
My kindred months have raised me into greatness.

Sprung from such lineage, none I heed beside,
Nor blush reluctant to explore my birth.

* * * * *
Æd. If aught I may conjecture, friends, of one
With whom I ne'er held converse, I behold
Th' expected herdsman: for his lengthened years
Accord; and those who lead him, I discern
For mine own menial train. But haply thou,
To whom familiar erst his face hath been,
Can speak with more assurance.

Ch. Yea, I know him—
The herdsman he of Laius, in his charge
Proved to his lord most faithful.

Æd. First I ask
Of thee, Corinthian—is this man the same
Whom thou didst now describe?

Cor. This is the man.

Enter HERDSMAN.

Æd. Approach, old man! look on me, and reply
To my demand. Wert thou the slave of Laius?

Herd. I was his slave—bred in his house—not
purchased.

Æd. What office didst thou hold? What task
discharge?

Herd. My better part of life was passed in
tending

The monarch's flocks.

Æd. What regions wert thou then
Wont to frequent?

Herd. Cithæron, and the meads
Adjacent.

Æd. Dost thou e'er remember there
To have beheld this man?

Herd. What task performing—
But which man meanest thou?

Æd. I mean this man
Here present;—hadst thou converse with him
there?

Herd. Not such, that I can instantly retrace it.
Cor. No marvel this, O king! But I will soon
Revive events forgotten, for I know

He cannot but recal what time he fed
Two flocks, I one, in green Cithæron's vales.
Three months we thus consorted, from the spring
Till cold Arcturus brings the wintry blast.
To mine own stalls I then drove back my herds,

He to the stalls of Laius led his charge.

Say, are my words unwarranted by fact?

Herd. Thy tale is true, though told of times
long passed.

Cor. Then answer, dost thou recollect the babe
Thou gav'st me there, as mine own child to
cherish?

Herd. What would'st thou? Whither do thy
questions tend?

Cor. This is that child, my friend, who stands
before thee.

Herd. A curse light on thee! wilt thou not be
silent?

Æd. Reprove him not, old man, for thine own
words,

Far more than his, demand a stern reprover.

Herd. In what do I offend thee, my good lord?

Æd. In that thou speak'st not plainly of the
child

Of whom he ask thee.

Herd. But he speaks in darkness,
Mere empty babbling—

Æd. If thou wilt not answer
To mild persuasion, force shall soon compel thee.

Herd. Oh! for the love of heaven, respect mine
age.

Æd. Here, quickly seize him! Bind the fel-
low's hands.

Herd. Alas! what is my crime? what wouldst
thou learn?

Æd. Didst thou commit to him the child he
spake of?

Herd. I did:—O, had that moment been my
last!

Æd. This shall be, if thou wilt not speak the
truth.

Herd. And if I speak it, I am trebly lost.

Æd. This man, it seems, still struggles to
elude us.

Herd. No, I confessed long since I gave the
child.

Æd. And whence received? thine own, or
from another?

Herd. No, not mine own; I from another's
hand

Bare him.

Æd. And from what Theban, from what roof?

Herd. O, by the gods! my lord, inquire no
further.

Æd. If I repeat th' inquiry, thou art lost.

Herd. The palace of King Laius gave him birth.

Æd. Sprung from a slave, or of the royal stock?

Herd. Ah! how I shrink to breathe the fatal
truth!

Æd. And I to hear it; yet it must be heard.

Herd. The child was called the son of Laius;
here

Thy royal consort can inform thee better.

Æd. Didst thou from her receive him?

Herd. Yea, O king!—

Æd. And for what purpose?

Herd. That I might destroy him—

Æd. What—the unnatural mother!

Herd. She was awed

By woe denouncing oracles.

Æd. What woe?

Herd. That he should prove the murderer of his parents.

Æd. Why, then, to this old man thy charge consign?

Herd. From pity, O my lord, I deemed that he To his own land would bear the child afar.

He saved him to despair. If thou art he Of whom he spake, how dark a doom is thine!

Æd. Woe! woe! 'tis all too fatally unveiled. Thou, Light! O may I now behold thy beams For the last time! Unhallowed was my birth, In closest ties united, where such ties Were most unnatural;—with that blood defiled, From whose pollution most the heart recoils.

FROM THE CONCLUDING SCENE.

ÆDIPUS, blind and about to go into exile.

For my fate, let it pass! My children, Creon! My sons—nay, they the bitter wants of life May master—*(they are men! My girls—my darlings—)*

Why, never sate I at my household board Without their blessed looks—our very bread We brake together;—Thou'lt be kind to them For my sake, Creon—and (O latest prayer!) Let me but touch them—feel them with these hands,

And pour such sorrow as may speak farewell! O'er ills that must be theirs! By thy pure line— For thine is pure—do this, sweet prince. *Me-thinks,*

I should not miss these eyes, could I but touch them.

What shall I say to move thee?—Hark! those sobs!

And do I hear my sweet ones? Hast thou sent, In mercy sent, my children to my arms? Speak—speak—I do not dream!

Creon. They are thy children, I would not shut thee from the dear delight In the old time they gave thee.

Æd. Blessings on thee! For this one mercy mayst thou find above A kinder god than I have. Ye,—where are ye? My children—come!—Nearer and nearer yet.

FROM ÆDIPUS AT COLONOS.

THIS Tragedy is a continuation of the history of Ædipus, who, condemned to perpetual banishment from Thebes, arrives with his daughter Antigone, at Colonos, in the neighbourhood of Athens, where he solicits and obtains the protection of King Theseus. In the meantime, Creon having learned from the oracle, that prosperity awaits the country which should possess the bones of Ædipus, endeavours to remove him from Colonos, but is prevented from effecting his purpose by Theseus. At this juncture Polynices arrives with the design of reconciling his father to his intended invasion of Thebes, but the exiled monarch utters bitterest imprecations on his impious purpose, and prophesies the horrid fate that awaits him.—After this, finding his end fast approaching, he sends for Theseus and informs him

that an uninterrupted course of prosperity will befall Athens, as long as his burial place remains unknown to all but the reigning monarch of the country. Then taking leave of his daughters, and being left alone with Theseus, he calmly resigns himself to his fate.

ÆDIPUS, ANTIGONE.

Æd. Say, daughter of a blind and aged sire, Antigone, what region have we reached, Or whose the city? Who will here extend A scanty pittance for the passing day To the poor wandering Ædipus, who asks But for a little, and, receiving less Ev'n than that little, counts the boon enough. For, stern afflictions, long-protracted years, And fortitude of soul, have taught me patience. But now, my child, if haply thou espy A resting-place, be it near the common way, Or by some consecrated grove, there seat me, And ask what land we are come to? Strangers here,

We seek the natives of the State, to learn, And what we hear, perform.

Ant. O, Ædipus, My much afflicted father, if mine eyes Deceive me not, some city's shining towers Rise in far prospect; but the spot we tread Is holy, for thick groves of laurel, vine, And olive, bloom around, while, all within, Wing'd nightingales make sweetest melody. Rest now thy faltering limbs on this rude stone;

Such lengthened wanderings ill befit thine age.

Æd. Then seat me here, and watch beside the blind.

Ant. That mournful office time too well hath taught me.

Æd. Canst thou then tell me on what place we stand?

Ant. The land is that of Athens; but the spot

I know not. I'll go ask what place it is; But no; I need not quit thee; for even now A stranger comes this way; he will inform us.

Enter an ATHENIAN.

Æd. Stranger, apprized by her, whose sight alone

Guides both herself and me, that thou art here, Arrived in welcome moment to unfold

What much we long to know.—

Ath. Ere thou dost urge Inquiry further, quit that sacred seat;

No foot of man may tread this hallowed soil.

Æd. What is the place? devoted to what power?

Ath. From mortal touch and mortal dwelling pure

Is that mysterious grove, the awful powers, Daughters of Earth and Darkness, dwell within.

Æd. By what most holy name should I invoke them?

Ath. We call them in this land th' Eumenides, The all-beholding Powers; in other lands, By various lofty titles men adore them.

Æd. Propitious now may they receive their suppliant,

That never may I quit their fated seat.

Ath. What may this mean?

Æd. A symbol of my doom.

Ath. 'Twere bold in me to force thee from the spot,

Ere thus the mandate of the State enjoin.

Æd. O stranger, by the gods, disdain thou not To answer all a wretched wanderer asks thee.

Ath. Speak; and from me thou shalt not meet disdain.

Æd. What is the region, then, which now receives us?

Ath. Far as I know, thou too shalt hear the whole.

The place is holy all. Here reigns supreme The mighty Neptune; here the Power of Flame, The Titan-god, Prometheus; where thy feet Are resting now, is called the brazen way, The bulwark of great Athens; while the fields Adjacent claim for their illustrious lord Colonus, the equestrian, and from him The circling regions all deduce their name. Such are the things I tell thee; not alone By words ennobled, but familiar use.

Æd. Do any dwell around this hallowed spot?

Ath. Yes, they who from the God their name derive.

Æd. Is there a king, or bear the people sway?

Ath. The king who rules the city rules here also.

Æd. Stands his high throne in equity and might?

Ath. His name may answer this. 'Tis Theseus, son

Of Ægeus, late our lord.

Æd. Is there of you

One who will bear our message to his ear?

Ath. Aught to recount, or ask his presence hither?

Æd. That, for a trivial succour, he may reap A rich reward.

Ath. Reward! and what reward

Can a blind wanderer on a king confer?

Æd. The things we would reveal are not less clear

Than if our sight had traced them.

Ath. Know'st thou, stranger, That thou art not deceived? and yet thou seem'st

In all, except thy fortunes, truly noble.

Remain where now I see thee, till I seek

Those who inhabit the encircling meads,

Not the far city, and relate my tale.

Be it their task to judge, if in this grove

Thou mayest remain, or must again depart.

[Exit ATHENIAN.]

Æd. My daughter, is the stranger now departed?

Ant. He is, my father; all around is still.

Speak what thou list, for I alone am nigh thee.

Æd. Dread Powers of fearful aspect, since your seats

Have lent my wearied limbs their first repose, Be not relentless or to me or Phœbus,

Who, when his voice my countless woes denounced,

Foretold a welcome, though a distant, end,

When I should reach the destined realm—where find

A rest and refuge in the sheltering grove

Of venerable Powers—that there my course

Of sorrow and of agony should close;

With rich reward to those who should receive me,

To those, who thrust me from their land, destruction;

And that undoubted signals should proclaim The hour ordained by fate—or earthquake's roar,

Thunders, or lightnings of Almighty Jove.

Hence well I know 'twas your own augury,

That to this hallowed grove my wanderings led.

I had not else thus lighted first on you,

The wine-abhorring, pure myself from wine,

And on this rude, yet awful, seat reclined.

Now, gracious Powers, Apollo's word confirm,

And grant at length a limit to my woes,

If I have felt enough of wretchedness,—

The slave of miseries far beyond the lot

To man's sad race assigned. Come, then, O come,

Propitious daughters of primeval Night;

And thou, from thine own patron Pallas named,

Fair Athens, noblest of our Grecian states;

Pity the shade of wretched Ædipus;

Alas! I am not now what I have been.

Ant. Cease, cease. I see some aged men advance,

Perchance with purpose to explore thy seat.

Æd. I will forbear. Conduct me from the path,

And screen me in the grove, that I may learn

Their secret conference. Knowledge thus obtained

May best direct us how to act with prudence.

[Exit ÆDIPUS and ANTIGONE.]

CHORUS.

Strophe.

Look! look! who was he? where abides he now?

Or whither from the spot hath fled,

Restless, most restless of mankind?

Dost thou behold him? Search around,

And shout on every side.

Who—who is this sad aged wanderer?

Doubtless of foreign land, or his rash foot

Had never trod the grove

Of those unconquered Virgin Powers,

Whose name we tremble but to breathe,

Whose mystic shrine we pass

With far-averted eye,

And pondering, silent and devout

On happier omens there.

But rumour tells that one hath now arrived,

Revering not the laws,

Whom I have sought with keen observant glance

Throughout the sacred grove,

Yet still he mocks my search.

Enter ŒDIPUS and ANTIGONE.

Œd. Behold him here; for by your words I know

I am the man ye seek.

Ch. Ah me! to hear and to behold how fearful!

Œd. O deem me not a scorner of your laws.

Ch. Protector Jove, who is this aged man?

Œd. One on whose lot no favouring Power hath smiled,

Ye rulers of the land!

Be this the proof,—I had not wandered else,

Led by another's eye,

Or leaned, though weighty, on so frail a stay.

Antistrophe.

Ch. Woe! woe! unhappy! thou, it seems, art doomed

To pine with sightless orbs, oppressed

By years, and bowed with wretchedness.

Yet, if my power avail, to woe

Thou shalt not add *this* curse;

For thou hast passed, far passed, the bound assigned.

Ah! tread not thou that green and hallowed grove,

Where with the honied draught

Commingling, its pure limpid stream

The full and flowing goblet pours.

This, hapless stranger, this

With cautious step beware.

Recede—depart—a lengthened space

Remains between us still.

Dost thou not hear, unhappy wanderer?

If thou hast ought to ask

In conference, quit that sacred spot,

And where the laws allow

Demand; till then refrain.

Œd. What, O my daughter! should we now resolve?

Ant. Father, we must obey the citizens,

And yield, as fits our state, without reluctance.

Œd. Sustain me then.

Ant. My hand e'en now sustains thee.

Œd. O strangers wrong me not,

Since yielding now, I quit the sacred seat.

Ch. Maiden, do thou his footsteps onward guide.

Thou seest the bound prescribed.

Ant. Follow me then;

Follow, my father, whither now I lead thee.

A stranger in a foreign land,

O thou of many woes!

Whate'er the State abhors

Endure to hate, and what it wills, reverse.

Œd. Then lead me, O my child, where guiltless all

We may securely speak,

And unoffending hear,

Nor strive we more with stern necessity.

Ch. Stop! nor beyond the rocky pavement aught

Thy venturous foot advance.

Œd. May I now sit?

Ch. On the crag's sloping verge

Cautious with reverent awe thy form incline.

Ant. Father, let me conduct you. [*Takes hold of her father and leading him forward seats him on a stone.*]

Ch. Since thou hast now obeyed, ill-fated man, Disclose who gave thee birth,

What mighty woe constrains thee thus to roam,

And where thy country?—

Œd. Strangers, I have no country—Ask no more.

Ch. Why thus evade, old man?

Œd. Ask not, I pray thee, ask not of my race, Nor question aught beyond.

Ch. Ha! what means this?

Œd. Ah me, my daughter, how can I reply?

Ch. Say of what line thou cam'st,

Who, stranger, was thy sire?

Œd. What shall I do, my daughter? Woe is me!

Ant. Speak, since the hand of fate lies heavy on thee.

Ch. Thou tarriest long, but speed—at once reply.

Œd. Know ye a certain child of Laius?

Ch. Ha!

Œd. Sprung from the race of Labdacus!

Ch. Great Jove!

Œd. The hapless Œdipus!

Ch. Art thou that wretch!

Œd. Oh, start not thus appalled. I am, I am.

Ch. Away, away, and quit this land for ever.

Œd. What thou hast promised, how will thou fulfil?

Ch. Nay, Heaven's avenging justice smites not him

Who wreaks but wrong for wrong;

And fraud doth merit fraud for its reward.

Thou from these seats, once more

An outcast, speed thee—speed thee from the land,

Lest thine unhallowed presence blast the city.

Ant. O venerable strangers, though ye shrunk Recoiling from the tale

Of my poor aged sire;

I do conjure you, turn not thus from me,

Me, while in suppliant anguish, I implore

Compassion for a father; deem me now as one

Of your own kindred, and let pity wake

To aid the lost. On you, as on the gods,

Our hopes depend. Oh! then relent, and grant This unexpected boon.

I here adjure you by each hallowed tie,

Your child, your wife, your duty, and your God.

Ch. Know, child of Œdipus, we pity thee,

Nor gaze relentless on thy woe-worn sire;

But we revere the gods, nor dare rescind

The firm decision of our former mandate.

Œd. What then doth Glory's vaunted name avail,

What the fair honours of illustrious fame,

Unproved by deeds as noble? Rumour boasts

Of Athens, most observant of the gods.

Athens alone, of all our States, the first

To save the stranger, and the lost to aid.

What are those vaunts to me? Ye from those seats

Allured, and now expel me from your land,

Awed by a name alone. It is not me,

Nor yet my deeds ye fear; for in those deeds
I have but suffered—not inflicted—wrong,
If I may dare my wretched parents name
For whom ye thus condemn me. This I know
Full well. And shall I then be foully branded
Base e'en by nature, when my sole offence
Is—to have borne injustice, and revenged it?
Nay, had I e'en been conscious of the crime,
I were not thus abandoned. But I went,
Oh how unconscious of the path I trod!
But much have I endured from those who knew
The fearful wreck they wrought. By the great
gods,

I now adjure you, strangers, at your will
Hither removed, O save me, save me here,
Nor while ye think to venerate your gods,
Contemn their holiest laws. Know, while they
gaze

Approving on the righteous, they behold
The impious too, and guilt shall never win
Escape or shelter from the wrath of heaven.
O then forbear to dim the radiant fame
Of generous Athens leaguings with the lawless;
But as relying on thy plighted faith,
Thou hast received me, save and shield me still,
Nor spurn with cold contempt this abject frame,
Thus worn and wasted by consuming woes.
Sacred I come, and pious, charged alone
With blessings to your State; and when your
king,

Whoe'er he be, is present to my tale,
I will inform thee all;—till he arrive
Insult me not.

Ch. Thine arguments, old man,
Are urged by weighty reasonings, and constrain
me

Much to revere thee. Things of import high
Thy words involve. Be it enough for me
To wait the wise decision of our monarch.

Æd. Where, strangers, doth your monarch hold
his court?

Ch. In his ancestral city; and the man
Who saw thee first, and bade my presence here,
Passed with like tidings to the monarch charged.

Æd. Will he then deem me worthy of regard,
And deign his audience to a blind old man?

Ch. Doubtless, when he shall hear thy name.
Æd. And who

Will be the bearer of a word like this?

Ch. Long have thy wanderings been, and
travellers soon

Diffuse their tales afar; these he will hear
And, be assured, will come. Widely, old man,
Thy fame is blazoned; though his step were
slow,

Thy name would urge him to redoubling speed.
Æd. O! be his coming prosperous to his State,
Prosperous to me. What man of virtuous deeds
Befriendeth not himself?

Ant. Almighty Jove!

What shall I say, and whither lead my thoughts?

Æd. What mean'st thou, my Antigone?

Ant. I see
A woman, on a fleet Sicilian steed,
Advancing hither; from the sun's full beams
A close Thessalian bonnet shades her brow.

What shall I say? Oh! is it she indeed,
Or do my fond imaginings deceive me?
Again I doubt, and am assured by turns,
Uncertain what to think.—My doubts are o'er;
I know her now; that sweet and welcome smile
Hath scattered all misgivings, and I see
'Tis she, my dear, my ever-loved Ismene.

Æd. What hast thou said, my daughter?

Ant. That I see
Thy child, my father, my dear sister too.
A moment—and her accents will assure thee.

Enter ISMENE.

Ism. O ye, the names most treasured in my
heart,

My father and my sister, though in pain
I traced your wanderings, now a keener grief
Dims my sad eye while gazing on your sorrows.

Æd. And art thou here, my child?

Ism. Unhappy father!

Æd. Sprung from my blood—

Ism. To share thy miseries.

Æd. And art thou come?

Ism. Not without desperate peril.

Æd. Embrace me, dearest child.

Ism. In one fond clasp
I thus embrace you both.

Æd. Her, too, and me.

Ism. Myself the third in sorrow.

Æd. O my child,
What brought thee hither?

Ism. Anxious thought for thee.

Æd. Concern for me!

Ism. Yea, fraught with mighty tidings,
And unattended, save by this true slave,
Alone of all yet faithful.

Æd. Where are now
Thy brothers, nerved by youth for martial toils?

Ism. They are, where Fate constrains, in dark-
est peril!

Æd. How, have they bowed their manners
and their mind

To the base customs of inglorious Egypt?

Where men, immured at home, direct the loom,
While in the field their women still procure
The sustenance of life. Thus too of you,

My children, those whom best such toil behoved
Like timid maids, rest idly in their home;

While ye, my daughters, in their stead partake
A wretched father's sorrows. She indeed,

[*To ANTIGONE.*

Since feeble childhood passed, and blooming
youth

Breathed vigour through her frame, still on my
path

Attendant, ever wanders where I roam,
Guides my weak steps, and oft through pathless
wilds

Strays with unsandalled foot, bereft of food
Endures the frequent showers and sultry sun,

Nor heeds the splendours of a kingly board,
So her fond care may tend a father's need.

Thou too, Ismene, oft unknown to Thebes
Hast left thy home, to tell thy wandering sire

The oracles relating to his doom;
And when they thrust me from my native land,

Didst thou stand forth, my firm and faithful guide.
And now, beloved daughter, to thy sire
What errand dost thou bear? what mighty cause
Moved thee to quit thy home? Thou dost not
come,

Full well I know, with serious charge unfraught,
And much I fear lest new alarms impend.

Ism. I will not tell thee, father, all the toils,
The ills I bore in seeking thine abode;
These now are vanquished,—and 'twere worse
than vain

Once more to waken, by recounting, woes.
My errand here was to relate the ills
In which thy hapless sons are now immersed.
It seemed at first their only wish to yield
The throne to Creon, nor pollute the State,
Weighing the curse entailed on all their race
Which plunged in ruin thy devoted house.
Now by some god or frenzy of the mind,
Unhappy pair! perverted, mutual strife
Fires them to rancour, struggling for the throne.
Reckless of natural rights, the younger spurns
His elder, Polynices, and expels him
Both from his rightful throne and father-land.
He, as the voice of Rumour widely tells,
Fled to the vales of Argos, and contracts
A new alliance; arms his martial friends;
And vaunts that Argos shall requite his wrongs
On guilty Thebes, and raise his name to heaven.
No vague and vain reports are these, my father,
But facts too surely proved. But when the gods
Will look in mercy on thy lengthened woes,
Alas! I cannot learn.

Ed. Hast thou then hope
That Heaven will yet regard, and save me still?

Ism. I have, my father; for I firmly trust
The recent voice oracular.

Ed. What voice?
What, daughter, hath it presaged?

Ism. That an hour
Will come when Thebes shall seek thee, living
still,
Or dead, for her deliverance.

Ed. Who can look
For prosperous fortune to a wretch like me?

Ism. The oracles proclaim *thou* art their might.
Ed. I deemed that I was nothing; am I then
Once more a man?

Ism. The gods exalt thee now;
Before—they willed thy downfall.

Ed. What avails it
To raise in age the wretch whose youth they
blasted?

Ism. Know, for this cause will Creon quickly
come.

Ed. With what intent, my daughter? tell me
all.

Ism. That near the Theban confines they may
hold thee,

Though ne'er allowed to pass the sacred bound.

Ed. What can one prostrate at their gate
avail them?

Ism. Thy tomb, if reared in other lands, to them
Would prove most fatal.

Ed. Though the god withheld
His certain presage, this were promptly learnt.

Ism. And therefore seek the Thebans to con-
fine thee

Near their own realms, not thine own master
there.

Ed. Would they inter me too in Theban
ground?

Ism. This must not be; the kindred blood
forbids.

Ed. Then never, never, shall they work their
will.

Ism. An hour must come when Thebes shall
rue thy vengeance.

Ed. What strange event, my child, shall work
this marvel?

Ism. Thy quenchless wrath, when round thy
tomb they stand.

Ed. From whom didst thou these oracles re-
ceive?

Ism. From those who late returned from Del-
phi's shrine.

Ed. Hath then Apollo thus foretold of me?

Ism. So those declared, who came but now to
Thebes.

Ed. Which of my shameless sons heard aught
of this?

Ism. Each heard alike, and both must know
it well.

Ed. Yet those degenerate wretches, warned
of this,
Could grasp at empire, and neglect a father.

Ism. I grieve to hear such tidings,—yet I bear
them.

Ed. Ne'er may the gods extinguish the fierce
flames

Of this dread fatal strife, but to my will
Award the issue of that deadly feud,
Which now with equal weapons they prepare:
So should the proud usurper vaunt no more
His sceptre and his throne, nor e'er to Thebes
Should he, who left his native towers, return.
They, they at least nor succoured nor retained
Their wretched father, from his country spurned
With foul dishonour; but, assenting, joined
In the stern edict which proclaimed me exile.
Thou wilt reply, to mine own earnest prayer
The state that melancholy boon assigned:
But 'tis not thus;—on that disastrous day,
When frenzy fired my soul, and all I asked
Was but to die, and hide my shame for ever,
Crushed by o'erwhelming rocks;—no friendly
hand

Was stretched to rid me of the life I hated;
But when the lenient hand of time had soothed
Despair to resignation, and I learned
That mine own desperate frenzy had inflicted
A wound more piercing than the crime deserved;
Then, then the city thrust me sternly forth
To most reluctant exile; and these sons,
My noble offspring, who had power to aid
Their father in his need, that power withheld,
Deigned not to raise a word in my defence;
While by these virgins, far as their weak sex
Avails to aid me, all hath been supplied,—
Meet sustenance, serene though lowly rest,
And all the tender cares of duteous love;
While my base sons with impious ardour grasp

Crowns, sceptres, kingdoms, and forget a father.
But never shall they gain support from me,
Nor shall they flourish on the throne of Thebes
In glad and prosperous grandeur; this I know,
Hearing these oracles, and pondering well
The sure response by Phæbus breathed of old.
And let them send their Creon, or some chief
As potent and as base, to seek me here;
If ye, O strangers, with these awful Powers,
Your tutelary gods, will here stand forth
To grant me succour, much will ye promote
Your country's welfare and my foes' despair.

Enter THESEUS.

Thes. Long by the voice of general fame apprized
Of thy sad tale, and that infuriate deed
Which quenched thy visual orbs in utter gloom,
I knew thee, son of Laius; as I came
Much have I heard, and know thee now more surely.

Thine abject garb and aspect of despair
Too plainly speak thy fortunes. Hapless king,
Thou wak'st my pity; and I would but ask
What boon thou seek'st from me, or from my State,

Thou and the sad associate of thy sorrows.
Unfold thy wish; and arduous were th' emprise
Where thou shouldst ask my utmost aid in vain.
I too was nurtured in a foreign land,
As thou art now; an exile's woes to me,
An exile's perils, are familiar all.
Then never, never, from the stranger's prayer,
Who comes like thee, relentless will I turn,
Or needful aid withhold. I am a man,
As thou art; and my power to rule th' events
To-morrow may bring forth, transcends not thine.

Æd. Theseus! in these brief words thy generous soul

Hath shone conspicuous; hence a brief reply
May well suffice me. Who I am, and who
My father, what my country, thou hast said.
Nought then remains, save to prefer my prayer
For all I need, and then our conference close.

Thes. Speak, then, at once, that I may know thy wish.

Æd. I come to proffer thee this withered frame,
A gift to sight unseemly; yet endowed
With costlier treasures than the loveliest form.

Thes. What rich requital dost thou bring me here?

Æd. This mayst thou learn in time—thou canst not now.

Thes. When shall thy proffered good approve its worth?

Æd. When I am dead, and thou hast reared my tomb.

Thes. The last and saddest boon of life is all
Thy prayer regards. The care of all between
Is unremembered, or contemned by thee.

Æd. In this one prayer are these concentrated all.

Thes. Yet light and trivial is the grace implored.

Æd. Mark me! no trivial contest shall ensue.

Thes. Of me, or of thy sons, dost thou presage?

Æd. They would constrain me to return to Thebes.

Thes. If such their wish, it ill becomes thee thus

To roam a willing exile.

Æd. When I sought

Such refuge, they refused.

Thes. Oh, most unwise!

How vain is wrath in wretchedness like thine!

Æd. Forbear reproaches, till thou hear my plea.

Thes. Speak—I were wrong to judge thee uninformed.

Æd. O Theseus! I have suffered woes on woes
Exhaustless heaped.

Thes. Dost thou by this intend
The ancient ruin of thy fated house?

Æd. Ah no! in this the general voice of Greece
Hath left me nought to tell thee.

Thes. Do thy griefs
Transcend the common sufferings of our race?

Æd. They do, indeed. By mine own heartless sons

To exile thrust, like some loathed parricide,
Ne'er may I tread my native soil again.

Thes. Why, then, recall thee, if consigned to dwell

For evermore apart.

Æd. The voice of heaven
Constrains them thus to act.

Thes. And of what ills

Do these predictions wake the boding dread?

Æd. Discomfiture and death from this fair land.

Thes. Whence shall such fatal feud between us rise?

Æd. Most honoured son of Ægeus, the great gods

Alone the high prerogative may claim

To shun the blight of age, the stroke of death;

All else must yield to Time's unconquered sway.

The vigour of the earth, man's martial might

Are doomed alike to fade; fair faith expires,

And falsehood springs floresent. So in men

By dearest ties united, and in states

By firmest leagues to amity constrained,

The same true soul remains not. What we now

Delight to cherish, in the lapse of time

Or wakes abhorrence, or revives desire.

Thus now, though all is peace with thee and Thebes,

Thanks to thy generous faith, revolving time,

Which in its ceaseless course gives constant birth

To countless days and nights, shall yet produce

The fated season, when for trivial wrongs,

Your plighted concord shall dissolve in air.

Then this cold body in the sleep of death

Entombed, shall drink their warm and vital blood.

If Jove be mightier still, and Jove-born Phæbus

Retains his truth unbroken. But I pause—

Let me not breathe what heaven has veiled in darkness.

Guard thou thy proffered faith, nor shalt thou say

In Ædipus, thy hospitable land,

A vain and useless habitation received,

Unless in this the gods themselves deceive me.

Ch. Before, O King! to thee and to the State

Such promises he proffered to fulfil.

Thes. Oh, who would spurn the warm benevolence

Of one like him, to whom this altar first
Common to all, its friendly refuge lends.
Then, though a suppliant to these Powers he came,
To me and to my people doth repay
No trivial recompense. Whom I, impressed
With deepest reverence, never will repulse;
But in my realms a safe asylum grant.
If here it please the stranger to remain,
To guard him be *your* charge. If thou prefer
With me to quit the spot, O *Œdipus*,
Choose which thou wilt, I my assent.

Œd. Pour down thy richest blessings on such
men,

Almighty Jove!

Thes. What then dost thou resolve?

Say, wilt thou to the palace?

Œd. Would to heaven

I might attend thee; but the spot is here—

Thes. Destined for what? I will in nought op-
pose thee.

Œd. Here shall I triumph o'er the foes who
wronged me.

Thes. Great recompense thou nam'st for thine
abode

In these our realms.

Œd. If to thy purpose true

Thou dost remain unchanged, till all be o'er.

Thes. Distrust me not, I never will betray thee.

Œd. I will not bind thee, like the base, by oath.

Thes. I count no oath more binding than a
promise

Œd. How wilt thou act?—

Thes. What terror thus alarms thee?

Œd. Men will approach—

Thes. That charge belongs to these.

Œd. Beware, lest if thou leave me—

Thes. Tell me not

What is my duty.

Œd. He who fears must tell thee.

Thes. Fear is a stranger to my breast.

Œd. And yet

Thou little know'st what threats—

Thes. One thing I know;

No mortal hand shall force thee from this spot,

In my despite. The impotence of wrath

Vents its wild rage in vain and vehement threats,

Which, when cool Thought its sober sway resumes,

Unheeded pass away. Thus, too, for these;

Though now they proudly menace, should they
strive

To drag thee hence by violence, such emprise

Will prove a stormy ocean, where, immersed,

Their shattered bark will sink. Take courage
then—

If *Phœbus* hither was thy guide,

Without my feeble aid his arm can save thee:

And though ourselves be distant, yet our name

Shall still avail from insult to protect thee.

[*Exit THESEUS.*]

CHORUS.

Strophe I.

Well did Fate thy wanderings lead,
Stranger, to this field of fame,
Birth-place of the generous steed,
Graced by white *Colonus*' name.

Frequent in the dewy glade,

Here the nightingale is dwelling;

Through embowering ivy's shade,

Here her plaintive notes are swelling;

Through yon grove, from footsteps pure,

Where unnumbered fruits are blushing—

From the summer sun secure,

Screened from wintry whirlwinds rushing;

Where, with his fostering nymphs, amid the grove,

The sportive *Bacchus* joys to revel or to rove.

Antistrophe I.

Bathed in heaven's ambrosial dew,

Here the fair narcissus flowers,

Graced each morn with clusters new,

Ancient crown of mightiest Powers;

Here the golden crocus blows;

Here exhaustless fountains gushing,

Where the cool *Cephisus* flows,

Restless o'er the plains are rushing;

Ever as the crystal flood

Winds in pure transparent lightness;

Fresher herbage decks the sod,

Flowers spring forth in lovelier brightness,

Here dance the Muses; and the Queen of Love

Of guides her golden car through this enchanting
grove.

Strophe II.

What nor Asia's rich domain,

Nor by *Pelops*' ancient reign,

Famed afar, the Doric coast

Through its thousand vales can boast—

Here, by mortal hands unsown,

Here, spontaneous and alone,

Mark the hallowed plant expand,

Terror of each hostile band!

Here, with kindly fruit mature,

Springs the azure olive pure;

Youth and hoary age combine

To revere the plant divine;

Morian Jove,* with guardian care,

Watches ever wakeful there;

And Athena's eye of blue

Guards her own loved olive too.

Antistrophe II.

Let me still my country's fame,

Still her matchless praise proclaim,

Sing the wondrous gifts bestowed

By her potent Patron-God,

Steeds in fleetness ne'er outvied,

And the gallant navy's pride.

Son of Saturn, King whose sway

Ocean's restless waves obey.

Thou to this transcendent praise

Didst thy favoured Athens raise;

Taught by thee the courser's flame

By the golden curb to tame—

While the light oar, framed by thee,

Speeds the swift bark o'er the sea,

Bounding through the foaming main

Fleeter than the Nereid train.

* * * * *

* The sacred olives in the Academia were called *Mopias*; hence Jupiter, who had an altar there as protector of the place, had the name of "*Morian*."

ŒDIPUS cursing his son Polynices.

Hearken now our firm response—

Oh most abandoned! when the very throne
Was thine, which now in Thebes thy brother
holds

Thou didst thyself expel thy wretched sire,
Didst spurn me from my country, and consign me
To this most abject penury, which now
Excites thy tears; but never did my woes
Inflict one pang, till they became thine own.
Those ills I may not weep, but must endure;
And ever, ever must remembrance wake
Thy worse than parricide. Thou didst enfold me
In all this web of misery; by thy will
Constrained, I wandered sadly forth to crave
The slender pittance of my daily food.
Save that the care of duteous daughters soothed
me,

Long since, for thee, should I have ceased to live;
But they have saved me, they sustain me still;
Unlike their weaker sex, with manly hearts
They toil unwearied in a father's cause;—
Ye are not mine, but aliens from my blood.
Wherefore with other eyes will heaven look
down

On this emprise ere long, when these thy troops
Are marched to Thebes. It shall not be thy lot
To win the city;—rather shall thy blood,
And thy base brother's, stain her fatal plain.
Such were the curses of my first despair;
Such now with keener hatred I invoke
To wreak my vengeance, that ye late may learn
The reverence due to parents; nor, though blind,
With causeless insult wound a powerless father.
My gentle daughters never acted thus.
For this, on thy proud throne and royal seat
Shall sit the avenging curse, if Justice, famed
Of old, by Jove's august tribunal throned,
Maintain the ancient laws unbroken still.
Hence to thy doom, accursed! I disclaim
A father's part in thee, thou scorn of men,
And with thee bear the curse I call to blast thee:
That thou may'st ne'er thy rightful throne regain,
And never to the Argive vales return;
But fall unpitied by a kindred hand,
Requiting first thine exile by his death.
Thus do I curse thee: and I here invoke
Dark Erebus, the hated sire of hell,
To give thee dwelling in his deepest gloom;—
These venerable Powers, and mighty Mars,
Whose anger cursed thee with this deadly feud.
Depart with this mine answer. Hence, and tell
Th' assembled Thebans and thy bold allies,
Such is the meed which Œdipus repays
To his abhorred and most unnatural offspring.

THE DEATH OF ŒDIPUS.

Œdipus has led the way to a cavern well
known in legendary lore, as one of the entrances
to the infernal regions, and as the spot where
Perithous and Theseus had pledged their faith,
and there—

Betwixt that place and the Thorician rock,
The old man sate him down, and, having
called

His daughters to his side, he bade them bring
A pure libation from the living stream,
And holy lavers: They to Ceres' hill,
Clad with fresh-glistening verdure, haste with
speed

To do his bidding—

These sadly pleasing rites at length discharged,
Nor aught unfinished of the sire's command,
The infernal Jove deep thundered from beneath.
The timid virgins trembled as they heard,
And smote their breasts with wailings long and
loud.

Then over them his hands the old man clasped,
And "O my children," said he—"from this day
Ye have no more a father—all of me
Withers away—the burthen and the toil
Of mine old age fall on ye nevermore:
Sad travail have ye borne for me, and yet
Let one thought soften grief when I am gone—
The thought that none upon the desolate world
Loved you as I did;—and in death I leave
A happier life to you!"—Thus movingly,
With clinging arms and passionate sobs, the three
Wept out aloud, until the sorrow grew
Into a deadly hush—nor cry nor wail
Starts the drear silence of the solitude.
Then suddenly a bodiless voice is heard—
It called on him; it called—"Ho, Œdipus,
Why linger we so long?"—

Œdipus then solemnly consigns his children to
Theseus, dismisses them, and Theseus alone is
left with the old man.

So groaning we depart—and when once more
We turned our eyes to gaze, behold, the place
Knew not the man! The king *alone* was there,
With close-press'd hand over his shaded brow,
As if to shut from out the quailing gaze
The horrid aspect of some ghastly thing
That nature durst not look on.
A little after we beheld him bent,
In humble adoration to the earth,
And then to heaven preferring ardent prayer.
But how the old man perished, none can tell
Save Theseus; for nor lightning-breath of heaven,
Nor blasting tempest from the ocean borne,
Was heard or seen; but either was he rapt
Aloft by wings divine, or else the shades,
Whose darkness never looked upon the sun,
Opened, in mercy, to receive him.*

FROM THE ANTIGONE.

THE curses of Œdipus have been fulfilled;
Eteocles and Polynices have fallen by each
other's hands, and the Argive army been defeated
before the walls of Thebes. Creon, who has ob-
tained the tyranny, interdicts, on the penalty of
death, the burial of Polynices. Antigone, how-
ever, mindful of her brother's request to her in
their last interview, resolves to brave the edict
and perform those rites so indispensably sacred
in the eyes of a Greek. Acting on these resolu-

* The description here has been highly extolled by
Longinus.—S. xv.

tions, she baffles the vigilance of the guards, and buries the corpse. Creon, on learning that his edict has been disobeyed, orders the remains to be disinterred, and Antigone, in a second attempt to inter them, is discovered, brought before him, and condemned to perish by hunger in the cavern of a rock. Antigone is borne away to her doom, sustaining herself with this one comfort, that she shall go to her grave dear to her parents and to her brother.—In the end, through the denunciations of Tiresias and the intercessions of the Chorus, Creon relents. But it is too late; on entering the cavern, he finds Antigone dead, and her affianced lover, Hæmon, lying beside, with his arms clasped round her waist. The conclusion of the play leaves Creon the survivor. His wife and children have perished; but he himself does not, for he has never excited our sympathies.*

CREON, ANTIGONE, CHORUS.

Cr. Answer then,—
Bending thy head to earth,—dost thou confess,
Or canst deny the charge?

Ant. I do confess it
Freely; I scorn to disavow the act.

Cr. Reply with answer brief to one plain
question,

Without evasion. Didst thou know the law,
That none should do this deed?

Ant. I knew it well;
How could I fail to know; it was most plain.

Cr. Didst thou then dare transgress our royal
mandate?

Ant. Ne'er did eternal Jove such laws ordain,
Or Justice, throned amid th' infernal powers,
Who on mankind these holier rites imposed,—
Nor can I deem thine edict armed with power
To contravene the firm unwritten laws
Of the just gods, thyself a weak frail mortal!
These are no laws of yesterday,—they live
For evermore, and none can trace their birth.
I would not dare, by mortal threat appalled,
To violate their sanction, and incur
The vengeance of the gods. I knew before
That I must die, though thou hadst ne'er pro-
claim'd it,

And if I perish ere th' allotted term,
I deem that death a blessing. Who that lives,
Like me, encompassed by unnumbered ills,
But would account it blessedness to die?
If then I meet the doom thy laws assign,
It nothing grieves me. Had I left my brother,
From mine own mother sprung, on the bare earth
To lie unburied, that indeed might grieve me;
But for this deed I mourn not. If to thee
Mine actions seem unwise, 'tis thine own soul
That errs from wisdom, when it deems me
senseless.

Ch. This maiden shares her father's stubborn
soul

And scorns to bend beneath misfortune's power.

* According to that maxim of Aristotle's, that in tragedy a very bad man should never be selected as the object of chastisement, since his fate is not calculated to excite our sympathies.

Cr. Yet thou might'st know, that loftiest spirits
oft

Are bowed to deepest shame; and thou might'st
mark

The hardest metal soft and ductile made
By the resistless energy of flame;

Oft, too, the fiery courser have I seen

By a small bit constrained. High arrogant
thoughts

Beseem not one, whose duty is submission.

In this presumption she was lessoned first,
When our imperial laws she dared to spurn,
And to that insolent wrong fresh insult adds,
In that she glories, vaunting of the deed.

Henceforth no more deem mine a manly soul;—
Concede that name to hers, if from this crime
She shall escape unpunished. Though she spring
From our own sister, she shall not evade
A shameful death.

Ant. And welcome! Whence could I
Obtain a holier praise than by committing
My brother to the tomb? These, too, I know
Would all approve the action, but that fear
Curbs their free thoughts to base and servile
silence;

But 'tis the noble privilege of tyrants
To say and do whate'er their lordly will,
Their only law, may prompt.

Cr. Of all the Thebans
Dost thou alone see this?

Ant. They, too, behold it,
But fear constrains them to an abject silence.

Cr. Doth it not shame thee to dissent from
these?

Ant. I cannot think it shame to love my
brother?

Cr. Was not he too, who died for Thebes, thy
brother.

Ant. He was; and of the self-same parents
born.

Cr. Why then dishonour him to grace the
guilty?

Ant. The dead entombed will not attest thy
words.

Cr. Yes; if thou honour with an equal doom
That impious wretch.

Ant. He did not fall a slave,
He was my brother.

Cr. Yet he wrong'd his country;
The other fought undaunted in her cause.

Ant. Still death at least demands an equal law.

Cr. Ne'er should the base be honoured like
the noble.

Ant. Who knows, if this be holy in the shades?

Cr. Death cannot change a foe into a friend.

Ant. My nature tends to mutual love, not
hatred.

Cr. Then to the grave, and love them, if thou
must.

But while I live, no woman shall bear sway.

* * * * *

CHORUS.

Strophe I.

What blessedness is theirs, whose earthly date
Glides unembittered by the taste of woe!

But when a house is struck by angry Fate,
Through all its line what ceaseless miseries
flow!

As when from Thrace rude whirlwinds sweep,
And in thick darkness wrap the yawning deep,
Conflicting surges on the strand
Dash the black mass of boiling sand
Rolled from the deep abyss,—the rocky shore,
Struck by the swollen tide, reverberates the roar.

Antistrophe I.

I see the ancient miseries of thy race,
O Labdacus! arising from the dead
With fresh despair; nor sires from sons efface
The curse some angry power hath rivetted
For ever on thy destined line!
Once more a cheering radiance seemed to shine
O'er the last relic of thy name;—
This, too, the Powers of Darkness claim,
Cut off by Hell's keen scythe, combined
With haughty words unwise, and frenzy of the
mind.

Strophe II.

Can mortal arrogance restrain
Thy matchless might, imperial Jove!
Which all-subduing sleep assaults in vain,
And months celestial, as they move,
In never-wearied train;—
Spurning the power of age, enthroned in might,
Thou dwelt'st mid heaven's broad light.
This was, in ages past, thy firm decree,
Is now, and must for ever be;
That none of mortal race on earth shall know,
A life of joy serene, a course unmarked by woe.

Antistrophe II.

Hope beams with ever-varying ray;
Now fraught with blessings to mankind,
Now with vain dreams that lure but to betray;—
And man pursues, with ardour blind,
Her still deluding way,
Till on the latent flame he treads dismayed.
Wisely the sage hath said,
And time hath proved his truth, that when by
heaven
To woe man's darkened soul is driven,
Evil seems good to his distorted mind,
Till soon he meets and mourns the doom by fate
assigned.
But lo! the youngest of thy sons,
Hæmon advances—comes he wrung with grief
For the impending doom
Of his fair plighted bride, Antigone,
And mourning much his blasted nuptial joys?

Enter HÆMON.

Cr. We soon shall need no prophet to inform us.
Hearing our doom irrevocably past
On thy once-destined bride, com'st thou, my son,
Incensed against thy father? Or, thus acting,
Still do we share thy reverence?

Hæ. I am thine,
And thou, my father, dost direct my youth
By prudent counsels, which shall ever guide me;
Nor any nuptials can with me outweigh
A father's just command.

Cr.

'Tis well, my son:
A mind like this befits thee, to esteem
All else subservient to a father's will.
Hence 'tis the prayer, the blessing of mankind,
To nourish in their homes a duteous race,
Who on their foes may well requite their wrongs,
And, as their father, honour friends sincere.
But he who to a mean and dastard race
Gives life, engenders to himself regret,
And much derision to his taunting foes.
Then do not thou, my son, by love betrayed,
Debase thy generous nature for a woman;
But think how joyless is the cold embrace
Of an unworthy consort. Is there wound
Which galls more keenly than a faithless friend?
Spurn, then, this maiden, as a foe abhorred,
To seek in Hell a more congenial bridegroom.
Since her have I convicted—her alone
Of all the city, daring to rebel:
My people shall not brand their king a liar!
She dies. And let her now invoke her Jove,
Who guards the rights of kindred. If I brook
Rebellion thus from those allied by blood,
How strong a plea may strangers justly urge!
He who upholds the honour of his house,
By strict, impartial justice, will be proved
True to the public weal. Nor can I doubt
The man who governs well, yet knows no less
To render due obedience, will be found
A just and firm confederate in the storm
Of peril and of war. Who dares presume
With insolent pride to trample on the laws,
Shall never win from me the meed of praise.
He whom the State elects should be obeyed
In all his mandates, trivial though they seem,
Or just or unjust. Of all human ills,
None is more fraught with woes than anarchy;
It lays proud states in ruin, it subverts
Contending households; 'mid the battle strife
Scatters the serried ranks, while to the wise,
Who promptly yield, obedience brings success.
Still, then, by monarchs this should be maintained,
Nor e'er surrendered to a woman's will.
'Tis better far, if we must fall, to fall
By man, than thus be branded the weak prey,
The abject prey, of female conquerors.

Ch. To us, unless our soul be dull with age,
Thy words, O King, seem well and wisely urged.

Hæ. The gods, my father, have on man be-
stowed

Their noblest treasure—Reason. To affirm,
That in thy words from prudence thou hast
swerved,

Nor power have I, nor knowledge to maintain.
Such task were meetest from a stranger's lips.
'Tis mine to guard thine interests;—to explore
How each may think, and act, and vent on thee
His cutting censure. Thine indignant eye
Appals the people, when their uttered thoughts
Might haply wound thine ear. But to observe
These darkly-whispered murmurs is my office.
"How the whole State laments this hapless maid,
Of all her sex least worthy of such doom
As waits her now, for deeds most truly noble;
Who could not brook to leave her brother, slain
In fight, without a tomb, nor cast his corpse

A prey to ravening dogs and birds obscene.
Doth she not merit glory's brightest meed?"
Such is the general sentence. O my father,
No treasure can be dearer to thy son,
Than thine own prosperous honours. What re-
flects

Such pride on children as a generous sire,
Such joy on parents as a noble offspring?
O, then, indulge not thou this mood alone,
To deem no reasoning cogent save thine own;
For he who vaunts himself supremely skilled,
In speech and judgment o'er his fellow men,
When weighed in Wisdom's balance, is found
wanting.

It cannot shame a mortal, though most wise,
To learn much from experience, and in much
Submit. Thou seest the pliant trees, that bow
Beneath the rushing torrent, rise unstripped;
But all, that stem erect its onward course,
Uprooted fall and perish. Quell thy wrath—
Unbend to softer feelings. If one ray
Of wisdom's light my younger breast illumine,
I deem the man, whose vast expansive mind
Grasps the whole sphere of knowledge—noblest
far;

But since such boon is rare, the second praise
Is this, to learn from those whose words are wise.

Ch. If he hath spoken wisely, my good lord,
'Tis fit to weigh his reasoning. Thou, too, youth,
[To HÆMON.

Regard thy father's. Both have argued well.

Cr. And must we stoop, in this our cooler age,
Thus to be lessoned by a beardless boy?

Hæ. Not stoop to learn injustice. I am young.
But thou shouldst weigh my actions, not my years.

Cr. Thou deem'st it justice, then, to favour
rebels?

Hæ. Ne'er would I ask thy favour for the guilty.

Cr. Is not this maiden stained with manifest
guilt?

Hæ. The general voice of Thebes repels the
charge.

Cr. Shall then the city dictate laws to me?

Hæ. Do not thy words betray a very youth?

Cr. Should I, or should another, sway the State?

Hæ. That is no State, which crouches to one
despot!

Cr. Is not a monarch master of his State?

Hæ. How nobly wouldst thou lord it o'er a
desert!

Cr. Behold, I pray you, how this doughty
warrior

Strives in a woman's cause.

Hæ. Art thou a woman?

I strive for none, save thee.

Cr. Oh thou most vile!

Wouldst thou withstand thy father?

Hæ. When I see

My father swerve from justice.

Cr. Do I err,

Revering mine own laws?

Hæ. Dost thou revere them,
When thou wouldst trample on the laws of
heaven?

Cr. O thou degenerate wretch! thou woman's
slave!

Hæ. Ne'er shall thou find me the vile slave
of baseness.

Cr. Thou ne'er shalt wed her living.

Hæ. If she die,
Her death shall crush another.

Cr. Daring villain,

Dost thou proceed to threats?

Hæ. And does he threat

Who but refutes vain counsels?

Cr. At thy cost,

Shalt thou reprove me, void thyself of sense.

Hæ. Now, but thou art my father, I would say
That thou art most unwise.

Cr. Hence, woman's slave!

And prate no more to me.

Hæ. Wouldst thou then speak

Whate'er thou list, and not endure reply?

Cr. Aye, is it true? Then, by Olympian Jove,
I swear thou shalt not beard me thus unpunished!
Ho! bring that hated thing, that she may die,
E'en in the presence of her doting bridegroom.

Hæ. Believe it not. Before mine eyes, at least,
She shall not die, nor thou such dream indulge;
I quit thy sight for ever. They who list
May stand the tame spectators of thy madness.

[Exit HÆMON.

Ch. The youth has passed, my lord, in despe-
rate wrath;

A soul like his may rush from rankling grief
To deeds of frenzy.

Cr. Let him do, and dare

Beyond the power of man, he shall not save
her.

Ch. What death dost thou design her?

Cr. To a spot

By mortal foot untrodden, will I lead her;
And deep immure her in a rocky cave,
Leaving enough of sustenance to provide
A due atonement, that the State may shun
Pollution from her death. There let her call
On gloomy Hades, the sole Power she owns,
To shield her from her doom; or learn, though
late,

At least this lesson; 'tis a bootless task
To render homage to the Powers of Hell.

* * * * *
ANTIGONE is brought in guarded.

Strophe I.

Ant. Behold me, princes of my native land!

Treading the last sad path,

And gazing on the latest beam

Of yon resplendent sun—

To gaze no more for ever! The stern hand

Of all-entombing Death

Impels me—living still—

To Acheron's bleak shore—ungraced

By nuptial rites;—no hymeneal strain

Hath hymned my hour of bliss,

And joyless Death will be my bridegroom now.

Ch. Therefore, with endless praise renowned,
To those drear regions wilt thou pass;

Unwasted aught by slow disease,

Unwounded by avenging sword,

Spontaneous, living, sole of mortal birth,

Shalt thou to death descend.

Antistrophe I.

Ant. Yes! I have heard by how severe a doom

The Phrygian stranger died
On Sipylus' bleak brow sublime;
Whom, in its cold embrace,
The creeping rock, like wreathing ivy, strained.
Her, in chill dews dissolved,
As antique legends tell,
Ne'er do th' exhaustless snows desert,
Nor from her eyes do trickling torrents cease
To gush. A doom like hers,
Alas, how like! hath fate reserved for me.

Ch. A goddess she, and sprung from gods;—
We, mortal as our fathers were.
What matchless fame is thine! to fall like
those
Of ancestry divine!

Strophe II.

Ant. Ah me! I am derided. Why, oh why,
By my ancestral gods,
Why do ye mock, ere yet the tomb
Hath veiled me from your sight?
O my loved Thebes! and ye,
Her lordly habitants!
O ye Dircean streams!
Thou sacred grove of car-compelling Thebes!
I here invoke you to attest my wrongs,
How, by my friends unwept, and by what laws,
I sink into the caverned gloom
Of this untimely sepulchre!
Me miserable!
Outcast from earth, and from the tomb,
I am not of the living or the dead.

Ch. Hurried to daring's wild excess,
Deeply, my daughter, hast thou sinned,
Against the exalted throne of Right.
The woes that crushed thy father, fall on thee.

Antistrophe II.

Ant. Ah! thou hast probed mine anguish to the quick,

The source of all my pangs,
My father's widely-blazoned fate;
And the long train of ills,
Which crushed, in one wide wreck
The famed Labdacidæ!
Woe for the withering curse
Of those maternal nuptials, which impelled
My sire, unconscious, to a parent's couch!
From whom I sprung, by birth a very wretch:

Ch. Religion bids us grace the dead;
But might, when regal might bears sway,
Must never, never, be contemned.
Thine own unbending pride hath sealed thy
doom.

Ant. Unmourned, unfriended, 'rest of bridal
joys,
Despairingly I tread
The path too well prepared.
No more for ever must I hail thy beams,
Thou glad and holy sun!
Yet to my doom no sorrowing friend accords
The tribute of a tear.

Enter CREON.

Cr. What, know ye not, that none, ere death
arrive,
Would ever cease their plaints, could words avail
them?

Instant conduct her hence; and, as I bade,
Immure her in the deep sepulchral cave;
There leave her lone and desolate, or to die
Or live imprisoned in that drear abode.
We from her death shall thus be pure; and she
Shall hold no more communion with the living.

Ant. O tomb! O bridal bed! O dark abode!
My ever-during prison! whither now
I sink to join my kindred, a sad train,
Whom Proserpine among the silent dead
Hath long received;—of whom the last in time,
The first in sorrow, I to Death descend,
Ere mine allotted earthly term be past.
Yet e'en in death I cherish one warm hope,
That dear to my loved father I shall come,
Dear to thee, mother! and most dear to thee,
My brother! for in death my hand received you,
Your relics laved, your lifeless limbs composed,
And o'er your tomb libations poured. And now,
Dear Polynices, I have honoured thee
With funeral rites, and thus do they requite me.
Yet will not justice blame my pious care;—
Which of your laws, ye Powers, have I trans-
gressed?—

Yet wherefore do I turn me to the gods?—
Whom shall I call to aid me, since I meet
For pious deeds the vengeance of the guilty?
If acts like these are sanctioned by the gods,
I will address me to my doom in silence;
If not, and these offend, may heaven requite
On them such evils as they wreak on me.

Ch. The same wild storms of frenzied rage
Distract the unhappy maiden still.

Cr. For this the lingering slaves ere long
Shall learn in tears to mourn their vain delay.

Ant. Alas! death cannot be dissevered far
From that appalling threat.

Cr. Aye, I would warn thee not to hope
The doom, once sealed, may be reversed.

Ant. O Thebes, proud city of my sires!
O tutelary gods!
They force me hence, and respite is denied.
Behold, ye rulers of imperial Thebes,
The last sad daughter of a royal line,
What fearful wrongs I suffer, and from whom;—
My only crime a pious deed.

[ANTIGONE is led off.]

* * * *

TIRESIAS, CREON, CHORUS.

Ti. Princes of Thebes, we tread our wonted
path,

One sight directing both; this mode alone
Remains to guide the wanderings of the blind.

Cr. Hath aught occurred of import new or
strange,

Aged Tiresias?

Ti. I will tell thee, king.

Do thou obey the prophet.

Cr. Never yet

Thy warning did I slight.

Ti. Thence hast thou steer'd
Aright the helm of empire.

Cr. I admit,
Thy counsels oft have led me to success.

Ti. Then heed them now. Thou art in desperate peril.

Cr. What mean'st thou?—how I tremble at thy words!

Ti. List, and the symbols of mine art shall tell thee.

When on mine ancient stool of augury,
Where every bird flocks round me, I sat down,
Burst on mine ear a strange unwonted sound
Of birds, with shrill and dissonant screamings wild,

While with ensanguined talons I perceived
They tore each other; this the flapping hoarse
Of wings betokened plainly. Struck with awe,
I next essayed the hallowed fires that burn
On the high blazing altars; but the flame
Refused to shine upon the sacrifice;
And, oozing from the limbs, the vapour flowed
Mid the loose ashes, where it fumed and hissed;

The swollen entrails were dispersed; the thighs,
Stripped of th' involving caul, lay bare around.
These fearful signs of import strange and dire
I learned from mine attendant—he recounts
To me the symbols I explain to others.

'Tis thy relentless soul that plagues the country.
Our sacred altars and domestic hearths
Are strewn by dogs and birds with their foul prey,

The corpse of *Œdipus*' ill-fated son;
For this the gods reject our hallowed rites,
Our prayers, and votive victims,—while the birds,
Sated with human flesh and human blood,
Can only utter sounds of omen dire.
Therefore, my son, consider; since to err
Is common to mankind; nor is that man
Unhappy or unwise, who, when betrayed
To error, mourns his lapse, and doth not cleave
Inflexible to ill. Know, stubbornness
Doth ever argue folly. To the dead
Give way, nor trample on a fallen foe—
What courage needs it to insult the lifeless?
I speak with soul benevolent to thee;
'Tis sweet to learn from one who counsels well,
If he regard our welfare.

Cr. Ay, old man
I am your butt; ye all, like archers, aim
Your wily shafts at me. I know you well,
The venal tribe of prophets, and by them
Too oft have I been bartered and betrayed.
Go on; pursue your traffic, and acquire
The Sardan amber and the Indian gold,
If so ye list; but never shall ye shroud
This wretch within the tomb, though *Jove's* swift
bird

Should bear the mouldering relics as his prey,
E'en to th' eternal throne. Yea, though I feared
Pollution dire as this, I would not yield
To honour him with sepulture;—well I know
That none of mortal birth can e'er pollute
The holy gods! And mark me, old *Tiresias*!
Oft do the sagest of our race incur

The vilest shame, when, lured by sordid gain,
They clothe base counsels in the garb of honour.

Ti. Ha! is there one who knows—who thinks—
Cr. What wouldst thou?

Are these thy words addressed alike to all?

Ti. How much is wisdom man's most precious treasure?

Cr. So much, as folly is his greatest bane!

Ti. It is, in truth, a malady which seems
Conspicuous in thy conduct.

Cr. I forbear
To shame the prophet with a keen retort.

Ti. Yet this thou dost in charging me with falsehood.

Cr. Ah! ye are fond of gold, ye tribe of prophets.

Ti. The tribe of tyrants seems indeed to love
Dishonourable gains.

Cr. Know'st thou thy words
Are spoken to thy monarch?

Ti. Aye, I know it;
'Twas by my counsels thou didst save thine empire.

Cr. Thou art a skilful prophet, but too prone
To deeds of baseness.

Ti. Wilt thou then provoke me
To speak the awful secrets of my soul?

Cr. Well, speak then, so thou dost not ask reward.

Ti. And seem I, in thy judgment, to demand it?

Cr. Know first, thou shalt not traffic in my purpose.

Ti. And know thou, too, proud monarch, ere
the car

Of yon bright sun his destin'd course fulfil,
Thou of thine own loved offspring shalt repay
A just and equal ransom, dead for dead,
For one whom thou hast plunged from upper air
To dwell beneath, whom to the dark abodes,
Yet living, thou hast doomed; nor less for one,
Whom of the honours due to hell's dread Powers,
Of funeral rites, of sacred obsequies,
Thou hast bereft. Here no concern hast thou,
None have the heavenly Powers, but thou hast wrought

These shameless deeds by lawless violence.
Wherefore the sure avengers, who pursue
The track of guilt, the Furies of the shades,
Are ambushed round thy path, and soon will plunge thee

In ruin hopeless as thy rage inflicted.
Mark now, if gold hath bribed me thus to pre-
sage;—

Pass but a few short moments, and the shriek
Of men, and wail of women, through thy halls
Shall ring; and all the hostile states, whose slain
The dogs, and beasts, and ravening birds, have torn,

Wafting their noisome odours o'er the plain,
Shall rise against thee. Such, then, are the shafts,
Which, archer-like, my hand hath now dis-
charged,

For thou hast roused my wrath; and from the wound

These shafts inflict, thou wilt not find relief.

Boy, lead me to my house; and leave yon tyrant
To vent his impotent rage on younger heads;
And let him learn to curb his tongue to silence,
And hold a wiser mind than now he holds.

[Exit TIRESIAS.]

CREON, CHORUS.

Ch. The prophet hath departed, O my lord,
Denouncing dread events; and well I know,
Since time's long round hath silvered my dark
locks,

The State hath never proved his presage faithless.

Cr. I know it too; and therefore doubts distract me.

To yield bespeaks a coward, yet I fear

To rush upon destruction, if I cross him.

Ch. Son of Menæceus, thou hast need of prudence.

Cr. What wouldst thou have me do? Give
thine advice,

And I will straight obey it.

Ch. Then away!

Release the virgin from her rock-hewn cave
And grace th' unburied corpse with sepulture.

Cr. Is this thy counsel? Dost thou bid me
yield?

Ch. Without delay, my lord! Th' avenging
curse

Of heaven is swift to crush the disobedient.

Cr. O but 'tis hard;—yet I must fain submit—
To war with stern Necessity were madness.

Ch. Haste, then, perform thy purpose, nor
intrust

The task to others.

Cr. With all speed I fly—

Haste—haste—attendants! ye who here await,

And ye too at a distance;—haste and bring

Keen axes in your hands—fly to the cave—

I too, since my first sentence is repealed,

Who bound, will now release her; for I fear

That, while we live, 'twill prove our truest
wisdom

To venerate the eternal laws of Justice.

* * * * *

MESSENGER AND CHORUS.

Mess. Inhabitants of Thebes, where Cadmus erst
And old Amphion reigned, I know not how,
Whate'er it be, to censure or to praise
The varying life of man;—since Fortune still
Lifts, at her will, th' unhappy from the dust,
Or dooms again the prosperous to despair,
Nor can prophetic skill divine the future.
I deemed the royal Creon greatly blessed,
Who from her foes the Theban state preserved;
Assumed the sole dominion of her realms;
Bore sway, and flourished in a generous race.
And now all—all is lost. For when the joys,
The sweet delights of life are reft for ever,
I scarce can say man lives;—though still he
breathe,
The soul of life is fled.

Ch. Of what new ills

Com'st thou a herald to the royal house?

Mess. They are no more—those live who
caused their ruin.

Ch. Say, who hath wrought the deed, and who
hath perished?

Mess. Bathed in his blood, the lifeless Hæmon
lies.

Ch. Slain by his own rash hand, or by his
father's?

Mess. Incensed against his father, for the death
Of his loved bride, by his own hand he fell.

Ch. How true, O prophet, was thy fearful
presage!

Mess. Since it is thus, the rest demands our
thought.

Ch. But lo! I see the king's unhappy wife,
Eurydice, approach us.

Enter EURYDICE.

Eur. Your conference we have heard, O citi-
zens.

While yet my hand was loosening the firm bars
Which close our palace-gates, the whispered
voice

Of some domestic evil met mine ear;—

Trembling I sunk amidst my maids supine,

With sudden terror lifeless. Yet again

I bid thee tell thy tale—for I shall hear it,

Not unexperienced in severest woes.

Mess. As present there, dear lady, all the tale
Will I disclose, nor aught of truth disguise.

Why should I soothe thee with evasive words,
When time must prove their falsehood and mine
own?

The truth is ever best. Thy royal lord

I, as the guide, attended to the verge

Of that far plain, where torn by ravening dogs

The corpse of Polynices lay defiled.

Here first invoking Hecate, and the King

Of Hades, that by prayers propitiate now

They would avert their wrath, in the pure stream

We laved the relics,—on a recent pyre

Of boughs consumed them, and upreared a mound

Of his loved natal earth. We next repaired

To the sepulchral cave, the bridal couch

Of her espoused to Death. But of our train

A murmur of deep wailing from afar

Round that unhonoured tomb one haply heard,

And hastening told our monarch. He approached,

And still the muttered moanings on his ear

Smote louder and less doubtful, till he groaned

In bitter agony, and thus sighed forth:—

“Unhappy me! And is my presage true,

And do I tread the most ill-omened path

Of all my pilgrimage? It is the voice

Of mine own son that meets me! Haste, oh haste,

Attendants, to the sepulchre, and remove

The rock's obstructing barrier; look within;—

I hear the voice of Hæmon.”—We obeyed

The bidding of our half distracted lord,

And looked. Soon in the cavern's dim recess

We see the virgin—lifeless—hanging there

In noose enwoven of her linen robe.

There too lay Hæmon, clasping his pale bride,

Mourning his plighted consort, to the Powers

Of Hell espoused—his father's act severe—

And his most joyless nuptials. When the king

Beheld him, deeply sighing—to the tomb

Entering, with loud lament he thus exclaimed:

"O my unhappy child, what hast thou done?
What fearful purpose sways thee? By what woes
Art thou thus plunged in anguish? O my son
Come forth, a suppliant father here conjures thee."
But on his sire he turned his glaring eyes
With the stern air of mingled hate and scorn,
Nor answer deigned, but bared his two-edged
brand;

The king by flight evaded, and the blow
Fell impotent. Then the distracted youth,
Indignant with himself, stretched out the sword,
And sheathed it in his bosom. Conscious still,
Around the lifeless maid his arms he threw
With fond embrace, and breathing his last sigh,
Tinged her pale cheek with crimson, for the
blood

Came gushing with the fluttering sob of death;
And lifeless now he sleeps beside the dead,
In Hell's dark gloom his nuptial rites completing.
A solemn, sad example to mankind,
How great an evil is unbridled rashness.

[Exit EURYDICE.]

CHORUS, MESSENGER.

Ch. What dost thou judge from this? The
queen is gone

Without one word of patience, or despair.

Mess. I too am lost in wonder—but I still
Indulge a hope; that, learning thus the doom
Of her lost son, she will not deign to wail
Throughout the city, but retired within,
Will vent her grief in secret with her maidens.
She is more prudent than to err in this.

Ch. I know not—yet I like not this deep silence,
It bodes some dark resolve—more clamorous
grief

Vents all its force in words.

Mess. Soon shall we learn
If aught so desperate lurks within her breast,
By hastening to the palace; well thou say'st
Deep silence is the herald of destruction.

Ch. And lo! the king himself appears,
Bearing the sad memorials of his woe
Within his arms; if we may justly speak,
He is the author of his own despair!

Enter CREON, bearing his Son's body.

Strophe I.

Cr. Woe for the errors of a frenzied mind,
Ruthless and fraught with death!
O mark, in kindred ties allied,
The slayers and the slain!
Such of my counsels is the bitter fruit!
Alas! for thee, my son, my son,
Who, in youth's vernal prime
Art perished, and hast fled,
Through mine insensate rashness, not thine own.

Ch. Alas! how late dost thou acknowledge,
king,
The justice of the gods.

Strophe II.

Cr. Ah me! I learn it in mine own despair.
Then, then upon my head the wrath divine
Smote heaviest—to perdition urged me on,
And trod my joys in dust. Alas! the toils!
The hapless toils of man!

Enter Second MESSENGER.

2d Mess. Sorrows are deepening round thee,
O my lord,—

One source of bitterest grief thy hands sustain;
One waits within which thou must soon behold.

Cr. What yet remains to dreg the cup of sorrow?
2d Mess. Thy queen, the mother of this lifeless
youth,

Hath died, unhappy, by a recent wound.

Antistrophe I.

Cr. Oh! thou inexorable home of death,
Why dost thou crush me thus?
O herald of o'erwhelming woes
What horrors dost thou bring?—
Why, why press down a wretch already lost?
What hast thou said? What new despair,
Redoubling woes on woes?—
And to a murdered son
Dost thou then add my wife's destruction too?—
2d Mess. Thou mayst behold her, now no more,
within.

Antistrophe II.

Cr. Alas! I gaze upon a second woe.
What doom, ah! what awaits the victim still?
In these sad hands a lifeless son I bear,
There mark another recent corpse—woe! woe!
Sad mother! wretched son!

2d Mess. Before the hallowed altars, in wild
wrath
She fell—and closed her eyes in Death's dull
night,

Deploring first indeed th' illustrious bed
Of Megareus—long since to death consigned;
Then this her hapless son,—last on thy head
She imprecated curses, and proclaimed thee
The murderer of thy child!

Strophe III.

Cr. Woe! woe is me!
I quake with horror. Will no friendly hand
In mercy plunge deep, deep the two-edged sword?
I am a very wretch,
Condemned to struggle with o'er-mastering woes!

2d Mess. Ere yet she perished, with her parting
breath,
She charged on thee the fatal doom of both.

Cr. And by what means did death relieve her
sorrows?

2d Mess. Deep in her side she buried the keen
sword,
Soon as her son's lamented doom she heard.

Strophe IV.

Cr. Wretch that I am! the guilt is all mine
own,
None shared the deadly deed!
I am alone the blood-stained homicide;
'Tis all too clear—O! lead me hence,
Attendants, bear me hence! away—away—
For I am nothing now!

Ch. Well dost thou judge, if in despair like
thine
Aught can be well, for heaviest evils press
With lighter burden, when from sight removed.

Antistrophe III.

Cr. Come, then, O come,

Shine forth, thou last and lightest of my woes,
Bringing the final and most welcome hour
Of suffering! Come, O come,
That I may view the light of heaven no more.

Ch. These cares respect the future—first befits
To weigh with prudent thought the present crisis.
Let those direct on whom such charge devolves.

Cr. What most my soul desires, I did but make
My first and warmest prayer.

Ch. Pray now for nothing—
There is no refuge for devoted man,
When fate consigns him to a doom of woe.

Antistrophe IV.

Cr. Lead hence this lifeless shade, far, far
away.

Who, though unwilling all,
Slew thee, my son! thee too, O wife beloved!
Ah! wretch! I know not where to look,
Or whither fly. All are against me now—
Fate is itself my foe.

Ch. There is no guide to happiness on earth,
Save wisdom; nor behoves it us to fail
In reverence to the gods! High-sounding vaunts
Inflict due vengeance on the haughty head,
And teach late wisdom to its dark old age.

FROM THE ELECTRA.

A CHARIOT RACE.

THEY took their stand, where the appointed
judges

Had cast their lots and ranged the rival cars.—
Rang out the brazen trump! Away they bound,
Cheer the hot steeds and shake the slackened
reins;

As with a body, the large space is filled
With the huge clangour of the rattling cars:
High whirl aloft the dust-clouds;—blent together
Each presses each—and the lash rings—and loud
Snort the wild steeds, and from their fiery breath,
Along their manes, and down the circling wheels,
Scatter the flaking foam. Orestes still,
Aye, as he swept around the perilous pillar
Last in the course, wheel'd in the rushing axle;
The left rein curbed,—that on the dexter hand
Flung loose.—So on erect the chariots rolled!
Sudden the Ænian's fierce and headlong steeds
Broke from the bit—and, as the seventh time now
The course was circled, on the Lybian car
Dash'd their wild fronts:—then order changed
to ruin:

Car crashed on car—the wide Crissæan plain
Was, sea-like, strewn with wrecks; the Athenian
saw,
Slacken'd his speed, and, wheeling round the
marge,

Unscathed and skilful, in the midmost space,
Left the wild tumult of that tossing storm.
Behind, Orestes, hitherto the last,
Had yet kept back his coursers for the close;
Now one sole rival left—on, on he flew,
And the sharp sound of the impelling scourge
Rang in the keen ears of the flying steeds.—
He nears—he reaches—they are side by side;
Now one—now th' other—by a length the victor.
The courses all are past—the wheels erect—
All safe—when, as the hurrying coursers round
The fatal pillar dash'd, the wretched boy
Slackened the left rein:—On the column's edge
Crash'd the frail axle—headlong from the car,
Caught and all meshed within the reins he fell;
And, masterless, the mad steeds raged along!

* * * * *

Loud from that mighty multitude arose
A shriek—a shout! But yesterday such deeds—
To-day such doom!—Now whirled upon the
earth;
Now his limbs dash'd aloft, they dragged him—
those

Wild horses—till, all gory, from the wheels
Released,—and no man, not his nearest friends,
Could in that mangled corpse have traced Orestes.

FROM THE AJAX.

AJAX'S DYING SPEECH.

AND thou that makst high heaven thy chariot
course,

O Sun—when gazing on my fatherland,
Draw back thy golden rein, and tell my woes
To the old man, my father—and to her
Who nursed me at her bosom—my poor mother!
There will be wailing through the echoing walls
When—but away with thoughts like these!—the
hour

Brings on the ripening deed.—Death, Death, look
on me!

Did I say Death?—It was a waste of words.
We shall be friends hereafter.—'Tis the Day,
Present and breathing round me, and the car
Of the sweet sun, that never shall again
Receive my greeting!—Henceforth Time is sun-
less,

And Day, a thing that is not!—Beautiful Light,
My Salamis—my country—and the floor
Of my dear household hearth—and thou, bright
Athens,

Thou,—for thy sons and I were boys together—
Fountains and rivers, and ye Trojan plains,
I loved you as my fosterers,—fare ye well!
Take in these words, the last Earth hears from
Ajax—

All else unspoken, in a spectre land,
I'll whisper to the dead.

CRATES.

[About 450 B. C.]

AN Athenian actor and writer of Comedies, whereof the titles of twenty-six have come down to us. He was the first, according to Aristotle, who departed from the satirical form of Comedy, and framed his plots from general stories.

OLD AGE.

THESE shrivell'd sinews and this bending frame
The workmanship of Time's strong hand proclaim;
Skill'd to reverse whate'er the gods create,
And make that crooked, which they fashion straight.

Hard choice for man, to die—or else to be
That tottering, wretched, wrinkled thing you see:—
Yet age we all prefer; for age we pray,
And travel on to life's last lingering day;
Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,
Find heaven's extorted boon our greatest curse.

EURIPIDES.

[Born 480—Died 406, B. C.]

AMONGST the Athenians who sought refuge in Salamis from the invading army of Xerxes, was Clito, the wife of Mnesarchus, and mother of Euripides; and in that island, and on the very day of the great victory obtained by the Greeks over the Persians near its shores, was the poet born. His name, which is formed like a patronymic, from "Euripus," the scene of the first successful resistance to the Persian navy, shows how alive were the minds of his parents to the stirring events of that momentous crisis. By his father, a man of family and fortune, Euripides was supplied with all the means of education. He studied under Anaxagoras, Prodicus, Protogoras, and the best masters of the age; and was so well versed even in the gymnastic exercises of the day, that he carried off two prizes in the Eleusinian and Thesean games, when only seventeen years old. To his other accomplishments, he added a taste for painting, and some of his pictures were preserved for many years at Megara. His first tragedy, the *Peliades*, was brought out in 455 B. C., and obtained for him the third prize; but on two subsequent occasions (in 441 and 428, B. C.,) he bore away the first honours. His reputation had now spread far and wide, and we are told by Plutarch, that some of the Athenians who had survived the Syracusan expedition, obtained their liberty or a livelihood by

reciting and teaching such passages of his poems as they chanced to remember.*

Late in life Euripides took up his abode at the court of King Archelaus, in Macedonia, where, in the society of Agathon, the tragic poet, Timotheus, the famous musician, Zeuxis, the celebrated painter, and other eminent men, whom the liberality and taste of the monarch had attracted to Pella, he closed his life in the seventy-

* We also learn from the same authority, that, in after years, when the Lacedemonian general, Lysander, took Athens, it was proposed in a council of war to raze the city and convert its site into a desert; but that, during the debate, at the banquet of the chief officers, a certain Phocian sung some fine anastrophics from a chorus of the "Electra" of Euripides; which so affected the hearers that they declared it an unworthy act to reduce a place, so celebrated for the production of illustrious men, to total ruin and desolation. The lines are at verse 168. Milton has celebrated the circumstance in his *VIIIth*. Sonnet.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bade spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad *Electra's* poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

By the epithet "sad," Milton denominates the pathetic character of Euripides.—See T. Wharton's notes on Milton.

fifth year of his age and the 406th B. C., the same day on which Dionysius assumed the tyranny of Syracuse. Euripides was entombed among the kings of Macedonia, at Pella, but the Athenians, though unable to obtain his ashes, erected a cenotaph to his memory.

The cause of his quitting Athens is unknown. Possibly it might have been the same as had occasioned his misogynism, namely, the infidelity

of his two wives, Melito and Cherila, and a desire of escaping from the scene of such domestic discomfort, especially as his misfortunes were continually recalled to his remembrance by the taunts and jeers of his merciless and unscrupulous enemy, Aristophanes.

Of his many compositions, sixteen tragedies, two tragi-comedies, and a satirical drama, with several fragments of lost plays, have come down to us.

FROM THE ALCESTIS.

ADMETUS, king of Phææ, in Thessaly, on his first accession to the regal power, had kindly received Apollo, who was banished from heaven, and compelled, for a certain space, to serve a mortal. The god was not ungrateful, and when Admetus lay ill of a disease, from which there was no recovery, prevailed on the Fates to spare his life, on condition that some near relation would consent to die for him; but neither his father nor mother, nor any of his friends, were willing to pay the ransom. His wife Alcestis, on hearing this, generously devotes her own life to save that of her husband; but while the whole family are plunged in grief for her loss, and are occupied in celebrating her funeral obsequies, Hercules arrives at Phææ, and being hospitably entertained there, and informed of his host's distress, goes in pursuit of Orcus, who is conveying his prey to the infernal regions, overtakes him, and recovers Alcestis, whom he restores to the arms of her husband.

THE CHORUS IN TWO DIVISIONS.

1st *Semich.* Why this silence so profound,
In the house, and all around?

2d *Semich.* Why is there none to let us know
If for the dead our tears should flow;
Or if the queen, so dear to sight,
Yet lives and looks upon the light,
The wife that is, by common fame,
The best that ever had the name?

1st *Semich.* The silence, of itself alone,
Is token plain she is not gone.

[A female servant is seen coming from the palace.

Ch. But from the house a weeping woman
comes.

What shall we hear? when our lords suffer aught,
Our mournful sympathy is justified;
We fain would learn if she be dead or not.

Serv. She's as it were laid out, near her last
gasp.

Ch. Ah, wretched husband, losing what a wife!

Serv. He knows not yet, but soon will feel the
loss.

Ch. Is there no longer hope of saving her?

Serv. It is the day appointed her to die.

Ch. Are not the fitting preparations made?

Serv. The pomp is ready for her burial.

Ch. Let her then know she dies with best
renown,

As noblest wife of all beneath the sun.

Serv. Who will deny it? Oh! what must
she be

That can outparagon her excellence?

How can a wife show greater proof of love

Than giving her own life to save her lord's?

But this the country round already knows;

Ye'll be astonished more at what I'll tell you.

When she perceived the appointed day was
come,

She bathed in water from the running stream,
And from the cedar chest took rich attire,
Her lovely person carefully arraying,
And, standing at the sacred hearth, exclaimed:—
“Queen Vesta! I am going now below,
And kneel and pray to thee the latest time,
To guard the children I leave motherless;
A loving consort for the boy provide,
And for the girl a brave and noble spouse;
Nor let them die untimely as I do,
But with all blessings in their fatherland
Bring to completion a life full of joy.”

And then she wept, and every altar crowned,
Stripping the foliage from the myrtle boughs,
And prayed without a tear, without a groan;
Nor did the coming woe change in the least
Her bright complexion. To the bridal room,
And bed, she next advanced, but there she wept,
And said; “Oh bed, where virgin to his arms
I came, for whom I die to-day, farewell!
I hate thee not, though thou hast brought me
death;

Loth was I to betray my lord and thee.

Thee will another after me possess,
Not chaster, but perchance more fortunate.”

Then on the bed she flung herself, and kissed it,
And from her eyes let fall a flood of tears;
At last she rose and turned to leave the room,
Oft made the attempt, and often she returned,
And cast herself again upon the bed.

Her children, clinging to her garments, wept;
She took them in her arms, and kissed them both,
First one, then the other, as about to die:

The servants, pitying her, were all in tears;

She gave her hand to all, was spoken to,
And for the meanest had a parting word.

Such woe is working in our master's house!

But had he died, 'twould have been o'er with
him;

Escaping death he has a lifelong grief.

Ch. Surely Admetus groans, with grief opprest,
If he must lose so excellent a wife.

Serv. He weeps indeed, sustains her in his
arms,

And prays her not to leave him, asking for
 What cannot be; for she is going fast,
 And visibly droops and sinks, passing away.
 She hangs a languid burden on his arm;
 Yet still, though faintly gasping out her breath,
 She would behold the bright rays of the sun,
 As what she never more shall see again,
 But for the latest time will look upon
 Light's glorious orb. I'll go and say ye are here.
 For not all subjects wish well to their lords,
 Nor with them grieving truly sympathize;
 But to my master ye are friends of old.

* * * * *

ALCESTIS enters, supported by ADMETUS, and accompanied by their two children.

Alc. Oh sun! and light, and clouds of heaven,
 In fleecy rolls revolved and driven!

Adm. Cheer up, unhappy consort; leave me not,
 But pray the sovereign gods to pity us.

Alc. I see the two-oared boat! I see
 The ferryman of all the dead!

With pole in hand, he calls for me—

'Tis Charon calls, with accent dread,

And vehemently chides my stay,—

"Come quickly, come! why this delay?"

Adm. Wretch that I am! oh cruellest voyage
 to me!

My dearest, doomed wife! what woe is ours!

Alc. Some winged Hades pulls me now

Unto the dead! do you not see?

From underneath his sable brow

The King of Terrors glares at me!

What wilt thou do? unhand me! oh!

Loose me! on what a path I go!

Adm. Path dismal to thy friends, and most
 to me.

And to these children, sharers of my grief.

Alc. Lay me down! I cannot stand;

Hades now is near at hand;

O'er mine eyes the last of sleeps,

The long night of darkness creeps.

Children! now my life is o'er,

And your mother is no more;

May your lives with joy be bright,

May ye long behold the light!

Adm. Ah, woeful speech for me to hear,

Harder than any death to bear!

Oh by the gods, and by these ties,

Motherless, when their mother dies,

Forsake me not! arise, dear wife!

While I have thee, I still have life.

Alc. Admetus, you perceive how 'tis with me,

But I would tell my wishes ere I die.

How I've loved, honoured thee, appears in this,

I die when not to die was in my power,

Giving my life that thou may'st see the light.

Yet both thy parents, both near life's last goal,

Betrayed thee, when they might have nobly died,

And so have saved their son, their only child,

With no hope left of other progeny.

Had either of them dared to die for thee,

We twain had lived, nor thou disconsolate

Been left to rear the children whom I leave—

Well, be it so! then make me a return—

Thou lov'st these little ones no less than I;

At least if right thy thoughts and feelings be;
 Then bring them up as princes in my house,
 Nor introduce an envious stepmother,
 Less kind in her affections than myself,

To lord it o'er them with a heavy hand.

Remember my request: a stepdame hates

The children of a former marriage born.

My boy will in his father find a tower,

But how, my girl, shalt thou fit training have?

How will thy father's consort act to thee?

Oh, may she not by slanderous rumour spoil

Thy hope of marriage in thy bloom of youth!

Thy mother ne'er shall deck thee as a bride,

Nor, where a mother kinder is than all,

Amid thy groans of childbirth comfort thee!

For I must die.

Ch. I'll answer that he keep

Thy last injunctions, if he keep his senses.

Adm. It shall be so, it shall be, doubt it not:—

Since I had thee when living, still when dead

Shalt thou be my sole wife: none after thee

Shall call me husband.

Alc. My children, ye have heard your father's
 pledge.

Adm. Again I give it, and will keep it too.

Alc. So pledged, receive these children from
 my hand.

Adm. A precious gift from dear hand I receive.

Alc. Be thou a mother to them in my stead.

Adm. Ah! what shall I do, widowed and
 forlorn?

Alc. Time will console thee, for the dead are
 nothing.

Adm. Oh Fate! of what a wife thou spoilest
 me!

Alc. Speak of me as no more, as nothing now.

Adm. Lift up thy face, abandon not thy
 children.

Alc. Not willingly—my children, oh! farewell!

Adm. Look on them, look on me once more.

Alc. Farewell! (*dies.*)

Ch. Daughter of Pelias! now farewell!

Since thou must for ever dwell

In the subterranean halls,

Where the sun's light never falls.

Let the god, whose tresses flow

With a glooming blackness, know,

And the Rower, old and dread,

Ferryman of all the dead,

That this woman is the best,

Of the rarest worth possest,

It was e'er his lot to take

O'er the Acherontian lake.

Thy praise shall minstrels often tell

On the seven-toned mountain shell,

And in solemn hymns and sweet

Oft without the lyre repeat,

Both in Sparta, when they keep

The Carnean feast, nor sleep,

While the vernal moon all night

Shineth on them glad and bright,—

And in Athens, famed in story,

Rich in splendour, wealth, and glory,

Such a theme thy death supplies

For the minstrel's melodies.

Would that it did on me depend
That thou should'st to the light ascend!
From the realm of Dis supreme,
Where Cocytus rolls his stream,
From the land of shadows black
Would that I could waft thee back,
Bringing thee up to earth again
By the river Subterranean!
Thou, of women thou alone,
For thy husband's life thine own
Didst to Hades freely give,
Dying that thy spouse might live.
Lightly lie the earth o'er thee!
If with other ever he
Link in love, his children's hate
And our scorn upon him wait.

His mother was not willing found
To hide her body under ground,
Was not willing, though she bore him,
To the grave to go before him;
Nor did his old father dare,
When they both had hoary hair,
Neither of them dared to go,
As his substitute, below.
But thou didst—and in the hour
Of thy youth's fresh-breathing flower,
Ere life's loveliest hues had fled,
Dying in thy husband's stead.

Enter HERCULES.

Her. Phereans, is Admetus now at home?

Ch. He is within; but tell us, Hercules,
What brings you to this part of Thessaly?

Her. Eurystheus has appointed me a task.

Ch. Where must you travel, and for what
exploit?

Her. To Thrace, and for the steeds of Diomedes.

Ch. How can you do this? do you know the
man?

Her. No! I was ne'er in the Bistonian land.

Ch. Those steeds cannot be won without a
battle.

Her. Whom does their trainer boast of as his
sire?

Ch. The king of Thracian shields, enrich'd
with gold,

Calls Mars his sire.

Her. Thus does fate deal with me,
Still tasking me with arduous enterprise;
If I must with the sons of Mars contend,
First with Lycaon, and with Cycnus next,
Now with a third, this king and his fierce steeds.
But none shall ever see Alcmena's son
Shrink from encounter with a hostile hand.

Ch. And, lo! Admetus from the palace comes.

Enter ADMETUS.

Adm. Hail, son of Jove, prince of the blood
of Perseus!

Her. Admetus, prince of the Thessalians, hail!

Adm. Would that your "hail" was suited to
my state,

For your good will toward me well I know.

Her. Why are your locks in sign of mourning
shorn?

Adm. To-day I have to bury somebody.

Her. 'Tis not one of your children? Heaven
forbid!

Adm. My children are within, alive and well.

Her. If 'tis thy father, he went full of years.

Adm. My father and my mother are alive.

Her. It cannot be Alcestis that is dead?

Adm. Of her I have to speak a twofold tale.

Her. Speak you of her as living, or as dead?

Adm. She is and is not! but she is my grief.

Her. I am no wiser, for you speak in riddles.

Adm. Do you not know the doom imposed on
her?

Her. I know she undertook to die for you.

Adm. How is she living then, if bound to this?

Her. Weep not beforehand; wait until the
event.

Adm. One just about to die is dead already,
And one that's dead no longer is in being.

Her. To be, and not to be, are different things.

Adm. You judge in one way—in another I.

Her. But wherefore are you weeping? Who
is dead?

Adm. A woman:—we were speaking of a
woman.

Her. One of thy blood, or of no kin to thee?

Adm. Not of my blood, but to my house most
dear.

Her. And did she in thy house depart this life?

Adm. Her father being dead, she lived with us.

Her. Oh, that you were not mourning!

Adm. With what aim

Do you say this?

Her. To seek another host.

Adm. That must not be; let not such ill occur.

Her. A guest is grievous to a house in grief.

Adm. The dead are dead: come, go within at
once.

Her. To feast with mourners is a shameful
thing.

Adm. The guest-rooms are apart.

Her. Nay! let me go,

I'll owe you thousand thanks.

Adm. It must not be;

Elsewhere you must not go: lead on, and throw
(to an attendant)

The guest-rooms open; bid the purveyor

Provide fit entertainment for my guest;

Shut close the doors of the mid-hall, lest groans
(It were not well) should reach the feaster's ears,
And with unwelcome grief mar his content.

[HERCULES goes into the palace.]

Ch. What means this? When so great mis-
chance has fallen,

Is it a season for receiving guests

Adm. Had I driven from my house a new-come
guest,

Would you have praised me? No! I had not lost
My grief, but rather hospitality;

And such impeachment of my house had been

Another added to my present ills.

Besides, when I to thirsty Argos go,

Then this my guest is my most worthy host.

Ch. Why did you then from such a friend
conceal

Your present trouble?

Adm. Had he known my grief,
He never would have gone within my doors.
Yet will he think I was not wise in this—
He'll not like it; but my roof knows not how
To turn away and to dishonour guests.

* * * * *

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. I've at the hearth received many a guest,
From many a land, for whom I've spread the
feast,

But never worse than this. In the first place,
He saw my lord in grief, yet entered in;
Next, for his fare, such as it chanced to be,
Made no allowance, knowing our distress,
But loudly roared for any thing he lacked;
Then in both hands he seized an ivy goblet,
And quaffed the pure juice of the purple mother,
Until the flame o' the wine enkindled him;
And then with myrtle-wreath he crowned him-
self,

And howled discordantly snatches of song.
There were two strains to hear; for while he
sang,

Without a thought of our domestic woe,
We servants were bewailing our lost lady:
We did not let him see our eyes were wet,
For so Admetus ordered. I mean while
Must entertain this stranger, vagabond!
But she is gone, nor did I follow her,
Nor stretch my hand, lamenting my lost mistress,
Who was e'en as a mother to us all;
For from a thousand ills she saved us,
Appeasing for us oft her husband's ire.
Is it not justly then I hate this stranger,
Who has intruded on us in our grief?

Enter HERCULES.

Her. Hark you, why do you look so grave and
thoughtful?

A servant should receive a master's guests,
Not with a puckered brow, but cheerfully.
You show to me, that am your master's friend,
Contracted brow and gloomy countenance,
Only because of some out-door distress.
Come, learn of me, and be a wiser man.
Know you the way of life and its events?
I think *not*—but, indeed, how should you? Hark!
Death is a debt that all mankind must pay;
None knows if he shall be alive to-morrow;
For slippery fortune is uncertain ever,
Cannot be learnt, nor be found out by skill.
Drink and be merry; and consider life
To be thine own only from day to day—
The rest is Fortune's. Honour Cytherea,
Sweetest of deities to mortal men,
For she to them is goddess most benign.
If you suppose me right—I think I am,—
Leave your dark thoughts and follow my advice.
Will you not then quit your excessive grief,
Go in, and crown yourself, and drink with me?
I know right well the wine-cup's generous gush
Will clear your brow, and cleanse your mind of
gloom.

Mortals should entertain such sentiments

As suit their mortal state: to them, methinks,

That wear their visages to sorrow set,
Life is not truly life, but wretchedness.

Serv. We know it; but the feast, laughter, and
mirth,

Are quite unsuited to our present state.

Her. But who is dead? one of the children
gone?

Or his old father?

Serv. No! his wife is dead.

Her. What! his wife dead? and yet did he
receive me?

Serv. He scrupled to repel you from his house.

Her. Unhappy man!—Oh, what a loss is thine!

Serv. Not only she, with her we all are lost.

Her. I thought 'twas some misfortune, when I
saw

His woeful face, shorn hair, and weeping eyes;
But saying 'twas a stranger's funeral,
He did deceive me; and against my will
I went within his doors, drank, crowned myself,
And revell'd while he was in his affliction.
And yet you told me not of this distress!

Where does he bury her? where can I find him?

Serv. On the high-road that to Larissa leads,
Just past the city gate, you will observe
The tomb of marble shining to the view.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

Her. The newly-dead Alcestis must I rescue;
I'll go, and watch for Death, the black-robed
king

Of the Departed; if, as I expect,
I find him near the tomb, drinking the blood
Of victims, and I can surprise and seize him,
None shall release my panting prisoner
Till he resign the woman. If I fail
To take him captive so, and he abstains
From coming near to taste the clotted gore,
Then to the sunless mansions will I go,
Of fair Proserpine and her gloomy lord,
And ask her at their hands: I have no doubt
That I shall bring Alcestis up again,
And give her back to his embracing arms,
Who welcomed and received me in his house,
Though smitten with a sore calamity,
Which from respect for me he nobly hid.
What man of Thessaly has towards guests
A larger spirit and heart more bountiful?
Or what Hellenian? Never shall he say,
While he was noble, I was otherwise.

[*Exit HERCULES.*]

ADMETUS and the company of mourners return.

Adm. Oh, sad aspect, and entrance drear
Of my poor widowed house! Oh, where
Can I find rest? where go? what say?
Or how be silent? Woeful day!
Would all were o'er with me forlorn,
A wretch to worst affliction born!
I count the dead the only blest,
And long to be with them at rest.
To tread on earth not gladdens me,
Nor the sun's cheerful beams to see:
One pledge of joy I had—Death stole her,
And Hades has my life's consoler.

Ch. Go in, and solitary moan!

Thy loss is worthy many a groan.

Ay, groan! I know thy heavy lot,
But thy lamenting helps her not.
Her sweet face ne'er to see again
Is grief indeed—and grief in vain!

Adm. My house! how can I dwell in thee,
Since this sad change has fall'n on me?
'Twixt life before, and that behind,
Oh, what a difference I find!
With light of many a Pelian torch
I whilom passed within the porch,
With bridal songs, and in my hand
My wife, the lady of the land!
Then was there many a cheerful voice
To bid the happy pair rejoice,
A noble match, well come together,
Both nobly born, in life's spring-weather:—
But now instead of nuptial songs
The wailing voice its note prolongs;
And for white shining robes to-day
I'm marshalled with a black array,
To what was once a happy spot
The chamber where—where she is not!

Ch. This came on thee in grief untried,
And after fortune's happy tide;
But thou, at least, hast saved thy life;
And from her loved thy loving wife
Is gone indeed:—is this thing new?
'Tis but what Death is used to do.

Adm. I deem her fortune happier than mine
own;

It may not seem so, but I think it is;
For her no grief shall ever touch again,
And she, removed from care, with glory rests;
While I, that should have died, escaping death,
Must now drag on a weary, woeful life—
I see it now. How can I bear my home?
What pleasure can I look for? whom addressing?
By whom address? Oh, whither shall I turn?
The solitude within will drive me out,
When I behold the place void where she slept,
The seat whereon she sat; the house neglected;
And when the children, clinging to my knees,
Weep for their mother; and these poor kind
creatures

Bewailing what a mistress they have lost!

Ch. Dear she was while yet in life,
Dear too, now, when she is not;
For thine was the noblest wife
Ever fell to mortal's lot.

Let the tomb that covers her
Be not as a sepulchre
O'er the dead. Her praises meet
Shall the traveller repeat,
As to Spirit of the Day,
Ere he passes on his way:—
"She that once did death endure,
Of free will, to save her spouse,
Now, a Spirit blest and pure—
Hail, sweet Saint! and hear our vows!"

But lo! here comes Alcmena's son again.

HERCULES enters with a lady, whose face is concealed under a thick veil.

Her. 'Tis right with freedom to address a friend,
And not to hide offence we take at him.

I thought myself one worthy, as one near
In friendship, to demand what was your grief:
You told me not 'twas your wife's funeral,
But as 'twere death did not concern you nearly;
You entertained me as a welcome guest:
Meanwhile I crowned myself with myrtle
wreath,

And freely poured libations to the gods,
E'en in the house of mourning: 'twas not well—
I blame you for't, but will not with reproaches
Add to your grief. Hear why I have returned:—
Receive and keep for me this woman safely,
Till with the Thracian mares I come again,
When I have slain the rude Bistonian king.
But should I meet mischance (which Heaven
forbid!)

Accept her as a gift; with toil I won her.
It chanced I came upon a ring was set
For public games, in which, as worth my pains,
I took a part, and she became my prize.
The victors in the lighter games won horses;
Those in the greater, herds of horned cattle;
This woman was the last and noblest prize.
It had been base not to contend for this;
I did, was victor, and commit her now
To your protection; fairly did I win her,
And not by theft; you will perchance, hereafter,
Yourself commend me for the pains I took.

Adm. Neither from slight, nor thinking you no
friend,

Did I conceal my wife's unhappy fate;
But to my grief I had but added grief,
If you had gone to any other host:
To weep my own misfortune was enough.
But for this woman, if it may be so,
(Mong the Phereans you have many friends,)
Commit her to the charge of other man,
Who has not suffered in the way that I have.
The sight of her would only feed my grief.—
Take her away! methinks I see my wife,
When I see her; it stirs my troubled heart.

Her. Grieve not too much; endure the stroke
with patience.

Adm. To preach is easier than to practise it.

Her. You lost a glorious creature.

Adm. And with her
Lost sense of joy, and relish of my life.

Her. Time will compose the swelling grief yet
new.

Adm. 'Twill do it, if time be death.

Her. Another wife
Will comfort you.

Adm. Hush, hush! how can you speak so?

Her. Will you then live a lonely widower?

Adm. No woman e'er shall be my bed-fellow!

Her. Think you this of advantage to the dead?

Adm. I'm bound to honour her, where'er she be.

Her. Right, right! I say; but you'll be thought
a fool.

Adm. That let them call me, but a bridegroom
never!

Her. I praise you for your loyalty in love.

Adm. If ever I betray her, may I perish!

Her. Take now this noble dame into the house.

Adm. Pr'ythee, excuse me, by thy father Jove.

Her. But not to do this is not for thy good.

Adm. And doing it will cut me to the heart.

Her. Do it; you'll not repent it; be persuaded.

Adm. Alas! would you had never won the prize!

Her. Yet in my triumph you participate.

Adm. Thanks for your nobleness; but let her go.

Her. Yes! if it must be so, but look to it first.

Adm. It must be so, unless you would incense me.

Her. From knowing what I do, I'll run the risk.

Adm. Prevail then, but I like not your proceeding.

Her. Some time or other you will praise me for it.

Adm. Conduct her in then, if it must be so.

[To his attendants.

Her. I will not give her over to your servants.

Adm. Then lead her in yourself.

Her. Into your hands,

And into yours alone, will I commit her.

Adm. I will not touch her—but she may go in.

Her. I trust in you, and in your hands I place her.

Adm. Against my will you force me to this act.

Her. Boldly advance thy hand, and touch the stranger.

Adm. As though it were to touch the Gorgon's head!

Her. Hast hold of her.

Adm. I have.

Her. Then hold her fast;

Hereafter will you call me generous guest.

But look on her—(he lifts her veil)—and see if she resembles

Thy lost Alcestis.

Adm. My wife, my own wife!

Or do you mock me?

Her. 'Tis your very wife.

Adm. My wife? My buried wife?

Her. Yes! it is she;

I do not wonder at your unbelief.

Adm. Sweet face and person of my dearest wife!

When I did think to see thee never more,

Beyond all hope do I possess thee now?

Her. You do; all envy of the gods keep hence!

Adm. Blest be thou, noble son of highest Jove.

And may thy father ever watch o'er thee!

For only thou hast raised me up again.

FROM THE MEDEA.

MEDEA, the daughter of Æetes, king of Colchis, becoming enamoured of Jason, is enabled, by her acquaintance with the art of magic, to extricate her lover from all his dangers, and facilitate his acquisition of the celebrated golden fleece. After this conquest, Jason marries his preserver, with whom he elopes, and after some time settles at Corinth. Here, unmindful of his obligations, he is desirous of divorcing his wife, and of contracting a marriage with Glauce, the daughter of King Creon, who, fearing the cruelty and power of Medea, banishes her and her two sons from the country, in order to secure his daughter from her revenge. The unhappy woman, driven

to despair by this insult, pretends to submit to the sentence; and having secured an asylum for herself at Athens, sends her sons with rich presents to the bride; and, by the interposition of Jason, succeeds in obtaining her good offices with the king, to permit the youths to remain at Corinth, under the protection of their father. The youths are now sent back to their mother, and Glauce hastens to array herself in the splendid robes presented by her rival; but soon finds that the enchantress has infused a deadly poison, which proves fatal both to herself and her father. Jason, apprehensive of the fate which may await his sons, hastens to their rescue; but finds, on his arrival, that Medea has already sacrificed them as an expiation of the infidelity of her husband, whose agony she derides; and, defying his resentment, flies through the air with her slaughtered children, in a chariot drawn by winged dragons.

NURSE OF MEDEA.

O, THAT the gallant Argo had not wing'd
Her course to Colchis through the clashing rocks
Of the black Euxine; that in Pelion's groves
The pine had ne'er been fell'd; nor at the oars
The heroes' hands had labour'd when they sought
The golden fleece for Pelias: then my queen,
Medea, had not plough'd the watery way
To tower'd Iolcos, maddening with the love
Of Jason; nor, the daughters won to slay
Their father Pelias, had she fixed her seat
At Corinth, with her husband and her sons;
A pleasing flight indeed to those, whose land
She made her residence; while every thought,
Studious to aid him, was on Jason fix'd.
This is the state of firmest happiness,
When from the husband no discordant will
The wife estranges; but their dearest ties
Of love are loosened; all is variance now
And hate: for Jason, to his children false,
False to my mistress, for a royal bride
Hath left her couch, and wedded Creon's daughter,
Lord of this land. Ill doth Medea brook
This base dishonour; on his oath she calls,
Recalls their plighted hands, the firmest pledge
Of mutual faith, and calls the gods to witness
What a requital she from Jason finds.
Of food regardless, and in sorrow sunk
She lies, and melts in tears each tedious hour
Since first she knew her lord had injured her;
Nor lifts her eye, nor lifts her face from the earth,
Deaf to her friends' entreaties as a rock,
Or billow of the sea; save when she turns
Her snowy neck, and to herself bewails
Her father, and her country, and her house,
Which she betray'd to follow this base man,
Who treats her now with such indignity.
Affliction now hath taught her what it is
Not to forsake a parent and his house.
She hates her children, nor with pleasure sees
them.

I fear her, lest she form some strange design;
For violent her temper, and of wrongs
Impatient: well I know her, and I fear her,
Lest, in the dead of night, when all are laid

In deep repose, she steal into the house,
And plunge into their breast the piercing sword;
Or murder ev'n the monarch of the land,
Or the new-married Jason, on herself
Drawing severer ills: for like a storm
Her passions swell: and he that dares enrage her
Will have small cause to boast his victory.
But see, her sons from the gymnastic ring
Returning, heedless of their mother's ills;
For youth holds no society with grief.

TUTOR, with the Sons of Medea, NURSE.

Tut. Thou old domestic servant of my mistress,
Why dost thou take thy station at the gates,
And ruminates in silence on thy griefs?
How hath Medea wish'd to be alone?

Nur. Thou good old man, attendant on the sons
Of Jason, faithful servants with their lords
Suffer in their afflictions, and their hearts
Are touch'd with social sorrow; and my griefs
Swell, for Medea's sufferings, to such height,
That strong desire impell'd me to come forth,
And tell them to the earth and to the skies.

Tut. Admits she yet no respite to her groans?

Nur. I wonder at thee: no, these ills but now
Are rising, to their height not yet advanced.

Tut. Unwise, if of our lords we so may speak;
Since she knows nothing of more recent ills.

Nur. What may this be? refuse not to inform
me.

Tut. Nothing; and I repent of what I said.

Nur. Nay, by thy beard, conceal it not from
me,

Thy fellow-servant: if occasion calls

For secrecy, in silence will I keep it.

Tut. I heard one say, not seeming to attend,
But passing on to where they play with dice,
Among the grave old men, who then by chance
Were sitting near Pirene's hallow'd stream,
That Creon, lord of this fair land, will drive
These children and their mother from the state
Of Corinth: whether this report be true
I know not, but I wish it otherwise.

Nur. Will Jason bear to see his sons thus
wrong'd,

Though he regards their mother now no more?

Tut. To new alliances the old gives place,
And to this house he is no more a friend.

Nur. Ruin would follow, to the former ill
If this were added ere the first subsidies.

Tut. Be cautious then; it were unseasonable
Our queen knew this; in silence close thy lips.

Nur. You hear, my children, how your father's
mind

Is towards you: yet I wish not ruin on him;
He is my lord, though to his friends unkind.

Tut. What mortal knows not—thou mayst
know it hence—

Each for himself conceives a dearer love
Than for his neighbour; some by glory, some
By gain induced: what wonder, then, if these,
Of his new nuptials fond, their father love not?

Nur. Go in, my children, go: all will be well;
And take thou heed, keep them aloof, nor let
them

Come near their mother while her griefs are fresh:

Cruel her eye, and wild; I mark'd it late,
Expressive of some dark design on these:
Nor will she check her fury, well I know,
Till the storm bursts on some one: may its stroke
Fall on some hostile head, not on a friend.

Med. Wretch that I am, what anguish rends
my heart! [within.]

Wretched Medea, how art thou undone!

Nur. Ay, thus it is. Your mother, my dear
children,

Swells with resentment, swells with rage: go in,
Go quickly in; but come not in her eye,
Approach her not, but keep you from the wild
And dreadful fury of her violent temper.

Go now, go quickly in; this rising cloud
Of grief forebodes a storm, which soon will fall
With greater rage: inflamed with injuries,
What will not her tempestuous spirit dare?

Med. Ah me! ah me! what mighty wrongs I
bear,

Wrongs that demand my tears and loud laments!
Ye sons accursed of a detested mother,
Perish, together with your father perish,
And in one general ruin sink your house!

Nur. Ah me unhappy! in their father's fault
Why make thy sons associates? Why on them
Rises thy hatred? O, I fear, I fear,
My children, lest some evil threatens you.

Kings have a fiery quality of soul,
Accustom'd to command; if once they feel
Control, though small, their anger blazes out,
Not easily extinguish'd; hence I deem
An equal mediocrity of life
More to be wish'd; if not in gorgeous state,
Yet without danger glides it on to age.
There's a protection in its very name,
And happiness dwells with it: but the height
Of towering greatness long to mortal man
Remains not fix'd; and, when misfortune comes
Enraged, in deeper ruin sinks the house.

NURSE, CHORUS.

Ch. I heard the voice, I heard the loud laments
Of the unhappy Colchian: do her griefs
(Say, reverend matron,) find no respite yet?
From the door's opening valve I heard her voice.
No pleasure in the sorrows of your house
I take; for deeds are done not grateful to me.

Nur. This is no more a house; all here is
vanish'd,

Nor leaves a trace behind. The monarch's house
He makes his own; while my unhappy mistress
In her lone chamber melts her life away
In tears, unmoved by all the arguments
Urged by her friends to soothe her sorrowing soul.

Med. O that the ethereal lightning on this head
Would fall! Why longer should I wish to live?
Unhappy me! Death would be welcome now,
And kindly free me from this hated life.

Ch. Dost thou hear this, O Jove, O Earth, O
Light,

The mournful voice of this unhappy dame?
Why thus indulge this unabated force
Of nuptial love, self-rigorous, hastening death?
Let it not be thy wish: if a new bed
Now charms thy husband, be not his offence

Engraved too deep: Jove will avenge thy wrongs;
Let not thy sorrows prey upon thy heart.

Med. O powerful Themis, O revered Diana,
See what I suffer, though with sacred oaths
This vile, accursed husband I had bound!
O, might I one day see him and his bride
Rent piecemeal in their house, who unprovoked
Have dared to wrong me thus! Alas, my father!
Alas, my country! whom my shameful flight
Abandon'd, having first my brother slain!

Nur. You hear her invocations, how she calls
On Themis, prompt to hear the suppliant's vows;
And Jove, the avenger of neglected oaths
To mortal man: nor is it possible
Her fiery transports know a moment's pause.

Ch. What motives can be urged to draw her forth?

Could we but see her, would she hear our voice,
Haply our pleaded reason might avail
To soothe her soul, and mitigate her rage.
My zeal shall not be wanting to my friends.
Go then, persuade her forth; with soft address
Allure her hither: haste, thou friendly dame,
Ere her resentment burst on those within;
For her full grief swells to a dreadful height.

Nur. I will attempt it, though I fear my voice
Will not prevail, yet does your friendly zeal
Claim from me this return; but to her slaves,
When they approach to speak to her, she bears
The aspect of a furious lioness,
That watches o'er her young. If thou shouldst say

That men of former times were unadvised,
Shallow, and nothing wise, thou wouldst not err;
For festivals, for banquets, and for suppers,
They form'd the sprightly song that charm'd the ear,

Making life cheerful; but with music's power,
And the sweet symphony of varied strains,
They knew not to assuage the piercing griefs
That rack the heart, whence deaths and ruthless deeds

Spread desolation: here to soothe the soul
With lenient songs were wisdom. Where the feast

Is spread, why raise the tuneful voice in vain?
The table richly piled hath in itself

A cheerfulness that wakes the heart to joy.*

* The rites derived from ancient days
With thoughtless reverence we praise,
The rites that taught us to combine
The joys of music and of wine;
That bade the feast, the song, the bowl,
O'erfill the saturated soul,
But ne'er the lute nor lyre applied
To soothe despair or soften pride,
Nor call'd them to the gloomy cells,
Where Madness raves, and Vengeance swells,
Where Hate sits musing to betray,
And Murder meditates his prey.
To dens of guilt and shades of care
Ye sons of melody repair,
Nor deign the festive hour to cloy
With superfluity of joy!
Ah, little needs the minstrel's power
To speed the light convivial hour;
The board with varied plenty crown'd
May spare the luxury of sound.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Ch. I heard her lamentations mixed with groans,

Which in the anguish of her heart she vents;
And on her faithless husband, who betray'd
Her bed, she calls aloud; upon the gods,
Thus basely wrong'd, she calls, attesting Themis,
Daughter of Jove, the arbitress of oaths,
Who led her to the shores of Greece, across
The rolling ocean, when the shades of night
Darken'd its waves, and steer'd her through the straits.

FROM THE HIPPOLYTUS.

HIPPOLYTUS, the son of Theseus, devoting himself to the service of Diana, and neglecting Venus, draws down upon himself the indignation of the latter goddess, which cannot be appeased but by his ruin. For this purpose she inspires Phædra, his father's wife, with a guilty passion for her step-son, which she in vain attempts to suppress. Her nurse, however, extorts the secret from her mistress, and, contrary to her commands, reveals it to the youth, who received the declaration with the abhorrence it deserved. The unhappy Phædra, betrayed and disgraced, resolves on immediate death, and, instigated by revenge, dies with a letter fastened to her hand, in which she accuses Hippolytus of having committed the very crime which his virtue had rejected with so much horror. The accusation, however, is believed by the king, while the son, flying from his vengeance, is thrown from his chariot, and dies, but not until his innocence had been made clear, and reconciliation effected between him and his repentant father.

Schlegel commends the play as well for the sublime beauty of its hero, as for the propriety and moral strictness observed throughout, on so hazardous a subject.

SCENE AT TRÆZENE.

HIPPOLYTUS and ATTENDANTS.

Hippolytus.

Follow, follow; follow me;
To Diana raise the strain:
Goddess of the chase is she,
And admits us of her train.

Attendants.

Virgin goddess of the chase,
Queen of every noble grace,
Holy, awe-commanding power,
Whom to Jove Latona bore,
Hail, Diana! and again

Hail; thou most beauteous of the virgin train,
That tread the wide-extended realms above
Radiant, and grace the golden courts of Jove!

Hippolytus.

Hail, Diana, virgin bright,
Fairest of the forms divine,
That in heaven's ethereal height
Graced with beauty's radiance shine!
Thee, goddess, to adorn, I bring this crown
Enwoven with the various flowers that deck

The unshorn mead, where never shepherd dared
To feed his flock, and the scythe never came;
But o'er its vernal sweets unshorn the bee
Ranges at will, and modest nature rolls
The irriguous streamlet; garish art hath there
No share: of these the modest still may cull
At pleasure, interdicted to the impure;
But for thy golden tresses, honour'd queen,
Receive this garland from my pious hands.
To me alone of mortals is this grace
Vouchsafed, to share thy company, to hold
Free converse with thee, and to hear thy voice,
Though not permitted to behold thy face.

Att. Say, royal youth (for we should call the gods

Alone our lords,) wilt thou hear counsel from me?

Hip. Most willingly; I else should seem unwise.

Att. Know'st thou the common law to man prescribed?

Hip. I know not; nor thy question, what it means.

Att. To hate whate'er of haughty scorns to please.

Hip. And justly, for the haughty all must hate.

Att. And is there in the affable a grace?

Hip. Much, and with little labour to be won.

Att. And thinkst thou this reaches to the gods?

Hip. It must, since from the gods we have our laws.

Att. Why then this haughty goddess not address?

Hip. What goddess? But be cautious of offence.

Att. Venus, that hath her station at thy gates.

Hip. Her at a distance I, as chaste, salute.

Att. Yet is she haughty, and 'mong men renowned.

Hip. Each different gods reveres, and different men.

Att. Were thy thoughts what they ought, thou wouldst be bless'd.

Hip. A god revered by night delights not me.

Att. Sacred should be the honour of the gods.

Hip. Go, my companions, pass this dome, prepare

Provisions; for the table richly spread

After the chase is grateful. I must see

My coursers dress'd, that after my repast

I well may breathe them harness'd to the car:

But to thy Venus here I bid farewell.

Att. But we, with better thought, (for from young men

We must not take example,) as becomes

Our humble station, to thy image pay

Our vows, imperial Venus: be it thine

To pardon him, if driven by headlong youth

He speaks imprudently: do thou appear

As if thou heard'st him not; it well becomes

The gods to be more wise than mortal men.

CHORUS.

Strophe.

There is a rock from whose deep base

The bubbling fountains flow;

And from the top we sink the vase

To reach the stream below.

I have a friend, who thither brought
Her vests, with radiant purple wrought,
To bathe them in the crystal dews;
Then on the rock's steep ridge display
To the warm sun's ethereal ray
Their richly-tinctured hues.

Antistrophe.

There first from her the tidings came

That, languishing away,

On her sick couch, the royal dame

In her apartments lay;

And, every eye avoiding, spread

The light veil o'er her golden head.

Three days from food, through pining grief

Have her ambrosial lips refrain'd;

And, with some secret anguish pain'd,

From death she hopes relief.

But see, the aged nurse before the doors

Supports her from the house: a gloomy cloud

Hangs thickening on her brow: what this may be

I wish to know; and why, unhappy queen,

The transient bloom is faded from her cheek.

PHÆDRA, NURSE, CHORUS.

Nur. Unhappy state of mortals, thus to waste
With irksome sickness! What, to give thee ease,

Shall I attempt? What shall I not attempt?

Here may'st thou view the light of heaven, here breathe

The ethereal air; here press thy sickly couch

Before the house; for often didst thou ask

To be led hither: to thy chamber soon

Wilt thou return; for changeful is thy mind,

And nothing pleases; what is present to thee

Delights thee not, expecting more of good

In what is absent. Sickness bath in this

Advantage o'er the arts that work its cure:

That is a simple ill; but these require

Attentive thought, and labour of the hands.

But all the life of man is full of pain.

Ph. Yet bear me up my friends, support my head;

I have no strength: you, that attend me, hold

My feeble hands. How cumbrous is this dress!

Ill can my head support it; take it off,

And let these crisped tresses flow. Ah me!

Nur. Be cheer'd, my child, nor with this restless motion

Weary thy weak limbs: easier wilt thou bear

Thy sickness resting calmly, and thy mind

Arming with patience: in this mortal state

None are exempt from struggling with their ills.

Ph. O, from the limpid fountain might I draw

The cooling stream, and, on the grassy bank

Reclined, beneath the poplars rest my head!

Nur. What means that wish! Ah, speak not words like these

To many; there is something wild in them.

Ph. O, bear me to the mountain; to the pines,

The forest would I go, where the fleet hounds

Pursue the dappled hinds! O, by the gods

I long to cheer the dogs of chase, to wave

O'er my bright tresses the Thessalian dart,

And grasp the pointed javelin in my hands!

Nur. Whence this desire, this fondness for the chase?

Why from the limpid fountain wouldst thou take
The cooling draught? Beside the citadel
Headlong the gushing waters roll along
The living stream: thence mayst thou slake thy thirst.

Ph. Diana, goddess of the sacred lake,
And of the equestrian coursers, in thy field
O how I long to tame the Hænetian steeds!

Nur. Why are thy words again thus wild?
Ev'n now

The mountain and the chase was all thy wish;
Now in the thirsty sands to tame the steed.

Ph. What have I done, unhappy as I am,
And whither wandered from my sober sense?
I raved: some angry god hath wrought this ill.
Ah me, unhappy! Let thy friendly hand
Cover my head again: I am ashamed
Of what I said: O cover me: the tear
Drops from mine eye, and on my cheek I feel
The warm blush rise. How painful when the sense

Resumes its former functions! To be mad
Is dreadful; yet in this a softer ill,
We have no sense of the calamity.

Nur. Thy head again I cover; when will death
Cover my body? From this length of life
Much have I learn'd: best suited to the state
Of mortal life are mutual friendships form'd
With moderation, such as take not root
Deep in the soul; affections that with ease
May be relax'd, or closer bound at will.

Ch. Thou aged matron, faithful from her youth
To the imperial Phædra, we behold
Her cruel sufferings; but no symptoms mark
What her disease may be, of this we wish
To make inquiry, and to learn from thee.

Nur. I am not well assured, nor will she
speak it.

Ch. But of her sufferings what may be the
cause?

Nur. Nor know I this, for she conceals it all.

Ch. Beneath her malady she wastes away.

Nur. No food for three long days hath passed
her lips.

Ch. Through sickness this, or is she bent on
death?

Nur. From food abstaining soon her life must
end.

Ch. This sure must be displeasing to her lord.

Nur. She hides it all, and speaks not of her
illness.

Ch. But he must mark it when he views her
face.

Nur. It chances he is absent from this land.

Ch. Hast thou been earnest in the attempt to
learn

What her disease, and what thus racks her
mind?

Nur. I have tried all, but vain are my attempts;
Yet shall I not e'en now abate my zeal.

O my loved child, let us forget the words,
We each have spoke; do thou recall thy sweet
And gentle nature; clear that clouded brow;
Thou shouldst not be thus silent. Have I spoke

Amiss? reprove me; if my words are right,
Assent to them. What is it? Speak.—By dying
Thy sons thou wilt betray, nor will they share
The rich inheritance of their father's house.
This by the warlike Amazonian queen
I swear; for she hath left a son to lord it
Over thy sons, of spurious birth indeed,
But now legitimate thought, thou know'st him
well,

Hippolytus—

Ph. Ah me!

Nur. Doth it then touch thee?

Ph. Thou hast undone me; by the gods I beg
thee,

O never let me hear that name again!

Nur. Dost thou see this? thou judgest right;
why then

Not benefit thy sons, and save thy life?

Ph. I love my sons! another storm bursts o'er
me.

Nur. Thy hands, my child, are innocent of
blood?

Ph. My hands are guiltless, but my heart's
defiled.

Nur. Some foreign ill, brought on thee by thy
foes?

Ph. I by a friend, unwilling both, am ruin'd.

Nur. By some misdeed hath Theseus injured
thee?

Ph. Would I were found not to have injured
him?

Nur. What dreadful thing makes thee thus
wish to die?

Ph. Ill would befall thee, should I tell thee all.

Nur. Can worse befall me than the loss of
thee?

Ph. Go; by the gods, forbear, and quit my
hand.

Nur. Never, till thou indulge me this request.

Ph. That suppliant hand revering, I will tell
thee.

Nur. 'Tis mine in silence to attend thy words.

Ph. Ah, wouldst thou tell me what is mine to
speak?

Nur. I am no prophetess in things obscure.

Ph. Ah, tell me what is this which men call
love.

Nur. The sweetest pleasure and severest pain.

Ph. Taught by experience, one of them I feel.

Nur. What says my child? Dost thou then love
some man?

Ph. Who is this son of the Amazonian queen?

Nur. Hippolytus.

Ph. By thee he's named, not me.

Nur. Ah me! What wouldst thou say? O thou
hast made me

Most wretched. No, this is not to be borne;
For now the wise, the modest, are in love
(Not willingly indeed) with ill. No god
Is Venus then? Nay, if there be aught else
More potent than a god, she hath undone
My royal mistress, me, and all the house.

Ph. Træzenian dames, who this remotest verge
Of Pelops' realms inhabit, through the long
And silent night oft have my thoughts revolved
The sad depravity of human life;

How prone to ill, through no defect, I think,
Of nature; she to many gives the sense
Of what is right; but my reflections lead me
To this conclusion; what is good we know
And feel, but do it not; through listlessness
Some want the spirit to act; and some prefer
Their favourite pleasure to the work of virtue;
For life hath various pleasures; ill-spent hours
Of frivolous conversation, indolence,
A pleasing ill and shame;—but I unfold
The workings of my mind. Soon as I felt
The wound of love, my thoughts were turn'd
how best

To bear it; hence in silence I conceal'd
My pains; my next resolve was to overcome it
With chaste austerity. When these avail'd not
To vanquish love, I deem'd it noblest for me
To die; these resolutions none will blame.
I knew how foul this fond desire, I knew
How infamous, and, as a woman, well
I knew in what abhorrence it is held.
O, that she perish'd, suffering every ill,
Who with adulterate love the nuptial bed
First shamed! The houses of the great gave
birth

To this disease; and thence the infection spread.
For when base deeds from those of highest rank
Receive a sanction, all below esteem them
As objects of their honest imitation.
But her I hate, whose tongue to modest praise
Is filed, while thoughts of lewdness in her heart
She dares to harbour. Sovereign, sea-born Venus,
How can such look their husband in the face,
Nor tremble at the darkness that assists them;
And fear the roof, the walls should find a tongue
To publish their misdeeds? I will not live
Dear friends, to shame my husband and my
children.

Ch. How lovely in each state is chastity,
Which brings to mortals, the sublimest fame!

Nur. A sudden terror, lady, seized my heart
When first I heard thy griefs; I now perceive
My weakness; it is ever thus; the thoughts
Draw wisdom from reflection. Nothing strange
Affects thee, nothing singular; severe
The anger of the goddess rushes on thee.
Lov'st thou? What wonder? Many feel the force
Of love; wilt thou for this refuse to live?
Ill would it fare with those that love, and those
That shall hereafter love, if they must die;
For Venus is resistless, when she comes
In all her force; but gentle to the heart
That to her influence yields; the proud, that bids
Scornful defiance to her power, she seizes,
And, as too well thou know'st, chastises him.
She ranges through the sky, and in the sea
Commands the waves; and all things owe their
birth

To her; she sows, she gives the seeds of Love;
And all that live on earth, from him arise—
Those who revolve the annals of old times,
And those who tread the Muses' hallow'd haunts,
Know how the breast of Jove, with Semele
Was once enamour'd; to the heavenly seats,
How beauteous, bright Aurora, touch'd with love,
Bore Cephalus; yet in the skies they hold

Their seats, nor fly the assemblies of the gods,
Who hold them dear, by the same power, I ween,
Themselves subdued: and wilt thou not sustain it?
It were too nice through all the parts of life
To labour at exactness.—But no more
Of these weak thoughts, of these thy vain en-
deavours.

To be more perfect than the gods. Be firm,
If love hath seized thy heart; it is the work
Of love's all-powerful goddess; if it pains thee,
Try to relieve thy pain; know, there are charms,
And spells of wondrous potency to heal
The sickness of the soul; their influence
Shall give thee ease. In their inventions slow
Were men, but readier far is woman's skill.

Ph. This is what ruins many a noble house,
And many a peopled town, this glorying speech.
Behoves us now no blandishment that charms
The ear, but what excites to virtuous deeds.

Nur. Wherefore this lofty strain? Thou hast
not need

Of fine-formed words, but of a man, and soon
May they be known who most discreetly speak
What so concerns thee. If this malady
Touch'd not thy life, and modesty prevail'd,
I would not for thy pleasure and thy love
To this have led thee; but to save thy life
Is the great business; let not that find blame.

Ph. Fye on thy tongue! Wilt thou not close
thy lips?

Wilt thou not cease to urge thy shameful plea?

Nur. It may be shameful, but consults for thee
Better than honour; it would save thy life,
In which more merit lies than in a name,
Glorying in which, it is thy wish to die.

Ph. Now, by the gods (for shameful are thy
words

Though well design'd) no farther urge thy plea,
That, if I give my yielding soul to love,
I should do well; for though with specious phrase
Thou varnish o'er the baseness, I should fall
On that disgrace and ruin which I fly.

Nur. If such thy resolution, it behoved thee
Not from the right to deviate; but ev'n thus
Be ruled by me; do me this grace at least:
I in the house have medicines, of power
To charm the rage of love; these to my thought
Lately occur'd; let not thy fears prevail:
They, without shame, or injury to sense,
Will ease thee of this sickness of the mind.
But thou must have some token from the youth
Beloved, some word, some relic of his vest,
Of two in union close to knit one love.

Ph. An unguent or a potion is the charm?

Nur. Wish not to be informed, my child, but
ensed.

Ph. Too much, I fear, thou trustest to thy
wisdom.

Nur. Fear every thing, be sure: what dost thou
fear?

Ph. Lest to the son of Theseus thou disclose it.

Nur. Confide in me: my care shall order this
Right well: do thou, O sovereign, sea-born Venus,
Do thou but aid me! To my friends within
To impart the rest is all that's needful now.

[Exit NURSE.]

PHÆDRA, CHORUS.

Strophe I.

O Love, O Love, that through the eyes
 Instillest softly warm desire,
 Pleased in the soul, with sweet surprise,
 Entrancing rapture to inspire;
 Never with wild, ungovern'd sway
 Rush on my heart, and force it to obey:
 For not the lightning's fire,
 Nor stars swift darting through the sky,
 Equal the shafts sent by this son of Jove,
 When his hand gives them force to fly,
 Kindling the flames of love.

Antistrophe I.

In vain at Alpheus' stream, in vain
 At bright Apollo's Pythian shrine,
 Doth Greece, the votive victim slain,
 With reverence offer rites divine:
 To him who holds the high employ
 To unlock the golden gates of love and joy,
 No honours we assign;
 The tyrant of the human breast,
 That ravages where'er he takes his way,
 And sinks mankind with woes oppress'd
 Beneath his ruthless sway.

Strophe II.

Thee, Æchalia's blooming pride,
 Virgin yet in love untied,
 Ne'er before by Hymen led,
 Stranger to the nuptial bed,
 Unexperienced, hapless fair,
 From thy house with wild affright
 Hastening, like the frantic dame,
 That to the Bacchic orgies speeds her flight,
 With blood, with smoke, with flame,
 And all the terrors wild of war,
 To nuptials stain'd with gore did Venus give,
 And bade Alcmena's son the beauteous prize
 receive.

Antistrophe II.

Say, ye sacred towers that stand
 Bulwarks of the Theban land;
 And ye streams, that welling play
 From the fount of Dirce, say,
 How to you came the Queen of Love:
 'Mid the lightning's rapid fire,
 While around her thunders roar,
 She caused the blasted Semele to expire,
 The hapless nymph that bore
 Bacchus from the embrace of Jove.
 Thus over all she spreads her tyrant power,
 As restless as the bee that roves from flower to
 flower.

Ph. Be silent, O my friends, I am undone.

Ch. What is there dreadful, Phædra, in thy house?

Ph. Forbear, that I may hear their words within.

Ch. Thy words forebode some ill: but I am dumb.

Ph. Ah me, unhappy me, how great my woes!

Ch. What mean these lamentations? Why this voice

Of sorrow? Tell us, lady, what thou hearest,
 That with this sudden terror strikes thy heart.

Ph. O ruin, ruin! Stand you at the door
 And hear what tumult in the house is raised.

Ch. Thou standest nigh the door; and from
 the house

Issuing, the voice comes to thy ear; but tell me,
 Tell me, what dreadful ill hath happen'd thee?

Ph. The son of that fierce Amazon is loud;
 And, high in anger, 'gainst my servant raves.

Ch. I hear his voice, but to my ear his words
 Come not distinct; to thine they come, to thine
 The doors transmit what in the house he speaks.

Ph. He calls her vile procuress, her lord's bed
 Falsely betraying; that I hear distinct.

Ch. Alas for thy unhappy fate! Loved queen
 Thou art betray'd. What counsel shall I give thee?
 The secrets of thy soul are all disclosed,
 And thou art ruin'd, by thy friends betray'd.

Ph. Yes, she hath told my griefs, and so un-
 done me.

To ease, to heal the sickness of my soul,
 Friendly her purpose, but dishonourable.

Ch. What then, unhappy sufferer, wilt thou do?

Ph. I know not, save one thing; forthwith to
 die.

Death is the only cure of all my ills.

PHÆDRA, HIPPOLYTUS, NURSE, CHORUS.

Hip. O parent Earth, and thou, all-seeing Sun,
 What words of horrid import have I heard!

Nur. Ah, speak no more, lest some one mark
 thy words.

Hip. Not speak! mine ears thus wounded with
 thy baseness?

Nur. Nay, I conjure thee, by this beauteous
 hand.

Hip. Away, keep off thy hands, touch not my
 robes.

Nur. Thus at thy knees I beg, undo me not.

Hip. Why, since thou say'st thou hast spoke
 nothing ill?

Nur. Affairs like this may not be told to all.

Hip. Things honest may with honour be made
 known.

Nur. Ah, do not rashly violate thine oath.

Hip. My tongue indeed hath sworn, but not
 my mind.

Nur. What wilt thou do? in ruin sink thy
 friends?

Hip. I scorn you, nor hold friendship with the
 base.

Nur. Forgive me: human weakness oft must
 err.

Hip. Wherefore, O Jove, beneath the sun's fair
 light,

That specious mischief, woman, didst thou place?
 For with the human race if thou wouldst fill
 The peopled earth, no need they should be raised
 From woman; at thy shrines might men present
 Iron, or brass, or heaps of massy gold,
 To purchase children, in proportion given
 For the rich offering; man might then have lived
 Free and uncumber'd with this female burden;
 But now, to lead this mischief to our house,
 Our wealth must be expended. Hence appears

How great a mischief woman is to man—
 The father who begot her, bred her up,
 Gives her a dowry, to another house
 Consigning her, to rid him of the ill;
 He who receives the baleful ill rejoices;
 Adding each splendid ornament, bright gems
 And robes, and all the riches of his house
 On her exhausting. Is the alliance form'd
 With those of noble rank? He must perforce
 Keep with apparent joy the uneasy bed.
 Or finds he in his choice domestic sweets,
 But to the ignoble and the base allied?
 That evil he suppresses with the good.
 Happier who 'scapes both these, and to his
 house

Leads a plain, gentle-manner'd, simple wife.
 I hate the knowing dame, nor in my house
 Be one more wise than woman ought to be;
 For Venus in these knowing dames with ease
 Engenders wiles; from all which folly far
 Simplicity removes the unplotting wit.
 But female servant never on the wife
 Should be attendant; let them rather dwell
 With animals that want the power of speech,
 That they may neither have with whom to
 talk,

Nor hear their conversation in return;
 But now the wicked mistress in the house
 Contrives her wicked purpose, and abroad
 The base attendant bears her lewd design.—
 So thou, vile wretch, art come to me, to form
 Detested commerce with my father's bed,
 Too holy to be touch'd; thy impure words
 Pollute mine ears;—how then should I commit
 A villany, when but to hear it named
 Defiles me? But know this, my piety
 Protects thee, woman; had I not been caught
 At unawares, bound by a sacred oath,
 I never could have held me from disclosing
 This to my father. But the house, while Theseus
 Is absent from his country, I will leave:
 Yet shall my lips be closed: when he returns,
 I with him will return; then shall I see
 How you will look my father in the face,
 Thou and thy mistress: I shall know you both,
 Conscious of your attempts. Perdition seize
 you!

My soul can never have its fill of hate
 Towards women, though I always speak my
 hate,
 For they are always wicked. Either see
 That some one forms your sex to modesty,
 Or let me always taunt you with reproach.

[Exit HIPPOLYTUS.]

PHEDRA, NURSE, CHORUS.

Ch. How wretched, how unfortunate the state
 Of women! Disappointed of our hopes,
 What skill, what prudence can instruct us now
 To free thee from the inextricable toils?

Ph. This punishment is just. O Earth! O
 Light!

How shall I shun my fate, or how, my friends,
 Conceal this ill? What god will deign to aid,
 What mortal would appear confederate,
 Or favouring deeds of baseness? From this ill

Life hath no refuge: and you see me here,
 The most distress'd, most wretched of her sex.

Ch. Ruin indeed hangs o'er thee; naught
 avail'd

Thy servant's artful trains; but all falls ill.

Ph. Vile wretch, thou base corrupter of thy
 friends,

What mischief hast thou wrought me? May great
 Jove,

The author of my race, with lightning blast thee,
 And sweep thee from the earth! Did I not
 charge thee

(For I perceived thy purpose) to be silent
 Of what afflicts me now? But thou thy tongue
 Couldst not restrain; I therefore shall not die
 With glory: new resolves must now be form'd;
 For he, inflamed with rage, will to his father
 Disclose my fault, to aged Pittheus tell
 My miseries, and all the country round
 Spread the reproachful story. Perish thou,
 And all like thee, that by inglorious means
 Are prompt to aid their friends against their
 will!

Nur. Thou, lady, I confess, hast cause to blame
 What I have done amiss; for what afflicts thee
 O'erpowers cool discretion. Yet this plea,
 Wouldst thou admit it, I might urge; thy years
 Of infancy I nurtur'd, and my heart
 Glows with affection towards thee: for thy
 pains

I sought medicinal relief, but found
 What least I wish'd: had I succeeded well,
 I had been reckon'd 'mong the wise: our minds
 Are so disposed, to judge from the event.

Ph. I'll hear no more; thou couldst before
 advise

What honour sickens at, and thy attempts
 Were base; begone, and of thyself take care.
 For me, as honour dictates I shall act.
 Ye generous daughters of Træzene, now
 Grant me one poor request; give me your faith,
 In silence to conceal what you have heard.

Ch. Daughter of Jove, revered Diana, hear
 My oath, I never will disclose thine ills.

Ph. 'Tis nobly said. Yet one thing have I
 found

Revolving deep, to alleviate these ills,
 That to my children I may add a life
 Of glory, and in this affliction give
 Myself relief; for never will I shame
 My Cretan lineage; never will I come
 Into the presence of the royal Theseus
 Stain'd with this baseness, for a single life.

Ch. What desperate deed dost thou intend
 to do?

Ph. To die; but how? this will I ponder well.
 Ch. Talk not thus wildly.

Ph. And be thy advice

Less wild. Since Venus has decreed my fall,
 This day by quitting life, I will delight her,
 And yield to cruel love the victory.
 Yet to another shall my death be cause
 Of ill; that he may learn not to be proud
 At my afflictions, but by sharing them
 Be taught a lesson of humanity.

• • • • •

FROM THE IPHIGENEIA IN AULIS.

THE combined fleet of Greece being detained at Aulis by contrary winds, the Oracle declared that they would not be permitted to sail, unless Iphigeneia were sacrificed to Diana; but that if the goddess were thus propitiated, they should reach the Phrygian shore, and lay the towers of Troy level with the ground. Upon this Agamemnon had been prevailed on to send for his daughter, under pretence of giving her in marriage to Achilles. Iphigeneia arrives, attended by her mother: but, instead of her nuptials with the most accomplished of all the Grecian princes, finds that she is destined to bleed as a victim on the altar of Diana.—The character of Iphigeneia, though drawn with feeling and tenderness, and such as to awake our softest emotions, is not—as Aristotle has remarked—quite consistent or well sustained. “Iphigeneia imploring, (says he,) is altogether unlike Iphigeneia offering up herself a willing sacrifice.”

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENEIA, AND CHORUS.

Iph. Had I, my father, the persuasive voice Of Orpheus, and his skill to charm the rocks To follow me, and soothe whome'er I please With winning words, I would make trial of it: But I have nothing to present thee now Save tears, my only eloquence; and those I can present thee. On thy knees I hang A suppliant. Ah! kill me not in youth's fresh prime.

Sweet is the light of heaven: compel me not What is beneath to view. I was the first To call thee father, me thou first didst call Thy child. I was the first that on thy knees Fondly caress'd thee, and from thee received The fond caress: This was thy speech to me: Shall I, my child, e'er see thee in some house Of splendour, happy in thy husband, live And flourish, as becomes my dignity? My speech to thee was, leaning 'gainst thy cheek,

Which with my hand I now caress, and what Shall I then do for thee? Shall I receive My father when grown old, and in my house Cheer him with each fond office; to repay The careful nurture which he gave my youth? These words are on my memory deep impress'd: Thou hast forgot them, and wilt kill thy child. By Pelops I entreat thee, by thy sire Atreus, by this mother, who before Suffer'd for me the pangs of childbirth, now These pangs again to suffer, do not kill me. If Paris be enamour'd of his bride, His Helen, what concerns it me? and how Comes he to my destruction? Look upon me. Give me a smile, give me a kiss, my father, That, if my words persuade thee not, in death I may have this memorial of thy love. My brother, small assistance canst thou give Thy friends, yet for thy sister, oh! with tears Implore thy father, that she may not die. E'en infants have a sense of ills: and see,

My father, silent though he be, he sues To thee: be gentle to me, on my life Have pity: thy two children by this beard Entreat thee, thy dear children; one is yet An infant, one to riper years arriv'd. I will sum all in this, which shall contain More than long speech; to view the light of life To mortals is most sweet, but all beneath Is nothing: of his senses is he left, Who hath a wish to die; for life, though ill Excels whate'er there is of good in death.

Ch. For thee unhappy Helen, and thy love A contest dreadful, and surcharg'd with woes, For the Atreidae and their children comes.

Ag. What calls for pity, and what not, I know:

I love my children, else I should be void Of reason: to dare this is dreadful to me, And not to dare is dreadful. I perforce Must do it. What a naval camp is here You see, how many kings of Greece array'd In glitt'ring arms: to Ilium's towers are these Denied t' advance, unless I offer thee A victim, thus the prophet Calchas speaks, Denied from her foundations to o'erturn Illustrious Troy; and through the Grecian host Maddens the fierce desire to sail with speed 'Gainst the barbarians' land, and check their rage

For Grecian dames: my daughters these will slay

At Argos; you too will they slay, and me, Should I, the goddess not revering, make Of none effect her oracle.

[Exit AGAMEMNON.

Iph. To suff'rings born, the human race In suff'rings pass life's little space: Why, since misfortunes 'round them wait, Should men invite their cruel fate?

Ch. Alas, what woes, what miseries, hast thou brought,

Daughter of Tyndarus, on Greece! but thee, Unhappy virgin, by this flood of ills O'erwhelm'd I wail: ah, were this fate not thine!

Iph. My mother, what a crowd of men I see Advance!

Cly. The son of Thetis with them comes, For whom, my child, I led thee to this strand.

Iph. Open the doors to me, ye female train, That I may hide myself.

Cly. Whom dost thou fly?

Iph. Achilles, whom I blush to see.

Cly. And why?

Iph. These ill-starr'd nuptials cover me with shame.

Cly. Nothing of pleasure doth thy state present.

Yet stay: this is no time for grave reserve.

Enter ACHILLES.

Ach. Daughter of Leda, O unhappy queen!

Cly. Thy voice speaks nothing false.

Ach. Among the Greeks Dreadful the clamour.

Cly. What the clamour? say.

Ach. Touching thy daughter.
Cly. Thou hast said what bears
 No happy omen.
Ach. That she must be slain
 A victim.
Cly. And doth none against this speak?
Ach. I was with outrage threaten'd.
Cly. Stranger, how?
Ach. To be o'erwhelm'd with stones.
Cly. Whilst thou wouldst save
 My child?
Ach. E'en so.
Cly. Who dar'd to touch thee?
Ach. All
 The Grecians.
Cly. Were thy troops of Myrmidons
 Not present to thee?
Ach. They were first in rage.
Cly. Then are we lost, my child.
Ach. They cried aloud
 That I was vanquish'd by a woman.
Cly. Aught
 Didst thou reply?
Ach. That her who was to be
 My bride, they should not slay.
Cly. With justice urged.
Ach. Named by her father mine.
Cly. From Argos brought
 By his command.
Ach. In vain: I was o'erpower'd
 By their rude cries.
Cly. The many are indeed
 A dreadful ill.
Ach. Yet I will give thee aid.
Cly. May thy designs succeed!
Ach. They shall succeed.
Iph. My mother, hear ye now my words: for
 thee
 Offended with thy husband I behold:
 Vain anger! for where force will take its way,
 To struggle is not easy. Our warm thanks
 Are to this stranger for his prompt good will
 Most justly due: yet, it behoves thee, see
 Thou art not by the army charg'd with blame.
 Nothing the more should we avail; on him
 Mischief would fall. Hear then what to my
 mind
 Deliberate thought presents: it is decreed
 For me to die: this then I wish, to die
 With glory, all reluctance banish'd far.
 My mother, weigh this well, that what I speak
 Is honour's dictate: all the powers of Greece
 Have now their eyes on me; on me depends
 The sailing of the fleet, the fall of Troy.
 By dying, all these things shall I achieve,
 And blest, for that I have deliver'd Greece,
 Shall be my fame. To be too fond of life
 Becomes not me: nor for thyself alone,
 But to all Greece, a blessing didst thou bear me.
 Shall thousands, when their country's injur'd, lift
 Their shields; shall thousands grasp the oar, and
 dare
 Advancing bravely 'gainst the foes, to die
 For Greece? and shall my life, my single life
 Obstruct all this? Would this be just? What word
 Can we reply? Nay, more; it is not right

That he with all the Grecians should contend
 In fight, should die, and for a woman: no;
 More than a thousand women is one man
 Worthy to see the light of life. If me
 The chaste Diana wills 't accept, shall I,
 A mortal, dare oppose her heavenly will?
 Vain the attempt: for Greece I give my life.
 Slay me, demolish Troy: for these shall be
 Long time my monuments, my children these,
 My nuptials, and my glory. It is meet
 That Greece should o'er Barbarians bear the
 sway,
 Not that Barbarians lord it over Greece:
 Nature hath form'd them slaves, the Grecians
 free.

Ch. Thine, royal virgin, is a generous part:
 But harsh what Fortune and the Goddess wills.

Ach. Daughter of Agamemnon, highly blest
 Some god would make me, if I might attain
 Thy nuptials. Greece in thee I happy deem,
 And thee in Greece. This hast thou nobly spoken,
 And worthy of thy country: to contend
 Against a goddess of superior power
 Desisting, thou hast judg'd the public good
 A better, nay a necessary part.

For this more ardent my desire to gain thee
 My bride, this disposition when I see,
 For it is generous. But consider well:
 To do thee good, to lead thee to my house,
 Is my warm wish; and much I should be griev'd,
 Be witness Thetis, if I save thee not
 In arms against the Grecians: in thy thought
 Revolve this well: death is a dreadful thing.

Iph. Reflecting not on any, this I speak:
 Enough of wars and slaughters from the charms
 Of Helen rise: but die not thou for me,
 O stranger, nor distain thy sword with blood;
 But let me save my country if I may.

Ach. O glorious spirit! nought have I 'gainst this
 To urge, since such thy will; for what thou say'st
 Is generous: why should not the truth be spoken?
 But of thy purpose thou may'st yet repent.
 Know then my resolution: I will go,
 And nigh the altar place these arms, thy death
 Preventing, not permitting; thou perchance
 May'st soon approve my purpose, nigh thy throat
 When thou shalt see the sword: and for that
 cause

I will not, for a rash unweigh'd resolve,
 Abandon thee to die; but with these arms
 Wait near Diana's temple till thou come.

[*Exit* *ACHILLES.*]

Iph. Why, mother, dost thou shed these silent
 tears?

Cly. I have a cruel cause, that rends my heart.

Iph. Forbear, nor sink my spirit. Grant me
 this.

Cly. Say what: by me my child shall ne'er be
 wrong'd.

Iph. Clip not those crisped tresses from thy
 head,
 Nor robe thee in the sable garb of woe.

Cly. What hast thou said, my child? when
 thou art lost—

Iph. Not lost, but sav'd: through me thou shalt
 be fam'd.

Cly. What, for thy death shall I not mourn,
my child?

Iph. No, since for me a tomb shall not be rais'd.

Cly. To die then, is not that to be entomb'd?

Iph. The altar of the goddess is my tomb.

Cly. Well dost thou speak, my child: I will
comply.

Iph. And deem me blest, as working good to
Greece.

Cly. What message to thy sisters shall I bear?

Iph. Them too array not in the garb of woe.

Cly. What greetings to the virgins dost thou
send?

Iph. My last farewell. To manhood train
Orestes.

Cly. Embrace him, for thou ne'er shalt see
him more.

Iph. Far as thou could'st, thou didst assist thy
friends. [To ORESTES.

Cly. At Argos can I do aught pleasing to thee?

Iph. My father, and thy husband, do not hate.

Cly. For thy dear sake fierce contests must he
bear.

Iph. For Greece, reluctant, me to death he
yields.

Cly. Basely, with guile, unworthy Atreus' son.

Iph. Who goes with me, and leads me, by the
hair

E'er I am dragg'd?

Cly. I will go with thee.

Iph. No:

That were unseemly.

Cly. Hanging on thy robes.

Iph. Let me prevail, my mother; stay, to me
As more becoming this, and more to thee:

Let one of these, th' attendants of my father,

Conduct me to Diana's hallow'd mead,

Where I shall fall a victim.

Cly. O my child,

Dost thou then go?

Iph. And never to return.

Cly. And wilt thou leave thy mother?

Iph. As thou seest,

Not as I merit.

Cly. Stay, forsake me not.

Iph. I suffer not a tear to fall. But you,
Ye virgins, to my fate attune the hymn,

"Diana, daughter of almighty Jove."

With fav'ring omens sing "Success to Greece."

Come, with the basket one begin the rites,

One with the purifying cakes the flames

Enkindle; let my father his right hand

Place on the altar; for I come to give

Safety to Greece, and conquest to her arms.

Iph. Lead me: mine the glorious fate

To o'erturn the Phrygian state!

Ilium's towers their head shall bow,

With the garlands bind my brow,

Bring them, be these tresses crown'd.

Round the shrine, the altar round

Bear the lavers, which you fill

From the pure translucent rill.

High your choral voices raise,

Tun'd to hymn Diana's praise,

Blest Diana, royal maid.

Since the fates demand my aid,

I fulfil their awful power

By my slaughter, by my gore.

Ch. Reverenc'd, reverenc'd mother, now

Thus for thee our tears shall flow:

For unhallow'd would a tear

Midst the solemn rites appear.

Iph. Swell the notes, ye virgin train,

To Diana swell the strain,

Queen of Chalcis, adverse land,

Queen of Aulis, on whose strand,

Winding to a narrow bay,

Fierce to take its angry way

Waits the war, and calls on me

Its retarded force to free.

O my country, where these eyes

Open'd on Pelasgic skies!

O ye virgins, once my pride,

In Mycenæ who reside!

Ch. Why of Perseus name the town

Which Cyclopean rampires crown?

Iph. Me you rear'd a beam of light:

Freely now I sink in night.

Ch. And for this, immortal fame,

Virgin, shall attend thy name.

Iph. Ah, thou beaming lamp of day,

Jove-born, bright, ætherial ray,

Other regions we await,

Other life, and other fate!

Farewell, beauteous lamp of day,

Farewell, bright ætherial ray!

[Exit IPHIGENEIA.]

Ch. See, she goes: her glorious fate

To o'erturn the Phrygian state:

Soon the wreaths shall bind her brow;

Soon the lustral waters flow;

Soon that beauteous neck shall feel

Piercing deep the fatal steel,

And the ruthless altar o'er

Sprinkle drops of gushing gore.

By thy father's dread command

There the cleansing lavers stand;

There in arms the Grecian powers

Burn to march 'gainst Ilium's towers.

But our voices let us raise,

Tun'd to hymn Diana's praise,

Virgin daughter she of Jove,

Queen among the gods above,

That with conquest and renown

She the arms of Greece may crown.

To thee, dread power, we make our vows,
Pleas'd when the blood of human victims flows.

To Phrygia's hostile strand,

Where rise perfidious Ilium's hated towers,

Waft, O waft the Grecian powers,

And aid this martial band!

On Agamemnon's honour'd head,

Whilst wide the spears of Greece their terrors
spread,

Th' immortal crowna let conquest place,

With glory's brightest gace.

* * * * *

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. O royal Clytemnestra, from the house
Hither advance, that thou may'st hear my
words.

Cly. Hearing thy voice I come, but with affright
And terror trembling, lest thy coming bring
Tidings of other woes, beyond what now
Afflict me.

Mess. Of thy daughter have I things
Astonishing and awful to relate.

Cly. Delay not then, but speak them instantly.

Mess. Yes, honour'd lady, thou shalt hear them
all

Distinct from first to last, if that my sense
Disorder'd be not faithless to my tongue.
When to Diana's grove and flow'ry meads
We came, where stood th' assembled host of
Greece,

Leading thy daughter, straight in close array
Was form'd the band of Argives: but the chief,
Imperial Agamemnon, when he saw
His daughter as a victim to the grove
Advancing, groan'd, and bursting into tears
Turn'd from the sight his head, before his eyes
Holding his robe. The virgin near him stood,
And thus address'd him: "Father, I to thee
Am present: for my country, and for all
The land of Greece I freely give myself
A victim: to the altar let them lead me,
Since such the oracle. If aught on me
Depends, be happy, and attain the prize
Of glorious conquest, and revisit safe
Your country: of the Grecians for this cause
Let no one touch me; with intrepid spirit
Silent will I present my neck." She spoke,
And all, that heard, admir'd the noble soul
And virtue of the virgin. In the midst
Talthybius standing, such his charge, proclaim'd
Silence to all the host: and Calchas now,
The prophet, in the golden basket plac'd
Drawn from its sheath the sharp-edged sword,
and bound

The sacred garlands round the virgin's head.
The son of Peleus, holding in his hands
The basket and the laver, circled round
The altar of the goddess, and thus spoke:
"Daughter of Jove, Diana, in the chase
Of savage beasts delighting, through the night
Who rollest thy resplendent orb, accept
This victim, which th' associate troops of Greece,
And Agamemnon, our imperial chief,
Present to thee, the unpolluted blood
Now from this beauteous virgin's neck to flow.
Grant that secure our fleets may plough the main,
And that our arms may lay the rampir'd walls
Of Troy in dust." The son of Atreus stood,
And all the host fix'd on the ground their eyes.
The priest then took the sword, prefer'd his
prayer,

And with his eye mark'd where to give the blow.
My heart with grief sunk in me, on the earth
Mine eyes were cast; when sudden to the view
A wonder; for the stroke each clearly heard,
But where the virgin was none knew: aloud
The priest exclaims, and all the host with shouts
Rifted the air, beholding from some goal
A prodigy, which struck their wondering eyes,
Surpassing faith when seen: for on the ground
Parting was laid a kind of largest bull,
In form excelling; with its spouting blood

Much was the altar of the goddess dew'd.
Calchas at this, think with what joy, exclaim'd;
"Ye leaders of th' united host of Greece,
See you this victim, by the goddess brought,
And at her altar laid, a mountain hind?
This, rather than the virgin, she accepts,
Not with the rich stream of her noble blood
To stain the altar; this she hath received
Of her free grace, and gives a fav'ring gale
To swell our sails, and bear th' invading war
To Ilium: therefore rouse, ye naval train,
Your courage; to your ships; for we this day,
Leaving the deep recesses of this shore,
Must pass th' Ægean sea." Soon as the flames
The victim had consum'd, he pour'd a prayer
That o'er the waves the host might plow their
way.

Me Agamemnon sends, that I should bear
To thee these tidings, and declare what fate
The gods assign him, and through Greece 't ob-
tain

Immortal glory. What I now relate
I saw, for I was present: to the gods
Thy daughter, be thou well assur'd, is fled,
Therefore lament no more, no more retain
Thy anger 'gainst thy lord: to mortal men
Things unexpected oft the gods dispense,
And, whom they love, they save: this day hath
seen

Thy daughter dead, seen her alive again.

Ch. His tidings with what transport do I hear!
Thy daughter lives, and lives among the gods.

Cly. And have the gods, my daughter, borne
thee hence?

How then shall I address thee? or of this
How deem? vain words, perchance, to comfort
me?

And soothe to peace the anguish of my soul.

Mess. But Agamemnon comes, and will con-
firm

Each circumstance which thou hast heard from
me.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Ag. Lady, we have much cause to think our-
selves,

Touching our daughter, blest: for 'mongst the
gods

Commercing she in truth resides. But thee
Behoves it with thine infant son return
To Argos, for the troops with ardour haste
To sail. And now farewell: my greetings to thee
From Troy will be unfrequent, and at times
Of distant interval: may'st thou be blest!

Ch. With joy, Atrides, reach the Phrygian shore;
With joy return to Greece, and bring with thee
Bright conquest, and the glorious spoils of Troy.

FROM THE HECUBA.

WHILE the Grecian fleet is detained on the
coast of Thrace, the ghost of Achilles appears at
night and demands the sacrifice of Polyxena, the
daughter of Priam, who is accordingly, torn from
the embraces of her mother, and put to death.
Shortly after, a dead body is cast on shore, which

Hecuba recognises to be that of her son Polydorus, whom Polymnestor, his guardian, had barbarously murdered, in order to secure the treasures with which the young man had been supplied by his indulgent father. Bent on revenge, Hecuba sends for the perfidious monarch and his two sons, under pretence of discovering to them further treasures,—then seizing a favourable opportunity, has the two princes put to death, and Polymnestor deprived of his eyes. This outrage is made the subject of formal complaint to Agamemnon, who justifies and sustains Hecuba.

HECUBA, CHORUS.

Chorus.

Tell me, ye gales, ye rising gales,
That lightly sweep along the azure plain,
Whose soft breath fills the swelling sails,
And wafts the vessel dancing o'er the main,
Whither, ah! whither will ye bear
This sick'ning daughter of despair?
What proud lord's rigour shall the slave deplore
On Doric or on Pythian shore?

Where the rich father of translucent floods,
Apidanus, pours his headlong waves,
Through sunny plains, through darksome
woods,
And with his copious stream the fertile valley
laves?

Or shall the wave-impelling oar
Bear to the hallow'd isle my frantic woes,
Beneath whose base the billows roar,
And my hard house of bondage round enclose?
Where the new palm, the laurel where
Shoot their first branches to the air,
Spread their green honours o'er Latona's head,
And interweave their sacred shade.
There, 'midst the Delian nymphs awake the lyre,
To the Dian sound the solemn strain,
Her tresses bound in golden wire,
Queen of the silver bow, and goddess of the
plain.

Or where th' Athenian tow'rs arise,
Shall these hands weave the woof, whose radiant
glow

Rivals the flow'r—impurpled dies
That in the bosom of the young spring blow:
Alas, my children! battle-slain!
Alas, my parents! Let me drop the tear,
And raise the mournful, plaintive strain,
Your loss lamenting and misfortune dear.
Thee, chief, imperial Troy, thy state
I mourn deserted, desolate;
Thy walls, thy bulwarks smoking on the ground,
The sword of Greece triumphant round,
I, far from Asia, on the wide sea borne,
In some strange land am called a slave,
Outcast to insolence and scorn,
And for my nuptial bed find a detested grave.

TALTHYBIUS, HECUBA, CHORUS.

Tal. Tell me, ye Trojan dames, where shall I
find

Th' afflicted matron, late the queen of Troy?

Ch. Near thee, Talthybius, on the ground she lies,
In her robes muffled.

Tal. O supreme of heav'n,
What shall we say? That thy firm providence
Regards mankind? or vain the thoughts, which
deem

That the just gods are rulers in the sky,
Since tyrant Fortune lords it o'er the world!
Was not she queen of Phrygia, rich in gold?
Was not she wife of Priam, blest with pow'r?
But now her vanquished empire is no more;
Herself a slave, old, childless, on the ground
She lies, and soils her hoar head in the dust.
Alas the change! I too am old; be death
My portion, e'er I sink to that low fortune.—
Rise, thou afflicted, stand on thy feet, hold up
Thy reverend head.

Hec. Disturb me not: who art thou,
That wilt not let my sorrows lie on the earth?
Why dost thou raise me, whosoe'er thou art?

Tal. I am Talthybius, herald of the Greeks,
By Agamemnon, lady, sent for thee.

Hec. O welcome, welcome: have the Greeks
decreed

To slay me also at the tomb? These tidings
Are full of joy: haste, quick lead me, old man.

Tal. That thy dead daughter, lady, in the earth
Thou may'st entomb, attending thee I come,
Sent by the sons of Atreus, and the host.

Hec. Alas, what wilt thou say? Com'st thou
not then
Charg'd with my death, but with this bitter
message?

Torn from thy mother, art thou dead, my child?
Am I bereaved of thee? Ah wretched me!
But were ye gentle in your butchery?
Or did stern rigour steel your hostile hearts?
Tell me, old man, no pleasing tale at best.

Tal. Twice, lady, shall I wipe the tearful eye,
In pity of thy daughter; when she died,
The warm drop fell; now shall it fall again,
As I relate each mournful circumstance.
Th' assembled host of Greece before the tomb
Stood in full ranks at this sad sacrifice;
Achilles' son, holding the virgin's hand,
On the mound's extreme summit; near him I;
An honourable train of chosen youths,
In readiness her struggles to restrain,
Followed; the golden goblet crown'd with wine,
The hero's son then took, and with his hand
Pour'd the libation to his father's shade
At his high bidding I aloud proclaim'd
Silence through all the host; and all were silent.
Then he: "O son of Peleus, O my father,
Accept my offerings, which evoke, which soothe
The dead: O come, drink the pure purple stream
Which from this virgin we present to thee.
Loose all our cables, wing our flying sails,
Propitious give us to return from Troy,
And safe revisit our paternal Greece."
He spoke, and with him all the people pray'd.
Then taking by the hilt his golden sword,
He drew it from the scabbard: at his nod
The noble youths advanc'd to hold the virgin;
Which she perceiving, with these words address'd
them:

"Ye Greeks, beneath whose arms my country fell,
Willing I die; let no hand touch me; boldly

To the uplifted sword I hold my neck :
 You give me to the gods ; then give me free ;
 Free let me die ; nor let a royal maid
 Blush 'mongst the dead to hear the name of slave."
 Loud was th' applause : the royal Agamemnon
 Commands that none should touch her ; at the
 voice

Of their great chief th' obedient youths retire.
 Soon as she heard th' imperial word, she took
 Her robe, and from her shoulder rent it down,
 And bared her bosom, bared her polish'd breast,
 Beauteous beyond the sculptor's nicest art.
 Then bending to the earth her knee she spoke,
 Words the most mournful sure that ear e'er heard.
 "If 'tis thy will, young man, to strike this bosom,
 Strike : or my throat dost thou require ? behold
 Stretch'd to thy sword my throat." Awhile he
 paus'd

In pity of the virgin ; then reluctant
 Deep in her bosom plung'd the fatal steel ;
 Her life blood gush'd in streams : yet e'en in death
 Studious of modesty : compos'd she fell,
 And cover'd with her robes her decent limbs.

Hec. O my poor child ! Which first shall I
 bewail

'Midst this immensity of ills ? If one
 Engage my thoughts, another rushes on,
 Bringing distraction ; sorrow throngs on sorrow,
 And misery to misery succeeds.
 But now the mem'ry of thy cruel fate
 From my sad heart shall never be eras'd.
 Yet this alleviates. Nobly didst thou die.
 If favour'd by the heav'n's th' unfertile soil
 Teems with the golden grain ; and if the fertile,
 Robb'd of due culture, brings forth nought but
 weeds,

We wonder not ; with man it is not so ;
 The bad can never be but bad, the good
 But good ; uninjur'd by calamity,
 His nature braves the storm, and is good always.
 But whence this difference ? from the parents is it,
 Or from instruction ? In the school of honour
 Is virtue learnt ; and he, that's nurtured there,
 Knows by the law of honour what is base.
 But all in vain I bolt my sentences.
 Go thou, require the Grecians not to touch
 My daughter ; no ; but keep the rabble from her :
 In a large army some are riotous ;
 Like wildfire runs the sailor's insolence,
 And not to be flagitious is a crime.
 And thou, my old attendant, take thy urn,
 Dip in the sea, and bring the briny wave,
 That with the last ablutions I may bathe her,
 Not for the bridal bed, but for the tomb.
 But I will grace her obsequies with all
 The honours she deserves : ah, whence ? I have
 not

Wherewith to grace them ; as I may : then what,
 What shall I do ? From the poor captive dames,
 That sit around me in your lordly tents,
 I will collect what little ornaments
 Each from her former house hath snatch'd by
 stealth,

And kept by these new masters unobserv'd.
 Ye faded splendours of my house : O house
 Once fortunate ! O Priam, on whose state

Magnific wealth attended, in thy children
 Supremely blest, I too was blest in them :
 How are we fall'n, from all our greatness fall'n.

Chorus.

Stro. Dreadful Discord first arose,
 Leading dangers, leading woes,
 Destruction join'd the train,
 When in Ida's forests hoar
 Paris hew'd the vent'rous oar,
 And dash'd it in the main :

In gallant trim the vessel cuts its way,
 And wafts the wanton boy to Helen's arms ;
 In his wide course yon radiant orb of day
 Ne'er with his golden beams illumin'd brighter
 charms.

Antis. Toil on toil, a hideous band
 Ruthless Ruin's iron hand,
 Vindictive close us round.

Simois, o'er thy verdant meads
 Desolation frowning treads,
 And blasts the goodly ground ;
 E'er since the Phrygian shepherd, blind to fate,
 'Midst the contending beauties of the skies
 Adjudg'd the palm, inexorable hate,
 And war, and death, and havoc round us rise.

Epod. Nor on Simois' banks alone,
 Sighs the sad and plaintive moan,
 Or Ilion's wasted plain ;

Nigh Eurota's silver tide,
 Many a tear the Spartan bride
 Pours for her lover slain ;
 There for her children lost in wild despair,
 The frantic mother bids her sorrows flow ;
 Rends from her rev'rend head her hoary hair,
 And tears her bleeding cheeks in agonies of woe.

Female ATTENDANT, CHORUS, HECUBA.

Att. Daughters of Troy, say where is Hecuba ?
 Who in the dreadful combat of affliction,
 Unmatch'd surpasses all of human race :
 That crown nor man nor woman bears from her.

Ch. What new misfortune jars upon thy tongue,
 That thy discordant clamours never sleep ?

Att. To Hecuba I bring this grief ; in ills
 The voice of woe is harsh, untunable.

Ch. See, opportunely from yon tents she comes.

Att. O my unhappy mistress, more unhappy
 Than words can utter ; ruin comes on thee
 Quenching the light of life ; a queen no more,
 A wife no more, a mother now no more !

Hec. There needs not thy rude voice to tell us
 this—

But what ? Bringest thou here the lifeless corpse
 Of my Polyxena ?

Att. Ah, she knows nothing ; but lamenting still
 Polyxena, suspects not this new loss.

Hec. O my unhappy fate ! Dost thou there bring
 The heav'n inspir'd Cassandra's sacred head ?

Att. Thou speakest of the living ; but the dead
 Demands the sigh : behold the corpse uncovered,
 A sight to raise astonishment and horror.

Hec. Ah me ! it is my son, my Polydore,
 And dead, whom safe beneath the Thracian's
 roof

I fondly deem'd : now I am lost indeed,

In total ruin sunk. My son! My son!
O woe, woe, woe! Affliction's cruel pow'r
Teaches my voice the frantic notes of madness.
Att. Knowest thou aught then touching thy
son's death?

Hec. Strange, inconceivable to thought, I see
Horrors on horrors, woes on woes arise.
Never henceforth, ah, never shall I know
A day without a tear, without a groan.
Ch. Dreadful, oh dreadful are the ills we
suffer.

Hec. Alas my son, son of a wretched mother,
What hard mishap hath robb'd thee of thy life?
What fate, what hand accurs'd hath wrought thy
death?

Att. I know not; on the wave-washed strand
I found him.

Hec. Cast up, or fall'n beneath the bloody spear?

Att. Cast on the smooth sand by the surging
wave.

Hec. Ah me! now know I what my dream for-
bodes:

The black-wing'd phantom pass'd me not; the
vision

Show'd to my sleeping fancy's frighted eye
My son no longer in the light of life.

Ch. These visions, teach they who hath slain
thy son?

Hec. He, our false friend, who spurs the Thra-
cian steed,

To whom his father for protection sent him.

Ch. Ah me! what, slew him to possess his
gold?

Hec. Unutterable deeds, abominable,
Astonishing, unholy, horrible!

Where are the laws of hospitality?

Tyrant accurs'd, how hast thou gored his body,
Gash'd with the cruel sword his youthful limbs,
And steel'd thy heart against the sense of pity?

Ch. Never on mortal head did angry heav'n
Pour such a storm of miseries as on thine.
But Agamemnon I behold, our lord,
Advance this way: let us be silent, friends.

AGAMEMNON, HECUBA, CHORUS.

Aga. Why, Hecuba, dost thou delay to come,
And place thy daughter in the tomb? For since
Talthybius told us not to touch the virgin,
The sons of Greece forbear, and touch her not.
I marvel at thy stay, and come to seek thee.
Well is each mournful honour there prepar'd,
If in such mournful honours ought be well.—
But, ha! what lifeless corse before the tents
Behold I here? Some Trojan: for the robes
That clothe the limbs, inform me 'tis no Grecian.

Hec. Unhappy son! But naming the unhappy,
[*apart.*

I name myself. Alas, what shall I do?
Shall I fall down at Agamemnon's knees,
Or bear in silence my calamities?

Aga. Why thus lamenting dost thou turn from
me?

What hath been done? tell me: what body
this?

Hec. O royal Agamemnon, at thy knees
Suppliant I fall, and grasp thy conqu'ring hand.

Aga. Why thy request? If freedom to thine
age,

That grace without reluctance may be granted.

Hec. Not freedom, but revenge: revenge on
baseness:

Grant me revenge, and let me die a slave.

Aga. In what high charge wouldst thou en-
gage my aid.

Hec. In nothing that thy thought suggests, O
king.

Seest thou this corse, o'er which I drop a tear?

Aga. I see it; nor from thence thy purport
learn.

Hec. He was my son.

Aga. Thy son, unhappy lady!

Hec. But not of those who died when Ilium
fell.

Aga. Hadst thou another, lady, those beside?

Hec. I had, but what avail'd it? him thou seest.

Aga. Where, when the city fell, chanc'd he
to be?

Hec. His father's tender fears sent him from
Troy.

Aga. Whither, he only of thy sons remov'd?

Hec. To this land, where his breathless corse
was found.

Aga. Sent to the king, to Polymnestor sent?

Hec. And sent with treasures of destructive
gold.

Aga. By whom then dead, or by what cruel
fate?

Hec. By whom but this inhospitable Thracian?

Aga. Inhuman, all on fire to seize the gold!

Hec. E'en so, soon as he knew our ruin'd state.

Aga. Where didst thou find the body, or who
brought it?

Hec. She found it lying on the sea-beat shore

Aga. By search discover'd, or by accident?

Hec. Charg'd with the laver for Polyxena.

Aga. By his protector murder'd and cast out?

Hec. Thus gash'd, and thrown to float upon
the wave.

Aga. Unhappy thou, unbounded are thy woes!

Hec. All woes are mine. Affliction hath no
more.

Aga. Alas, was ever woman born so wretched!

Hec. Never indeed, not Misery herself.

But for what cause thus at thy knees I fall,

Now hear; if justly I endure these ills,

And such thy thought, patient I will endure
them;

If not, avenge me of this impious man,

Who, of the gods above or gods beneath

Reckless, hath done a most unholy deed,

Ofst at my hospitable board receiv'd,

And number'd 'mongst the foremost of my
friends:

Thus grac'd, with fell intent he slew my son;

Nor, when the deed was done, deign'd to en-
tomb

The dead, but flung him welt'ring on the wave.

But we are slaves, but we perchance are weak;

Yet the blest gods are strong, the law is strong

Which rules e'en them; for by the law we judge

That there are gods, and form our lives, the
bounds

Of justice and injustice mark'd distinct :
 This law looks up to thee : if disregarded,
 If he escapes its vengeance, whose bold hand
 Inhospitably stabs his guest, or dares
 Pollute the sacred ordinance of heav'n,
 There is no justice in th' affairs of men.
 Deem these deeds base then, reverence my woes,
 Have pity on me, as a picture view
 The living portrait of my miseries.
 Erewhile I was a queen, but now thy slave ;
 Erewhile blest in my children, childless now
 In my old age, abandon'd, outcast, wretched.
 Ah, whither dost thou turn the backward step ?
 Suing shall I reap nothing but repulse ?
 Why should poor mortals with incessant care
 Each unavailing science strive t' attain,
 And slight, as nothing worth, divine Persuasion,
 Whose pow'rful charms command the hearts of
 men,

And bend them reluctant to her will ?
 Who then may, henceforth, hope his state may
 flourish ?

Of all my sons (and I could boast such sons !)
 Not one is left ; myself in bonds, and led
 To base and ignominious servitude,
 The smoke of Troy yet mounting to the skies.
 Oh that by some nice art, or by some god,
 My arms, my hands, my hair, my feet had voice,
 That each part vocal with united pray'rs
 Might supplicate, implore, importune thee !
 Imperial lord, illustrious light of Greece,
 Let me prevail : give me thine hand, avenge me,
 A wretch indeed, an outcast ; yet avenge me !
 The cause of justice is the good man's care,
 And always to requite the villain's deeds.

Ch. how wonderful th' events of human life,
 Its laws determin'd by necessity,
 Changing the sternest foe to a kind friend,
 And the kind friend to a malignant foe !

Aga. Thee Hecuba, thy son, and thy misfor-
 tunes

I pity, nor reject thy suppliant hand ;
 And in the cause of justice and the gods
 Without surmise that for Cassandra's sake
 I let my vengeance loose, and crush the tyrant.
 Hence anxious fears rush thronging on my mind :
 This man the army deems a friend, the dead
 A foe : though dear to thee, yet this fond love
 Is private, to the troops no common care.
 Consider then ; thou hast my will, my wish
 To favour thee, to yield thee ready aid ;
 But slow, should Greece with taunting voice re-
 vile me.

Hec. Vain is the boast of liberty in man :
 A slave to fortune, or a slave to wealth,
 Or by the people, or the laws restrain'd,
 He dares not act the dictates of his will.
 But since too much thy fears incline to heed
 The multitude, I free thee from that fear.
 With vengeance, should the Greeks tumultuous
 rise

In aid, restrain them, nor appear to act
 As fav'ring me : what else th' affair requires,
 Be confident, I well shall execute.

Aga. But how ? what wilt thou do ? infirm
 with age

Grasp in thy hand the sword, and stab the
 tyrant ?

Or work thy will with poisons ? with what aid,
 What hand ? Or whence wilt thou procure thee
 friends ?

Hec. Within these tents are many Trojan
 dames.

Aga. The captives, say'st thou, prizes of the
 Greeks ?

Hec. With these will I revenge this bloody
 deed.

Aga. How shall weak women over men pre-
 vail ?

Hec. Numbers are strong ; add stratagem, re-
 sistless.

Aga. Yet like I not this female fellowship.

Hec. Were not Ægyptus' sons by women slain,
 The men of Lemnos all extirpated ?

But leave me to conduct this enterprise :
 Only permit this female slave to pass
 Safe through the army.—Go thou to the Thracian,
 Tell him that Hecuba, once queen of Troy,
 On matters that no less of good to him
 Import than me, would see him and his sons ;
 It is of moment they should hear my words.—
 Awhile, O king, the mournful rites forbear
 For my Polyxena, my late slain daughter ;
 That on one pile the brother and the sister,
 To me a double grief, may blaze together,
 And mix their ashes in one common grave.

Aga. Then be it so : for should the army sail,
 My power could not indulge thy fond request :
 But since the god breathes not the fav'ring gales
 We must perforce await a prosp'rous voyage.
 Success attend thee : for the general good
 Of individuals and of states requires
 That vengeance overtake th' unrighteous deed,
 And virtue triumph in her just reward.

HECUBA, CHORUS.

Chorus.

Thou, then, oh natal Troy ! no more
 The city of the unsack'd shalt be,
 So thick from dark Achaia's shore
 The cloud of war hath covered thee.

Ah ! not again

I tread thy plain—

The spear—the spear hath rent thy pride ;
 The flame hath scarr'd thee deep and wide ;
 Thy coronal of towers is shorn,
 And thou most piteous art—most naked and
 forlorn !

I perish'd at the noon of night !

When sleep had sealed each weary eye ;

When the dance was o'er,

And harps no more

Rang out in choral minstrelsy.

In the dear bower of delight

My husband slept in joy,

His shield and spear

Suspended near,

Secure we slept : that sailor band

Full soon we deem'd no more should stand

Beneath the walls of Troy.

And I, too, by the taper's light,

Which in the golden mirror's haze
Flash'd its interminable rays,
Bound up the tresses of my hair
That I love's peaceful sleep might share.

I slept; but, hark! that war shout dread,
Which rolling through the city spread;
And this the cry,—“When, sons of Greece,
When shall the lingering leaguer cease;
When will ye spoil Troy's watch-tower high,
And home return?”—I heard the cry,
And, starting from the genial bed,
Wild, as a Doric maid, I fled,
And knelt, Diana, at thy holy fane,
A trembling suppliant—all in vain.

They led me to the sounding shore—
Heavens! as I passed the crowded way

My bleeding lord before me lay—
I saw—I saw—and wept no more,
Till, as the homeward breezes bore
The bark returning o'er the sea,
My gaze, oh Ilium, turned on thee!
Then, frantic, to the midnight air,
I curs'd aloud the adulterous pair:—
“They plunge me deep in exile's woe,
They lay my country low:

Their love—no love! but some dark spell,
In vengeance, breath'd by spirit fell.
Rise, hoary sea, in awful tide,
And whelm that vessel's guilty pride;
Nor e'er, in high Mycene's hall,
Let Helen boast in peace of mighty Ilium's fall.”

FROM THE ORESTES.

In this play Orestes is represented as pursued by the Furies, in punishment for the murder of his mother Clytemnestra.

[ELECTRA watching over her sleeping brother;
CHORUS approaching his couch.

Elect. Softly! softly! fall the sound
Of thy footstep on the ground!
Gently! gently! like the breath
Of a lute-song in its death;
Like the sighing of a reed,
Faintly murmuring to be freed,
So softly let thy whispers flow.

Ch. Like a reed, as soft and low!

Elect. Ay, low, low! but tell me why
Damsels, ye are lingering by?
Long hath sorrow torn his breast;
Now his weary eyes have rest.

Ch. How fares it with him? Dearest, say.

Elect. Sad and tearful is my lay.
Breathing on his couch he lieth,
Still he suffereth, still he sigheth.

Ch. What say'st thou, mourner?

Elect. Woe to thee,

If the dewy slumber flee.

Ch. Yet wail I his unhappy state;
Abhorred deeds of deadly hate,
Rage of vindictive, torturing woes,
Which the relentless powers of heaven impose.

Elect. Unjust, unjust the stern command,
The stern command Apollo gave

From Themis' seat, his ruthless hand
In blood, in mother's blood, to lave.

Ch. He stirs, he moves his covering vest.

Elect. Wretch, thy voice has broke his rest.

Ch. And yet, I think, sleep locks his eye.

Elect. Wilt thou begone? Hence wilt thou fly,
That quiet here again may dwell?

Ch. Hush, hush! he sleeps again—

Elect. 'Tis well.

Ch. Awful queen, whose gentle power
Brings sweet oblivion of our woes,
And in the calm and silent hour,
Distils the blessings of repose,—
Come, awful Night!

Elect. Softly let your warblings flow;
Farther, a farther distance keep:

The far-off cadence, sweet and low
Charms his repose and aids his sleep.

Ch. Tell us what end

Awaits his miseries?

Elect. Death! that end I fear.

He tastes no food.

Ch. Death then indeed is near.

Elect. When Phœbus gave the dire command
To bathe in mother's blood his hand,
By whom the father sunk in dust,
He doom'd us victims.

Ch. Dire these deeds, but just.

Orest. [waking.] O gentle Sleep, whose lenient
power thou soothes

Disease and pain, how sweet thy visit to me,
Who wanted thy soft aid! Blessing divine,
That to the wretched givest wish'd repose,
Steeping their senses in forgetfulness!
Where have I been? Where am I? How brought
hither?

My late distraction blots remembrance out.

Elect. What heartfelt joy to see thee thus com-
posed!

Wilt thou I touch thee? Shall I raise thee up?

Orest. Assist me then, assist me; from my
mouth

Wipe off the clotted foam; wipe my moist eyes.

Elect. Delightful office, for a sister's hand
To minister relief to a sick brother!

Orest. Lie by my side, and from my face re-
move

These squalid locks; they blind my darkened
eyes.

Elect. How tangled are the ringlets of thy hair.

Orest. Pray, lay me down again; when this
ill phrenzy

Leaves me, I am very feeble, very faint.

Elect. There, there; the bed is grateful to the
sick.

Orest. Raise me again, more upright; bend me
forward.

Ch. The sick are wayward through their rest-
lessness.

Elect. Or wilt thou try with slow steps on the
ground

To fix thy feet? Variety is sweet.

Orest. Most willingly; it hath the show of
health:

The seeming hath some good, though void of
truth.

Elect. Now, my loved brother, hear me while the Furies
Permit thy sense thus clear and undisturbed.
Orest. Hast thou aught new? If good, I thank thee for it;
If ill, I have enough of ill already.
Elect. Thy father's brother, Menelaus, arrives;
His fleet lies anchor'd in the Nauplian bay.
Orest. Comes he then? Light on our afflictions dawn;
Much to my father's kindness doth he owe.
Elect. He comes; and, to confirm what now I say,
Brings Helena from Ilium's ruin'd walls.
Orest. More to be envied, were he saved alone;
Bringing his wife, he brings a mighty ill.
Elect. The female race of Tyndarus was born
To deep disgrace, and infamous through Greece.
Orest. Be thou unlike them then; 'tis in thy power;
And further than in words thy virtue prove.
Elect. Alas, my brother, wildly rolls thine eye:
So quickly changed! The frantic fit returns.
Orest. Ah, mother! Do not set thy Furies on me.
See how their fiery eyeballs glare in blood,
And wreathing snakes hiss in their horrid hair!
There, there they stand, ready to leap upon me!
Elect. Rest thee, poor brother, rest upon thy bed:
Thou seest them not; 'tis fancy's coinage all.
Orest. O Phœbus, they will kill me! these dire forms,
These Gorgon-visaged ministers of hell.
Elect. Thus will I hold thee, round thee throw mine arms,
And check the unhappy force of thy wild starts.
Orest. Off! Let me go! I know thee, who thou art—
One of the Furies—and thou grapplest with me,
To whirl me into Tartarus. Avaunt!
Elect. What shall I do? Ah me! Where shall I seek
Assistance, since the once friendly god frowns on us?
Orest. Bring me the bow of horn which Phœbus gave me,
And with it bade me drive these fiends away,
Should they affright me with their maddening terrors.
Elect. Can any god by mortal hands be wounded?
Orest. Should she not instant vanish from my sight—
Heard you the clang: saw you the winged shaft
Bound from the distant-wounding bow? Ha, ha!
Here yet! On swift wings mount the æthereal air,
And there impeach the oracle of Phœbus—
Whence this disquiet! Why thus pants my breath?—
Ah, whither have I wandered from my bed?

Why dost thou weep, my sister? Why decline
Thy drooping head and hide it in thy vest?
I blush to give thee part in my disease,
And wound with grief thy virgin tenderness.
Let not my ills be thus infectious to thee;
Thou barely didst assent; I did the deed;
I shed her blood. But Phœbus I must name
Who urged me to this most unholy act;
Then, save with soothing words, assist me not.
Had these eyes seen my father, had I asked him
In duty if I ought to slay to my mother?
I think he would have prayed me not to plunge
My murdering sword in her who gave me birth,
Since he could not revisit heaven's sweet light
And I must suffer all these miseries.
But now unveil thy face and dry thy tears,
My sister, though afflictions press us sore;
And when thou seest me in these fitful moods,
Soothe my disordered sense, and let thy voice
Speak peace to my distraction: when the sigh
Swells in thy bosom, 'tis a brother's part
With tender sympathies to calm thy griefs;
These are the blessed offices of friends.—
But to thy chamber go, afflicted maid,
There seek repose, close thy long-sleepless eyes,
With food refresh thee and the en'iving bath.
Shouldst thou forsake me, or with too close
tendence
Impair thy delicate and tender health,
Then were I lost indeed; for thou alone,
Abandoned as I am, art all my comfort.
Elect. Should I forsake thee! No; my choice
is fix'd;
And I will die with thee, or with thee live.

FRAGMENTS.

I.

THERE is a streamlet issuing from a rock.
The village-girls, singing wild madrigals,
Dip their white vestments in its waters clear,
And hang them to the sun. There first I saw her.
Her dark and eloquent eyes, mild, full of fire,
'Twas heaven to look upon: and her sweet voice,
As tuneable as harp of many strings,
At once spoke joy and sadness to my soul!

II.

DEAR is that valley to the murmuring bees;
And all, who know it, come and come again.
The small birds build there; and, at summer
noon,
Oft have I heard a child, gay among flowers,
As in the shining grass she sate concealed,
Singing to herself

III.

THIS is true liberty, when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free;
Which he who can and will, deserves high
praise:
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace:
What can be juster in a state than this?

EMPEDOCLES.

[About 455 B. C.]

THIS celebrated philosopher and naturalist was a native of Agrigentum. According to Plutarch, he maintained that all things were produced from the principles of fire, air, water, and earth, into which they are again resolved. To these he added two other powers, Love and Discord; the former harmonizing and uniting, the latter disjoining and repelling. Empedocles also believed in a state of pre-existence or metempsychosis, declaring that he himself had pre-existed in both sexes of the human race, as well as in the bodies of birds and fishes. He is reported

to have perished by a fall down the opening of Mount Ætna.

Of his poetical works, two epigrams are remaining, both distinguished by the use of the figure of Paronomasia or Pun. One of these has been translated by Mr. Merivale, and given in his Anthology, "not more (he says) on account of the celebrity of its author, than as an ancient specimen of this sort of writing." The pun consists in the derivation of the name "Pausanias" ἀπὸ τοῦ παύειν τὰς ανίας,—only a portion of which double meaning, however, has been preserved in the translation.

EPITAPH ON A PHYSICIAN.

PAUSANIAS—not so named without a cause,
As one who oft has given to pain a *pause*,—

Blest son of Æsculapius, good and wise,
Here, in his native Gela, buried lies;
Who many a wretch once rescued by his charms
From dark Persephone's constraining arms.

BACCHYLIDES.

[About 450 B. C.]

BACCHYLIDES was the nephew of Simonides, and a native of the island of Cos. He composed hymns and odes, and was generally characterized for the uniform delicacy and correctness of his productions. He stood high in favour with Hiero, king of Syracuse, who is even said to have

esteemed his Pythian Odes above those of Pindar; a judgment, which is justly glanced at and exposed by Longinus. One of his admirers, in a later age, was the Emperor Julian, who is stated by Ammianus Marcellinus to have drawn from him many rules for the conduct of his own life.

DRINKING.

THIRSTY comrade! wouldst thou know
All the raptures that do flow,
From those sweet compulsive rules
Of our ancient drinking schools?—
First, the precious draught shall raise
Amorous thoughts in giddy maze,
Mingling Bacchus' present treasure
With the hopes of higher pleasure.
Next, 'twill chase through empty air
All th' intolerant host of Care;
Give thee conquest, riches, power;

Bid thee reign o'er land and sea
With unquestioned sovereignty.
Thou thy palace shalt behold
Bright with ivory and gold;
While each ship that ploughs the main,
Filled with Egypt's choicest grain,
Shall unload her ponderous store,
Thirsty comrade, at thy door.

PEACE.

For thee, sweet Peace, Abundance leads along
Her jovial train, and bards awake the song.

On many an altar, at thy glad return,
Pure victims bleed and holy odours burn;
And frolic youth their happy age apply
To graceful movements, sports, and minstrelsy.
Dark spiders weave their webs within the shield;
Rust eats the spear, the terror of the field,
And brazen trumpets now no more affright
The silent slumbers and repose of night.
Banquet, and song, and revel, fill the ways,
And youths and maidens sing their roundelays.

Another translation of the Same.

INNUMEROUS are the boons bestowed
on man by gracious Peace!
The flowers of poets honey-tongued,
and wealth's immense increase.
Then from the joyous altars
unto the gods arise
The fumes of sheep's and oxen's flesh
in ruddy sacrifice;
In crowds to the gymnasium
the strenuous youth resort,
Or to the pipe blithe revellers
pursue their maddening sport;
The spider black doth weave his web
in the iron-handled shield,
And sharp-set spear and two-edged sword
to mouldy canker yield;
No longer any where is heard
the trumpet's brazen blare,
From men's eyes soul-delighting sleep
at midnight sent to scare;
Banquets, heap'd high with food and wine,
are spread in every street,
And songs from youthful companies
are sounding strong and sweet.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

ALAS, poor Child! for thee our bosoms swell
With grief, tears cannot cure, words may not tell.

THE HUSBANDMAN'S OFFERING.

To Zephyr, kindest wind that swells the grain,
Eudemus consecrates this humble fane;

For that he listen'd to his vow and bore
On his soft wings the rich autumnal store.

FRAGMENTS.

I.

PEACEFUL wealth, or painful toil,
Chance of war, or civil broil,
'Tis not for Man's feeble race
These to shun or those embrace.
But that all-disposing Fate,
Which presides o'er mortal state,
Where it listeth, casts a shroud
Of impenetrable cloud.

II.

As gold-ore by the Lydian stone,
So by strong Truth and Truth alone,
Man's worth and wit are tried and known.

III.

HAPPY he, who has his share
Of earthly good and earthly fair;
But a life from sorrow free,
Dread mischance and poverty,
Man! was never meant for thee.

IV.

VIRTUE, placed on high, doth shine
With a glory all-divine;
Riches oft alike are shower'd
On the hero and the coward.

V.

WISE-MEN now, like those of old,
Can but tell what others told.
Full hard it is the hidden door
Of words unspoken to explore.

VI.

HERE let no fatted oxen be,
Gold nor purple tapestry:
But a well-disposed mind;
But a gentle muse and kind;
But glad wine, to glad our souls,
Mantling in Bæotian bowls.

EUENUS.

[About 450 B. C.]

THE poet, to whom the following epigrams have been attributed, was a native of Paros, and flourished in the lxxxii Olympiad, or about 450 B. C. There were other and subsequent writers, however, of the same name, (one of them living in the cxxxviii Olympiad, or 228 B. C.,) to whom some of them may possibly belong.

THE SWALLOW AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

ATTIC Maiden, breathing still
Of the fragrant flowers that blow
On Hymettus' purpled hill,
Whence the streams of honey flow,
Wherefore thus a captive bear
To your nest a grasshopper?

Noisy prattler, cease to do
To your fellow-prattler wrong;
Kind should not its kind pursue,—
Least of all the heirs of song.
Prattler, seek some other food
For your noisy, prattling brood.

Both are ever on the wing,
Wanderers both in foreign bowers,
Both succeed the parting spring,
Both depart with summer hours,
—Those who love the minstrel lay,
Should not on each other prey.

Another translation of the Same.

ATTIC Maiden, honey-fed,
Chirping warbler, bear'st away,
Thou the chirping grasshopper
To thy callow young a prey?
Warbling thou—a warbler seize
Winged—one with lovely wings!

Guest thyself, by summer brought,—
Fellow guest whom summer brings!
Wilt not quickly let it drop?
'Tis not fair,—indeed 'tis wrong,
That the ceaseless songster should
Die by mouth of ceaseless song?

THE VINE AND THE GOAT.

THOUGH thou shouldst gnaw me to the root,
Destructive goat! Enough of fruit
I bear, betwixt thy horns to shed,
When to the altar thou art led.

CONTRADICTION.

IN contradiction, wrong or right,
Do many place their sole delight.
If right, 'tis well—if wrong, why so?—
But contradict whate'er you do.
Such reasoners deserve, I hold,
No argument save that of old—
"You say, 'tis black—I say, 'tis white—
And so, good sir, you're answered quite."
Far different is the aspect seen
Of modest Wisdom's quiet mien—
Patient and soon to be persuaded,
When argument by truth is aided.

ARIPHRON OF SICYON.

Of this author the name and country are alone preserved to us. He may, however, be referred to an early date.

TO HEALTH.*

HEALTH, brightest of the blest, do thou
To my poor hearth descend!
For what of life kind heaven allow,
Be thou my guest and friend!
For every joy that fortune brings,
All that from wealth or children springs,

From courtly show or sovereign sway,
Lifting to gods us things of clay,
From love, or love's enchanting wiles,
From labour's pause, or pleasure's smiles,—
With thee they blossom, Health divine;
Their spring, their beauty, all is thine;
And none—save thou thy smile bestow—
May taste of happiness below.

* "There is," says Dr. Johnson, "among the fragments of the Greek poets, a short hymn to Health, in which her power of exalting the happiness of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to possession, is inculcated with so much truth and beauty, that no one who has ever languished under the discomforts and infirmities of a lingering disease, can read it without feel-

ing the images dance in his heart, and adding from his own experience, new vigour to the wish and new colours to the picture. The particular occasion of this little composition is not known, but it is probable that the author had been sick, and, in the first raptures of returning vigour, thus addressed the goddess."

EUPOLIS.

[About 446 B. C.]

BORN at Athens, in which city, according to Suidas, he exhibited his first comedy at the early age of seventeen. The titles of twenty-four of his plays have been preserved. They are said to have been very personal and scurrilous, and, for the most part, written in caricature or abuse of some obnoxious individuals. Amongst many others was Cimon, whom he assails both in his public and his private character, being animated thereto chiefly by the supposed partiality of that statesman for Sparta, and his efforts to counteract the democratical principles at work in the Athenian constitution. Eupolis, however, was a warm admirer of Pericles, to whose patronage and favour he is said to have been indebted for the impunity with which he shot forth his gall-steeped arrows. The accounts of his time and mode of death are contradictory and uncertain.

THE PARASITE.

MARK now, and learn of me the thriving arts,
By which we parasites contrive to live.
First I provide myself a nimble thing
To be my page, a varlet of all crafts;
Next two new suits for feasts and gala days,
Which I promote by turns, when I walk forth
To sun myself upon the public square:
There, if perchance I spy some rich dull knave,
Straight I accost him do him reverence,
And, sauntering up and down, with idle chat
Hold him awhile in play; at every word,
Which his wise worship utters, I stop short
And bless myself for wonder; if he venture
On some vile joke, I blow it to the skies,
And hold my sides for laughter.

ALTERED CONDITION OF ATHENS.

It grieves me to behold the commonwealth.—
Things were not thus administered of old ;
Then men of sense and virtue,—men, whose
 merits
Gave them consideration in the state.—
Held the first offices : to such we bowed
As to the gods—and gods indeed they were—
For under their wise counsels we enjoyed
Security and peace.—But now, alas !
We have no other guide in our elections
Save chance, blind chance, and on whatever
 head
It falls, though worst and meanest of mankind
Up starts he a great man, and is at once
Install'd prime Rogue and Minister of State.

SIMMIAS OF THEBES.

[About 410 B. C.]

A disciple of Socrates, and the author of several philosophical works, now lost.

ON SOPHOCLES

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
Sweet ivy, lend thine aid, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine:
Thus shall your lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

PHERECRATES.

[About 430 B. C.]

PHERECRATES was a comic poet of Athens, and the inventor of a species of verse, called from him the Pherecratic Metre. He is said to have been the author of seventeen comedies, all of which, with the exception of a few fragments, are lost.

OLD AGE.

AGE is the heaviest burden man can bear,
Compound of Disappointment, Pain, and Care;
For when the mind's experience comes at length,
It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength.
Resign'd to ignorance all our better days,
Knowledge just ripens when the man decays;
One ray of light the closing eye receives,
And Wisdom only takes what Folly leaves.

FROM ONE OF HIS COMEDIES, ENTITLED
"THE MINERS."

A. THE days of Plutus were the days of gold;
The season of high feeding and good cheer:
Rivers of goodly beef and brewis ran
Boiling and bubbling through the steaming streets,
With islands of fat dumplings, cut in sops
And slippery gobbets, moulded into mouthfuls,
That dead men might have swallowed; floating
tripes,
And fleets of sausages in luscious morsels,
Stuck to the banks like oysters: Here and there,
For relishers, a salt-fish seasoned high,
Swam down the savoury tide: When soon behold!
The portly gammon sailing in full state
Upon his smoking platter heaves in sight,
Encompass'd with his bandoliers, like guards,
And convoyed by huge bowls of frumenty,
That, with their generous odours, scent the air.

B. You stagger me to tell of these good days,
And yet to live with us on our hard fare,
When death's a deed as easy as to drink.

A. If your mouth waters now, what had it done,
Could you have seen our delicate fine thrushes
Hot from the spit, with myrtle-berries crammed,
And larded well with celandine and parsley,
Bob at your hungry lips, crying—"Come, eat me!"
Nor was this all; for, pendant over-head,
The fairest, choicest fruits in clusters shone;
Girls too, young girls, just budding into bloom,
Clad in transparent vests, stood near at hand
To serve us with fresh roses, and full cups
Of rich and fragrant wine, of which one glass
No sooner was despatch'd, than straight behold!
Two goblets fresh and sparkling as the first,
Provoked us to repeat th' increasing draught.
Away then with your ploughs, we need them not;
Your scythes, your sickles, and your pruning-
hooks!

Away with all your trumpery at once!
Seed-time, and harvest-home, and vintage wakes:
Your holidays are nothing-worth to us.
Our rivers roll with luxury, our vats
O'erflow with nectar, which providing Jove
Showers down by cataracts; the very gutters
From our house-tops spout wine; vast forests
wave,
Whose very leaves drop fatness; smoking viands
Like mountains rise—all Nature's one great feast.

PHILONIDES.

[About 420 B. C.]

One of the last of the old poets of comedy. Little, however, is known either of him or of his works.

A FRAGMENT.

THE TRULY BRAVE.

BECAUSE I hold the laws in due respect,
And fear to be unjust, am I a coward?
Meek let me be to all the friends of Truth,
And only terrible amongst its foes.

MOSCHION.

An early comic poet, but of uncertain date.—A few fragments only of his works remain.

THE DEAD.

LET the earth cover and protect its dead !
And let man's breath thither return in peace
From whence it came ; his spirit to the skies,
His body to the clay of which 'twas formed,
Imparted to him as a loan for life,
Which he and all must render back again
To earth, the common mother of mankind.

* * * * *

Wound not the soul of a departed man !
'Tis impious cruelty ; let justice strike
The living, but in mercy spare the dead.
And why pursue the shadow that is past ?
Why slander the deaf earth that cannot hear,
The dumb that cannot utter ? When the soul
No longer takes account of human wrongs,
Nor joys nor sorrows touch the mouldering
heart,

As well may you give feelings to the tomb,
As what it covers—both alike defy you.

THE EXILE.

THE proudest once in glory, mind, and race,
The first of monarchs, of mankind the grace,
Now wandering, outcast, desolate and poor,
A wretched exile on a foreign shore,
With miserable aspect bending low,
Holds in his trembling hand the suppliant bough :
Unhappy proof, how false the flattering light,
Which Fortune's blazing torch holds forth to sight !
Now, not the meanest stranger passing by
But greets the fallen hero with a sigh ;
Perhaps with gentle accents soothes his woe,
And lets the kindly tear of pity flow ;
For where's the heart so hardened and so rude,
As not to melt at life's vicissitude ?*

* One of Moschion's plays was "Themistocles," and probably this fragment, preserved by Stobæus, may refer to the exile of that great man, when a suppliant at the court of Admetus.

PLATO, THE PHILOSOPHER.

[Born 429—Died 347, B. C.]

By long descent an Athenian, but born in the island of Ægina, where his father had taken up his residence after its subjection to Athens. The favourite employment of his earlier years was poetry, which, however, he abandoned, on becoming acquainted with Socrates, for the severer studies of philosophy, and not only abandoned for himself, but afterwards proscribed to others in his ideal republic.

A LOVER'S WISH.

WHY dost thou gaze upon the sky ?
Oh, that I were yon spangled sphere !
And every star should be an eye
To wander o'er thy beauties here.

THE KISS.

Oh ! on that kiss my soul
As if in doubt to stay,
Lingered awhile on fluttering wing prepar'd
To soar away.

THE ANSWER OF THE MUSES TO VENUS.

WHEN Venus bade the Aonian Maids obey,
Or Cupid else should vindicate her sway,
The virgins answered : "Threat your subjects
thus !
That puny warrior has no arms for us."

The Same, paraphrased and enlarged.

THUS to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame :
"Adore my altars and revere my name ;
My son shall else assume his potent darts :
'Twang goes the bow ; my girls, have at your
hearts !"

The Muses answered:—"Venus, we deride
The infant's malice, and his mother's pride:
Send him to Nymphs who sleep in Ida's shade,
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade;
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look
On the instructive verse and moral book.
On female idleness his power relieves,
But, when he finds us studying hard, he flies."

ON A SLEEPING CUPID.

I **PIERCED** the grove, and, in its deepest gloom,
Beheld sweet Love, of heavenly form and bloom;
Nor bow nor quiver at his back were hung,
But harmless on the neighbouring branches hung.
On rosebuds pillowed lay the little child,
In glowing slumbers pleased, and sleeping
smil'd,

While all around the bees delighted sip
The breathing fragrance of his balmy lip.

ON TWO NEIGHBOURING TOMBS.

THIS is a Sailor's—that a Ploughman's tomb;—
Thus sea and land abide one common doom.

ON THE IMAGE OF A SATYR,

AND A CUPID SLEEPING BY A FOUNTAIN SIDE.

FROM mortal hands my being I derive;
Mute marble once, from man I learn'd to live.
A Satyr now, with Nymphs I hold resort,
And guard the watery grottos where they sport.
In purple wine refused to revel more,
Sweet draughts of water from my urn I pour;
But, Stranger, softly tread, lest any sound
Awake yon boy, in rosy slumbers bound.

ON A RURAL IMAGE OF PAN.

SLEEP, ye rude winds! Be every murmur dead
On yonder oak-crowned promontory's head!
Be still, ye bleating flocks,—your shepherd calls.
Hang silent on your rocks, ye waterfalls!
Pan on his oaten pipe awakes the strain,
And fills with dulcet sounds the pastoral plain.
Lured by his notes, the Nymphs their bowers
forsake,
From every fountain, running stream, and lake,
From every hill and ancient grove around,
And to symphonious measures strike the ground.

ON HIS BELOVED.

IN life thou wert my morning star,
But now that Death has stol'n thy light,
Alas, thou shinest dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

ON DION OF SYRACUSE.

FOR Priam's queen and daughters, at their birth,
The Fates weaved tears into their web of life:
But for thee, Dion, in thy hour of mirth,
When triumph crowned thine honourable strife
Thy gathering hopes were poured upon the sand.
Thee still thy countrymen revere and lay
In the broad precincts of thy native land.
But who the passion of my grief shall stay?

ON ARISTOPHANES.

THE Muses, seeking for a shrine
Whose glories ne'er should cease,
Found, as they strayed, the soul divine
Of Aristophanes.

LAIUS' OFFERING TO VENUS.

VENUS, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was.
What from this day I shall be,
Venus! let me never see.

ON THE BRONZE IMAGE OF A FROG.

"A traveller who, when nearly exhausted by thirst,
was guided by the croaking of a frog to a spring of
water, dedicates to the Nymphs a bronze image of his
preserver."

THE servant of the Nymphs, the singer dank,
Pleased with clear fountains,—the shower-loving
frog,
Imaged in brass,—hath a way-faring man
Placed here, a votive gift,—because it served
To quench the fever of the traveller's thirst.
For the amphibious creature's well-timed song,
Croaked from its dewy grot, the wandering
steps
Of him, who searched for water, hither drew.
Not heedless of the guiding voice, he found
The longed-for draught from the sweet cooling
spring.

PLATO, THE COMIC POET.

[About 428 B. C.]

HONOURABLE mention has been made of Plato numerous comedies and other works, only a few fragments and two epigrams are now remaining.

FRAGMENT

OF A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A FATHER AND A SOPHIST UNDER WHOSE TUITION HE HAD PLACED HIS SON.

Fath. Thou hast destroyed the morals of my son,

Unholy pedagogue! and turned to vice
His mind not so disposed. With morning drams
A filthy practice, which he caught from thee,
And all-unlike his former life, he saps
His youthful vigour. Is it thus you school him?

Soph. And if I did, what harm? and why complain?

He does but follow what the wise prescribe,
The great voluptuous law of Epicurus,
Pleasure, the best of all good things on earth;
And how but thus can pleasure be obtained?

Fath. Virtue will give it him.

Soph. And what but virtue
Is our philosophy? When have you met
One of our sect flushed and disguised with wine?
Or one, but one, of those you tax so roundly,
On whom to fix a fault?

Fath. Not one, but all,
All, who march forth with supercilious brow,
High-arched with pride, beating the city-rounds,

Like constables in quest of rogues and outlaws,
To find that prodigy in human nature,
A wise and perfect man! What is your science
But kitchen-science? Wisely to descant
Upon the choice bits of a savoury carp,
And prove by logic that his *summum bonum*
Lies in his head; there you can lecture well,
And, whilst your grey beards wag, the gaping
guest
Sits wondering with a foolish face of praise.

ON A STATUE OF MERCURY.

"HOL there! Who art thou?—Answer me—art dumb?"—

"Warm from the hand of Dædalus I come;
My name, Mercurius, and, as you may prove,
A statue; but his statues speak and move.

ON THE TOMB OF THEMISTOCLES.

BY the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand:
By this directed, to thy native shore
The merchant shall convey his freighted store;
And when our fleets are summoned to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.

CALLISTRATUS.

[About 420 B. C.]

OF the name of Callistratus, we find mention of three—one, a comedian and friend of Aristophanes, living B. C. 420,—another, the son of Empedus, recorded by Pausanias as having fallen in the expedition of Nicias against Sicily, B. C. 413,—and a third, distinguished as an orator, and flourishing at Athens, B. C. 373.* Which of these

* There was, indeed, another of the name, author of some pieces of poetry and poetical criticism quoted by Athenæus and others, and placed by Mr. Fynes Clinton at 154 B. C. But he evidently was not the author, for the

was the author of the following verses is a mere matter of conjecture, (though I incline to believe it was the first.)—but whichever it might have been, it is solely, as associated with the noble ode in honour of the Athenian patriots, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, that the name of Callistratus remains hallowed in our memories. That ode may be called the great National Anthem of

power of Athens had then perished, and "Greece was living Greece no more."

Athens, and was sung at their theatres and places of public entertainment, in alternate parts, the whole company joining in chorus.—Bishop Lowth, in his Sacred Poesy of the Hebrews, regrets that the Romans had no such hymns. "Quod si post Idus illas martias e Tyrannoctonis quis-

piam tale aliquod carmen Plebi tradisset, inque Suburram et Fori circulos et in ora Vulgi intulisset, actum profecto fuisset de partibus et de dominatione Cesarum; plus mehercule valuisset unum 'Αρμόδιον μέλος, quam Ciceronis Philippicæ omnes."

HYMN

IN HONOUR OF HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
Like our patriots the noble and brave,
Who devoted the tyrant to death,
And to Athens equality gave.

Loved Harmodius, thou never shalt die!
The poets exultingly tell,
That thine is the fullness of joy,
Where Achilles and Diomed dwell.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
Like our patriots, the noble and brave,
Who devoted Hipparchus to death,
And buried his pride in the grave.

At the altar the tyrant they seized,
While Minerva he vainly implor'd;
And the Goddess of Wisdom was pleased
With the victim of Liberty's sword.

May your bliss be immortal on high,
Among men as your glory shall be!
Ye doomed the usurper to die,
And bade our dear country be free.

Another translation of the Same.

WREATHED with myrtle be my glaive,
Wreathed like yours, proud Chiefs! when ye
Death to the usurper gave,
And to Athens liberty.

Dearest youths! ye are not dead,
But, in islands of the blest,
With Tydæan Diomed,
With unmatched Achilles, rest.

Yes! with wreaths my sword I'll twine,
Wreaths like yours, ye tried and true!
When, at chaste Athena's shrine,
Ye the base Hipparchus slew.

Bright your deeds beyond the grave!
Endless your renown! for ye
Death to the usurper gave,
And to Athens liberty!*

* "Amidst the doubts and contradictions of historians and philosophers—Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato,—it is difficult not to believe that the action thus commemorated, though prompted, perhaps, like the revolt of Tell, by private injury, was an example of that rude justice, whose ambiguous morality is forgiven for its signal public benefits. Something of greatness and true splendour there must have been about a deed of which the memory was cherished as an heir-loom by the whole Athenian community of freemen, and made familiar as household words by constant convivial celebration. Not until the decline of Attic liberty, and the approach of universal degradation, did a comic writer presume to sneer at the lay of Harmodius as wearing out of fashion. It was an ill sign of the poet to indulge in such a sneer, and it was a worse sign of the people to endure it."—*Edin. Review*, No. cxii.

ARISTOPHANES.

[About 420 B. C.]

THOUGH eleven of the plays of Aristophanes have come down to us; yet we know little of him or of his personal character. His father's name was Philippus, and his birth-place is generally supposed to have been Athens, but of the rank and station of his family or of his own early years and education, all is bare conjecture. His first comedy, "The Banqueters," appeared in 427 B. C. It was an exposition of the corruptions which had crept into the Athenian system of education, and obtained the second prize. In 426 he brought out "The Babylonians," and, in the following spring, "The Acharnians," to the

latter of which was awarded the first prize, Cratinus and Eupolis bearing off the second and third. His next play, "The Knights," was exhibited in 424 B. C., and likewise gained the first prize, the second and third being adjudged to Cratinus and Aristomenes. These were followed by "The Clouds," (423 B. C.), ridiculing the metaphysics of the Sophists—by "The Wasps," (422 B. C.), exposing the mania of the Athenians for quarrels and law suits,—by "Peace," (419 B. C.), in praise and recommendation of that first of private and public blessings,—by the "Amphitrua" and "The Birds," (414 B. C.), exposing

the ambitious schemes of Alcibiades, and parodying and ridiculing the Euripidean Trilogy which had appeared the year before—by the “*Lysistratæ*” and “*Thesmophoriazusæ*,” (411 B. C.), the former in recommendation of peace, and the latter attacking Euripides,—by “*The Frogs*,” (409 B. C.), maintaining the superiority of the old rhapsodical tragedy over the sophistical innovations of Euripides,—by the “*Plutus*,” (408 B. C.), vindicating the conduct of Providence in the ordinary distribution of wealth, and at the same time showing the tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possess them,—and by the “*Ecclesiazusæ*,” (392 B. C.), a satire on the ideal

republics of the philosophers, with their community of goods and wives.—The two last comedies which Aristophanes wrote, were the “*Æolosicon*” and “*Cocalus*,” the former being a parody on the “*Æolus*” of Euripides, the latter a criticism on a tragedy or epic poem, whose hero was Cocalus, the fabulous king of Sicily, and slayer of Minos.

Aristophanes is supposed to have died about the commencement of the Hundredth Olympiad, or 380 B. C. He left three sons, Philippus, Araros, and Nicostratus, who, though all poets of the middle comedy, were by no means inheritors of their father’s talents.

FROM THE KNIGHTS; OR, THE DEMAGOGUES.

[Acted B. C. 424.]

THE professed object of this singular composition is the overthrow of that powerful demagogue, Cleon, whom the author, in his *Acharnians*, had foretold his intention, at some future day, of cutting into shoe-leather;* and his assistants on the occasion are the very persons, for whose service the exploit was to take place,—viz. the rich proprietors, who among the Athenians constituted the class of horsemen or knights. For this purpose Athens is represented as a house: Demus (a personification of the whole Athenian people) is the master of it: Nicias and Demosthenes are his slaves: and Cleon his confidential servant and slave-driver. If the *dramatis personæ* are few, the plot is still more meagre: it consists merely of a series of humiliating pictures of Cleon and a succession of proofs to Demus, that his favourite servant is wholly unworthy of the trust and confidence reposed in him. The manners are strictly confined to Athens, and might almost be thought to belong to a people, who imagined, with the Indian, that his own little valley comprehended the whole world; and that the sun rose on one side of it only to set again on the other. Of all the comedies of Aristophanes, scarcely one can be said to exceed “*The Knights*” in value: not so much as a specimen of the dramatic art, as an historical document, giving a strong, full, and faithful picture, of the most singular people that ever existed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DEMUS, an old citizen of Athens, in whom the Athenian people are typified.

DEMOSTHENES, } Slaves of Demus.

NICIAS, }

THE PAPHLAGONIAN, (CLEON,) Steward to DEMUS.

Sausage-seller.

CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.

* Cleon was the son of a tanner, and had risen from his father’s station, not by any superior merit of his own, but by sheer impudence and demagoguism.

SCENE.—*The space before DEMUS’ house.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.—DEMOSTHENES and NICIAS.

These two illustrious generals enter the stage, dressed in their proper costume of slaves, and complain bitterly of the hardships they suffer since the introduction of an execrable Paphlagonian into the house of their common master, Demus.—Nicias is for deserting their old master and taking refuge with another. This being objected to by Demosthenes, he says:

’Twere better then to give our cares the slip,
And end our sorrows and our lives at once:
One only thought remains, to die as most
Befits brave men.

Demos. How best may that be done?
Nic. Nought better than a draught of bullock’s
blood:

It was the dose that gave Themistocles
A grave: who dies like him, must needs die
bravely.

Demos. A draught of bullock’s blood! a draught
of pure
And genuine wine might serve the turn much
better.

Nought genders thoughts so brilliant as a flask.

Nic. A flask! thy soul is ever in thy cups:
What thoughts can habit in a toper’s brain?

Demos. Hark ye, thou trifling, bubbling water-
drinker,
Who darest speak treason thus against good liquor!
Resolve me—speak—What surs the wit most
nimble?

What makes the purse feel heaviest, or gives
Most life to business? Wine! What masters all
Disputes? A merry cup! What gives the spirits
Their briskest flow? Good liquor! What most
sets

The soul afloat in love and friendly benefits?
A mantling bowl!—Hand me a pitcher then:
Quick, quick, nay quick! I’ll bathe my very mind
And soul therein, and then see who can hit
Upon a trim device.

Nic. Alack-a-day!
What will that drunkenness of thine engender?
(goes in doors.)

Demos. Much good, believe me: quick and bring the wine then.

I'll lay me down; let but the generous fumes
Once mount into my head, and they will gender
Such dainty little schemes—such tit-bit thoughts—
Such trim devices!—

SCENE II.

DEMOSTHENES. NICIAS *returning with wine.*

Nic. Sing we jubilate;

I have purloined the wine and 'scaped observance.

Demos. How fares the Paphlagonian, lad?
Deliver me.

Nic. The rogue hath made of confiscation-sales
A sorry meal, and filled his skin with liquor.
Now stretch'd at full upon a heap of hides
The sorcerer sleeps sound.

Demos. Then pour me out
A cup of wine—no stint—a bumper, look ye;
And let the echo smack her lips in unison.

Nic. (pouring out wine.) Now make libation to
the Better-Genius—
To Him the offering.

Demos. To the Better-Genius!
(drinks and meditates.)

A happy inspiration comes across me;
Thine be the credit of this bright invention!
(looking at the pitcher with affected devotion, and then turning to Nicias.)

Quick, quick; and while the Paphlagonian sleeps,
Bring forth those oracles he hoards within.

Nic. Is this the scheme the Better-Genius
prompts?

I fear me much that your Divinity
Will lose his name, and only cross your ends.
(Enters the house.)

Demos. Meantime I put this pitcher to my
mouth,

That I may wet my drought-parched mind, and hit
Upon some neat device. *(Drinks.)*

Nic. (returning.) The rogue sleeps soundly,
Or I had not come off so clean: here is
The oracle. 'Tis that he prizes most;
Hoarding with care, as if 'twere somewhat
sacred.

Demos. Thou art a clever fellow; reach it
here—

My eyes must take account of this; and, friend,
Put speed into thy hand and fill a cup.

I'll see what stuff these oracles are made of.
(reads.) Anan! some liquor, quick!

Nic. 'Tis here.—How runs
The oracle?

Demos. (drinks and reads.) More liquor.

Nic. Call you that

The wording on't?

Demos. (reading.) O Bacis!*

Nic. Why, what now?

Demos. (reading.) Wine, wine, more wine.

Nic. (pouring out wine.) This Bacis was no
fincher.

Demos. (reading.) So, so; thou varlet of a
Paphlagonian!

'Twas this bred such distrust in thee, and taught
To hoard these prophecies.

Nic. Say you?

Demos. I say

Here is a prophecy which tells the time
And manner of this fellow's death.

Nic. Out with it.

Demos. The words are clear enough: first says
the oracle—

There shall arise within our state a lint-seller,*
And to his hands the state shall be committed.

Nic. One seller note we:—good,—proceed,—
what follows?

Demos. (reading.) Him shall a sheep-seller
succeed.

Nic. A brace
Of sellers! good—What shall befall this worthy?

Demos. (reading.) 'Tis fix'd that he bear sway
'till one arise

More wicked than himself—that moment seals
him:

Then comes the Paphlagonian,—the hide-seller,—

Nic. The man of sheep then falls beneath the
lord

Of hides?

Demos. Even so: thus runs the oracle.

Nic. Another and another still succeeds,
And all are sellers!—Sure the race must be
Extinct!—

Demos. One yet is left, whose craft may stir
Your wonder.

Nic. What's his name?

Demos. Wouldst learn?

Nic. Aye, marry.

Demos. I give it to thee then: *(with emphasis)*
the man that ruins

The Paphlagonian is—a sausage-seller.

Nic. You jest. A sausage-seller!—'Tis a craft
Indeed! and where may such a man be found?

Demos. The task remains with us to search
him out.

Nic. Why yonder see, he moves into the forum.

[SAUSAGE-SELLER is seen at a distance.
The hand of Providence is sure in this!]

Demos. Hither, thou happiest of 'sausage-sel-
lers!

I give thee hail!—this way, dearest of men!—

Mount up, thou saviour of our town and us

Thy humble servants.

SCENE III.

DEMOSTHENES, NICIAS, and SAUSAGE-SELLER.

Sausage. Prithce now, what wouldst thou
With me?

Demos. This way, this way: list friend, and
learn,

The happy and the blessed man you are.

Nic. First rid him of his chopping-block: then
pour

Into his ears how runs the oracle,
And what the blessed fortune that awaits him—

I'll turn an eye upon the Paphlagonian
Within. *(Enters the house.)*

* Bacis, a Bæotian, who was supposed to have received
the gift of prophecy from the nymphs of Mount Cithæron.

* Three of Pericles' successors in the administration
had been—Eucrates, a lint-seller—Lycicles, a sheep-sel-
ler,—and Cleon, a leather-seller.

Demos. (to the Sausage-seller.) First, please to lay those implements
Upon the ground; then do all courtesies
And acts of adoration to the gods
And mother Earth.*

Sausage. Anan!

Demos. Happiest of men!
What wealth awaits thee! Thou to-day art nothing;

Yet shall to-morrow see thee top of all,
And blessed Athens own thee her prime minister!
Sausage. Good man, I fain would wash me these intestines:

Why should you put a hindrance in my way,
And make a flout at me?

Demos. (contemptuously.) Intestines, say you? Simplest of men!—Your eyes this way awhile—
Seest thou yon companies of men? (pointing to the audience.)

Sausage. I do:
What then?

Demos. Of all of these shalt thou be lord
And sovereign—the pynx,† the ports, the forum,—
Not one but waits thy ruling nod. The senate
Thy feet shall trample on; the generals
Shall fall, like chips, before thee: lord of stocks,
And sovereign of dungeons, thou shalt lock
And bind,—nay further, (lowering his voice) in the hall shalt have

A well-spread bed—nor want companion in it.

Sausage. All this for me?

Demos. Ay, and much more, believe me,
But mount thy block, good friend, and cast thine eyes

On yonder Isles‡—dost see them?

Sausage. Yes.

Demos. Nay, but
The marts, the merchantmen—

Sausage. I mark them all.

Demos. O thou art Fortune's very favourite!
The child of happiness!—Your right eye, sir,
On Caria—your left on Chalcodon.‡

Sausage. And call you this the top of happiness—

To have my eyes distorted?—Cry your mercy.

Demos. Nay, you mistake—a whisper in your ear—

All these are so much money in your purse—
For thou wilt be—or there's no faith, be sure,
In oracles—a most prodigious man!

Sausage. Go to, thou canting varlet, am not I
A sausage-vender? How shall greatness ever
Sit on a man of my profession?

Demos. Tut!—

It is the very source of greatness—answer—
Art not a knave?—Art not of the forum?§—Hast not

* There appears to have been a piece of superstition among the lower orders of Athens, which consisted in kissing the spot of ground on which they stood, when any piece of good luck happened to them.

† The hill on which the general assemblies were held, and the parish of the allegorical Demos.

‡ All these isles, cities, &c., pointed out by Demos—then, were tributary to Athens.

§ The agora or forum was the resort of all the idle and profligate of Athens.

A front of brass?—Can Fortune set her seal
Of greatness with more certainty upon thee?

Sausage. I cannot find in me that worthiness
And seal of future power you vaunt so mightily.

Demos. Anan! why sure thou hast some squeamishness

Of honesty about thee! all's not right,
I fear;—answer,—art fair?—art honest?—art
A gentleman?—How say'st?

Sausage. (coldly) Not I, by G—d!
I am—as all my fathers were—a blackguard.

Demos. Then thou art blest: Fortune hath shap'd and mark'd thee

For state-affairs.

Sausage. Nay, I want skill in music:
And am the sorriest dabster e'en at letters.

Demos. Better you wanted that small skill you boast—

'Tis all that makes 'gainst thy sufficiencies;
Music and letters!—Tut! we want no gifts
Like these in men who rule us—morals, quotha?—
A dolt,—a knave,—these are the stuff we make
Our statesmen of—but come—throw not away
The blessing gracious heaven has put upon thee,
By virtue of these oracles.

Sausage. First let me hear
The wording of them.

Demos. Nay, you'll find no want
Of wisdom in them, nor variety
In the conceit—observe—(reads)

ORACLE.

When the monster, half-tanner, half-eagle, shall take

To his mouth, crooked-beak'd, the dull blood-sucking snake:

Then, if, rightly prophetic, the future I trace,
Paphlagonia and pickle* shall sink in disgrace.
The vender of sausages' star shall arise,
And glory come down with a crown from the skies:—

Unfading their fame, as their sacrifice great,
Who leave a good trade to take care of the state.

Sausage. And how points this to me?

Demos. I will resolve thee.
The tanner-eagle is the Paphlagonian.

Sausage. But he is called crook-beak'd.—

Demos. With reason good.
What else his hands but beak, and claws, and talons?

Sausage. But then the serpent—how expound you that?

Demos. Nay, 'tis the clearest of similitudes:
What is a serpent but a lengthy thing?

And what your sausage but the same?—again—
Your sausage is a blood-sucker;—so is
Your snake—and snake, so runs the prophecy,
Shall beat the tanner-eagle;—take he heed
Meantime, that no false speeches cozen him.

Sausage. The light is broke upon me, and I see
A call from heaven in this:—I marvel most
How I shall do to rule the populace?

Demos. Nought easier: model you upon your trade—

* Liquid used in tanning.

Deal with the people as with sausages—
Twist, implicate, embroil; nothing will hurt,
So you but make your court to Demus—cheating
And soothing him with terms of kitchen science.
All other public talents are your own;
Your voice is strong, your liver white, and you are
O' the forum—say, could Diffidence ask more
To claim the reins of state?—The Pythian god,
The oracles, are in your favour; clap then
A chaplet on your head; drop instant prayer
Unto Coalemus,* and bear your manhood
Entire against him.

Sausage. But what aidance may I
Expect? The wealthier fear the meaner folk—
Pay the most crouching reverence to him.

Demos. Nay, nay,
The knights will be your friends; there are among
them

Some twice five-hundred, who detest him: citizens
Of breeding and of mark, be sure, will side
With you, and such spectators here as boast
Right-minded notions—what's more to the pur-
pose,
Thou'lt lack no aid which heaven and I can give.
But see thou show no fear.

SCENE IV.

NICIAS, DEMOSTHENES, CLEON, SAUSAGE-SELLER,
and CHORUS.

Nic. He comes, he comes, the cursed Paphla-
gonian!

At the sight of Cleon, the sausage-vender's
courage forsakes him, and he endeavours to make
his escape. He is brought back, however, to the
charge by Demosthenes, and assisted by the
knights, who attack Cleon in a burst of double
trochaics, the common metre for expressing strong
emotion on the Greek stage.

CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.

Stripes and torment, whips and scourges, for the
toll-collecting knave!

Knighthood wounded, troops confounded, chastise-
ment and vengeance crave.

Taxes sinking, tributes shrinking, mark his appe-
tite for plunder;

At his crow and ravening maw, dykes and whirl-
pools fail for wonder!

Explanation and evasion—covert art and close
deceit—

Fraudful funning, force and cunning, who with
him in these compete?

He can cheat, and eke repeat twenty times his
felon feat,

All before yon blessed sun has quenched his lamp
of glowing heat.

Then to him—pursue him—strike, shiver and
hew him;

Confound him and pound him, and storm all
around him.—

Confounded by this attack, Cleon calls loudly
on the members of the Heliaea, (the high court
of Judicature) for help:—

* The genius of Stupidity.

Judges, jurymen, or pleaders, ye whose soul is in
your fee;

Ye, that in a three-pie'd obol, father, mother, bro-
ther, see;

Ye, whose food I'm still providing, straining voice
through right and wrong—

Mark and see—conspiracy drives and buffets
me along!

Ch. 'Tis with reason—'tis in season—'tis as
you yourself have done:

Thou fang, thou claw,—thou gulf, thou maw!—
yielding partage fair to none.

Where's the officer at audit, but has felt your
cursed gripe?

Squeeze'd and tried with nice discernment, whe-
ther yet the wretch be ripe.

Like the men our figs who gather, you are skilful
to discern,

Which is green, and which is ripe, and which is
just upon the turn.

Is there one well-purs'd amongst us, lamb-like in
heart and life,

Link'd and wedded to retirement, hating bus'ness,
hating strife?

Soon your greedy eye's upon him—when his
mind is least at home,—

Room and place—from farthest Thrace, at your
bidding he must come.

Foot and hand are straight upon him—neck and
shoulder in your grip,

To the ground anon he's thrown, and you smite
him on the hip.

Cleon. (*fawning.*) Ill from you comes this irrup-
tion, you for whom my cares provide,

To reward old deeds of valour,—stone and
monumental pride.

'Twas my purpose to deliver words and speech
to that intent—

And for such my good intention, must I be thus
tempest-rent?

Ch. Fawning braggart, proud deceiver, yielding
like a pliant thong!

We are not old men to cozen and to gull with
lying tongue.

Fraud or force—assault or parry—at all points
will we pursue thee:

And the course which first exalted, knave, that
same shall now undo thee.

Cleon. (*to the audience.*) Town and weal—I make
appeal—back and breast these monsters
feel.

Ch. Have we wrung a clamour from thee, pest
and ruin of the town?

Sausage. Clamour as he will, I'll raise a voice
that shall his clamour drown.

Ch. To outreach this knave in speech were a
great and glorious feat—

But to pass in face and brass—that were triumph
all complete.

Cleon. (*to the audience.*) Allegation, affirmation,
I am here prepared to make,

That this man (*pointing to Sausage-seller*) shipp'd
spars, and sausages, and all for Sparta's
sake.

Sausage. Head and oath, I stake them both,
and free before this presence say,

That the hall a guest most hungry sees in this man (*pointing to Cleon*) every day :

He walks in with belly empty and with full one goes away.

Demus. Add to this, on my witness, that in covert close disguise,

Of fish, and flesh, and bread most fragrant, he makes there unlawful prize ;

Pericles, in all his grandeur, ne'er was gifted in such guise.

Cleon. (*loudly.*) Fate had mark'd you with her eye :

Yet awhile and both must die.

Sausage. (*louder.*) Pitch your voice, knave, as you will,

I'll that voice out-lamour still.

Cleon. (*crescendo.*) When I soar, the ocean's roar

Fails for very wonder.

Sausage. In my throat I've but one note, And that note is—thunder. (*Very loud.*)

Cleon. I have test your parts to try :

Look at me, nor wink your eye.

Sausage. Be your challenge on your head :

(*Looks without winking.*)

Where suppose ye I was bred ?

Cleon. I can steal, and, matchless grace !

Own it with unblushing face ;

You dare not thus pursue it,

Sausage. Empty boasting, void as air

I can steal, and then outswear

The man who saw me do it.

Cleon. (*mortified.*) Small applause your feats demand ;

The art, 'tis known,

Is not your own ;

You're but a knave at second hand.

But to the hall* anon I go ;

Incontinent our chairmen know

You've intestines here which owe

A tytle to Jove and heaven.

Ch. Wretch ! without a parallel,—

Son of thunder,—child of hell,—

Creature of one mighty sense,

Concentrated Impudence !—

From earth's centre to the sea,

Nature stinks of that and thee.

It stalks at the bar,

It lurks at the tolls ;

In th' assembly, black war

And defiance it rolls,

It speaks to our ears

In an accent of thunder,

It climbs to the spheres

And rives heaven asunder.

* * * * *

The storm is kept up so loudly and incessantly, that Cleon is fain to throw himself upon the senate, and challenges his rival to meet him at that awful bar. His antagonist professes his willingness to do so : and the Chorus, considering him as one of the combatants who were going to exhibit in the wrestling school, anoint

his body with the fat of his own sausages, that he "may slip from his adversary's calumnies ;" they feed him like a fighting cock with pungent garlic ; they remind him (in allusion to the combats of the same bird,) to peck at his adversary, —to tread him down,—to gnaw his crest,—and swallow his gills ; and they finally recommend him to the protection of that divinity, which, in modern times, would under the same mythology, have presided over the Palais Royal of Paris, or the Piazza di Marco at Venice.

PARABASIS.*

WERE it one of that old school, learned sirs, who long the rule

And the tone to our drama hath given,
Who his lessons and his verse having taught us to rehearse

Would before this high presence have driven ;
'Tis great chance that his request, however warmly prest,

Might have met with no easy compliance :—
But indulgent we have heard the petitions of a bard

Of new mettle and noblest appliance.
And well may he command aid and service at your hand ;

For his hatreds and ours closely blending
Into one concurring point leap, and hand and heart and joint

To the same noble object are tending.
He no shade nor shelter seeks ;—what he thinks he boldly speaks ;—†

Neither skirmish nor conflict declining,
He marches all-estate 'gainst that Typhon of the state,

Storm and hurricane and tempest combining.
Marvel much we hear has grown, and inquiries through the town,

Of the poet have been most unsparing,
(With submission be it known, that these words are not our own,

But *his* own proper speech and declaring,) *Why his dramas hitherto came not forward as was due,*

Their own proper Choregus obtaining ;
Take us with you, sirs, awhile, and a moment's easy toil

Will in brief be the reason explaining.
'Twas no folly bred, we say, this distrust and cold delay,

But a sense of th' extreme application

* The Parabasis is a digressional address to the spectators by the Chorus, in the name and under the authority of the poet, and has no concern with the subject of the piece.—In the present one, the writer has taken the opportunity thus afforded him of displaying the ingratitude of the Athenians towards many of their old poets, and of explaining why he had not complied with the established custom of putting his work into the hands of one of those wealthy persons, who either voluntarily undertook, or by compulsion of the law were enjoined to defray the expenses of the choral and theatrical exhibitions.

† Such was the dread entertained of the party of Cleon, that no mask-maker would venture to execute his likeness. The poet, therefore, embraced the resolution of acting the part himself, with his face merely painted over.

And the toil which he, who woos in our town
the comic muse,
Must encounter in such his vocation.
Then your tempers quick—severe—ever chang-
ing with the year—
To this thought added fears more appalling,
And a sense of those disasters which, through
you, their fickle masters,
Old age on our poets sees falling.
Could it scape observing sight, what was Magnes
wretched plight,
When the hairs on his temples were hoary;
Yet who battled with more zeal, or more trophies
left to tell
Of his former achievements and glory?
He came piping, dancing, tapping,—fig-gnatting
and wing-clapping,—
Frog-besmeared and with Lydian grimaces:
Yet he, too, had his date, nor could wit nor merit
great
Preserve him, unchang'd in your graces.
Who Cratinus may forget, or the storm of whim
and wit,
Which shook theatres under his guiding?
When panegyric's song pour'd her flood of praise
along,
Who but he on the top wave was riding?
Who but he the foremost guest then on gala-day
and feast?
What strain fell from harp or musicians,
But "Doro, Doro, sweet, nymph with fig-beslip-
per'd feet,"
Or—"Ye verse-smiths and bard-mechani-
cians?"†
Thus in glory was he seen, while his years, as
yet, were green;
But now that his dotage is on him,
God help him! for no eye, of all who pass him by,
Throws a look of compassion upon him.
'Tis a cough, but with the loss of its garnish and
its gloss;—
'Tis a harp, that hath lost all its cunning,—
'Tis a pipe, where deffest hand may the stops
no more command,
Nor on its divisions be running.
Connas-like,‡ he's chaplet-crown'd, and he paces
round and round,
In a circle, which never is ended;—
On his head a chaplet hangs, but the curses and
the pangs
Of a drought on his lips are suspended.
O, if ever yet on bard waited, page-like, high
reward;—
Former exploits and just reputation,
By an emphasis of right, sure had earn'd this
noble wight
In the hall a ne'er-failing—potation;§

And in theatres high station;* there a mark for
Admiration
To anchor her aspect and face on,
In his honour he should sit, nor serve triflers in
the pit
As an object their rude jests to pass on.
I spare myself the toil to record the buffets vile,
The affronts and the contumelies hateful,
Which on Crates† frequent fell, yet I dare you,
sirs, to tell
Where was caterer more pleasing and grate-
ful?
Who knew better how to lay soup piquant and
entremets,
Dainty patties and little side-dishes?
Where, with all your bards, a muse cook'd more
delicate ragouts,
Or hashed sentiment so to your wishes?
Princely cost nor revenue ask'd his banquets, it
is true;
Yet he is the only stage-master,
Through all changes and all chances, who un-
daunted still advances
Alike master of success and disaster.
Sirs, ye need no more to hear—ye know whence
the hue of fear
O'er our bard's cheek of enterprise stealing,
And why, like prudent men, who look forth with
wider ken,
In proverbs he's wont to be dealing;
Saying—better first explore what the powers of
scull and oar,
Ere the helm and the rudder you're trying;
At the prow next take your turn, there the mys-
teries to learn
Of the scud and the winds, that are flying.
This mastery attain'd, time it is a skiff were
gain'd
And your pilotage‡ put upon trial:—
Thus with caution and due heed, step by step
would he proceed
In a course that should challenge denial.
Nor let it breed offence, if for such befitting sense
And so modest carriage and bearing,
We ask some mark of state on its author here to
wait,—
Guard of honour, procession, or chairing:—
With a shout of such cheering
As Bacchus is hearing,
When vats overflowing
Set Mirth all a-crowding,
And Joy and Wine meet
Hand in hand, in each street.
So his purpose attain'd
And the victory gain'd,

* There were distinct seats in the theatre. The most commodious and honourable were those near the images of the gods.

† Crates was first an actor and afterwards a writer of the Old Comedy.

‡ The pilot, says Archbishop Potter, held a much higher rank in the Greek, than in our navy. He had the care of the ship and the government of the seamen, and all things were managed according to his direction. It was, therefore, necessary that he should have an exact knowledge of the art of navigation.

* The poet here alludes in his own peculiar manner to the titles of some of the dramatic works of Magnes.

† Two celebrated songs of Cratinus began in this manner.

‡ Connas was a flute-player, and, from a fragment of Cratinus, appears to have made himself a little conspicuous by constantly wearing a chaplet on his head.

§ Cratinus is said to have been rather addicted to potations.

Your bard shall depart
With a rapture-touch'd heart,
While Triumph shall throw
O'er his cheeks such a glow,
That Pleasure might trace
Her own self in his face.

CHORAL HYMN.

O THOU, whom patroness we call
Of this the holiest land of all
That circling seas admire;
The land where Power delights to dwell,
And War his mightiest feats can tell,
And Poesy to sweetest swell
Attunes her voice and lyre;
Come, blue-eyed Maid, and with thee bring
The goddess of the eagle-wing,
To help our bold endeavour;
Long have our armies own'd thine aid,
O Victory, immortal Maid;
But now of other deeds we tell;
A bolder foe remains to quell;
Give aid then now or never.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SAUSAGE-SELLER and CHORUS.

The Sausage-seller having returned victorious from the senate, is received with shouts of acclamation by the Chorus, and requested to give a particular account of his exertions.

Sausage. And trust me, friends, the tale will pay the hearing—
Straight as he went from hence, I clapt all sail
And followed close behind. Within I found him
Launching his bolts and thunder-driving words,
Denouncing all the knights as traitors, vile
Conspirators—jags, crags, and masses huge
Of stone were nothing to the monstrous words
His foaming mouth heaved up. All these to hear
Did the grave council seriously incline;
They love a tale of scandal to their hearts,
And his had been as quick as golden-herb.
Mustard was in their faces, and their brows
With frowns were furrowed up. I saw the
storm,
Marked how his words had sunk upon them,
taking
Their very senses prisoners:—and, oh!
In knavery's name, thought I,—by all the fools
And scrubs, and rogues, and scoundrels in the
town,
By that same forum, where my early youth
Receiv'd its first instruction, let me gather
True courage now: be oil upon my tongue,
And shameless Impudence direct my speech.
Just as these thoughts pass'd over me, I heard
A sound of thunder pealing on my right—
And mark'd the omen,—grateful, kiss'd the
ground,
Raised my voice to its highest pitch, and thus
Began upon them—"Messieurs of the senate,
I bring good news, and hope your favour for it.
Anchovies, such as, since the war began,
Ne'er crossed my eyes for cheapness, do this day

Adorn our markets"—at the words a calm
Came over every face, and all was hushed.
A crown was voted me upon the spot.*
Then I (the thought was of the moment's birth,)
Making a mighty secret of it, bade them
Put pots and pans in instant requisition,
And then—"One obol loads you with anchovies,"
Said I: anon most violent applause,
And clapping hands ensued; and every face
Grew into mine, gaping in idiot vacancy.
—My Paphlagonian discern'd the humour
O' the time; and seeing how the members all
Were tickled most with words, thus uttered him:
"Sirs,—gentlemen,—'tis my good will and plea-

sure,
That, for this kindly news, we sacrifice
One hundred oxen to our patron-goddess."†
Straight the tide turned: each head within the
senate

Nodded assent and warm good will to Cleon:
"What! shall a little bull-flesh gain the day?"
Thought I within me: then aloud, and shooting
Beyond his mark:—"I double, sirs, this vote;—
Nay, more, sirs, should to-morrow's sun see sprats
One hundred to the penny sold, I move
That we make offering of a thousand goats
Unto Diana."—Every head was raised;
And all turned eyes incontinent on me.—
This was a blow he ne'er recovered; straight
He fell to muttering fooleries and words
Of no account.—The chairman and the officers
Were now upon him.—All meantime was uproar
In th' assembly;—nought talk'd of but anchovies.
How fared our statesman?—He, with suppliant
tones,
Begg'd a few moments' pause.—"Rest ye, sirs,
rest

Awhile.—I have a tale will pay the hearing—
A herald is arrived from Sparta, claiming
An audience.—He brings terms of peace, and
craves

Your leave to utter them before you."—"Peace!"
Cried all, (their voices one.) "Is this a time
To talk of peace?—Out, dotard! What! the rogues
Have heard the price anchovies bear!—Marry,
Our needs, sirs, ask not peace.—War, war, for us—
And, chairman, break the assembly up."—'Twas
done

Upon their bidding, straight.—Who might oppose
Such clamour?—Then, what haste and expedition
On every side! One moment clears the rails!
I, the meantime, steal privately away,
And buy me all the leeks and coriander
In the market—these I straight make largess of,
And gratis give as sauce to dress their fish.—
Who may recount the praises infinite
And groom-like courtesies this bounty gained me?
In short, for a few pennyworths of leeks
And coriander vile, I have purchased me

* A crown or chaplet was a reward usually conferred upon such persons as, by the annunciation of good news, gained the momentary affections of the Athenians.

† When the Athenian people were to be cajoled, a feast or sacrifice (and they were nearly synonymous, for a small portion only of the victim was offered to the gods,) was the surest and most effectual mode.

An entire senate.—Not a man, among them,
But is at my behest, and does me reverence.*

CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.

Well, my son, hast thou begun, and well hast
thou competed;

Rich bliss and gain wilt thou attain, thy mighty
task completed.

He, thy rival, shall admire,
Choked with passion, pale with ire,
Thy audacity and fire:—
He shall own, abash'd, in thee
Power and peerless mastery,
In all crafts and tricks that be.—
At all points art thou equipt,
Eye and tongue with treason tipt,
Soul and body, both deep-dipt
In deceit and knavery.

SCENE II.

CHORUS, SAUSAGE-SELLER, CLEON.

The Paphlagonian returns to the stage at the conclusion of the Chorus' address, with thundering aspect and menacing words, but they are all lost upon the Sausage-seller. Another scene of altercation takes place between these intellectual gladiators. Cleon, after a volley of abuse, threatens to bring his adversary before Demus: (that is, in other words, the people.)—"There," says he, "you will be sure to be worsted—you will find no credit there, while I can play upon him as I please."—"You seem to consider this Demus as your own property."—"Yes, for I know the morsels that he likes to feed upon."—"True, and like children's nurses, you grudge the food you give him—you champ, and champ; and, for one morsel that you give the child, eat three yourself."—Cleon now calls loudly for Demus, the representative of the people; and that dignified person makes his appearance. The two candidates state their several claims to his favour. "I am the friend of Demus," says Cleon, "and am as much attached to him as a lover to his mistress."—"I am your rival in his affections," says the Sausage-seller,—"Yes, my dear Demus, I have loved you this long time, and it would give me the greatest pleasure to be of service; and all honest men partake my sentiments; but this man keeps us away, and prevents our showing you proofs of our attachment."—He proceeds to state very candidly to Demus, that he resembled very much those capricious beauties, who dismiss such suitors from them as are men of probity and honour, and dispose of their favours and affections to the lowest of mankind—to lamp-lighters, tanners, and curriers.—Cleon, knowing his stronghold, proposes that Demus should call a general assembly, and that it should be there decided,

who had most pretensions to his favour. His adversary has no objection, provided the assembly be not held in the *Pnyx*. "The old gentleman," says he, "is a man of excellent sense, while he abides at home; but the moment he goes to that cursed place, he is as much at his wit's end, as the man who wishes to dry his figs in the sun, and has not a stalk to fasten them by."—But Demus will hear of no other place. "*Pnyx** is my true and proper seat. I hold my sittings no where else."—"Then I am a ruined man," says the sausage-monger.—The Chorus, however, encourage their friend, and prepare him for the arduous contest.

SCENE III.—The *Pnyx* hill.

CLEON, SAUSAGE-SELLER, DEMUS, CHORUS.

Cleon. (*anapæstics.*) With our lady divine, the
town's saviour and mine,

My prayers make, as meet, their beginning:—
[*a pause of affected devotion.*]

If disguise none I wear, while to Demus I swear
Such love, as from none he is winning.

Sausage. To love—fair and true—I can make
my claim too;

And if ever its chain should less bind me;
May I mince into meat, so minute that who eat,
Must have eyes keen, as Attic, to find me.

Cleon. (*to Demus.*) For service and zeal, I to
facts, sir, appeal:—

Say, of all that e'er swayed this proud city,
Who had ever more skill your snug coffer to fill,
Undisturb'd by respectance and pity?

For one and for two, I've the rope and the screw,
To a third I make soft supplication;

And I spurn at all ties, and all laws I despise,
So that Demus find gratification.

Sausage. Mere smoke this and dust! Demus,
take it on trust,

That my service and zeal can run faster;
I am he that can steal at the mouth a man's meal,
And set it before my own master.

Other proofs than of love in this knave's grate
and stove,

Noble lord, may your eyes be discerning:
There the coal and the fuel, that should warm
your own gruel,

To your slave's ease and comfort are burning.
Nay, since Marathon's day, when thy sword (*to*

Demus) paved the way,
To Persia's disgrace and declension,
(That bountiful mint, in which bards,† without
stint,

Fashion words of six-footed dimension.)
Like a stone or a stock, hast not sat on a rock,‡
Cold, comfortless, bare, and denied,—

While this chief of the land, never yet to your
hand

* Absurd as some parts of the above narration may appear to a modern reader, it can hardly be called a caricature of the public meetings in Athens. Every person conversant with the orators and historians of that singular republic, has occasionally met with instances of ridiculous conduct, which hardly fall below what is here represented. He has seen the most frivolous circumstances swelled into importance, and the most important trifled with, in her crowded and noisy assemblies.

* The *Pnyx* was a public place, which derived its name from the number of stones with which it was filled. As the general assemblies were usually held on it, it has been made the parish of the allegorical Demus.

† Not only bards and orators swore by the battles of Marathon and Salamis, but the very cooks embellished their diction by the same appeal.—*Vid. Athen.* ix. 380.

‡ An allusion to the stones with which the *Pnyx* hill was crowded.

A cushion or seat hath provided?
 But take this (*giving a cushion*) to the ease of your
 hams and your knees,
 For since Salamis, proud day of story,
 With a fleet ruin hurl'd, they took rank in the
 world,
 And should seat them in comfort and glory.
Demus. What vision art thou? Let me read on
 thy brow,
 What lineage and kindred have won thee!
 Thou wast born for my weal, and the impress
 and seal
 Of Harmodius are surely upon thee.
Cleon. (*mortified.*) O feat easy done! And is
 Demus thus won
 By diminutive gifts and oblations?
Sausage. Small my baits I allow, but in size
 they outgo
 Your own little douceurs and donations.

The contest proceeds for some time in the same
 strain, Cleon all the while talking of his unex-
 ampled love for Demus. "But tell me," (says
 the sausage-dealer, addressing himself to Cleon,)
 "you, who deal in leather, and profess so great
 an affection for Demus—did you ever, in the
 plentitude of your love, make him your debtor
 for a pair of shoes?"—That I'll be sworn he
 never did," exclaims the old gentleman. The
 sausage-vender follows up his blow by instantly
 presenting a pair. Demus is all gratitude—he
 declares that himself, the republic, and his toes
 never had so sincere a friend.

* * * * *

Demus. I have observed this man; he wears a
 show

Of honesty, more than I ever saw
 In those who go for many to the penny.*
 In sooth I love the man—for you, fine Paphlago-
 nian,
 Who hold such large professions of your love,
 Know that you've anger'd me beyond all suffer-
 ance,
 And art dismiss'd:—I ask your ring of office.

[*Cleon gives the ring.*
(To Sausage.) To you and to your care do I com-
 mend it.

Cleon. One word at parting—I have left your
 service—

Who follows me, believe, will prove a knave
 Still greater than myself.—But one word more—
 One word—upon my knees—I have some oracles,
 Make your ear partner to them ere you pass
 Your last resolve.

Sausage. I too have oracles,
 That claim a hearing.

Cleon. Then, produce your oracles.
Sausage. I wait no second bidding.

Demus. (*to Cleon.*) Let the same
 Be done by you.—

Cleon. Your bidding is obeyed—
 I go.—(*Hurrying off.*)

Sausage. I vanish.

* Demus alludes to the obol, the usual compensation
 for services among the Athenians.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The two candidates for the favour of Demus
 enter, labouring under a weight of oracles, which
 they severally rehearse. As they would try the
 reader's patience, however, they are all, with the
 exception of the last, omitted.

Cleon. But enough—I've an oracle yet to de-
 declare,
 It comes from the clouds and is borne on the air.
(To Demus.) Like an eagle, it tells, you shall
 spread your wide wings,
 A lord over monarchs, a king over kings.

Sausage. (*eagerly*) I've the same; while a clause
 supplemental extends
 Your reign to the Red-sea, and earth's farthest
 ends.*

With a seat on the bench in remote Ecbatane,
 And a banquet of sweets, while the suits are in
 train.

Cleon. I've seen me a vision; I've dream'd me
 a dream:

Its author was Pallas, and Demus its theme:
 The cup Arytæna† blazed bright in her hand,
 And riches and plenty fell wide o'er the land.

Sausage. I, too, have my visions and dreams of
 the night:

Our Lady‡ and Owl stood confest to my sight:
 From the cup Aryballus§ choice blessings she
 threw;

On him (*Cleon*) fell tan-pickle, and nectar on you.
(To Demus.)

One only resource now remained for Cleon.
 The nation, which ranked cookery among the
 liberal arts, had other appetites to be gratified
 besides a love of power and dominion; and Cleon
 determines to appeal from his master's hopes
 and fears to the humbler gratifications of his
 palate. The first attack is made through the
 medium of barley, and the offer of providing
 him daily sustenance—but the bare mention of
 barley is offensive to Demus. He had been de-
 ceived enough on that point by Cleon. An offer
 of prepared wheat does not propitiate him more.
 The sausage-vender is both more delicate and
 profuse: the banquet which he proposes to lay
 before his master is to consist of nice little pud-
 dings, well baked, and broiled fish; and his life,
 as this aspirant to his favour declares, shall be
 nothing but a scene of mastification.

The imagination of Demus begins to open to
 the flattering prospect.

Demus. About it straight then, and—observe—
 Who caters best and offers me most presents,
 To him I give the state and all its harness.

* A singular oath was taken by the young men of
 Athens, before they went upon an expedition, implying,
 that they would consider wheat and barley, and vines
 and olives to be the limits of Attica; by which, says Plu-
 tarch, they were taught to claim a title to all lands that
 were manured and fruitful.—*Life of Alcibiades.*

† The *Arytæna* was a sort of cup or vessel for drawing
 water.

‡ Our Lady,—Minerva.

§ The *Aryballus* was a vessel shaped like a purse, broad
 at bottom, and narrow at top.

Cleon. (*running.*) Sayst thou? I'm on my legs and start this instant.

Sausage. (*running faster.*) I've left already longer space behind me.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CLEON, SAUSAGE-SELLER, DEMUS, CHORUS.

Cleon. (*to Sausage.*) Off, knave! and feast the crows.

Sausage. On your own head
Fall the ill wish!

Cleon. Demus, I wait a week
With hands prepared to shower my gifts upon you.

Sausage. And I a month—a year—a century—
Time out of mind, mind, mind.

Demus. And I wait here
Expecting your large promises, and venting
Curses on both (*mimics*) before creation—ation—
ation.

Sausage. (*to Demus.*) Knowst what to do?

Demus. Your wisdom can advise me.

Sausage. Start him and me, observe, as from
the barriers:

We'll run a race as 'twere, who most can give
you.

Demus. 'Tis well advis'd: one—two—three—
away!

Sausage. We're gone.

Demus. Run quick.

Cleon. I dare him to outstrip me.

[*Exeunt* **CLEON** and **SAUSAGE-SELLER.]**

Demus. (*solus.*) I must be dainty nice indeed,
if such

A pair of lovers do not satisfy me!

The rival candidates now commence their contest of presents, consisting chiefly of culinary articles. For some time the sausage-vender has the advantage, till Cleon awakens his fears by talking of a dish of hare, which he has exclusively to present. His rival, disconcerted at first, has recourse to a stratagem. "Some ambassadors come this way to me, and their purses seem well filled."—"Where are they?"—exclaims Cleon eagerly and turns about. The hare-flesh was immediately in the hands of his rival, who presents the boasted dainty, in his own name, to Demus! While the sausage-vender piously refers the suggestion of this little theft to Minerva, and modestly takes the execution only to himself, Cleon resents the surprise very warmly.—"I had all the danger of catching the hare," says he, referring to his predecessor Demosthenes.—"And I had all the trouble of dressing it," says his rival.—"Fools!" says Demus, in the true spirit of vulgar selfishness, "I care not who caught it, or who dressed it; all I regard is the hand that serves it up to table." A conscious feeling of inferiority now comes over Cleon, and one of those powerful words which the Greek language only supplies, expresses his fears that the race is against him, and that he shall be *distanced* in impudence. His rival proposes a new test of affection. "Let our chests," says he, "be searched. It will then be proved, who loves Demus

most." This is accordingly done. That of the new candidate for power is found empty. "He had given his dear little Demus every thing." In Cleon's, on the contrary, is found abundance of good things; and a tempting cheese-cake particularly excites Demus' surprise. "The rogue!" says this representative of the sovereign multitude, "to conceal such a cake as this, and to cut me off but a mere morsel of it; and that, too," subjoins the complainant (changing his dialect from the Attic to the Doric, for a reason which the learned reader will appreciate) "after I had made him a present of a chaplet and added many other douceurs besides!"—Cleon in vain pleads, that he stole for the good of the country. He is ordered to lay down his chaplet,* and invest his antagonist with it.—"Nay," says he, still struggling for the retention of office:

Cleon. I have an oracle;—it came from Phœbus,
And tells to whom Fate wills I yield the mastery.

Sausage. Declare the name—my life upon't—
the god
Refers to me.

Cleon. Presumptuous!—You!—Low scoundrel!
To the proof:—Where were you school'd? and
who the teacher

That first imbued your infant mind with knowledge?

Sausage. The kitchen and the scullery gave me
breeding;
And teacher I had none save cuffs and blows.

Cleon. (*aside.*) My mind misgives me: what
am I deliver'd!

But pass we on:—(*aloud*) say further what the
wrestling master
Instructed you?

Sausage. To steal—to look the injured
Straight in the face, and then forswear the theft.

Cleon. (*aside.*) Angels and ministers of grace
protect me!

(*aloud*) But say what art or trade your manhood
practised?

Sausage. I dealt in sausages.

Cleon. Aught more?

Sausage. I found
The bagnios employment.

Cleon. (*aside.*) I'm undone.
One only hope remains. (*Aloud.*) Resolve me—
practis'd you

Within the market-place or at the gates?†

Sausage. Nay, at the gates, among the men
who deal

In salted fish.

Cleon. Why then, all is accomplished.
It is the will of heaven;—bear me within:—
A long farewell to all my former greatness!

* Cleon, according to the Scholiast, had received a chaplet in full assembly from the people, with the privilege perhaps attached, of wearing it on all occasions.

† Only the lowest tradesmen practised at the gates of the town. Every answer is made to show the utter baseness of Cleon's rival, and thus to place him in the most ignominious light.

Adieu, fair chaplet! * 'gainst my will I quit thee,
And give thy matchless sweets to other hands!—
There may be knaves more fortunate than I,
But never shall the world see thief more rascally.

Sausage. (devoutly.) Thine be the triumph, Jove
Ellenian!†

The piece ends with a triumphal rejoicing, the scene changing from the Pnyx to the majestic Propylæon; where Demus, whose youth has been miraculously renewed, comes forward in the garb of an ancient Athenian, and shows that, with his early strength, he has also recovered his nobler spirit and the sentiments of the age of Marathon.—See *Schlegel's Dramatic Literature, Lecture VI.*

FROM THE CLOUDS.

[Acted B. C. 423.]

"THE Clouds" was intended as an exhibition of the corrupt state of education at Athens, and as an exposure of Socrates, whom the poet chose to consider as the principal author of that corruption. The story is of a young spendthrift, who has involved his father in debt by his passion for horses, and who, being placed under the care of Socrates, soon learns to defraud his creditors, to contemn his father, and to regard honour amongst men, and piety towards the gods, as the by-gone dreams and vulgar prejudices of a barbarous age. The metaphysics of the Sophists are embodied in the person of Socrates. How foul a wrong this was to that great and good man, (himself a most decided antagonist of the Sophists,†) every one at all read in Grecian history well knows; nor is it an excuse for the traducer to say that he erred through ignorance, or foresaw not the destruction which his calumnies were assistant in bringing down on the head of his guiltless victim.—But time has set all even, and "poor Socrates"—as a far loftier bard has sung—

—"Poor Socrates,
By what he taught, and suffered for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now,
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors."

Par. Reg. b. iii. v. 96.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

STREPSIADES.	DICÆOLOGOS.
PHÉIDIPIDES.	ADICÆOLOGOS.
SERVANT to <i>Strepsiadēs</i> .	PASIAS.
DISCIPLES of <i>Socrates</i> .	AMYNIAS.
SOCRATES.	WITNESSES.
CHORUS of CLOUDS.	CHEREPHON.

SCENE—Athens.

* Parodied from Euripides' description of the dying Alcestis taking leave of her bridal bed.

† Jupiter was worshipped at Ægina under this title upon the following occasion. A great drought prevailed in that island, which had nearly brought the people to ruin, but was at length removed by the united prayers of the Pan-Hellenes, or universal Greeks.

‡ The very utmost that can, with any semblance of truth, be urged against Socrates, is that he may sometimes have engaged and defeated the Sophists, with their own weapons.

SCENE I.

STREPSIADES is discovered in his chamber, PHÉIDIPIDES sleeping in his bed. Time, before break of day.

Streps. (stretching and yawning.) Ah me, ah me!
will this night never end?

Oh kingly Jove, shall there be no more day?
And yet the cock sung out long time ago;
I heard him, but my people lie and snore,
Snore in defiance, for the rascals know
It is their privilege in time of war,
Which with its other plagues brings this upon us,
That we mayn't rouse these vermin with a cudgel.
There's my young hopeful too, he sleeps it through,
Snug under five fat blankets at the least.

Would I could sleep so sound! but my poor eyes
Have no sleep in them; what with debts and duns
And stable-keepers' bills, which this fine spark
Heaps on my back, I lie awake the whilst:
And what cares he but to coil up his locks,
Ride, drive his horses, dream of them all night,
Whilst I, poor devil, may go hang—for now
The moon* in her last quarter wanes apace,
And my usurious creditors are gaping.
What ho! a light! bring me my tablets, boy!
That I may set down all, and sum them up.
Debts, creditors, and interest upon interest—

[*Boy enters with a light and tablets.*]

Let me see where I am and what the total—
Twelve poundst† to Pasiās—Hah! to Pasiās
twelve!

Out on it, and for what?—A horse forsooth.
Right noble by the mark—curse on such marks!
Would I had given this eye from out this head,
Ere I had paid the purchase of this jennet!

Phēi. Shame on you, Philo!‡ keep within your ring.

Streps. There 'tis! that's it! the bane of all
my peace

He's racing in his sleep.

Phēi. A heat—a heat!

How many turns to a heat?

Streps. More than enough;

You've given me turns in plenty—I am jaded.
But to my list—what name stands next to Pasiās?
Amyniās—three good pounds—still for the race—
A chariot mounted on its wheels complete.

Phēi. Dismount! unharness and away!

Streps. I thank you;

You have unharness'd me: I am dismounted,
And with a vengeance—all my goods in pawn,
Fines, forfeitures, and penalties in plenty.

Phēi. (wakes.) My father! why so restless? who
has vex'd you?

Streps. The sheriff vexes me; he breaks my
rest.

Phēi. Peace, self-tormentor, let me sleep!

* The 30th of the month, the term for enforcing payments and taking out executions against debtors, was in near approach.

† The Athenian pound was of the value of one hundred drachmæ, and each drachmæ of six oboli. The pound may be computed at three of ours, which gives the price of the horse about 36l.

‡ Philon, Phoenix, Corax, &c., were Grecian appellations for horses; substitutes for our High-flyer, Sly-boots, Diamond, &c.

Streps. Sleep on!
But take this with you; all these debts of mine
Will double on your head; a plague confound
That cursed match-maker, who drew me in
To wed, forsooth, that precious dam of thine.
I liv'd at ease in the country, coarsely clad,
Rough, free, and full withal as oil and honey
And store of stock could fill me, till I took,
Clown as I was, this limb of the Alcmaeons,
This vain, extravagant, high-blooded dame:
Rare bed-fellows and dainty—were we not?
I, smelling of the wine-vat, figs and fleeces,
The produce of my farm; all essence she,
Saffron and harlot's kisses, paint and washes,
A pamper'd wanton—idle I'll not call her;
She took due pains in faith to work my ruin,
Which made me tell her, pointing to this cloak,
Now threadbare on my shoulders—see, good wife,
This is your work—in troth you toil too hard.

[*Boy re-enters.*]

Boy. Master, the lamp has drunk up all its oil.

Streps. Ay, 'tis a drunken lamp; the more fault yours;

Whelp, you shall howl for this.

Boy. Why? for what fault?

Streps. For cramming such a greedy wick with oil.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Well! in good time this hopeful heir was born;
Then I and my beloved fell to wrangling
About the naming of the brat—my wife
Would dub her colt Xanthippus or Charippus,
Or it might be Callipides, she car'd not
So 'twere equestrian* the name—but I
Stuck for his grandfather Pheidonides;
At last when neither could prevail, the matter
Was compromis'd by calling him Pheidippides:
Then she began to fondle her sweet babe,
And taking him by th' hand—Lambkin, she cried,
When thou art some years older thou shalt drive,
Megacles-like, thy chariot to the city,
Rob'd in a saffron mantle.—No, quoth I,
Not so, my boy, but thou shalt drive thy goats,
When thou art able, from the fields of Phelle,
Clad in a woollen jacket like thy father:
But he is deaf to all these frugal rules,
And drives me on the gallop to my ruin;
Therefore all night I call my thoughts to council,
And after long debate find one chance left,
To which if I can lead him, all is safe,
If not—but soft: 'tis time that I should wake him.
But how to soothe him to the task—(*speaking in
a soft gentle tone*) Pheidippides!

Precious Pheidippides!

Phai. What now, my father?

Streps. Kiss me, my boy! reach me thine hand—

Phai. Declare,

What would you?

Streps. Dost thou love me, sirrah? speak!

Phai. Aye, by equestrian Neptune!

* Names ending in *ippos* or *ippides* among the Greeks, showed a connection with equestrian rank; hence this lady's partiality for the terms Xanthippus, Charippus, &c. The name Pheidonides, which Strepsiades contends for, is derived from a Greek word, implying a man addicted to parsimony; the compromise therefore for Pheidippides is so contrived as to suit both parties.

Streps. (angrily.) Name not him,
Name not that charioteer; he is my bane,
The source of all my sorrow—but, my son,
If thou dost love me, prove it by obedience

Phai. In what must I obey?

Streps. Reform your habits;
Quit them at once, and what I shall prescribe
That do!

Phai. And what is it that you prescribe?

Streps. But wilt thou do't?

Phai. Yea, by Dionysus!*

Streps. 'Tis well: get up! come hither, boy!
look out!

Yon little wicket and the hut hard by—

Dost see them?

Phai. Clearly. What of that same hut?

Streps. Why that's the council-chamber of all wisdom:

There the choice spirits dwell, who teach the world

That heav'n's great concave is one mighty oven,
And men its burning embers: these are they,
Who can show pleaders how to twist a cause
So you'll but pay them for it, right or wrong.

Phai. And how do you call them?

Streps. Troth, I know not that,
But they are men, who take a world of pains;
Wondrous good men and able.

Phai. Out upon 'em!
Poor rogues, I know them now; you mean those
scabs,

Those squalid, barefoot, beggarly impostors,
The mighty cacodæmons, of whose sect
Are Socrates and Chærephon. Away!

Streps. Hush, hush! be still; don't vent such
foolish prattle;

But if you'll take my counsel, join their college
And quit your riding-school.

Phai. Not I, so help me
Dionysus our patron! though you brib'd me
With all the racers that Leogaras
Breeds from his Phasian stud.

Streps. Dear, darling lad,
Prythee be rul'd, and learn.

Phai. What shall I learn?

Streps. They have a choice of logic; this for
justice,

That for injustice: learn that latter art,
And all these creditors, that now beset me,
Shall never touch a drachma that I owe them.

Phai. I'll learn of no such masters, nor be made
A scare-crow and a may-game to my comrades:
I have no zeal for starving.

Streps. No, nor I
For feasting you and your fine pamper'd cattle
At free cost any longer—Horse and foot
To the crows I bequeath you. So be gone!

Phai. Well, sir, I have an uncle, rich and noble;
Megacles will not let me be unhorsed;

To him I go: I'll trouble you no longer. [*Exit.*]

Streps. (alone.) He has thrown me to the
ground, but I'll not lie there;

* The poet, with due attention to character, makes the young man first swear by equestrian Neptune; when driven from that he resorts to Dionysus, the patron of the feast then in actual celebration.

I'll up, and, with permission of the gods,
Try if I cannot learn these arts myself:
But being old, sluggish, and dull of wit,
How am I sure these subtilities won't pose me?
Well! I'll attempt it.

SCENE II.—*House of SOCRATES.*

STREPSIADES knocking violently at the door.

Streps. Ho! within there! Ho!

Disciple. (half-opening the door.) Go, hang yourself! and give the crows a dinner—

What noisy fellow art thou at the door?

Streps. Strepsiades of Cicynna, son of Pheidon.

Dis. Whoe'er thou art, fore heaven, thou art a fool

Not to respect these doors; battering so loud,
And kicking with such vengeance, you have marr'd

The ripe conception of my pregnant brain,
And brought on a miscarriage.

Streps. Oh! the pity!—

Pardon my ignorance: I'm country bred
And far a-field am come: I pray you tell me
What curious thought my luckless din has strangled,

Just as your brain was hatching.

Dis. These are things

We never speak of but amongst ourselves.

Streps. Speak boldly then to me, for I am come
To be amongst you, and partake the secrets
Of your profound academy.

Dis. Enough!

I will impart, but set it down in thought
Amongst our mysteries—This is the question,
As it was put but now to Chærephon,
By our great master Socrates, to answer—
How many of his own lengths at one spring
A flea can hop—for we did see one vault
From Chærephon's black eye-brow to the head
Of the philosopher.

Streps. And how did t'other

Contrive to measure this?

Dis. Most accurately:

He dipt the insect's feet in melted wax,
Which, hard'ning into sandals as it cool'd,
Gave him the space by rule infallible.

Streps. Imperial Jove! what subtlety of thought!

Dis. But there's a deeper question yet behind;
What would you say to that?

Streps. I pray, impart it.

Dis. 'Twas put to Socrates, if he could say,
When a gnathumm'd, whether the sound did issue
From mouth or tail.

Streps. Aye; marry, what said he?

Dis. He said your gnat doth blow his trumpet
backwards

From a sonorous cavity within him,
Which, being filled with breath, and forc'd along
The narrow pipe or rectum of his body,
Doth vent itself in a loud hum behind.

Streps. Hah! then I see the pædæx of your gnat
Is trumpet-fashion'd—Oh! the blessings on him
For this discovery; well may he escape
The law's strict scrutiny, who thus developes
The anatomy of a gnat.

Dis. Nor is this all;

Another grand experiment was blasted
By a curst cat.

Streps. As how, good sir; discuss?

Dis. One night as he was gazing at the moon,
Curious and all intent upon her motions,
A cat on the house ridge was at her needs,
And squirted in his face.

Streps. Beshrew her for it!

Yet I must laugh no less to think a cat

Should so bespatter Socrates.

Dis. Last night

We were bilk'd of our supper.

Streps. Were you so?

What did your master substitute instead?

Dis. Why, to say truth, he sprinkled a few ashes
Upon the board, then with a little broach,
Crook'd for the nonce, pretending to describe
A circle, neatly filch'd away a cloak.

Streps. Why talk we then of Thales? Open to me,
Open the school, and let me see your master:
I am on fire to enter—Come, unbar!

(The door of the School is unbarred. The Socratic scholars are seen in various grotesque situations and positions. Strepsiades, with signs of astonishment, draws back a pace or two, then exclaims)

O Hercules, defend me! who are these?

What kind of cattle have we here in view?

Dis. Where is the wonder? What do they resemble?

Streps. Methinks they're like our Spartan prisoners,

Captur'd at Pylos. What are they in search of?
Why are their eyes so riveted to the earth?

Dis. There their researches centre.

Streps. 'Tis for onions

They are in quest—Come, lads, give o'er your search;

I'll show you what you want, a noble plat,
All round and sound—but soft! what mean those gentry,

Who dip their heads so low?

Dis. Marry, because

Their studies lead that way: They are now diving
To the dark realms of Tartarus and Night.

Streps. But why are all their cruppers mounted up?

Dis. To practise them in star-gazing, and teach them

Their proper elevations: but no more:

In, fellow-students, in: if chance the master come
And find us here—

(Addressing himself to some of his fellow-students, who were crowding about the new-comer.)

Streps. Nay, prythee let 'em stay,
And be of council with me in my business.

Dis. Impossible: they cannot give the time.

Streps. Now for the love of heav'n, what have we here?

Explain their uses to me.

Dis. This machine *(observing the apparatus)*

Is for astronomy—

Streps. And this?

Dis. For geometry.

Streps. As how?

Dis. For measuring the earth.

Streps. Indeed!

What, by the lot?

Dis. No, faith, sir, by the lump;

Ev'n the whole globe at once.

Streps. Well said, in troth.

A quaint device, and made for general use.

Dis. Look now, this line marks the circumference

Of the whole earth, d'ye see—This spot is Athens—

Streps. Athens! go to, I see no courts are sitting;

Therefore I can't believe you.

Dis. Nay, in truth,

This very tract is Attica.

Streps. And where,

Where is my own Cicynna?

Dis. Here it lies:

And here's Eubœa—Mark! how far it runs—

Streps. How far it runs! Yes, Pericles has made it

Run far enough from us—Where's Lacedæmon?

Dis. Here; close to Athens.

Streps. Ah! how much too close—

Prythee, good friends, take that bad neighbour from us.

Dis. That's not for us to do.

Streps. The worse luck yours!

But look! (*casting up his eyes*) who's this suspended in a basket?

(*SOCRATES is discovered.*)

Dis. (with solemnity.) HIMSELF. The HE.*

Streps. The HE? what HE?

Dis. Why, Socrates.

Streps. Hah! Socrates!—(*to the scholar*) Make up to him and roar,

Bid him come down! roar lustily.

Dis. Not I:

Do it yourself: I've other things to mind. [*Exit.*]

Streps. Ho! Socrates—What ho, my little Socrates!

Soc. Mortal, how now! Thou insect of a day,

What wouldst thou?

Streps. I would know what thou art doing.

Soc. I tread in air, contemplating the sun.

Streps. Ah! then I see you're basketed so high,

That you look down upon the gods—good hope,

You'll lower a peg on earth.

Soc. Sublime in air,

Sublime in thought I carry my mind with me,

Its cogitations all assimilated

To the pure atmosphere, in which I float;

Lower me to earth, and my mind's subtle powers,

Seiz'd by contagious dulness, lose their spirit;

For the dry earth drinks up the generous sap,

The vegetating vigour of philosophy,

And leaves it a mere husk.

Streps. What do you say?

Philosophy has sapt your vigour? Fie upon it.

But come my precious fellow, come down quickly,

And teach me those fine things I'm here in quest of.

Soc. And what fine things are they?

Streps. A new receipt

For sending off my creditors, and foiling them

By the art logical; for you shall know

By debts, pawns, pledges, usuries, executions,

I am rackt and rent in tatters.

Soc. Why permit it?

What strange infatuation seiz'd your senses?

Streps. The horse-consumption, a devouring plague;

But so you'll enter me amongst your scholars,

And tutor me like them to bilk my creditors,

Name your own price, and by the gods I swear

I'll pay you the last drachm.

Soc. By what gods?

Your gods? Gods are not current coin with me.

Streps. How swear you then! As the Byzantians swear

By their base iron coin?

Soc. Art thou ambitious

To be instructed in celestial matters,

And taught to know them clearly?

Streps. Aye, aye, in faith,

So they be to my purpose, and celestial.

Soc. And if I bring you to a conference

With my own proper goddesses, the Clouds?

Streps. 'Tis what I wish devoutly.

Soc. Come sit down;

Repose upon this sacred couch.

Streps. 'Tis done.

Socr. Now take this chaplet—wear it.

Streps. Why this chaplet?

Would'st make of me another Athamas,*

And sacrifice me to a Cloud?

Soc. Fear nothing;

It is a ceremony indispensable

At our initiations.

Streps. What to gain?

Soc. (instead of the sacred meat, which was thrown on the sacrificed victim, a basket of stones is showered on the head of Strepsiades.)

'Twill sift your faculties as fine as powder,

Bolt 'em like meal, grind 'em as light as dust;

Only be patient.

Streps. Truly, you'll go near

To make your words good; an' you pound me thus,

You'll make me very dust, and nothing else.

Soc. (assuming all the magical solemnity and tone of voice of an adept.)

Keep silence then, and listen to a prayer,

Which fits the gravity of age to hear—

Oh! Air, all powerful Air, which dost enfold

This pendant globe, thou vault of flaming gold,

Ye sacred Clouds, who bid the thunder roll,

Shine forth, approach, and cheer your suppliant's soul!

Streps. Hold, keep 'em off awhile, till I am ready.

Ah! luckless me, would I had brought my bonnet,

And so escap'd a soaking.

Soc. Come, come away!

Fly swift, ye Clouds, and give yourselves to view!

* These words, like the *ἀντίοχος* of the Pythagoreans, mark the usual veneration of the Greek disciple for his master with great effect.

* The poet plays upon a tragedy of Sophocles, then current in every body's mouth; the story of which had been taken out of the fabulous and romantic history of this old Bœotian prince. In the play Athamas is to be sacrificed to the gods, and like other victims he is led to the altar with a chaplet on his head.

Whether on high Olympus' sacred top
Snow-crown'd ye sit, or, in the azure vales
Of your own father Ocean sporting, weave
Your misty dance, or dip your golden urns
In the seven mouths of Nile; whether ye dwell
On Thracian Mimas, or Mæotis' lake,
Hear me, yet hear, and thus invok'd approach!

Chorus of Clouds. (The scene is at the remotest part of the stage. Thunder is heard. A large and shapeless Cloud is seen floating in the air; from which the following song is heard.)

Ascend, ye watery Clouds, on high,
Daughters of Ocean, climb the sky,
And o'er the mountain's pine-capt brow
Towering your fleecy mantle throw:
Thence let us scan the wide-stretch'd scene,
Groves, lawns, and rilling streams between,
And stormy Neptune's vast expanse,
And grasp all nature at a glance.
Now the dark tempest flits away,
And lo! the glittering orb of day
Darts forth his clear ethereal beam,
Come let us snatch the joyous gleam.

Soc. Yes, ye Divinities, whom I adore,
I hail you now propitious to my prayer.
Didst thou not hear them speak in thunder to me?

Streps. (kneeling, and, with various acts of buffoonery, affecting terror and embarrassment.)

And I too am your Cloudships' most obedient,
And under suzerainty trump against your thunder:—

Nay, (*turning to Socrates.*) take it how you may,
my frights and fears

Have pinch'd and cholic'd my poor bowels so,
That I can't chuse but treat their holy nostrils
With an unsavoury sacrifice.

Soc. Forbear

These gross scurrilities, for low buffoons
And mountebanks more fitting. Hush! be still,
List to the chorus of their heavenly voices,
For music is the language they delight in.

Chorus of Clouds. (approaching nearer.) Ye
Clouds, replete with fruitful showers,

Here let us seek Minerva's towers,
The cradle of old Cecrops' race;
The world's chief ornament and grace;
Here mystic fanes and rites divine
And lamps in sacred splendour shine;
Here the gods dwell in marble domes,
Feasted with costly hecatombs,
That round their votive statues blaze,
Whilst crowded temples ring with praise;
And pompous sacrifices here
Make holidays throughout the year,
And when gay spring-time comes again,
Bromius convokes his sportive train,
And pipe, and song, and choral dance
Hail the soft hours as they advance.

Streps. Now, in the name of Jove, I pray thee
tell me

Who are these ranting dames, that talk in stilts?
Of the Amazonian cast no doubt.

Soc.

Not so,

No dames, but Clouds celestial, friendly powers
To men of sluggish parts; from these we draw

Sense, apprehension, volubility,
Wit to confute, and cunning to ensnare.

Streps. Aye, therefore 'twas that my heart leapt
within me

For very sympathy when first I heard 'em:
Now I could prattle shrewdly of first causes,
And spin out metaphysic cobwebs finely,
And dogmatize most rarely, and dispute
And paradox it with the best of you:
So, come what may, I must and will behold 'em;
Show me their faces, I conjure you.

Soc.

Look,

Look towards Mount Parnes as I point—There,
there!

Now they descend the hill; I see them plainly,
As plain as can be.

Streps. Where, where? I prythee, show me.

Soc. Here! a whole troop of them through
woods and hollows,

A bye-way of their own.

Streps. What ails my eyes,

That I can't catch a glimpse of them?

Soc.

Behold!

Here at the very entrance—

Streps.

Never trust me,

If yet I see them clearly.

Soc.

Then you must be

Sand-blind or worse.

Streps.

Nay, now by father Jove,
I cannot choose but see them—precious creatures!
For in good faith here's plenty and to spare.

Enter-CHORUS OF CLOUDS.

Soc. And didst thou doubt if they were god-
desses?

Streps. Not I, so help me! only I'd a notion
That they were fog, and dew, and dusky vapour.

Soc. For shame! Why, man, these are the
nursing mothers

Of all our famous sophists, fortune-tellers,
Quacks, med'cine-mongers, bards bombastical,
Chorus projectors, star interpreters,
And wonder-making cheats—The gang of idlers,
Who pay them for their feeding with good store
Of flattery and mouth-worship.

Streps.

Now I see

Whom we may thank for driving them along
At such a furious dithyrambic rate,
Sun-shadowing clouds of many-colour'd hues,
Air-rending tempests, hundred-headed Typhons;
Now rousing, rattling them about our ears,
Now gently wafting them adown the sky,
Moist, airy, bending, bursting into showers;
For all which fine descriptions these poor knaves
Dine daintily on scraps.

Soc.

And proper fare;

What better do they merit?

Streps.

Under favour,

If these be clouds, (d'you mark me?) very clouds,
How came they metamorphos'd into women?
Clouds are not such as these.

Soc.

And what else are they?

Streps. Troth, I can't rightly tell, but I should
guess

Something like flakes of wool, not women, sure;
And look! these dames have noses.—

Soc. Hark you, friend,
I'll put a question to you.

Streps. Out with it!

Be quick: let's have it.

Soc. This it is in short—
Hast thou ne'er seen a cloud, which thou could'st
fancy

Shap'd like a centaur, leopard, wolf or bull?

Streps. Yea, marry, have I, and what then?

Soc. Why then
Clouds can assume what shapes they will, be-
lieve me;

For instance; should they spy some hairy clown
Rugged and rough, and like the unlick'd cub
Of Xenophantes, straight they turn to centaurs,
And kick at him for vengeance.

Streps. Well done, Clouds!
But should they spy that peculating knave,
Simon, that public thief, how would they treat
him?

Soc. As wolves—in character most like his own.

Streps. Aye, there it is now; when they saw
Cleonymus,

That dastard runaway, they turn'd to hinds
In honour of his cowardice.

Soc. And now,
Having seen Cleisthenes, to mock his lewdness
They change themselves to women.

Streps. Welcome, ladies!
Imperial ladies, welcome! An' it please
Your highnesses so far to grace a mortal,
Give me a touch of your celestial voices.

Ch. Hail, grandsire! who at this late hour of
life

Would'st go to school for cunning; and all hail,
Thou prince pontifical of quirks and quibbles,
Speak thy full mind, make known thy wants and
wishes!

Thee and our worthy Prodicus excepted,
Not one of all your sophists have our ear:
Him for his wit and learning we esteem,
Thee for thy proud deportment and high looks,
In barefoot beggary strutting up and down,
Content to suffer mockery for our sake,
And carry a grave face whilst others laugh.

Streps. Oh! mother Earth, was ever voice like
this,

So reverend, so portentous, so divine!

Soc. These are your only deities, all else
I flout at.

Streps. Hold! Olympian Jupiter—
Is he no god?

Soc. What Jupiter? what god?
Prythee no more—away with him at once!

Streps. Say'st thou? Who gives us rain? an-
swer me that.

Soc. These give us rain; as I will straight de-
monstrate:

Come on now—When did you e'er see it rain
Without a cloud? If Jupiter gives rain,
Let him rain down his favours in the sunshine,
Nor ask the clouds to help him.

Streps. You have hit it,
'Tis so; heav'n help me! I did think till now,
When 'twas his godship's pleasure, he made
water

Into a sieve and gave the earth a shower.
But, hark'ye me, who thunders? tell me that;
For then it is I tremble.

Soc. These, these thunder,
When they are tumbled.

Streps. How, blasphemer, how?

Soc. When they are charg'd with vapours full
to th' bursting,

And bandied to and fro against each other,
Then with the shock they burst and crack again.

Streps. And who is he that jowls them thus
together

But Jove himself?

Soc. Jove! 'tis not Jove that does it,
But the ætherial Vortex.

Streps. What is he?
I never heard of him; is he not Jove?
Or is Jove put aside, and Vortex crown'd
King of Olympus in his state and place?
But let me learn some more of this same thunder.

Soc. Have you not learnt? I told you how the
Clouds,

Being surcharg'd with vapour, rush together,
And, in the conflict, shake the poles with thun-
der.

Streps. Let that pass,
And tell me of the lightning, whose quick flash
Burns us to cinders; that, at least, great Jove
Keeps in reserve to launch at perjury.

Soc. Dunce, dotard! were you born before the
flood

To talk of perjury, whilst Simon breathes,
Theorus and Cleonymus, whilst they,
Thrice-perjur'd villains, brave the lightning's
stroke,

And gaze the heavens unscorch'd? Would these
escape?

Why, man, Jove's random fires strike his own
fane,

Strike Sunium's guiltless top, strike the dumb oak,
Who never yet broke faith or falsely swore.

Streps. It may be so, good sooth! You talk this
well:

But I would fain be taught the natural cause
Of these appearances.

Soc. Mark when the winds,
In their free courses check'd, are pent and purs'd,
As 'twere within a bladder, stretching then
And struggling for expansion, they burst forth
With cracks so fierce as sets the air on fire.

Streps. The devil they do! why now the mur-
der's out:

Ch. The envy of all Athens shalt thou be,
Happy old man, who from our lips dost suck
Into thy ears true wisdom, so thou art
But wise to learn, and studious to retain
What thou hast learnt; patient to bear the blows
And buffets of hard fortune; to persist,
Doing or suffering; firmly to abide
Hunger and cold, not craving where to dine,
To drink, to sport and trifle time away;
But holding that for best, which best becomes
A man who means to carry all things through
Neatly, expertly, perfect at all points
With head, hands, tongue, to force his way to
fortune.

Streps. Be confident; I give myself for one
Of a tough heart, watchful as care can make me,
A frugal, pinching fellow, that can sup
Upon a sprig of savory and to bed;
I am your man for this, hard as an anvil.

Soc. 'Tis well, so you will ratify your faith
In these our deities—*CHAOS* and *CLOUDS*
And *SPEECH*—to these and only these adhere.

Streps. If from this hour henceforth I ever
waste

A single thought on any other gods,
Or give them sacrifice, libation, incense,
Nay, even common courtesy, renounce me.

Ch. Speak your wish boldly then, so shall you
prosper

As you obey and worship us, and study
The wholesome art of thriving.

Streps. Gracious ladies,
I ask no mighty favour, simply this—
Let me but distance every tongue in Greece,
And run 'em out of sight a hundred lengths.

Ch. Is that all? there we are your friends to
serve you;

We will endow thee with such powers of speech,
As henceforth not a demagogue in Athens
Shall spout such popular harangues as thou
shalt.

Streps. A fig for powers of spouting! give me
powers

Of nonsuited my creditors.

Ch. A trifle—

Granted as soon as ask'd; only be bold,
And show yourself obedient to your teachers.

Streps. With your help so I will, being undone,
Stript of my pelf by these high-blooded cattle,
And a fine dame, the torment of my life.
Now let them work their wicked will upon me;
They're welcome to my carcass: let 'em claw it,
Starve it with thirst and hunger, fry it, freeze it,*
Nay, flay the very skin off; 'tis their own;
So that I may but fob my creditors,
Let the world talk; I care not though it call me
A bold-faced, loud-tongued, overbearing bully;
A shameless, vile, prevaricating cheat;
A tricking, quibbling, double-dealing knave;
A prating, pettyfogging limb o' the law;
A sly old fox, a perjurer, a hang-dog,
A ragamuffin made of shreds and patches,
The leavings of a dunghill.—Let 'em rail,
Yea, marry, let 'em turn my guts to fiddle-strings.
May my bread be my poison! if I care.

Ch. This fellow hath a prompt and daring
spirit—

Come hither, sir; do you perceive and feel
What great and glorious fame you shall acquire
By this our schooling of you?

Streps. What, I pray you?

Ch. What but to live the envy of mankind
Under our patronage?

* It may not be unimportant to remark, that a word is here omitted, which expresses the willingness of *Strepsades* to give up his carcass to the dirt and filth, as well as hardy privations of his future teachers. All the ideas of the poet on the Socratic character are evidently formed upon exteriors, and show that he had very little knowledge of the inner *Socrates*.

Streps. When shall I see

Those halcyon days?

Ch. Then shall your doors be thronged
With clients waiting for your coming forth,
All eager to consult you, pressing all
To catch a word from you, with abstracts, briefs,
And cases ready drawn for your opinion.
But come, begin and lecture this old fellow;
Sift him, that we may see what meal he's made of.

Soc. Hark ye, let's hear what principles you
hold,

That these being known, I may apply such tools
As tally with your stuff.

Streps. Tools! by the gods;
Are you about to spring a mine upon me?

Soc. Not so, but simply in the way of practice
To try your memory.

Streps. Oh! as for that,
My memory is of two sorts, long and short:
With them that owe me ought, it never fails;
My creditors indeed complain of it,
As mainly apt to leak and lose its reck'ning.

Soc. But let us hear if nature hath endow'd you
With any grace of speaking.

Streps. None of speaking,
But a most apt propensity to cheating.

Soc. If this be all, how can you hope to learn?

Streps. Fear me not, never break your head
for that.

Soc. Well then be quick, and when I speak
of things

Mysterious and profound, see that you make
No boggling, but—

Streps. I understand your meaning;
You'd have me bolt philosophy by mouthfuls,
Just like a hungry cur.

Soc. Oh! brutal, gross
And barbarous ignorance! I much suspect,
Old as thou art, thou must be taught with stripes:
Tell me now, when thou art beaten, what dost
feel?

Streps. The blows of him that beats me I do
feel;

But having breath'd awhile I lay my action
And cite my witnesses; anon more cool,
I bring my cause into the court, and sue
For damages.

Soc. Strip off your cloak! prepare.

Streps. Prepare for what? what crime have I
committed?

Soc. None; but the rule and custom is with us,
That all shall enter naked.

Streps. And why naked?
I come with no search-warrant; fear me not;
I'll carry nought away with me.

Soc. No matter;
Conform yourself, and strip.

Streps. And if I do,
Tell me, for my encouragement, to which
Of all your scholars will you liken me.

Soc. You shall be call'd a second *Charephon*.

Streps. Ah! *Charephon* is but another name
For a dead* corpse—excuse me.

* Aristophanes generally makes himself merry with the paleness and meagre body of this pupil of *Socrates*. See "*The Wasps* and the *Birds*."

Soc. No more words: Pluck up your courage, answer not, but follow; Haste and be perfected.

Streps. Give me my dole*
Of honey-cake in hand, and pass me on;
Ne'er trust me if I do not quake and tremble
As if the cavern of Trophonius yawn'd,
And I were stepping in.

Soc. What ails you? enter!
Why do you halt and loiter at the door?

[*SOCRATES and STREPSIADES enter the mansion of the former.*

Ch. Go, brave adventurer, proceed!
May fortune crown the gallant deed;
Tho' far advanc'd in life's last stage,
Spurning the infirmities of age,
Thou canst to youthful labours rise,
And boldly struggle to be wise.

* * * * *

SCENE III.

SOCRATES, (coming out of the house in violent indignation,) STREPSIADES, CHORUS.

Soc. O vivifying breath, æthereal air,
And thou profoundest chaos, witness for me
If ever wretch was seen so gross and dull,
So stupid and perplex'd as this old clown,
Whose shallow intellect can entertain
No image nor impression of a thought;
But ere you've told it, it is lost and gone!
'Tis time however he should now come forth
In the broad day—What ho! Strepsiades—
Take up your pallet; bring yourself and it
Into the light.

Streps. Yes, if the bugs would let me.

Soc. Quick, quick, I say; set down your load
and listen!

Streps. Lo! here am I.

Soc. Come, tell me what it is
That you would learn besides what I have taught
you;

Is it of measure, verse, or modulation?

Streps. Of measure by all means, for I was fobb'd
Of two days' dole i' the measure of my meal
By a damn'd knavish huckster.

Soc. Pish! who talks
Of meal? I ask which metre you prefer,
Tetrameter or trimeter.

Streps. I answer—
Give me a pint pot.†

Soc. Yes, but that's no answer.

Streps. No answer! stake your money, and I'll
wager

That your tetrameter is half my pint pot.

Soc. Go to the gallows, clodpate, with your
pint pot!

Will nothing stick to you? But come, perhaps

* In the ceremonials of Trophonius' cave, honey-cake was an indispensable oblation to the prophetic dragon under ground.

† There was a certain measure, as near as possible to our pint, which the Greeks dealt out daily of meal to their slaves. To this Strepsiades alludes when he says he was defrauded of two measures, and to this humorous mal-entendu he obstinately adheres through the whole scene.

We may try further and fare better with you—
Suppose I spoke to you of modulation;
Will you be taught of that?

Streps. Tell me first,
Will I be profited? will I be paid
The meal that I was chous'd of? tell me that.

Soc. You will be profited by being taught
To bear your part at table in some sort
After a decent fashion; you will learn
Which verse is most commensurate and fit
To the arm'd chorus in the dance of war,
And which with most harmonious cadence guides
The dactyl in his course poetical.

Streps. The dactyl, quotha! Sure I know that
well.

Soc. As how? discuss.

Streps. Here, at my fingers' end;
This is my dactyl, and has been my dactyl
Since I could count my fingers.

Soc. Oh! the dolt.

Streps. I wish to be no wiser in these matters.

Soc. What then?

Streps. Why then, teach me no other art
But the fine art of cozening.

Soc. Granted; still

There is some previous matter, as for instance
The genders male and female—Can you name
them?

Streps. I were a fool else—These are mascu-
line;

Ram, bull, goat, dog, and pullet.

Soc. There you're out:

Pullet is male and female.

Streps. Tell me how?

Soc. Cock and hen pullet—So they should be
nam'd.

Streps. And so they should, by the æthereal air!
You've hit it; for which rare discovery,
Take all the meal this cardopus contains.

Soc. Why there again you sin against the
genders,

To call your bolting-tub a cardopus,
Making that masculine which should be fem-
nine.

Streps. How do I make my bolting-tub a male?

Soc. Did you not call it cardopus? As well
You might have call'd Cleonymus a man;
He and your bolting-tub alike belong
To t'other sex, believe me.

Streps. Well, my trough
Shall be a cordopa, and he Cleonyma;
Will that content you?

Soc. Yes, and while you live
Learn to distinguish sex in proper names.

Streps. I do; the female I am perfect in.

Soc. Give me the proof.

Streps. Lysilla, she's a female;
Philinna, and Demetria, and Cleitagora.

Soc. Now name your males.

Streps. A thousand—as for instance,
Philoxenus, Melesias, and Amynias.

Soc. Call you these masculine, egregious dunce?

Streps. Are they not such with you?
Soc. No; put the case,
You and Amynias meet—how will you greet
him?

Streps. Why, thus, for instance—Hip! holla! Amynia!

Soc. There, there! you make a wench of him at once.

Streps. And fit it is for one who shuns the field;*

A coward ought not to be call'd a man; Why teach me what is known to all the world?

Soc. Aye, why indeed?—but come, repose yourself.

Streps. Why so?

Soc. For meditation's sake: lie down.

Streps. Not on this pallet, I beseech you, sir.

But if I must lie down, let me repose

On the bare earth and meditate.

Soc. Away!

There's nothing but this bed will cherish thought.

Streps. It cherishes, alas! a host of bugs, That show no mercy on me.

Soc. Come, begin, Cudgel your brains and turn yourself about; Now ruminate awhile, and if you start A thought that puzzles you, try t'other side, And turn to something else, but not to sleep; Suffer not sleep to close your eyes one moment.

Streps. (after a considerable pause.) Ah! woe is me: ah, woeful, well-a-day!

Soc. What ails you? why this moaning?

Streps. I am lost; I have roused the natives from their hiding holes;

A colony of bugs in ambuscade Have fallen upon me: belly, back, and ribs, No part is free: I feed a commonwealth.

Soc. Take not your sufferings too much to heart.

Streps. How can I choose—a wretch made up of wants!

Here am I penniless and spiritless, Without a skin, heav'n knows, without a shoe; And to complete my miseries here I lie, Like a starv'd sentinel upon his post, At watch and ward, till I am shrunk to nothing.

(A pause of some duration.)

Soc. How^o now; how fare you? Have you sprung a thought?

Streps. Yes, yes, so help me Neptune!

Soc. Hah! what is it?

Streps. Why I am thinking if these cursed vermin

Will leave one fragment of my carcass free.

Soc. A plague confound you.

Streps. Spare yourself that prayer; I'm plagued already to your heart's content.

Soc. Prythee don't be so tender of your skin:

Tuck yourself up and buff it like a man:

Keep your skull under cover, and depend on't

'Twill make your brain bring forth some precious project

For furthering your good fortune at the expense Of little else but honesty and justice.

Streps. Ah! would to heav'n some friendly soul would help me

* This Amynias seems to have had his full share of abuse from the comic poets of his time: Eupolis, Crates, and our author, in various parts, bestow it very plentifully.

To a fine project how to cheat the bugs

With a sleek lambskin. (A long pause.)

Soc. Whereabouts, I trow, Sits the wind now? What ails you? are you dozing?

Streps. Not I, by heaven!

Soc. Can you start nothing yet?

Streps. Nothing, so help me.

Soc. Will your head breed no project, Tho' nurs'd so daintily?

Streps. What should it breed?

Tell me, sweet Socrates; give me some hint.

Soc. Say first what 'tis you wish.

Streps. A thousand times, Ten thousand times I've said it o'er and o'er—My creditors, my creditors—'Tis them I would fain balk.

Soc. Go to! get under cover, Keep your head warm, and rarefy your wits Till they shall sprout into some fine conceit, Some scheme of happy promise: sift it well, Divide, abstract, compound, and when 'tis ready, Out with it boldly.

Streps. Miserable me!

Would I were out!

Soc. Lie still,* and if you strike Upon a thought that baffles you, break off From that entanglement and try another, So shall your wits be fresh to start again.

Streps. (not attending to what SOCRATES is saying.) Hah! my dear boy!—My precious Socrates!

Soc. What would'st thou, gaffer?

Streps. I have sprung a thought, A plot upon my creditors.

Soc. Discuss!

Streps. Answer me this—Suppose that I should hire

A witch, who some fair night shall raise a spell, Whereby I'll snap the moon† from out her sphere And bag her.

Soc. What to do!

Streps. To hold her fast, And never let her run her courses more; So shall I 'scape my creditors.

Soc. How so?

Streps. Because the calculations of their usury Are made from month to month.

Soc. A gallant scheme;

And yet methinks I could suggest a hint

As practicable and no less ingenious—

Suppose you are arrested for a debt,

We'll say five talents, how will you contrive

To cancel at a stroke both debt and writ?

Streps. Gramercy! I can't tell you how off

hand;

It needs some cogitation.

Soc. Were you apt,

Such cogitations would not be to seek;

* Socrates's instructions for soliciting the inspiration of some sudden thought, are a banter upon the pretended visions and communications with demons of the sophists and philosophers; tricks brought by them out of Egypt and the East, which served to impose upon the credulous and vulgar.

† Mr. Cumberland says, that in this project for arresting the moon, the poet seems to glance at Pythagoras.

They would be present at your fingers' ends,
Buzzing alive, like chafers in a string,
Ready to slip and fly.

Streps. I've hit the nail
That does the deed, and so you will confess.

Soc. Out with it!

Streps. Good chance but you have noted
A pretty toy, a trinket in the shops,
Which being rightly held produceth fire
From things combustible—

Soc. A burning-glass,
Vulgarly call'd—

Streps. You are right; 'tis so.

Soc. Proceed!

Streps. Put the case now your whoreson bailiff
comes,

Show me his writ*—I, standing thus, d'ye mark
me,

In the sun's stream, measuring my distance, guide
My focus to a point upon his writ,
And off it goes in fumo!

Soc. By the Graces!
'Tis wittingly devis'd.

Streps. The very thought
Of his five talents cancel'd at a stroke
Makes my heart dance for joy.

Soc. But now again—

Streps. What next?
Soc. Suppose yourself at bar, surpris'd
Into a suit, no witnesses at hand,
The judge prepar'd to pass decree against you—
How will you parry that?

Streps. As quick as thought—

Soc. But how?

Streps. Incontinently hang myself,
And baulk the suitor—

Soc. Come, you do but jest.

Streps. Serious, by all the gods! A man that's
dead

Is out of the law's reach.

Soc. I've done with you—

Instruction's lost upon you: your vile jests

Put me beyond all patience.

Streps. Nay, but tell me

What is it my good fellow, that offends thee?

Soc. Your execrable lack of memory.

Why how now; what was the first rule I taught
you?

Streps. Say'st thou the first? the very first—
what was it?

Why, let me see; 'twas something, was it not?

About the meal—Out on it! I have lost it.

Soc. Oh thou incorrigible, old doating blockhead,
Can hanging be too bad for thee?

Streps. Why there now,
Was ever man so us'd? If I can't make
My tongue keep pace with your's, teach it the
quirks

And quibbles of your sophistry at once,

I may go hang—I am a fool forsooth—

Where shall I turn? Oh gracious Clouds, befriend
me,

Give me your counsel.

Ch.

This it is, old man—
If that your son at home is apt and docile,
Depute him in your stead, and send him hither.
Streps. My son is well endow'd with nature's
gifts,

But obstinately bent against instruction.

Ch. And do you suffer it?

Streps.

What can I do?
He's a fine full-grown youth, a dashing fellow,
And by the mother's side of noble blood:
I'll feel my way with him—but if he kicks,
Befall what may, nothing shall hinder me
But I will kick him headlong out of doors,
And let him graze e'en where he will for me—
Wait only my return; I'll soon dispatch. [*Exit.*]

* * * * *

SCENE IV.

*STREPSIADES, (coming out of his house to his son,
who stands at the door,) PHREIDIPPIDES.*

Streps. Out of my house! I call the Clouds to
witness

You shall not set a foot within my doors.
Go to your Lord Megacles! Get you hence,
And gnaw his posts for hunger.

Phci. Ah, poor man!

I see how it is with you. You are mad,
Stark mad, by Jupiter!

Streps.

By Jupiter!
Come, that's a good one, faith. By Jupiter!
And at your age! By Jupiter, indeed!

Phci. What! ridicule such solemn truths?

Streps.

I laugh
To hear a child prate of such old men's fables;
But list to what I'll tell you, learn of me,
And from a child you shall become a man—
But keep the secret close, do you mark me, close;
Beware of babbling.

Phci.

Heyday! what is coming?
Streps. You swore but now by Jupiter.

Phci.

I did.
Streps. Mark now what 'tis to have a friend
like me—

I tell you at a word there is no Jupiter.

Phci. How then?

Streps. He's off; I tell you for a truth—
He's out of place, and Vortex reigns instead.

Phci. Vortex indeed! What freak has caught
you know?

Streps. No freak, 'tis fact.

Phci.

Who tells you this?
Streps. E'en Socrates the Melian,
And Chærephon, the flea philosopher.

Phci. And are you so far gone in dotage, sir,
As to be dup'd by men like them, fellows
Whose bile has overflow'd them?

Streps.

Keep a good tongue;
Take heed you slander not such worthy men,
So wise withal and learned,—men so pure
And cleanly in their morals, that no razor
Ever profan'd their beards; their unwash'd hides
Ne'er dabbled in a bath, nor wafted scent
Of od'rous unguent as they pass'd along.
But you, a prodigal fine spark, make waste
And havoc of my means, as I were dead
And out of thought—but come, turn in and learn.

* It must be remembered, that documents of this kind
were inscribed on tablets of wax.

Phei. What can I learn or profit from such teachers?

Streps. Thou canst learn every thing that turns to profit;

But first and foremost thou canst learn to know Thyself how totally unlearn'd thou art; How mere a blockhead, and how dull of brain— But wait awhile with patience—

[*Enters the house hastily.*]

Phei. Woe is me!

How shall I deal with this old crazy father? What course pursue with one, whose reason wanders

Out of all course? Shall I take out the statute, And cite him for a lunatic; or wait Till nature and his frenzy, with the help Of the undertaker, shall provide a cure?

(*STREPSIADES returns, with a cock in one hand and a hen in the other.*)

Streps. Now we shall see! Lo! what have I got here?

Phei. A chicken—

Streps. Well; and this?

Phei. A chicken also.

Streps. Are they the same then? Have a care, good boy,

How you expose* yourself, and for the future Describe them cock and hen-chick severally.

Phei. Ridiculous! Is this the grand discovery You have just borrow'd from these sons o' th' dunghill?

Streps. This, and a thousand others—but being old

And lax of memory, I lose it all

As fast as it comes in.

Phei. Yes, and methinks By the same token you have lost your cloak.

Streps. No, I've not lost it; I have laid it out Upon the arts and sciences.

Phei. Your shoes— They're vanish'd too. How have you laid them out?

Streps. Upon the commonwealth—like Pericles I'm a barefooted patriot—Now no more; Do as thou wilt, so thou wilt but conform And humour me this once, as in times past I humour'd thee, and in thy playful age Brought thee a penny go-cart from the fair, Purchas'd with what my legal labours earn'd, The fee for my attendance.

(*Going towards the house of SOCRATES.*)

Phei. You'll repent, My life upon 't; you will repent of this.

(*Following reluctantly.*)

Streps. No matter, so you'll humour me—What, ho!

Why Socrates, I say, come forth, behold, Here is my son!

SCENE V.

I've brought him, though in faith Sorely against the grain.

* The reader's mind, I think, will often recur in this play to Molière's *M. Jourdain*.

Enter SOCRATES.

Soc. Aye, he's a novice, And knows not where the panniers* hang as yet.

Phei. I would you'd hang yourself there in their stead.

Streps. Oh monstrous impudence! this to your master!

Soc. Mark how the idiot quibbles upon *hanging*, Driv'ling and making mouths—Can he be taught The loopholes of the law; whence to escape, How to evade, and when to press a suit;— Or tune his lips to that soft rhetoric, Which steals upon the ear, and melts to pity The heart of the stern judge?

Streps. Come, never doubt him; He is a lad of parts, and from a child Took wondrously to dabbling in the mud, Whereof he'd build you up a house† so natural As would amaze you, trace you out a ship, Make you a little cart out of the sole Of an old shoe mayhap, and from the rind Of a pomegranate cut you out a frog, You'd swear it was alive. Now what do you think?

Hath he not wit enough to comprehend Each rule both right and wrong? Or if not both, The latter way at least—There he'll be perfect.

Soc. Let him prepare: his lecturers are ready.

Streps. I will retire—when next we meet, remember

I look to find him able to contend 'Gainst right and reason, and outwit them both. [*Exit.*]

Enter DICÆOLOGOS and ADICÆOLOGOS.

Dic. Come forth; turn out, thou bold audacious man,

And face this company.

Adic. Most willingly:

I do desire no better: take your ground Before this audience, I am sure to triumph.

Dic. And who are you that vapour in this fashion?

Adic. Fashion itself—the very style of the times.

Dic. Aye, of the modern times, and them and you

I set at naught.

Adic. I shall bring down your pride.

Dic. By what most witty weapon?

Adic. By the gift Of a most apt invention.

Dic. Then I see

You have your fools to back you.

Adic. No,—the wise Are those I deal with.

Dic. I shall spoil your market.

Adic. As how, good sooth?

* Alluding to the panniers in which Socrates used to meditate.

† Plato, in his system of education, strongly recommends, that the pupil should be taught to commence his own course of instruction in this amusing manner.—*De Leg.* l. i. p. 572.

‡ A preparatory choral song, which preceded the entrance of the allegorical *Agon*, is now irretrievably lost.

Dic. By speaking such plain truths
As may appeal to justice.

Adic. What is justice?
There's no such thing—I traverse your appeal.

Dic. How! No such thing as justice?

Adic. No; where is it?

Dic. With the immortal gods.

Adic. If it be there,
How chanc'd it Jupiter himself escap'd
From his unnatural deeds to his own father?

Dic. For shame, irreverent wretch, thus do you
talk?

I sicken at impiety so gross,
My stomach kicks against it.

Adic. You are craz'd;
Your wits, old gentleman, are off the hinges.

Dic. You are a vile blasphemer and buffoon.

Adic. Go on! you pelt me—but it is with roses.

Dic. A scoffer!

Adic. Every word your malice vents
Weaves a fresh wreath of triumph for my brows.

Dic. A parricide!

Adic. Proceed, and spare me not—
You shower down gold upon me.

Dic. Lead, not gold,
Had been your retribution in times past.

Adic. Aye, but times present cover me with
glory.

Dic. You are too wicked.

Adic. You are much too weak.

Dic. Thank your own self, if our Athenian
fathers

Coop up their sons at home, and fear to trust them
Within your schools, conscious that nothing else
But vice and folly can be learnt of you.

Adic. Methinks, friend, yours is but a ragged
trade.

Dic. And yours, oh shame! a thriving one,
tho' late,

A perfect Telephus, you tramp'd the street
With beggar's wallet cramm'd with hungry
seraps,

Choice gather'd from—Pandeletus' larder.

Adic. Oh! what rare wisdom you remind me
of!

Dic. Oh! what rank folly theirs, who rule this
city,

And let it nourish such a pest as you,

To sap the morals of the rising age.

Adic. You'll not inspire your pupil with these
notions,

Old hoary-headed time!

Dic. I will inspire him,

If he has grace, to shun the malady

Of your eternal clack.

Adic. Turn to me, youth!

And let him rail at leisure.

Dic. Keep your distance,

And lay your hands upon him at your peril.

Ch. (*interposing.*) Come, no more wrangling—

Let us hear you both;

You of the former time produce your rules

Of ancient discipline—of modern, you—

That so, both weigh'd, the candidate may judge
Who offers fairest, and make choice between you.

Dic. I close with the proposal.

Adic. 'Tis agreed.

Ch. But which of you shall open?

Adic. That shall he:

I yield him up that point; and in reply,
My words, like arrows levelled at a butt,
Shall pierce him through and through; then, if
he rallies,

If he comes on again with a rejoinder,
I'll launch a swarm of syllogisms at him,
That, like a nest of hornets, shall belabour him,
Till they have left him not an eye to see with.

Ch. "Now, sirs, exert your utmost care,
And gravely for the charge prepare;
The well rang'd hoard of thought explore,
Where sage experience keeps her store;
All the resources of the mind
Employment in this cause will find,—
And he, who gives the best display
Of argument, shall win the day:
Wisdom this hour at issue stands,
And gives her fate into your hands;
Yours is a question that divides
And draws out friends on different sides:
Therefore on you, who, with such zealous praise,
Applaud the discipline of former days,
On you I call; now is your time to show
You merit no less praise than you bestow."

Dic. Thus summon'd, I prepare myself to speak
Of manners primitive, and that good time,
Which I have seen, when discipline prevail'd,
And modesty was sanctioned by the laws.
No babbling then was suffer'd in our schools;—
The scholar's test was silence. The whole group
In orderly procession sallied forth
Right onwards, without straggling, to attend
Their teacher in harmonics; though the snow
Fell on them thick as meal, the hardy brood
Breasted the storm unclack'd: their harps were
strung

Not to ignoble strains, for they were taught
A loftier key, whether to chant the name
Of Pallas, terrible amidst the blaze
Of cities overthrown, or wide and far
To spread, as custom was, the echoing peal.
There let no low buffoon intrude his tricks,
Let no capricious quavering on a note,
No running of divisions high and low
Break the pure stream of harmony; no Phrynis
Practising wanton warblings out of place—
Woe to his back that so was found offending;
Hard stripes and heavy would reform his taste.
Decent and chaste their postures in the school
Of their gymnastic exercises; none
Expos'd an attitude that might provoke
Irregular desire; their lips ne'er mov'd
In love-inspiring whispers, and their walks
From eyes obscene were sacred and secure.
Hot herbs, the old man's diet, were proscrib'd;
No radish, anise, parsley, deck'd their board;
No rioting, no revelling was there
At feast or frolic, no unseemly touch
Or signal, that inspires the hint impure.

Adic. Why these are maxims obsolete and
stale;

Worm-eaten rules, coeval with the hymns
Of old Ceceydas and Buphonian feasts.

Dic. Yet so were train'd the heroes, that im-
brou'd

The field of Marathon with hostile blood ;
This discipline it was that braced their nerves
And fitted them for conquest. You, forsooth,
At great Minerva's festival produce
Your martial dancers, not as they were wont,
But smother'd underneath the tawdry load
Of cumbrous armour, till I sweat to see them
Dangling their shields in such unseemly sort
As mars the sacred measure of the dance.
Be wise, therefore, young man, and turn to me.
Turn to the better guide, so shall you learn
To scorn the noisy forum, shun the bath,
And turn with blushes from the scene impure :
Then conscious innocence shall make you bold
To spurn the injurious, but to reverend age
Meek and submissive, rising from your seat
To pay the homage due, nor shall you ever
Or wring the parent's soul, or stain your own.
In purity of manners you shall live
A bright example ; vain shall be the lures
Of the stage wanton floating in the dance,
Vain all her arts to snare you in her arms,
And strip you of your virtue and good name.
No petulant reply shall you oppose
To fatherly commands, nor taunting vent
Irreverent mockery on his hoary head,
Crying—"Behold Iapetus* himself!"
Poor thanks for all this fond parental care.

Adic. Aye, my brave youth, do, follow these
fine rules,

And learn by them to be as mere a swine,
Driveller, and dolt, as any of the sons
Of our Hippocrates ;†—I swear by Bacchus,
Folly and foul contempt shall be your doom.

Dic. Not so ; but fair and fresh in youthful bloom
Amongst our young athletics you shall shine ;
Not in the forum loit'ring time away
In gossip prattle, like our gang of idlers,
Nor yet in some vexatious paltry suit
Wrangling and quibbling in our petty courts,
But in the solemn academic grove,
Crown'd with the modest reed, fit converse hold
With your collegiate equals ; there serene,
Calm as the scene around you, underneath
The fragrant foliage where the ilex spreads,
Where the deciduous poplar strews her leaves,
Where the tall elm-tree and wide-stretching plane
Sigh to the fanning breeze, you shall inhale
Sweet odours wafted in the breath of spring.
This is the regimen that will insure
A healthful body and a vigorous mind,
A countenance serene, expanded chest,
Heroic stature and a temperate tongue ;
But take these modern masters, and behold
These blessings all revers'd ; a pallid cheek,
Shrunk shoulders, chest contracted, sapless limbs,
A tongue that never rests, and mind debas'd,
By their vile sophistry perversely taught
To call good evil, evil good, and be

That thing, which nature spurns at, that disease,
A mere Antimachus,* the sink of vice.

Ch. "Oh sage instructor, how sublime
These maxims of the former time !
How sweet this unpolluted stream
Of eloquence, how pure the theme !
Thrice happy they, whose lot was cast
Amongst the generation past,
When virtuous morals were display'd
And these grave institutes obey'd.
Now you, that vaunt yourself so high,
Prepare ; we wait for your reply,
And recollect, ere you start,
You take in hand no easy part ;
Well hath he spoke, and reasons good
By better only are withstood ;
Sharpen your wits then, or you'll meet
Contempt as certain as defeat."

Adic. Doubt not I'm ready, full up to the throat,
And well nigh chok'd with plethora of words,
Impatient to discharge them. I do know
The mighty masters of the modern school
Term me the Lower Logic, so distinguish'd
From the old practice of the upper time,
By him personified ; which name of honour
I gain'd as the projector of that method,
Which can confute and puzzle all the courts
Of law and justice—An invention worth
Thousands to them who practise it, whereas
It consults all opponents.—Let that pass.
Now take a sample of it in the ease,
With which I'll baffle this old vaunting pedant
With his warm baths, that he forsooth forbids.
Harkye, old man, discuss, if so it please you,
Your excellent good reason for this rule,
That interdicts warm bathing.

Dic. Simply this—
I hold it a relaxer, rendering men
Effeminate and feeble.

Adic. Hold awhile—
I have you on the hook. Answer me this—
Of all the heroes Jupiter has father'd
Which is for strength, for courage, and a course
Of labours most renown'd ?

Dic. I know of none
Superior in those qualities to Hercules.

Adic. And who e'er heard Herculean baths†
were cold ?

Yet Hercules himself you own was strong.

Dic. Aye, this is the very style of the times ;
These are the dialectics now in fashion
With our young sophists who frequent the baths
Whilst the palestra starves.

Adic. I grant you this ;
It is the style of the times, by you condemn'd,
By me approv'd, and not without good cause ;
For how but thus doth ancient Nestor talk ?
Can Homer err ? Were all his wise men fools ?
They are my witnesses.—Now for this tongue,
This member out of use by his decree,

* Antimachus, according to the Scholiast, appears to have been equally conspicuous for his beauty, his effeminacy, and the utter corruption of his morals.

† Tepid baths, according to fabulous legends, being the gift of Vulcan to Hercules, it became a fashion to term all such baths Herculean.

* Iapetus here stands for the *ne plus ultra* of antiquity.
† The sons of Hippocrates (better known to the spectators than they are to us) were proverbial for their stupidity.

Not so by mine.—His scholar must be silent
And chaste withal—damping prescriptions both—
For what good fortune ever did betide
The mute and modest? Instance me a case.

Dic. Many—chaste Peleus* so obtain'd his sword.

Adic. His sword! and what did Peleus gain by that?

Battle and blows this modest Peleus gain'd;
Whilst mean Hyperbolus, whose wretched craft
Was lamp-making, by craft of viler sort
Garbled his thousands, solid coin, not swords.

Dic. But continence befriended Peleus so,
As won the goddess Thetis to his bed.

Adic. And drove her out of it—for he was cold,

Languid and listless: she was brisk and stirring,
And sought the sport elsewhere. Now are you answered?

Good sooth you're in your dotage. Mark, young sir,

These are the fruits of continence: you see
What pleasure you must forfeit to preserve it—
All the delights that woman can bestow;
No am'rous sports to catch the fair one's smile,
No luscious dainties shall you then partake,
No gay convivial revels, where the glass
With peals of laughter circulates around;
These you must sacrifice, and without these
What is your life?—So much for your delights.—
Now let us see how stands your score with nature—

You're in some scrape we'll say—intrigue—adultery—

You're caught, convicted, crush'd—for what can save you?

You have no powers of speech—but arm'd by me,

You're up to all occasions: Nothing fear;
Ev'n give your genius scope; laugh, frolic, sport,

And flout at shame; for should the wittol spouse
Detect you in the fact, you shall so pose him
In his appeal, that nothing shall stick to you;
For Jove shall take the blame from off your shoulders,

Being himself a cuckold-making god,
And you a poor frail mortal—Why should you
Be wiser, stronger, purer than a god?

Dic. But what if this your scholar should incur
The adulterer's correction—pill'd and sanded,
And garnish'd with a radish in his crupper,
The scoff of all beholders—what fine quirk
Will clear him at that pinch, but he must pass
For a most perfect Ganymede?

Adic. What then?

Where is the harm?

Dic. Can greater harm befall him?

* Peleus, having withstood the solicitations of Atalante, wife of Acastus, was rewarded for his continence by the gods, with a sword of celestial temper, the workmanship of Vulcan. But Atalante, having accused him to her husband, and stimulated Acastus to revenge a supposed attempt upon her honour, Peleus found himself driven to declare war against him, and to this *Adicæologos* alludes in his retort upon *Dicæologos*.

Adic. What will you say if here I can confute you?

Dic. Nothing—my silence shall confess your triumph.

Adic. Come on then—answer me to what I ask.
Our advocates—what are they?

Dic. Catamites.

Adic. Our tragic poets—what are they?

Dic. The same.

Adic. Good, very good!—our demagogues—

Dic. No better.

Adic. See there! discern you not that you are foil'd?

Cast your eyes round this company!

Dic. I do.

Adic. And what do you discover?

Dic. Numerous birds

Of the same filthy feather, so heaven help me!

This man I mark; and this, and this fine fop

With his curl'd locks.—To all these I can swear.

Adic. What say you then?

Dic. I say I am confuted—

Here, wagtails, catch my cloak—I'll be amongst you.*

Soc. (to STREPSIADES, just returned.)

Now, friend, what say you? who shall school your son?

Streps. School him and scourge him, take him to yourself,

And mind you whet him to an edge on both sides,
This for slight skirmish, that for stronger work.

Soc. Doubt not, we'll finish him to your content

A perfect sophist.

Phei. Perfect skin and bone—

That I can well believe.

Soc. No more—Away!
(STREPSIADES retires.)

Phei. Trust me you've made a rod for your own back.

(FOLLOWS SOCRATES INTO THE HOUSE.)

* * * * *

SCENE VI.

STREPSIADES (with a sack of meal on his shoulder, and talking to himself.)

Lo! here's the fifth day gone—the fourth—the third—

The second too—day of all days to me
Most hateful and accurs'd—the dreadful eve,
Ushering the new moon, that lets in the tide
Of happy creditors, all sworn against me,
To rack and ruin me beyond redemption.
I, like a courteous debtor, woe would fain
Softened their flinty bosoms, thus accost them—

* Thus ends this famous episode, says Mr. Cumberland, reversing the Choice of Hercules, and making the spectators parties in the criminality and injustice of the decision. Wieland, after applauding the truly comic manner in which the dialogue concludes, and allowing the necessity there was of giving the upper hand to the genius, or representative of things on their wrong side, is still in doubt, whether a due regard to the moral graces allowed of the contest being so easily given up by the genius or representative of things on their right side.

"Ah, my good sir, this payment comes upon me
At a bad time, excuse me—That bill's due,
But you'll extend your grace—This you will
cancel,

And totally acquit me."—By no means;
All with one voice cry out, they will be paid,
And I must be be-knav'd into the bargain,
And threaten'd with a writ to mend the matter—
Well, let it come!—They may ev'n do their
worst;

I care not so my son hath learnt the trick
Of this new rhetoric, as will appear
When I have beat this door—(*knocks at the door*)
—Boy, boy! come forth.

(*SOCRATES comes forth.*)

Soc. Hail to Strepsiades!

Streps. Thrice hail to Socrates!
But first I pray you (*setting down the meal against
the door*) take this dole of meal

In token of the reverence I bear you;
And now, so please you, tell me of my son,
Your late novice. Comes he on apace?

Soc. He apprehends acutely.

Streps. Oh brave news!
Oh the transcendent excellence of fraud!

Soc. Yes, you may set your creditors at
naught—

Streps. And their avouchers too?—

Soc. Had they a thousand.

Streps. (*singing and dancing.*) Then I'll sing out
my song, and sing aloud,

And it shall be—Woe, woe to all your gang,
Ye money-jobbing caitiffs, usurers, sharks!
Hence with your registers, your cents-per-cent;
I fear you not; ye cannot hook me now.
Oh! such a son have I in training for you,
Arm'd with a two-edg'd tongue that cuts o' both
sides,

The stay, support, and pillar of my house,
The scourge of my tormentors, the redeemer
Of a most wretched father.

* * * * *

CHORUS.

"Mark here, how rarely it succeeds
To build our trust on guilty deeds:
Mark how this old cajoling elf,
Who sets a trap to catch himself,
Falsely believes he has found the way
To hold his creditors at bay.
Too late he'll curse the Sophists' school,
That taught his son to cheat by rule,
And train'd the modest lips of youth
In the vile art of torturing truth;
A modern logic much in use,
Invented for the law's abuse;
A subtle knack of spying flaws
To cast in doubt the clearest cause,
Whereby, in honesty's despite,
The wrong side triumphs o'er the right—
Alas! short triumph he must have,
Who glories that his son's a knave:
Ah foolish sire, the time will come
You'll wish that son of your's were
dumb."

* * * * *

SCENE VIII.

STREPSIADES (*rushing out of the house, in great
confusion, followed by his son*) *PHREIDIPPIDES*,
CHORUS.

Streps. Ho! there! What ho! for pity's sake
some help!

Friends, kinsmen, countrymen! turn out and help!
Oh! my poor head, my cheeks are bruised to
jelly—

Help by all means!—Why, thou ungracious cub,
Thy father wouldst thou beat?

Phci. Assuredly.

Streps. There, there! he owns that he would
beat his father.

Phci. I own it, good my father!

Streps. Parricide!

Impious assassin! Sacrilegious wretch!

Phci. All, all, and more—You cannot please
me better;

I glory in these attributes. Go on!

Streps. Monster of turpitude!

Phci. Crown me with roses!

Streps. Wretch, will you strike your parent?

Phci. Piously,

And will maintain the right, by which I do it.

Streps. Oh shameless villain! can there be a
right

Against all nature so to treat a father?

Phci. That I shall soon make clear to your
conviction.

Streps. You, you convince me?

Phci. With the greatest ease:

And I can work the proof two several ways;
Therefore make choice between them.

Streps. What do you mean?

Phci. I mean to say we argue up or down—
Take which you like. It comes to the same end.

Streps. Aye, and a precious end you've brought
it to.

If all my care of you must end in this,
That I have put you in the way to beat me,
(Which is a thing unnatural and profane)
And after justify it.*

Phci. That I'll do

By process clear and categorical,
That you shall fairly own yourself a convert
To a most wholesome cudgelling.

Streps. Come on!

Give me your arguments—but spare your blows.

* * * * *

Ch. How to restrain this headstrong son of
yours

Behoves you now, old man, to find the means,
For sure he could not be thus confident
Without some cause; something there needs must
be,
Some strong possession of himself within,
That buoys him up to this high pitch of daring,

* It is not easy to conceive any incident more pointed-
ly severe than this, which the poet has employed for in-
teresting the spectators in his attack upon the sophists.
A son exhibited in the impious act of striking his father,
and justifying the crime upon principle, is surely as bitter
an invective against the schools of the philosophers as
can be devised.

This bold assumption; which that we may know,
Give us distinctively the whole detail
From first to last whence this contention sprang,
So shall we hear, and, hearing, judge betwixt
you.

Streps. So please you then I will the cause unfold

Of this base treatment to your patient ears;
And thus it stands—When we had supp'd together,

As you all know, in friendly sort, I bade him
Take up his lute and give me the good song
Of old Simonides,—“The ram was shorn;”—
But he directly scouted my request—
It was a fashion out of date forsooth—
He would not sit twanging the lute, not he;
’Twas not for him to cackle o’er his wine,
As if he were some wench working the hand-
mill*—

Phei. Grossly so;

And was it not high time that I should beat you,
Who had no better manners than to set
Your guest a chirping like a grasshopper?

Streps. These were his very words, and more
than these;

For by and bye he told me that Simonides
Was a most paltry poet. This you’ll own
Was a tough morsel, yet I gulp’d it down,
And pass’d it off with bidding him recite
Some passage out of Æschylus, withal
Tendering a myrtle wreath, as custom is
To grace the recitation—He forsooth,
Flouting my tender, instantly replied—
“I hold your Æschylus, of all our poets,
First of the spouters, incoherent, harsh,
Precipitous and turgid.”—Oh my friends,
Was not this more than flesh and blood should
bear?

Yet, yet I smother’d rage within my heart,
And calmly said—“Call something else to mind
More to your taste and from some modern bard,
So it be good withal and worth the hearing”—
Whereat, would you believe it? he began
Repeating from Euripides—Great Jove,
Guard my chaste ears from such another dose!
A perilous long-winded tale of incest
T’wixt son and daughter of the same sad mother.†
Sick to the soul I spurned at such declaiming,
Adding, as well I might, all that my scorn
Of such vile trash could add! till, to be short,
Words begat words, and blows too as it prov’d,
For leaping from his seat he sprung upon me,

* Alluding to the ballads sung by women, whilst at work upon the hand-mill. The names of several of these may be found in Hesychius and Athenæus. One of the simplest is preserved in Ælian, lib. vii. c. 4. It bore the name of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, and king of Mitylenê, who, according to Plutarch, took a peculiar pleasure in grinding his own corn and making his own bread. The women at their mills did not, of course, forget so honourable a testimony to their craft.

Grind, grind, good my mill, grind;

Pittacus turns a mill as we all find.

Grind, grind, good my mill, grind,

This miller-king, oh he’s the man to my mind.

† The story of Macareus the son of Æolus, and his uterine sister Canace.

Struck, buffeted, and bang’d me out of measure,
Throttled me, pounded me well nigh to dust—

Phei. And what less does that heretic deserve,
Who will not praise Euripides, the first
In wisdom of all poets?

Streps. He the first!

How my tongue itches!—but the rogue is ready;
He’ll beat me if I answer.

Phei. And with reason.

Streps. What reason, graceless cub, will bear
you out

For beating me, who in your baby age
Caress’d you, dandled you upon my knee,
Watch’d every motion, humour’d all your wants?

* * * * *

Phei. How gratefully the mind receives new
lights,

Emerging from the shades of prejudice,
And casting old establishments aside!
Time was but now, when every thought of mine
Was centred in the stable; then I had not
Three words upon my tongue without a stumble;
But now, since I’ve been put into the way
Of knowing better things, and the fine art
Of subtle disputation, I am bold
To meet this question and convince my hearers
How right it is to punish this old sinner.

Streps. Mount, mount your chariot! Oh, that I
could see you

Seated again behind your favourite horses,
Though ’twere with four in hand, so that you kept
From driving me at such a pelting rate.

Phei. Now then, I ask you, gathering up my
thread

Where it was broken off, if you, my father,
When I was but a stripling, spar’d my back?

Streps. No, for I studied all things for your
good,

And therefore I corrected you.

Phei. Agreed,

I also am like studious of your good,
And therefore I most lovingly correct you;
If beating be a proof of love, you have it
Plenteous in measure, for by what exemption
Is your most sacred carcass freed from stripes
And mine made subject to them? Am not I
Free-born as you? Say, if the son’s in tears,
Should not the father weep?

Streps. By what one rule

Of equity?

Phei. What equity were that
If none but children are to be chastis’d?

And grant they were, the proverb’s in your
teeth,

Which says old age is but a second childhood.
Again, if tears are seen to follow blows,
Ought not old men to expiate faults with tears
Rather than children, who have more to plead
In favour of their failings?

Streps. Where’s the law

That warrants this proceeding? There’s none
such.

Phei. And what was your law-maker but a
man,

Mortal as you and I are? And though time

Has sanctified his statutes, may not I
 Take up the cause of youth, as he of age,
 And publish a new ordinance for leave
 By the right-filial to correct our fathers,
 Remitting and consigning to oblivion
 All ex-post-facto beating? Look at instinct—
 Inquire of nature how the brute creation
 Kick at their parents, which in nothing differ
 From lordly man, except that they compile
 No laws, and hold their rights without a statute.
Streps. If you are thus for pecking at your
 father

Like a young fighting-cock, why don't you peck
 Your dinner from the dunghill, and at night
 Roost on a perch?

Phei. The cases do not tally,
 Nor does my master Socrates prescribe
 Rules so absurd.

Streps. Cease then from beating me;
 Else you preclude yourself.

Phei. As how preclude?
Streps. Because the right I have of beating you
 Will be your right in time over your son,
 When you shall have one.

Phei. But if I have none,
 All my sad hours are lost, and you die laughing.
Streps. There's no denying that.—How say you,
 sirs?

Methinks there is good matter in this plea;
 And as for us old sinners, truth to say,
 If we deserve a beating we must bear it.

Phei. Hear me—there's more to come—
Streps. Then I am lost,
 For I can bear no more.

Phei. Oh fear it not,
 Rather believe what I have now to tell you
 Will cause you to make light of what is past,
 'Twill bring such comfort to you.

Streps. Let me have it:
 If it be comfort, give it me.

Phei. Then know,
 Henceforth I'm resolv'd to beat my mother
 As I have beaten you.

Streps. How say you? How?
 Why this were to out-do all you have done.

Phei. But what if I have got a proof in petto,
 To show the moral uses of this beating?

Streps. Show me a proof that you have hang'd
 yourself,

And with your tutor Socrates beside you
 Gone to the devil together in a string;
 Those moral uses I will thank you for—
 Oh inauspicious goddesses, O Clouds!

In you confiding, all these woes fall on me.

Ch. Evil events from evil causes spring,
 And what you suffer flows from what you've
 done.

Streps. Why was I not forewarn'd? You saw
 me old,

And practis'd on my weak simplicity.

Ch. 'Tis not for us to warn a wilful sinner;
 We stay him not, but let him run his course,
 Till by misfortunes rous'd, his conscience wakes,
 And prompts him to appease th' offended gods.

Streps. I feel my sorrows, but I own them just:
 Yes, ye reforming Clouds, I'm duly punish'd

For my intended fraud.—And now, my son,
 Join hands with me, and let us forth together
 To wreak our vengeance on those base deceivers,
 That Chærephon and Socrates the chief,
 Who have cajol'd us both.

Phei. Grace forbid
 I should lift up my hand against my masters!
Streps. Nay, nay, but rather dread avenging
 Jove,

God of our ancestors, and him revere.

Phei. You're mad, methinks, to talk to me of
 Jove—

Is there a god so call'd?

Streps. There is! there is!

Phei. There is no Jupiter, I tell you so;
 Vortex has whirl'd him from his throne, and
 reigns

By right of conquest in the Thunderer's place.

Streps. 'Tis false; no Vortex reigns but in my
 brain.

Phei. Laugh at your own dull joke and be a
 fool! [*Exit.*]

Streps. (*striking his breast.*) Insufferable block-
 head that I was;

What ail'd me thus to court this Socrates,
 Ev'n to the exclusion of the immortal gods?

O Mercury, forgive me; be not angry,
 Dear tutelary god, but spare me still,
 And cast a pitying eye upon my follies,
 For I have been intemperate of tongue,
 And dearly rue it—Oh my better genius,
 Inspire me with thy council how to act,
 Whether by legal process to assail them,
 Or by such apter means as thou may'st dictate.
 I have it! Well hast thou inspir'd the thought;
 Hence with the lazy law; thou art not for it.
 With fire and faggot I will fall upon them,
 And send their school in *fumo* to the Clouds.

Hoa, Xanthias, (*calling to one of his slaves*) hoa!
 bring forth without delay

Your ladder and your mattock, mount the roof,
 Break up the rafters, whelm the house upon
 them,

And bury the whole hive beneath the ruins.
 (*Xanthias mounts the roof and begins working
 with his mattock.*)

Haste! if you love me, haste! Oh, for a torch,
 A blazing torch new lighted, to set fire
 To the infernal edifice.—I warrant me
 I'll soon unhouse the rascals, that now carry
 Their heads so high, and roll them in the dust.

(*One of the scholars comes out.*)
 1st Dis. Woe! mischief! misery!

Streps. (*mounts the roof and fixes a torch to the
 joists.*) Torch, play your part:

And we shall muster up a conflagration.

1st Dis. What are you doing, fellow?

Streps. Chopping logic;
 Arguing a knotty point with your house-beams.

2d Dis. Oh horror! Who has set our house on
 fire?

Streps. The very man whose cloak you nabb'd
 so neatly.

2d Dis. Undone and ruin'd—!

Streps. Heartily I wish it—
 And mean you should so be, if this same mattock

Does not deceive my hope, and I escape
With a whole neck.

(*SOCRATES comes forth.*)

Soc. Hoa there! What man is that?
You there upon the roof—what are you doing?

Streps. Treading on air—contemplating the sun—

Soc. Ah me! I'm suffocated, smother'd, lost—

(*CHEREPHON appears.*)

Cher. Wretch that I am, I'm melted, scorch'd,
consumed!—

Streps. Blasphemers, why did you insult the
gods?

Dash, drive, demolish them! Their crimes are
many,

But their contemptuous treatment of the gods,

Their impious blasphemies, exceed them all.

Ch. Break up!—The Chorus have fulfill'd their
part.

FROM PEACE.

[Acted B. C. 419.]

TRYGÆUS.

EVER lovely, ever dear,
How may I salute thine ear!
O what size of words may tell
Half the charms that in thee dwell!
In thy sight are joy and pleasure,
Without stint and without measure.
In thy breath is all that flings
Sense and thought of choicest things;
Dropping odours—rosy wine—
Fragrant spike and nard divine.

CHORUS.

Pipe and lute and dance are there,
Tragic pomp and stately air:
With the Sophoclean strain,
When he's in his noblest vein,
And the daintier lays that please,
Falling from Euripides.

TRYGÆUS, (interrupting.)

Out upon thee! Fie! for shame!
Vex me not with such a name!
Half a pleader—half a bard—
How may such win her regard?

CHORUS.

O she's joy and recreation,
Vintage in full operation,
Vat and cask in requisition,
Strainer making inquisition
For the new-press'd grape and wine,
What is foul and what is fine!
Round meantime the fleecy brood
Clamour for their fragrant food;
Which by village dame or maid—
Bosom-laden—is convey'd.
Thus without; while all within
Marks the harvest's jovial din;
Hand to hand the goblets flying,
Or in sweet disorder lying;

Serf and master, slave and free
Joining in the glad some glee
Of a general jollity.
These and thousand blessings more
Peace hath ever yet in store.

FROM THE BIRDS.

[Acted B. C. 414.]

"THE Birds," says Schlegel, "sparkles with the most daring and rich invention in the province of the fantastically marvellous. It is a joyous, winged, gay-plumed creation. I cannot agree with the ancient critic, who conceives the main purport of the work to consist in the most universal, most undisguised satire on the corruption of the Athenian state, nay, of all human society.* Rather say, it is a very harmless hocus-pocus, with a hit at everything, gods as well as men, but without anywhere pressing towards any particular object. All that is remarkable about birds, whether to be found in natural history, in mythology, in the love of augury, or in proverbial expressions, the poet has ingeniously drawn into his sphere. He goes back as far as the Cosmogony, and shows how first black-winged Night laid a wind-egg, whence Eros, with golden pinions (beyond all doubt a bird!) soared aloft, and then gave birth to all things. Two runagates from the human species find their way into the domain of the birds, who are determined to avenge themselves on them for the ills they have suffered from man. The captives, however, save themselves by proving to demonstration that the birds are pre-eminent above all creatures, and advise them to collect their scattered powers into one enormous state. Thus the marvellous city, Cloudeuckootown (*Νεφέλοκοκκυρία*) is built above the earth; new gods are ordained, of course after the image of birds, (just as mankind had made theirs after that of human beings,) and the frontier of Olympus is walled up against the old gods.

"However farcical and fairy-tale-like" continues Schlegel, "all this may seem, there is, nevertheless, a philosophical significance in thus taking, for once in a while, a sort of birds-eye view of the sum of all things, seeing that most of our conceptions are true only for a human station of view, after all." See Schlegel's Lectures on the Drama of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

"Of the parabasis before us," says Mr. Frere, "the merits are well known; and perhaps no passage of Aristophanes has been oftener quoted with admiration. To bring the most subjects within the verge of comedy, and to treat of them with humour and fancy, without falling into vulgarity or offending the principles of good taste,

* In this play, (according to some commentators,) the Athenians are represented as a set of gaping, foolish birds, persuaded by the promises of designing demagogues to set up a city in the clouds, and declare war against the gods, the whole terminating, as might be expected, in the chief adventurer making a meal for himself of his deluded subjects.—The satire seems to have been directed against the air-built castles and ambitious schemes of Alcibiades. See Donaldson's Theatre of the Greeks, p. 113.

seems a task which no poet whom we know of could have accomplished; though, if we were possessed of the works of Epicharmus, it is possible that we might see other specimens of the same style.'

YE children of man, whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly, calamitous creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the sovereign birds,
(Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air)
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labour and care.
Whence you may learn, and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
An organical life, and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and moun-
tains,

And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky. We propose by and by,
(If you'll listen and hear) to make it all clear,
And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce,
When his doubts are explained and expounded
at once.

Before the creation of Æther and Light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight;
Nor Ocean, or Air, or Substance was there,
Nor Solid or Rare, or Figure or Form,
But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm.
At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,
By Night the primeval in secrecy laid;
A mystical egg, that in silence and shade
Was brooded and hatch'd; till time came
about:

And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
In rapture and light, exulting and bright,
Sparkling and florid, with stars on his forehead,
His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnish'd,
To range his dominions, on glittering pinions,
And golden and azure, and blooming and bur-
nish'd.

He soon in the murky Tartarean recesses,
With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses,
Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatch'd
To being and life, begotten and hatch'd,
The primitive Birds: But the Deities all,
The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth,
More tamely combin'd, of a temperate kind,
When chaotical mixture approach'd to a fixture.

Our antiquity prov'd; it remains to be shown;
That Love is our author and master alone;
Like him we can ramble, and gambol, and fly
O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky:
And all the world over we're friends to the
lover,

And when other means fail, we are found to
prevail,
When a peacock or pheasant is sent for a pre-
sent.

The City of the Clouds.

Enter a MESSENGER out of breath, and speaking in short snatches.

Mess. Where is he? where? where is he?
where? where is he?

The president Peisthetærus?

Peis. (*coolly.*) Here am I.

Mess. Your fortification's finish'd.

Peis. Well! That's well.

Mess. A most amazing, astonishing work it is!
So that Theagines and Proxenides
Might flourish, and gasconade, and prance away,
Quite at their ease, both of them four in hand,
Driving abreast upon the breadth of the wall,
Each in his own new chariot.

Peis. You surprise me.

Mess. And the height (for I made measure-
ment myself)

Is just a hundred fathom.

Peis. Heaven and earth!

How could it be? Such a mass! Who could
have built it?

Mess. The Birds; no creatures else, no fo-
reigners,

Egyptian workmen, bricklayers, or masons,
But they themselves alone, by their own efforts,
(Even to my surprise, as an eye-witness,)
The Birds, I say, completed every thing.

There came a body of thirty thousand cranes,
(I won't be positive, there might be more,)

With stones from Africa, in their craws and
gizzards,

Which the stone-curlews and stone-chatterers
Work'd into shape and finish'd. The sand-
martins,

And mud-larks, too, were busy in their depart-
ment,

Mixing the mortar, while the water-birds,
As fast as it was wanted, brought the water
To temper and work it.

Peis. (*in a fidget.*) But who serv'd the masons?
Whom did you get to carry it?

Mess. To carry it?

Of course, the carrion-crows and carrier-pigeons.

FROM THE FROGS.

[Acted 412 B. C.]

THIS play treats of the decline of the tragic
art. Euripides was dead, so were Sophocles and
Agathon; and none but second-rate tragedians
remained. Bacchus, missing Euripides, goes,
disguised as Heracles, to fetch him back from
the infernal world. He and Xanthias row them-
selves across the Acherusian lake, where they
are greeted by the frogs with their inimitable
croak. In the meantime a contest having arisen
between Æschylus and Euripides for the tragic
throne of the lower world, Pluto proposes that
Bacchus should decide the cause. The two
poets, accordingly, stand forward and submit to
him specimens of their art. They sing, they de-
claim against each other, in verses characteristic
of the peculiar style of each. At length Euripides
becomes a convert to Æschylus, who remains

with him to the living world, leaving the tragic throne of the lower one to be occupied by Sophocles.

SCENE.—*The Acherusian Lake.*

BACCHUS and XANTHIAS in Charon's boat—CHORUS OF FROGS.

Frogs. Brèke-kèsh, brèke-kèsh,
Kòòash, kòòash.

Bac. O the Frogs, consume and rot 'em,
I've a blister on my bottom.
Hold your tongues, you tuneless creatures.

Frogs. Cease with your profane entreaties.

All in vain for ever stirring;
Silence is against our natures.
With the vernal heat reviving,
Our aquatic crew repair
From their periodic sleep
In the dark and chilly deep,
To the cheerful upper air;
Then we frolic here and there,
All amidst the meadows fair;
Shady plants of asphodel
Are the lodges where we dwell;
Chaunting in the leafy bowers
All the livelong summer hours,
Till the sudden gusty showers
Send us headlong, helter skelter,
To the pool, to seek for shelter;
Meagre, eager, leaping, lunging,
From the sedgy wharfage plunging
To the tranquil depth below,
There we muster all a-row;
Where, secure from toil and trouble,
With a tuneless bubble-bubble,
Our symphonious accents flow.
Brèkeke-kèsh, kòash, kòash.

Bac. I forbid you to proceed.

Frogs. That would be severe indeed,
Arbitrary, bold, and rash,
Brèkeke-kèsh, kòash, kòash.

Bac. I command you to desist—
O my back, there! Oh my wrist!
What a twist!
What a sprain!

Frogs. Once again—
We renew the tuneless strain.
Brèkeke-kèsh, kòash, kòash.

Bac. I disdain—(hang the pain)—
All your nonsense, noise, and trash.
Oh my blister!—oh my sprain!

Frogs. Brèkeke-kèsh, kòash, kòash.
Friends and frogs, we must display
All our powers of voice to-day;
Suffer not this stranger here,
With fastidious, foreign ear,
To confound us and abash.
Brèkeke-kèsh, kòash, kòash.

Bac. Well, my spirit is not broke,
If it's only for a joke,
I'll outdo you with a croak.
Here it goes, "Kòash, kòash."

Frogs. Now for a glorious croaking crash,
Brèkeke-kèsh, kòash, kòash.

Bac. I'll disperse you with a splash.

Frogs. Brèkeke-kèsh, kòash, kòash.

Bac. I'll subdue

Your rebellious noisy crew.

—Have amongst you there, slap-dash.

Frogs. Brèkeke-kèsh, kòash, kòash,
We defy your oar and you.

* * * * *

SCENE.—*The shore of Hades.*

BACCHUS, XANTHIAS, and CHORUS OF THE INITIATED.

Bac. (to the Chorus.)

Prithy, my good fellows,
Would you please to tell us,
Which is Pluto's door?
I'm an utter stranger,
Never here before.

Ch. Friend, you're out of danger,
You need not seek it far;
There it stands before ye,
Before ye, where you are.

Bac. Take up your bundles, Xanthias.

Xant. Hang all bundles.

[*Exeunt BACCHUS and XANTHIAS.*]

CHORUS.

Now we go to dance and sing
In the consecrated shades;
Round the secret, holy ring,
With the matrons and the maids.
Hither I must haste to bring
The mysterious early light,
Which must witness every rite
Of the joyous happy night.

SEMICHORUS.

Let us hasten, let us fly,
Where the lovely meadows lie;
Where the living waters flow,
Where the roses bloom and blow.
Heirs of immortality,
Segregated, safe, and pure,
Easy, sorrowless, secure,
Since our earthly course is run
We behold a brighter sun,
Holy lives—a holy vow—
Such rewards await us now.

FROM THE PARABASIS OF THE CHORUS.

Often times have I reflected no a similar abuse
In the choice of men for office, and of coins for
common use.

For your old and standard pieces, valued and
approved, and tried,

Here among the Grecian nations, and in all the
world beside,

Recognis'd in every realm for trusty stamp and
pure assay,

Are rejected and abandon'd for the trash of yes-
terday,—

For a vile, adulterate issue, drossy, counterfeit
and base,

Which the traffic of the city passes current in
their place!

*And the men that stood for office, noted for acknow-
ledg'd worth,*

And for manly deeds of honour, and for honour-
able birth,

Train'd in exercise and art, in sacred dances and
in song,
*All are ousted and supplanted by a base, ignoble
throng,*
Paltry stamp and vulgar mettle raise them to
command and place;
Brazen counterfeit pretenders, scoundrels of a
scoundrel race;
Whom the state in former ages scarce would
have allowed to stand
At the sacrifice of outcasts, as the scape-goats of
the land,
—Time it is,—and long has been,—renouncing
all your follies past,
To recur to sterling merit, and intrinsic worth at
last;
If we rise, we rise with honour, if we fall, it
must be so.—

* * * * *

CHORAL PRELUDE TO THE CONTEST BETWEEN ES-
CHYLUS AND EURIPIDES FOR THE THRONE OF
TRAGEDY.

The full-mouth'd master of the tragic quire,
We shall behold him foam with rage and ire;
Confronting in the list
His eager, shrewd, sharp-tooth'd antagonist.
Then will his visual orbs be wildly whirl'd,
And huge invectives will be hurl'd.

Superb and supercilious,
Atrocious, atrabilious,

With furious gesture and with lips of foam,
And lion-crest, unconscious of the comb,
Erect with rage;—his brows impending gloom,
O'ershadowing his dark eyes' terrific blaze.

The opponent, dexterous and wary,
Will fend and parry:

While masses of conglomerated phrase,
Enormous, ponderous, and pedantic,
With indignation frantic,
And strength and force gigantic,
Are desperately sped

At his devoted head.—

Then, in different style,
The touchstone and the file,
And subtleties of art
In turn will play their part;
Analysis and rule,
And every modern tool,
With critic scratch and scribble,
And nice invidious nibble;
Contending for the important choice;
A vast expenditure of human voice.

PLUTUS, THE GOD OF RICHES.

[Acted B. C. 408.]

"A **VERY** pretty allegory, which is wrought
into a play by Aristophanes the Greek comedian.
It seems originally designed as a satire upon the
rich, though, in some parts of it, it is a kind of
comparison between wealth and poverty." . . .

"This allegory instructed the Athenians in two
points; first, as it vindicated the conduct of Pro-

vidence in its ordinary distributions of wealth;
and, in the next place, as it showed the great
tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those
who possess them."—ADDISON, *Spec. No.* 464.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHREMYLUS.	A GOOD MAN.
CARION, <i>his Slave.</i>	AN INFORMER.
PLUTUS.	AN OLD WOMAN.
CHORUS OF HUSBANDMEN.	A YOUTH.
BLEPSIDEMUS.	HERMES.
POVERTY.	PRIEST OF JOVE.
THE WIFE OF CHREMYLUS.	

SCENE—*Athens and the Neighbourhood.*

A Street in Athens.

CHREMYLUS and CARION following PLUTUS,
who is blind.

Carion. How hard a hap, O Jove, and all ye
gods,

Bondman to be of a half-witted master!
For let the slave give counsel e'er so precious,
An' please it not his lord to take it—mark me,
Your slave perforce shall have his share of—
basting:

Since of his carcass not the owner, but,
By Fortune's grace, the buyer has disposal.
Well,—let it pass! But Delphi's obscure god,
Who from the golden tripod, where he haunts,
Breathes verse oracular, of right I charge,
That being leech, and seer, they say, and sage,
Bile-mad he's sent my master from him. Lo!
He dogs a blind man's heels—a blind old beg-
gar's—

O huge reverse of what beseems! 'Tis we,
We that have eyes should lead the eyeless—but
He goes behind, and me to boot compels—
And all for one says not so much as—boh!
Now then I'll hold no longer:—master mine,
Why, in the name of wonder, tell me, why
We follow thus, or I will plague thee rarely.
Beat me thou durst not, while I wear the laurel.*

Chrem. No! But I'll doff thy laurel, an' thou
tease me,

So shalt thou smart the more.

Car. Pooh, pooh! I rest not
Till thou reveal me who this knave may be.
Of kindness 'tis I ask it—all of kindness.

Chrem. Well, thou shalt hear; for of my house-
hold slaves

I rate thee, after all, the truest—rascal.
I—the good man and pious that thou know'st
me—

Still poor have been, and bare of means.

Car. No doubt on't!

Chrem. All else were rich—church-robbers,
orators,

Informers, reprobates—

Car. I'll take thy word for't.

Chrem. So to the god I went a-questioning,
Not for my miserable self—I thought

* The insignia of a sacro-sanct messenger returning
from the oracle.

My days already spent, my quiver empty—
But for my son and sole inheritor,
To ask if he should mend his ways—
Should turn dare-devil, common cheat, mere
vileness,
Since such, methought, was now the road to
riches.

Car. And what did Phæbus from his chaplets
—bounce?

Chrem. Attend. Distinctly thus the god gave
answer:

Whom on my exit first I should encounter,
From him he bade me part no more, but win
him
To make his home with me.

Car. And, prithee, whom
Was it thy luck to light on?

Chrem. This man here.

Car. What then—O numskull!—what! thou
apprehend'st not
His godship's meaning! Why, he tells thee plainly,
Young Hopeful must adopt our country's fashions.

Chrem. How dost thou so conclude?

Car. Conclude! Why, Phæbus,
Thinks even the blind can see how passing
good

It is to play the thorough rogue in these times.

Chrem. Impossible! It cannot be the oracle
Should point at this, but something loftier. Now,
Would but our man give token of his quality,
And why he came with us, and what in quest of,
We'd riddle the response I warrant thee!

Car. Come then, be smart! your name at once,
old gentleman—

Or else you know what follows. Come, out
with it.

Plut. I tell thee—go be hang'd!

Car. D'ye understand, sir?
What name was that?

Chrem. To thee, not me, he says it:
Since doltishly and rudely thou dost question
him—

But—if a gentleman's address delight thee—
To me make known—

Plut. Go hang thyself for company!

Car. There, sir, take man and omen too, and
welcome!

Chrem. How now?

Now, by great Ceres, thou shalt 'scape no longer.
Speak, dog, or doglike I will use thee—speak—

Plut. Be off, my friends—both one and t'other.

Chrem. Off!

A likely tale!

Car. Well, I declare, good master,
My plan's the best, and to his cost he'll find so.
I'll set him on a certain crag, and—leave him.
Away go I—down he—his neck—

Chrem. Up with him!

Despatch!

Plut. O mercy, mercy!

Chrem. Won't you speak, then?

Plut. But should ye learn whom ye have hold
of—ah!

Ye'll work me harm—ye'll never let me go.

Chrem. Nay, by the gods we will though—if
thou ask it.

Plut. First, then, unhand me.

Chrem. See! thou art unhand'd.

Plut. Now, ope your ears and hear! For, will
I nill I,

Declare I must, it seems, what I was minded
To hide for aye. I am—yes—I am—*Plutus*.

Chrem. *Plutus*—O villain! *Plutus*, and con-
ceal it!

Car. You *Plutus*!—you!—in such a beggar's
pickle!

Chrem. O *Phæbus*! O *Apollo*! Gods and de-
mons!

O *Jove*! What say'st thou? He himself?

Plut. E'en so.

Chrem. His very self?

Plut. His self of selves.

Chrem. Whence, then,

So filthy com'st thou?

Plut. From *Patrocles*'s,*

Who ne'er, since his first birth-day, washed him-
self.

Chrem. But this misfortune—how befell it?—
speak!

Plut. *Jove* dealt the blow in envy to man-
kind.

For I, a stripling yet, would oft-times threaten
That to the good, and wise, and chaste alone,
My steps should bend; and so with stroke of
blindness

Jove seal'd my sight, that it should not discern
them.

Such malice doth he bear to virtuous men!

Chrem. And yet, but for the virtuous and the
just,

Where were this *Jove*?

Plut. I grant it.

Chrem. Go to now—

Mightst thou once more have all thine eyes about
thee,

Wouldst henceforth shun the bad?

Plut. For ever shun them.

Chrem. And to the good resort?

Plut. None else, I promise thee.

I've seen them not, this many a year.

Chrem. No wonder!

Nor I, whose eyes were open.

Plut. Now let me pass, ye know my story.

Chrem. Pass!

Not we, by *Jove*, we'll stick the closer to thee.

Plut. There, there, I warn'd thee. Said I not
'twas sure

Ye'd work me harm?

Chrem. Nay, nay, be thou entreated!

Desert me not. Search where thou pleasest—

Long as thou wilt—thou'lt find no better man.

By *Jupiter* I stand alone—none like me!

Plut. So say they all—but let them only once

Lay hold on me and fill their money-bags,
They change their note, and beat the world for
villany.

Chrem. 'Tis true—too true—yet all are not so
graceless.

Plut. Not all—but one and all.

Car. The saucy varlet!

* A rich niggard who adopted *Spartan* manners.

Chrem. But for thyself—just to make plain what good

Awaits thy tarrying here—a moment's patience—
I look—I look—with heaven's assistance, mark me,

To make thee rid of this infirmity,
And give thee back thine eye-sight.
Plut. Pray, excuse me ;

Not for the world.
Chrem. How's that ?

Car. By very nature
This fellow was just made for kicks and cuffs !

Plut. Jove—well I know—did he but hear
their madness,

Would grind me into powder.
Chrem. What does he now,

That lets thee grope and stumble up and down ?
Plut. I know not—but most mortally I fear him.

Chrem. Is't possible ? O lily-livered thing,
Scum of celestial spirits, think'st thou Jove,

His empire and his thunders, worth three obols,
Hadst thou a moment's space thine eyes again ?

Plut. Avaunt, blasphemer, rave not thus !
Chrem. Be easy !

I will demonstrate thee more mighty far
Than Jove.

Plut. *Me thou demonstrate !*
Chrem. * Yes, by heavens !

For, look you now, through whom hath Jove the crown ?

Car. Through—money ; 'cause his purse is longest.

Chrem. Well :
And where gets Jove the money ?

Car. From our friend here.
Chrem. Through whom do altars blaze ? Is't not through Plutus ?

Car. Lord, sir, they make no secret on't in praying.

Chrem. Then is not he the cause ? And could he fail

Lightly to end it, were he minded so ?
Plut. As how ?

Chrem. Because no mortal more would offer
Nor ox, nor cake—not they—nor earthly thing,

Thou not consenting.
Plut. How ?

Chrem. Still how ? How could they ?
How will they buy, forsooth, if you're not there

To tell the money down ? So, were Jove restive,
His power you'd soon extinguish—single-handed.

Plut. Say'st thou through me they worship him ?
Chrem. Through THEE :

And, by Jove's self, if aught of bright or fair
Or lovely bless mankind, through thee it flows.

The world, and all therein, bow down to riches.
Car. I—I MYSELF—for a little patty coin

Am servitor :—'tis all for want of riches.
Chrem. Then there's the dames of Corinth, as they say,

If a poor suitor try to tempt them—O
They turn him a deaf ear—but let a rich one,

And straight to him they turn—whatever he pleases.

Car. Yes ; and our youths, they say, will do as much

For love—not of the lovers but their purses.

Chrem. Fye ! not our gentle youths :—our base ones may.

No money do the gentle ask.
Car. What then ?

Chrem. One—a good horse ; and one—a pack to hunt with.

Car. Ay, that's their modesty !—Blushing to ask outright

For gold, what pretty names they salve it o'er with !

Chrem. All arts, all crafts, all man's inventions
Are born of thee. One sets him down

And shapes me certain gear of leather ; one
The anvil plies ; and one the joiner's tools ;

One casts the gold he has of thee ; another
Cleans clothes ; another—steals them ; bent on thee

The burglar breaks stone walls ; one washes
hides ;

One tans, and one cries leeks ; for lack of thee
The trapp'd adulterer feels a husband's vengeance.

Plut. Wretch that I was—all this escap'd me !
Car. What !

Is't not through him the great king plumes himself ?
Through him the Assembly holds its sessions ?

What !
Dost thou not man our galleys ? Tell me that.

At Corinth feeds not he our noble—hirelings ?
And shall not Pamphilus for him be trounc'd ?

And Belonopoles too with Pamphilus ?
Is't not through him Agyrrhius vents his wind,

Philepsius his—stories ? Was it not
Through him we sent the swart Egyptians suc-

cour ?
For what but him does Lais love Philonides ?

Timotheus' tower*—
Chrem. Crush thee, eternal prater !

But O, my Plutus, what is not thy doing ?
For thou most only universal cause

Of good and evil art, be sure.
Car. In war

That party ever wins, whose sinking scale
This gentleman is pleas'd to perch on.

Plut. I !
Poor I—unbacked—do all these things ye speak of ?

Chrem. Yes, and, by Jupiter, ten thousand more :
So that no living wight had e'er his fill

Of thee. Of all besides there may be surfeit :
Of love,

Car. Of loaves,
Chrem. Of song ;

Car. Of sugar-comfits ;
Chrem. Of honour,

Car. Cheese-cakes,
Chrem. Martial glory,

Car. Figs ;
Chrem. Ambition,

Car. Flummery,
Chrem. Command,

* The rich Timotheus had built himself a splendid castle. But Carion is interrupted when about to say so.

Car.

Pease-porridge.

Chrem. But thee! No mortal e'er was sated of thee.

Say he has thirteen talents,
 Three, three to boot he craves, he pines to grapple:
 That total rounded, lo! his mark is forty—
 Or life, he swears, no more is worth the living.

Plut. Ye talk it well at least, methinks;—

One thing yet gives me pause.

Chrem.

Announce it.

Plut.

How

Of all this power ye say I have, I e'er

Shall lord and master be?

Chrem.

By Jove thou shalt:

And yet all say—as *thou* hast said—that *Plutus*
 Is cowardliest of creatures.

Plut.

Slander, slander!

A burglar's calumny! He stole one day,
 And could not—stole into the house, ye mark
 me—

And could not steal—aught out of it—all fast!

And so he called my caution cowardice.

Chrem. Vex not thyself about it; be

But bold and zealous for thine own behoof,

I'll make thee see more sharp than *Lynceus*.*Plut.* And how shalt thou—a mortal—so prevail?*Chrem.* Tut, man, there's hope—such utterance *Phœbus* gave

While Delphian laurels shook to hear him.

*Plut.**Phœbus!*Thou canst not mean that *Phœbus* knows it?*Chrem.*

Yea.

Plut. Beware!*Chrem.* Waste thou no thought upon it, friend!

For I, be certain sure, although I die for't,

Myself will bear thee through.

Car.

With me to help thee—

Chrem. And many a prompt ally—good souls,
whose goodness

Could never keep their pots a-boiling.

Plut.

Pshaw!

Sorry confederates!

Chrem. Not if they get their pockets lined
afresh—

But you there—haste, skip, vanish!

Car.

Speak your errand.

Chrem. Summon our fellow-husbandmen, perchance

A-field you'll find them, sweating at their tasks,

That hurrying hither, each may have his due

With us in just partition of this *Plutus*.*Car.* I'm gone—but soft—this little steak of
mine*—

Within there—some one give it safe conveyance.

Chrem. Trust me that: away! [*Exit CARION.*]But O, great *Plutus*, mightiest of deities,

Do thou pass in with me. Behold the house,

The which thou must, ere time be a day older,
Cram full of wealth—by fair means or by foul
ones.*Plut.* Now, by the powers above, I am ever

loath

To tread a stranger's floor, exceeding loath:

Ne'er yet to me did good come of it.

For say I made some thrifty soul my host,
 Straight under ground he earth'd me, fathom-deep;
 Then came a friend, an honest, worthy friend,
 Seeking some petty pelting coin to borrow,
 O—on his oath he never saw my face!

Or did I share some brain-sick spendthrift's
quarters,To dice and harlots thrown, out of his doors
Stark-naked was I kick'd in less than no time.*Chrem.* Ay, for as yet

Thou ne'er hast tried one reasonable man.

But I—I know not how—a way of mine—

Have ever had this turn. In saving, none

Shall e'er out-save me; nor out-spend in spending

At seasons meet. But in—I long to show thee

To my good wife, and only son, whom dearest

I cherish—after thee.

Plut.

I do believe thee.

Chrem. For why with thee dissemble. [*Exeunt.*]*The Open Country.*

CARION, CHORUS OF HUSBANDMEN.

Car. O ye that here for many a year,
our trusty friends and neighbours,

Have had your share of master's fare—

leek-broth and country labours,

Come stir your stumps and scour along—
no time for shilly-shally—

But now's the very nick of time

to make with us a rally.

Ch. And dost not see how eagerly

we tramp it and we trudge it,

As fast as poor old fellows, sure,

with tottering knees can budge it?

But bless my heart, you'd have me start

to race with thee—unknowing

For what, forsooth, this master rare

of thine has set me going!

Car. And don't I roar, this hour and more?

'Tis thou art hard of hearing—

How master says that better days

for all of you appearing—

Cold hearths shall turn to fires that burn,

and churlish times to cheering?

Ch. What's this you tell—and how befell

the burden of your story?

Car. Why, master's come, and brings us home

a lodger—old and hoary:

He's bent and bow'd; he's scar'd and cow'd;

he's toothless, foul, and tatter'd,

And scarce, I trow, the parts below

are left him quite unbatter'd.

Ch. Thou glad'st my ear! once more to hear

this golden news it itches:

Our neighbour then's at home again,

and brings a heap of riches.

Car. A heap of—woes that age bestows,

sore bones and empty breeches.

Ch. And think'st thou so to come and go—

to mock me and to flout me

Unscath'd, while I a staff can ply,

and lay it well about me?

Car. And think ye me a rogue to be

so false and eke so graceless,

* A portion brought from the sacrifice at Delphi.

That every word my lips have pour'd,
must rotten be and baseless?

Ch. O curse the knave, how sour and grave!—
but hark, thy shins are bawling

Halloo, halloo!—and stocks and chains
is that for which they're calling.

Car. Thy lot's* decreed—in burial-weed
must thine awards be spoken:

What! still withstand! when Charon's hand
is holding out thy token?

Ch. O burst thy skin, thou devil's kin!
so apt to cheat and scold, sir,

To flout me and to scout me, and
to leave it still untold, sir,

For what this summons-sending lord
of thine has made so bold, sir;

Yet hasten we, though labour-spent and
loath to lose a minute—

And recklessly tread o'er many a bed
with dainty onions in it!

Car. The glorious tale no more I'll veil:—
'tis Plutus' self we hold, boys,

In master's train he troops amain,
to glut us all with gold, boys!

Ch. What! one and all such luck befall!—
to turn to peace and plenty?

Car. An if ye please, to Midases:—
if asses' ears content ye.

Ch. How glad I am, and mad I am,
and keen I am for dancing it!

Such news as this, if true it is,
will set our feet a-prancing it.

Car. Then on, my boys, I'll share your joys—
sing derry, hey down derry—

With Cyclop's-step,† with rub-a-dub,
I'll caper it so merry!

So whisk it, frisk it, jolly flock,
with bleatings shake the air, O!

And sound the lambkin's, kidling's strain,
Till startled echo baa again,

And cock your tails like frisking goats, and goat-
like ye shall fare, O!

* * * * *

Before the house of CHREMYLUS.

CHREMYLUS, CHORUS.

Chrem. See then ye still stand by me: show
yourselves

True patrons and preservers of the god.

Ch. Fear not: I'll wear

Such looks—thou'lt think a very Mars beside thee.
'Twere strange were we, who for three obols
push

And jostle i' th' assembly—were we to let
The actual MONEY-GOD be wrested from us!

Chrem. 'Tis he—I'll swear to it—'tis Bleps-
idemus

That comes towards us. Ay, he has got some wind
Of our affair, his pace bewrays it.

Enter BLEPSIDEMUS (soliloquizing.)

Bleps. Did they say Chremylus!

How can it be—whence—by what contrivance—
Has he grown rich at once? I'll not believe it.
Yet thus at least says rumour:—so help me, Her-
cules,

There's not a barber's shop but has the story,
That all at once the fellow's rich. Again

'Tis strange—'tis passing strange—that in the
moment

Of luck he begs his friends to visit him—
That's not the mode with us!

Chrem. Out it shall come, by heavens! Yes,
Blepsidemus,

Things go more smooth to-day than yesterday—
And thou shalt share;—we hold thee one of us.

Bleps. Nay but—is't true? Art really, truly
rich?

Chrem. Shall be, at least—right suddenly—God
willing.

There is—there is some—danger in the business.

Bleps. What kind?

Chrem. Why such as—

Bleps. Quick, whate'er you say.

Chrem. Such as—with luck—makes men of us
for ever.

But, should we fail, 'tis utter ruination.

Bleps. Ha!

It has an ugly air—this load upon thee—

It likes me not; for thus, too hurriedly

To wax so over-rich—and then to tremble—

Looks something else than honest.

Chrem. Else than honest!

Bleps. Suppose, now—just suppose—thou com'st
from yonder,

With gold or silver from the sacred treasure

Which thou hast—filch'd; and peradventure now
Repenting—

Chrem. Phœbus shield me! no, by Jupiter!

Bleps. No nonsense, friend! I know the whole.

Chrem. Suspect not

Of me such deed as this.

Bleps. Alas, alas!

That honesty should clean forgotten be,

And all be slaves of greed and gain!

Chrem. By Ceres,

Thine upper story seems a little damag'd.

Bleps. How chang'd a man from all his whilom
ways!

Chrem. Stark mad—by heaven above!—the
fellow foams.

Bleps. His very eye unfixed!—See how it
wanders!

Sure mark of guilt!

Chrem. Croak on, I understand thee;

Thou deem'st me thief, and fain wouldst be par-
taker?

Bleps. Partaker would I be? Of what partaker?

Chrem. It is not as thou deem'st, but—

Bleps. What? Hast not filched but—forced?

Chrem. The devil's in thee.

Bleps. A breach of trust then?

Chrem. No.

Bleps. O Hercules!

Where must one turn one's self? No truth from
thee!

* The judges, or jurymen (*dicasts*.) at Athens, were distributed among the several courts by-lot, and received a staff as the token of their office.

† So was named a dance which set forth the love of Polyphemus for the sea-nymph Galatea. Our "derry, hey down derry," is substituted for the similar "threttanella" of the original.

Chrem. You charge at random, ere you learn my story.

Bleps. Come friend, I'm ready, for a very trifle To compromise this case before 'tis public, Stopping the pleaders' mouths with certain—pieces.

Chrem. Yes! like a kind—good friend—you'll undertake

To spend three minæ and charge me—a dozen.

Bleps. I see—I see—one to the Bema* wending, Suppliant to sit with customary bough— His wife, his children near;—no eye shall know them

From the Heraclidæ drawn by Pamphilus.†

Chrem. Not so, thou sorry devil, but the worthy— None else—shrewd fellows—wise and sober fellows—

Will I make full of riches.

Bleps. What?

Has stol'n so monstrous much?

Chrem. Beshrew my heart!

Thou wilt destroy—

Bleps. Thou wilt thyself destroy. *Chrem.* Never; for, hark ye, rogue—I've hold of—**PLUTUS**.

Bleps. You—**Plutus**—you! What **Plutus**?

Chrem. The divine one.

Bleps. And where?

Chrem. Here.

Bleps. Where?

Chrem. With me.

Bleps. With thee?

Chrem. Precisely.

Bleps. O, you be hanged! **Plutus** with thee?

Chrem. I swear it.

Bleps. Say'st true?

Chrem. Most true?

Bleps. By **Vesta**?

Chrem. Yea, by **Neptune**.

Bleps. What? And not send him round to us —thy friends!

Chrem. Not yet are matters come to this.

Bleps. Not yet!

Not come to sharing?

Chrem. No: for first—

Bleps. What first?

Chrem. We two must give back sight—

Bleps. Give sight? To whom?

Chrem. To **Plutus**—by some one device or other.

Bleps. So then, he's really blind?

Chrem. He is, by heaven.

Bleps. No wonder that he never came to me!

Chrem. But now—so please the gods—he'll make amends.

Bleps. Come then—a leech! a leech!—shouldst not have fetched one?

Chrem. What leech has **Athens** now? They're gone together,

The art and its rewards—no fee no physic!

Bleps. Let's see.

Chrem. There's none.

Bleps. Thou'rt right, i' faith.

Chrem. Not one.

But listen, I was thinking

To lay him down at **Æsculapius'** shrine.

That were the way—

Bleps. Far best, by all the powers!

Away—delay not—something do, and quickly.

Chrem. I go.

Bleps. But haste!

Chrem. Why, I am hasting.

Enter **POVERTY**.

Pov. **STOP!**—

O ye hot bloods! Ye moon-struck manikins!

That dare such lawless, rash, and impious deed—

Where, where so fast? I charge ye stop—

Bleps. O **Hercules**!

Pov. Wretches, a wretched end I'll make of you.

Your venture—yes, your venture is a rare one,

Unbrook'd, unventured yet by god or mortal:

So that your doom is fix'd.

Chrem. And who art thou?

Bleps. Perhaps some fury from the tragic boards:

Truly her air's a little touch'd and tragic.

Chrem. But where's her torch?

Bleps. No torch! Then let her howl for't.

Pov. And whom suppose ye me?

Chrem. Some paltry hostess,

Or market wife mayhap: else would'st thou not

Have bawled so loud at us for nothing.

Pov. Nothing!

Have ye not done me deadliest injury,

Plotting from this whole land to banish me?

Chrem. Why, hast thou not the **Barathrum*** to go to?

But—who thou art behoved thee answer—quick!

Pov. One that, this day, will ample vengeance take

For striving thus to blot me from your city—

Bleps. Sure now 'tis just my neighbour, the old tapstress,

That's always cheating with her half-pint measures.

Pov. One that for many a year with both has mated—**POVERTY**.

Bleps. King **Apollo**! Gods of heaven!

Where can one flee?

Chrem. You there—what now? Thou coward reptile, thou—

Not stand thy ground!

Bleps. Ne'er dream of it.

Chrem. Not stand!

What we—two men—to run, and from a woman!

Bleps. But she is **POVERTY**, thou rogue, than whom

No creature more pernicious e'er was gender'd.

Chrem. Stand, I beseech thee, stand.

Bleps. Not I, by **Jupiter**!

Chrem. What have we done, thou doom'd one?

Wherefore com'st thou

Hither to rail, unwrong'd of us?

Pov. Unwrong'd?

Patience, ye gods! Unwrong'd? Is't nothing, think ye,

* Here the tribunal of justice.

† A picture of **Alcmena** and the children of **Hercules** as suppliants.

* The execution pit of **Athens**.

No wrong to me—essaying thus to give
Sight back to Plutus?

Chrem. Where's the wrong to thee,
If good we so achieve for all mankind?

Pov. The good—the mighty good—that ye can
compass?

Chrem. *Imprimis*, having thrust thee forth of
Greece—

Pov. ME forth of Greece? And O, what huger
mischief

Could your curst frenzy work the race of man?

Chrem. Why, if we purpos'd so, and slept
upon it.

Pov. Now, on this very point I first address me
To reckon with you: if I prove myself
Sole source of all your blessings; that through me
Ye live and breathe:—if not, if I deceive you,
Do your joint pleasure on me.

Chrem. Loathliest hag,
Dar'st thou to teach such things?

Pov. Dare thou to learn them!
Right readily I'll show thee all astray,

If 'tis the good thou think'st to endow with riches.

Bleps. Cudgels and collars, help me to requite
her!

Pov. No need to bawl and bluster ere thou
hear.

Bleps. And who'd not bawl and call *ohon! ohon!*
At words like these?

Pov. Whoe'er has brains in noddle.
Chrem. Name then the damages—how much
to lay at—

If thou be cast.

Pov. At what thou pleasest.

Chrem. Good.
Pov. The same must ye disburse in t'other
issue.

Bleps. Dost think a score of—hangings—were
enough?

Chrem. For her:—for us a pair or so may serve.

Pov. About it then—away!—or who hereafter
Shall law or justice plead?

Ch. Now clear your wit—the time is fit—
and deal her blow for blow,

In the contest keen of the wordy war,
no weakness must ye know.

Chrem. And plain it is to all I wis—
there's none will say me nay—

That virtue fair and honesty
should carry still the day,

And the rabble rout of godless men
be worsted in the fray.

To compass aim, so worthy fame,
our bosoms long have glow'd,

And scarce at last have chanc'd upon
a right and royal road:

If Plutus sight be burnish'd bright,
and dark no more he rove,

Where the wise and pure his steps allure,
their mansions he will love;

And straight eschew the impious crew,
and of the righteous rear

A race around, with riches crown'd,
the holy gods to fear;

And where's the man for brother men
can better lot espy?

Bleps. There's none can do't, I'm witness to't,
a fig for her reply!

Chrem. For mark as now the fates ordain
the life of man to run,

'Tis bedlam hurl'd upon the world—
'tis hell beneath the sun:

The base that gather'd gold by crime,
they flaunt in gallant trim,

The good, they spend with thee their time,
and pine with famine grim,

While sorrow brews their cup of tears,
and fills it to the brim.

Bleps. But Plutus once to sight restor'd,
and master of the field,

Then doubled see the joys of man,
and all his wrongs repeal'd!

Pov. Ye dotard twain, whose addled brain
no law of reason rules,

Joint fellows in the maudlin band
of drivellers and fools!

Had ye your silly hearts' desire,
what benefit to you,

Though Plutus saw and portion'd fair
His heritage anew?

For who would then of mortal men
to handicrafts apply,

Or cumber more his head with lore
of science stern and high?

And who would forge, or frame a wheel,
or stately vessel plan,

Or clout a shoe, or bake a tile,
or tailor it, or tan?

Or break with ploughs the face of earth
and reap the yellow grain,

When all in ease and idle mirth
might laugh at toil and pain?

Chrem. Thou senseless jade, each toil and trade
thy tongue has rattled o'er,

Our servitors will take in hand
and labour as of yore.

Pov. And how obtain this servile train?

Chrem. For money.
Pov. Who will sell,

When rich himself with stores of pelf?

Chrem. Dark Thessaly may tell:—
'Tis there the slaver's trade is rife,

that deals in human ware.

Pov. But who will lead the slaver's life,
the slaver's forfeit dare,

When, thanks to thee, his wealth is free,
and comes without a care?

So arm thee fast with spade and plough,
to dig, and drudge, and groan,

With burthen heavier far than now—
Chrem. The burthen be thine own!

Pov. Nor bed shalt thou repose upon—
for bed there will not be,

Nor rug be wrought in coming times
of blest equality:—

Nor sprinkle oils of rich perfume
on happy bridal day?

Nor broider'd work from cunning loom
of thousand hues display;

And where's the good of golden store,
if these be reft away?

But all ye want 'tis mine to grant—
and lavish the supply—

For mistress like I set me down
the base mechanic by,
And force for need and lack of bread
his daily task to try.

Chrem. What precious grant is thine to vaunt
but blisters on the skin

From bagnio fires,* and starving brats,
and scolding grannums' din?

And the swarm of lice, and gnats, and fleas
what lips can never sum,

That buzz about the tortur'd head
with sleep-dispelling hum,

While "*up and work, or lie and starve*"
they trumpet as they come?

And rags for robes thou givest us;
and for the bed of down

A lair of rushes stuffed with—bugs,
to lie and—wake upon;

For carpet gay, a rotten mat;
for pillow under head,

A thumping stone to prop the crown;
and mallow-shoots for bread,

O dainty treat!—for barley-brose,
the meagre cabbage leaves;

And for a seat, a broken jar
our weary weight receives;

For bolting-trough a barrel-side,
with cracks to make it fine,

How rich and rare these blessings are!—
and all the merit thine!

Pov. Thou gib'st not me—'tis **BEGGARY**
thou pommelst with scorn.

Chrem. And deem'd we not thy sister come,
when beggary was born?

Pov. Yes—ye that Dionysius hold
of Thrasybulus strain:—†

But sunder'd still our lots have been,
and sunder'd shall remain.

The beggar he—as drawn by thee—
that still on nothing lives;

The poor man's share is frugal care,
and all that labour gives,

A modest store—nor less nor more,
than reason's choice allowed.

Chrem. O rest his soul—the happy dole
by Poverty avow'd!—

To pinch and grieve, and toil and leave
no money for a shroud.

Pov. With your jesting and your jeering,
and your fleeing rail away—

Nor dream I boast a nobler host
than Plutus can array!—

Ay! nobler far in mood and make:—
the gouty go to him,

Huge tuns of men, with baggy guts,
and dropsy-swollen limb;

To me the tight, the merry wasps,
the terrors of the foe.

* A common resort of the poor in cold weather. See Defoe's *Memoirs of Colonel Jack* for a similar picture of a beggar's life in London in the olden times.

† i. e. those who confound Dionysius the Tyrant with Thrasybulus the Patriot.

Chrem. That wasp-like waist by famine brac'd,
thy nursing cares bestow!

Pov. And virtue meek and modesty
with me are fast allied,

While the lawless hand and the ruthless brand
are seen on Plutus' side.

Chrem. O modest trick!—a purse to pick,
or neighbour's house invade.

Bleps. Most modest sure! for modest worth
has ever lov'd—the shade.

Pov. Then mark your fiery orators,
the people's *honest* friends,

When poor they stand for their father-land,
and patriotic ends;

But fatten'd once on civic jobs,
they plead another cause,

'Tis *down with tumult-stirring mobs*
and *up with gagging laws*!

Chrem. Thou hitt'st 'em fair, old beldame there—
all venom as thou art—

Yet plume not thou thyself, nor hope
unpunish'd to depart:

Fine lesson this thou teachest!—
not *money makes the man*—

But poverty thou preachest—

Pov. Confute it, if you can!

In vain you flap and flutter—*

Chrem. From you the hearer flees.

Pov. Because the words I utter
are virtue's homilies,

So see the son his father shun,
who counsels him to good;

For late and slow by man below
the right is understood.

Chrem. Then Jove, it seems, unwisely deems
and foolish things commends,

For wealth besides himself he keeps—

Bleps. And *her* to us he sends.

Pov. Dull-sighted pair, whose minds are bear
with film of other times,

Great Jove is poor—and proof full sure
shall fortify my rhymes:

Behold when Greece together throngs
each fifth revolving year,

And in his own Olympic lists
the combatants appear,

A herald's breath—an olive wreath—
is all the victor's prize;

Gold were the meed, had Jove indeed
a treasure in the skies.

Chrem. 'Tis thus he proves how dear his cash,
how close he keeps his gains,

He binds the victor's brow with trash,
the money he retains.

Pov. Thy ribald tongue the fouler wrong
than want upon him puts—

That not for need but dirty greed
his money-bag he shuts.

Chrem. Jove strike thee down—but first a crown
of olive-twigs bestow!

Pov. To dare disown from me alone
all earthly blessings flow!

Chrem. Of Hecate ask the question—
let her decision tell,

* Like an unfledged bird—unable to fly.

If riches or if hunger
 should bear away the bell.
 To her, she says, the jolly rich
 a monthly feast* afford,
 But ere 'tis set the harpy poor
 have swept it from the board.
 But curse thee—rot! No more upbraid us
 With groan or sigh;
 Persuasion's self shall not persuade us.
Pov. "Town of Argos, hear his cry!†"
Chrem. On Pauson‡ call, thy messmate true!
Pov. Unhappy-happy me!
Chrem. Go feed the crows that wait for you!
Pov. Ah whither, whither flee?
Chrem. To whipping-post; nor linger more!—
 Thy steps are slack.
Pov. Yet soon will ye my loss deplore,
 And woo me, woo me back!
Chrem. Return thou then!—now, ruin seize
 thee—
 Be mine the riches that displease thee—
 And thou—go rave and roar to ease
 thee! [*Exit POVERTY.*]
Bleps. Wealth and wealthy joys for me!
 With wife and babes to revel free—
 And sleek returning from the bath,
 On handicraftsmen in my path
 And poverty that lags behind
 To break my jest and break my—wind!
Chrem. There—she is gone at last—the scurvy
 jade!
 And now let me and thee at once lead off
 Our god to bed in Æsculapius' temple.
Bleps. Ay, bustle, neighbour, bustle—sharp's
 the word!
 Lest fresh disturbers mar our opening plot.
Chrem. What, Carion! Slave, I say,—out with
 the blankets!
 And Plutus' self bring forth, with due observance,
 And all besides you've furnish'd for the nonce.
 [*Exeunt.*]

Before the house of CHREMYLUS.

CARION, CHORUS.

Car. Hilloa there!
 Ye grey beards, oft on Theseus' days,§ spoon-
 cram'd
 With broth good store, to bread in sparest scraps,
 How happy now, how blest of favouring fortune!
 Both ye, and all that take an honest turn.
Ch. Sweet sir, thy news? What have thy
 friends to boast of?
 'Tis something rare thou seem'st to bring for
 tidings.
Car. The master, boys, has prosper'd gloriously,
 Or rather Plutus' self: instead of blind,
 His eyes are clear—clean'd out, and fairly—
 whiten'd,
 A kindly leech in Æsculapius finding.

* Offered to her statues at the places where three ways meet:—but soon carried off by the poor.

† A line made up of words from Euripides.—Argos was poor. ‡ A very poor painter.

§ On the eighth of each month the poor were entertained in honour of Theseus, but at small cost, and chiefly on *spoon meat*.

Ch. O lucky day!
 Hurra! Huzza!
Car. Like it or not, rejoicing-time is come.
Ch. Great Æsculapius, sons never fail thee;
 Star of the human race, loud will we hail
 thee!

Enter WIFE OF CHREMYLUS.

Wife. What meant that shout? Is't news, good
 news, it tells?
 O I have pin'd for it, and sat within,
 Longing to greet this home-returning varlet.
Car. Quick, mistress, quick; some wine there,
 that with me
 Thou too may'st taste a drop—thou lov'st it
 dearly; (*Aside.*)
 For all rich blessings in a lump I bring thee.
Wife. And where—where are they?
Car. Soon in words thou'lt know them.
Wife. Thy words then—haste, have done.
Car. Attend.
 The whole affair will I from foot to head *—
Wife. To head! Beware! To head nor on head
 neither!
Car. What! not this joyful business?
Wife. *Business, quotha?*
Affair? No—none of your *affairs* for me!
Car. Soon as we reach'd the god,
 Guiding a man, most miserable then,
 Most happy now, if happy man there be;
 First to the salt sea sand we led him down,
 And there we—duck'd him.
Wife. Happy he, by Jupiter!
 A poor old fellow, duck'd in the cold brine.
Car. Thence to the sanctuary hied we; and
 When on the altar cakes and corn-oblations
 Were dedicate—to Vulcan's flame a wafer—
 We laid our Plutus down, as meet it was,
 While each of us fell to, to patch a bed up.
Wife. And were there other suitors to the god?
Car. Why, one was Neoclides, blind is he,
 Yet our best eyes he will out-aim at—thieving;
 And many a one besides, with all diseases
 Laden;—but when the beadle gave
 The word to sleep, the lamps extinguishing,
 And strictly charged "*If any hear a noise,*
Mute let him be"—we squatted round in order.
 Well:
 Sleep could I not, but me a certain pot
 Of porridge hugely struck; 'twas lying there
 Some small space distant from an old wife's
 head,
 Towards which I felt a wondrous motion draw
 me;—
 So, venturing a peep, I spy the priest
 Our offerings—scones and figs—snatching away
 From off the holy table; after this,
 Round every altar, one by one, he grop'd
 If anywhere a single cake were left;
 Then these he *bless'd*—into a sort of satchel.
 So, thinking 'twas a deed of vast devotion,
 Bent on the pot of porridge, up get I.
Wife. Wretch! Fear'st thou not the god?

* An ominous phraseology, which alarms the old lady's superstition, and is meant by Carion to do so.

Car. By the gods, I did,
Lest he should get before me to the pot,
Garlands and all;—his priest had tutor'd me.
Meanwhile old grannum,
When once her ear had caught the stir I made,
Was stealing out her hand—so, hissing high,
With teeth I seized it, like a puff-cheek snake;
But she incontinent her hand pluck'd back,
And lay all quiet, cuddled in a heap,
Fizzling for fear—ugh! worse than any pole-cat.
Then gobbled I my bellyful of porridge,
And so—well-stuff'd—turn'd in to snooze a little.

Wife. But say—the god—approach'd he not?

Car. Not yet.
So, after this—O such a merry trick
I play'd!—

* * * * *

Wife. Out upon thee!

Car. When this was past, forthwith I muffled
up,

Cowering with dread; but he, most doctor-like,
Perform'd his rounds, inspecting case by case.
Then placed a lad beside him his stone mortar,
Pestle, and chest.

Wife. Stone, too? *

Car. No, not the chest.

Wife. And thou, thou gallows-bird, how could'st
thou see,

Who say'st thy head was hid?

Car. Through this bald jerkin;
Windows it had, and not a few, by Jupiter.

For Neocles first he took in hand
To pound a cataplasm—throwing in
Three heads of Tenian garlic; these he bruised,
Commixing in the mortar benjamin
And mastic; drenching all with Sphettian vine-
gar,

He plaster'd o'er his eyelids, inside out,
To give him greater torment;—squalling, bawling,
The wretch sprung up to flee; then laugh'd the
god,

And cri'd, "Now sit ye down beplastered there,
And take thine oath I keep thee from the ses-
sions!"

Wife. O what a patriot and a prudent god!

Car. He next sat down by Plutus;
And handled first his head; then with a cloth
Of linen, clean and napless, wiped the eyelids
Quite round and round; then Panacea
Wrapp'd in a purple petticoat his head,
And all his face; then Æsculapius whistled—
With that out darted from the shrine two serpents
Of most prodigious size.

Wife. Merciful heavens!

Car. And these, smooth gliding underneath
the petticoat,
Lick'd with their tongues—so seem'd to me—his
eyelids.

And, ere you'd toss me off ten half-pint bumpers,
Plutus—O mistress!—up rose Plutus SEEING.
Loud clapp'd I then both hands for ecstasy,
And fell to wakening master; but the god
Vanish'd into the temple, self and serpents.

Then those that couch'd beside him—canst thou
guess

How they *did* fondle Plutus, and all night
Slept not, but watch'd till morning glimmer'd
through?

While I was lauding lustily the god,
That in a twinkling he gave sight to Plutus,
And Neocles blinded worse than ever.

Wife. What marvellous power is thine, O so-
vereign lord!

But tell me where is Plutus?

Car. This way coming.

But there were crowds about him, infinite great.
For such as heretofore had decent morals,
And lean subsistence—these were greeting him,
And locking hand in hand for very transport.

But such as wealthy were, with means o'er-
flowing,

And gain'd by no unquestionable arts—
O theirs' were knitted brows and clouded faces!
The rest were tripping, chaplet-crown'd, behind
him,

With laugh and jubilant cry; the old men's slipper
Clatter'd, with modulated steps advancing.
Halloo then! one and all, with one accord,
Dance ye and jump ye—hands round—cut and
shuffle.

For none henceforth shall meet ye on the thresh-
hold

With "*harkye, friend, there's nothing in the meal
tub!*"

Wife. So help me, Hecate, I will garland
thee,

For these fair tidings, with a wreath of—pan-
loaves.

Such news thou bring'st!

Car. About it instantly!

The company's already at the door.

Wife. Nay, let me hurry in and fetch some
sweetmeats,

To welcome these new-purchased eyes,* slave-
fashion.

Car. And I to meet them fly. [Exeunt.]

Enter PLUTUS and CHREMYLUS.

Plut. Thy beams, bright Sol! prostrate I first
adore,

Next great Minerva's world-renowned city,
And Cecrops' total bounds that harbour'd me.
O how I blush for past calamities!

The men—the men—that I unconscious dealt
with!

And these, the worthy of my fellowship,
All-ignorant avoided, luckless me!

'Twas foully done—both that and this—most
foully.

But treading now reverted paths, I'll show
To all of mortal mould, in coming times,
Unwilling with the bad I held communion.

Chrem. Off to the crows, I say. Why, what a
pest,

These friends that sprout so fast when days are
sunny!

* She tries to catch him tripping. But Carion is too sharp for her.

* As a new purchased slave was greeted on coming to his master's house.

They rub, scrub, crush one's shins;* so dear one's grown,
Each must needs find some vent for his affection.
Who miss'd *God save ye to me!* What a throng
Of reverend seniors squeezed me at the market!

Re-enter WIFE OF CHREMYLUS.

Wife. All hail!

Thou paragon of men—and thou—and thou too.
Come now—so custom rules it—let me scatter
These sweetmeat offerings on thee.

Plut.

Prithee, no.

For entering thy house on a first visit,
And with recover'd eyesight, it were meet
Not out but in to take an offering.

Wife. What, not accept my sweetmeats!

Plut.

Well; within then,

Beside your hearth, as best observance rules.
So, too, we 'scape turmoil and trickery.
Our poets would it misbecome to fling
Dried figs and comfits to the lookers on,
Thus to extort a laugh.†

Wife.

Right, right; for see

There's Dexinixus yonder, up and ready
To scramble for the figs.

[*Exeunt.*

Efore the house of CHREMYLUS.

CARION, CHORUS.

Car. O it is sweet, my friends, when things go
merrily,

To roll in wealth, cost free, with ut a venture.
Here's a whole heap of luxuries come bouncing
Whack! right into the house—and all unsinn'd
for!

Full is our bread-bin now of white wheat flour,
Our casks of red aroma-scented wine;
There's not a trunk nor box, but gold and silver
Heave up the coin-burst lid—you'd gape to see it.
The well runs out with oil, the cruets teem
With nard, the loft with figs; pot, pan, and pipkin
Are turn'd to shining brass; the rotten trenchers,
That stunk of fish they held, are solid silver;
Kitchen and kitchen gear are ivory;
And we—the gentlemen-domestics—there
At odds and evens play with sterling staters;
So dainty grown, that not those rasping stones
But onion-shaws we use for our occasions.
And now high sacrifice the master holds
Within; wreath-crown'd, swine, goat, and ram he
offers.

But me—the smoke has driven me forth; I could
Stand it no more; my eyes so smarted with it.

Enter GOOD MAN with his SLAVE.

Good M. Come on, my lad, come on, that to
the god

We may repair.

Enter CHREMYLUS.

Chrem. Hey day! whom have we here?

Good M. A man, once wretched, prosperous
now.

Chrem.

Just so;

Clearly, methinks, one of the honest folk.

Good M.

Most true.

Chrem. What may'st thou want then?

Good M.

To the god

I come, the source to me of mighty blessings.

For, mark my tale—

I from my sire a fair inheritance

Receiving, hence my needy friends I aided.

Trust me, I thought it prudent policy.

Chrem. And so thy money shortly fail'd thee.

Good M.

Very.

Chrem. And so you wax'd right miserable.

Good M.

Very.

And yet, methought, those in their need so long
I heap'd with kindnesses, were steadfast friends,
Steadfast and staunch when I might need—but
they

Turn'd them aside, nor seem'd to see me more.

Chrem. And laugh'd thee loud to scorn, I know it.

Good M.

Very.

For 'twas a drought of—dishes, that destroy'd me.

Chrem. But now not so.

Good M.

And therefore to the god

Here am I fitly come, my vows to pay.

Chrem. But this bald cloak—what's this, pray,
to the god,*

Thy foot-boy brings?

Good M.

To offer to the god.

Chrem. What, was't in this thou wert initiated?

Good M. No; but in this for thirteen years I—
shiver'd.

Chrem. And these pantofles?

Good M.

Winter'd with me too.

Chrem. These, too, thou bring'st to offer?

Good M.

Yes, by Jove.

Chrem. A proper pair of offerings to the god!

Enter INFORMER with his WITNESS.

Inf. Woe's me! woe's me!

Me miserable! undone, undone for ever!

Thrice wretched—four times wretched—five
times wretched—

Twelve times—ten thousand times—ohon! ohon!

With so robust a devil my fate is dash'd!†

Chrem. Phœbus protect us! Gracious deities!

Why, what the mischief has this fellow met with?

Inf. What mischief? Tell me is it hard or no
To see one's substance gone—stock, rock, and
block—

Through this confounded god? But he shall pay
for't;

Blind—blind again—if law be left in Athens.

Good M. Oho! methinks I smell the matter out.
Here comes a knave, in a bad way, no doubt on't;
And of bad stamp to boot, I warrant ye.

Chrem. Bad way! fair way for him—the road
to ruin.

Inf. Where, where is he that promis'd all un-
holpen,

To make us rich at once—each mother's son—

If he but saw afresh? Here's some of us

He has beggar'd past example.

* As flatterers were wont to do to the rich; rubbing
their shin bones as the Squire in "Count Fathom" has
his back scratched.

† A common trick of poets in those days.

* Chremylus, a wag in his way, plays on the Good
Man's repetitions of this phrase.

† Like water dashed with strong wine.

Chrem. Say'st thou so?
 Whom has he handled thus?
Inf. ME; me, I tell thee;
 Here as I stand.
Chrem. So, so; a rogue—a burglar?
Inf. No, villain, no! 'Tis ye—stark naught ye are—
 'Tis ye—none other—robb'd me of my money.
Car. Now, Ceres bless us, how the Informer goes it,
 So fierce and famine-like—a wolfish hunger!
Inf. To court with ye—to court—no time to dally—
 That stretch'd upon the wheel of torture there,
 Thou may'st confess thy villany.
Car. You be hang'd!
Good M. O, by preserving Jove, a glorious god
 To all of Greekish blood our god will be,
 That brings to end as vile these vile informers,
Inf. Confusion!
 Thou too must laugh—as their accomplice—thou!
 Whence came this mantle else, so spruce and trim?
 But yesterday thy thread-bare cloak I noted.
Good M. I heed thee not; behold this charmed ring!
 Mine own; bought from Eudamus for a drachma.
Chrem. Alas, no charm for an informer's bite!
Inf. What insolence is this? Ye scoff, ye rail,
 And have not answer'd yet what make ye here?
 'Tis for no good ye come.
Chrem. No good of thine.
Inf. No; for at cost of mine ye think to revel.
Chrem. O that to prove it true, thyself and witness
 Might both asunder burst—but not with eating!
Inf. Will ye deny? Within, ye cursed scoundrels,
 Such roasts there are, such loads of fish in slices!
Uhu. [Sniffing].
Chrem. Wretch, sniff'st thou aught?
Good M. Cold air, mayhap,
 In such a rascal suit of rags attir'd.
Inf. Shall this be borne? Jove, and ye powers above,
 That these should scoff at ME! O how it galls
 Thus to endure—the good—the patriot.
Chrem. You!
 The patriot and the good!
Inf. Ay, none to match me.
Chrem. Come now, an answer to my question.
Inf. What?
Chrem. Dost work a farm?
Inf. Dost take me for stark mad?
Chrem. A merchant then?
Inf. Can seem so on occasions.*
Chrem. What then, hast learnt a trade?
Inf. Not I, by Jupiter.
Chrem. Why, how didst live, or whence, without a calling?
Inf. Live? Of all state affairs Intendant I,
 And private business.
Chrem. You! For what?
Inf. I choose it.

Chrem. False thief, how art thou good then,
 Mixing and meddling where it nought concerns thee?
Inf. Concerns me nought, old gull! Concerns it not,
 Far as I may, to benefit my city?
Chrem. So so—to meddle is to benefit?
Inf. Yes, the establish'd laws to succour—yes,
 If rogues offend, to hold them to the forfeit.
Chrem. And does the state not crowd her bench with judges
 Express for this?
Inf. But who must play the accuser?
Chrem. Whoever will.
Inf. Ergo, that man am I.
 So that on me devolve the state's affairs.
Chrem. Now, by the powers, she hath a rare protector!
 But would'st thou not incline, meddling no more,
 To live a life of ease?
Inf. A sheep's existence!
 No occupation left to stir the soul.
Chrem. What then, thou'lt not reform?
Inf. Not if you'd give me
 Plutus himself, and the benzoin of Battus.*
Chrem. Down with thy cloak.
Car. You, sirrah, you he speaks to.
Chrem. Off with thy shoes.
Car. 'Tis you, still you he means.
Inf. Come on and take them then: come on, I say,
 Whoever will.
Car. Ergo, that man am I.
 [Witness runs out].
Inf. Help! robbery! help! I'm stripp'd in open day.
Car. Yes; for thou claim'st to live on stranger's business.
Inf. Thou seest the act; I hold thee witness to it.
Chrem. Witness! he's vanish'd: witness, quotha!
Inf. Woe!
 Caught and alone!
Car. Now thou wilt clamour, wilt thou?
Inf. Woe's me again!
Car. Hand me the thread-bare cloak here,
 To gird this base informing rogue withal.
Good M. Nay now, already 'tis devote to Plutus.
Car. And where, I pray thee, shall it hang more fitly
 Than round a caittiff's limbs—a plund'ring bandit's?
 Plutus 'twere meet to deck in costly garments.
Good M. But these pantofles—
Car. To his forehead these,
 Wild-olive-like, incontinent I'll nail.
Inf. I'm off; for well I know myself the weaker
 'Gainst odds like these; yet, grant me but a partner,
 Ay, though a fig-tree block—your potent god
 This day I'd bring to justice and his doom;
 For that alone, unbacked, democracy

* Merchants were exempted from military service.

* Battus founded Cyrene, famous for its benzoin.

He plots to end—a traitor manifest—
Council nor people to his side persuading.

Good M. Hark! as in gorgeous panoply of mine
Adorn'd thou struttest, to the bath with thee!
There as head-man take station next the fire;
That post was mine of yore.

Chrem. Nay, but the bath-man
Straight out of doors will haul him by the scrotum;
One glance will show the stamp of scoundrel on
him.

For us—let's in; the god expects thy vows.

[*Exeunt.*]

Before the house of CHREMYLUS.

An OLD WOMAN, CHREMYLUS, CHORUS.

Old W. A word, beseech you, dear old gentlemen;

Is't true we've reach'd the house of this new god,
Or are we off the road and quite astray?

Chrem. Believe me, now, you're at the very
doors,

My buxom lass:—so prettily you ask it.

Old W. And must I call for some one from
within?

Chrem. Nay, here I am myself, come forth
already.

Let's hear thy purpose rather.

Old W. Dear sir, kind sir—a tale of grief and
wrong;

For from the hour this god began to see,

He has made for me my life unliveable.

Chrem. What's this? Mayhap thou wert *In-*
formeress

Among the dames?

Old W. Marry come up, not I.

Chrem. Thy lot, perchance, turn'd out no drink-
ing-ticket.*

Old W. You jeer: but me—I itch—I burn—I
die.

Chrem. Thine itch—thine itch? Let's hear—
as short as may be.

Old W. Hear, then:—a certain darling youth
I had:

Grant he was poor—but O, a proper youth!

Comely and shapely—so obliging too—

If any little services I wanted,

He'd do them for me orderly and featly:

And me in these same things he found com-
plying.

Chrem. And what the suits he press'd the
warmest, eh?

Old W. But few: for his respect was quite
prodigious.

He'd ask, perhaps, some twenty silver drachms
For a new coat—some eight or ten for slippers:—
"Buy," he would say, "a little shift for sisters,
A cloakey for mamma—poor soul—'gainst win-
ter."

Or beg of wheat some half-a-dozen bushels.

Chrem. By my troth, not much—as thou hast
told the story—

'Tis plain he stood in mighty awe of thee.

Old W. And then observe, "not out of greed-
iness

I ask," quoth he; "but love, that wearing still
Thy coat—thy colours—I may think of thee."

Chrem. Unhappy man! how desperately smit-
ten!

Old W. But now—wouldst credit it?—the
rogue no more

Holds the same mind: he's quite another creature.
For when I sent to him this cheesecake here,
And those—the other sweetmeats on the platter—
And hinted, too, he might expect a visit
Against the afternoon—

Chrem. What did he? Say.

Old W. Did? Send 'em back—this tart into
the bargain—

On these plain terms—that I should call no
longer!

And sent besides this messsge by the bearer,
"Once the *Milesians* were a potent people."*

Chrem. I faith no blockhead was the boy;—
When rich, pease-porridge charms no more his
palate:

Till then he took whatever came, and thankful.

Old W. Yes, and till then, each blessed day—
O Gemini!—

Still was he come—come—coming to my gate.

Chrem. To carry thee out?†

Old W. To carry! No—to listen
An' he might hear my voice—

Chrem. Say "Sweet, here's for thee."

Old W. And if he saw me vex'd at aught—
my stars!—

My duckling and my doveling, would he whisper.

Chrem. Then, too, mayhap, would beg for
slipper-money.

Old W. And once, as at the greater mysteries
I rode my car—because one gaz'd upon me—

Bless you! the livelong day my bones paid for
it.—

So mortal jealous was the stripling of me.

Chrem. Just so:—he lik'd I guess, to—eat alone.

Old W. And then my hands, he vow'd, were
matchless fair.—

Chrem. Oft as they told him down some twenty
drachms.

Old W. And sweet, he'd say, the fragrance of
my skin.—

Chrem. Right, right, by Jove—when Thasian
wine you pour'd—

Old W. And eyes I had, so soft and beautiful.—

Chrem. No clumsy rogue was this: full well
he knew

To sweat a rutting beldame's ready cash.

Old W. Here, then, dear sir, the god unfairly
deals—

Your god, that boasts himself the wrong'd one's
righter.

Chrem. How shall he serve thee! Speak, and
it is done.

Old W. Sure 'tis but fair to force

Him whom I help'd to lend me help in turn:
Or not one glimpse of good the wretch should see.

Chrem. Nay—clear'd he not each night his
scores with thee?

* A proverbial expression to denote reverses of fortune;
drawn from the fate of Miletus.

† For burial, to wit.

* Another allusion to the distribution of *dicasts* by lot.

Old W. Ah! but he swore he'd never, never leave me,

Long as I liv'd.

Chrem. True—as you liv'd: but now You live, he thinks, no more.

Old W. 'Tis sorrow's doing—I own I've pin'd away.

Chrem. Or rotted rather.

Old W. See, you might draw me through a ring.

Chrem. A ring! An 'twere a barley-boulter's.

Old W. Well, as I live here comes the very youth

I've been a-telling thee the tantrums of: He seems on revel bound.

Chrem. No question:—lo, Fillets and flambeau bearing, on he trips it.

Enter YOUTH.

Youth. I kiss your hands.

Old W. Kiss, says he? Kiss?

Youth. Old sweetheart, How gray thou'rt grown, and all at once, by Jingo.

Old W. Wretch that I am! The buffets I must bear!

Chrem. 'Tis long, belike, since last he saw thee.

Old W. Long!

When 'twas but yesterday, thou monster, thou!

Chrem. Then trust me, friend, his is no common case:—

Fuddled, it seems, he sees the sharper for it.

Old W. No: but 'tis always such a saucy rogue!

Youth. O thou Sea-Neptune,* and ye senior gods,

How seam'd with ruts and wrinkles are her chops!

Old W. Hold not your torch to me.

Chrem. Well thought of, old 'un:

For should one single spark but catch her, Off, like a wool-clad olive-branch, she blazes! †

Youth. What say you now?—We have not met for ages—

A little sport?

Old W. O you audacious!—Where!

Youth. Here—nuts in hand.

Old W. What sport's he driving at?

Youth. How many—teeth ‡ hast thou?

Chrem. A guess—a guess—

A guess for me!—Some three, mayhap, or four.

Youth. Pay down:—she has but one, and that's a grinder.

Old W. Vilest of men, thy wits have left thee: what!

Before such crowds to make a wash pot of me:

Youth. 'Faith, no bad turn—to wash thee out, pot-fashion.

* *Reverential swearing*:—Neptune was an ancient deity. ("To swear by propriety," says my little major, "the oath should be an echo to the sense."—BOB ACRES in *The Rivals*.)

† The Athenians used to hang a branch of this kind above their doors, to keep off famine and pestilence. It hung a year before it was renewed, and was, therefore, sufficiently dry and combustible by the end of the twelve-month.

‡ Instead of—"How many nuts have I?—odd or even?"

Chrem. Fy on't, not so: she's now made up for sale,

Right huckster's trim—but only wash the paint off—

Lord, how the tatters of her face would show!

Old W. Old as you are, your sense is wondrous scanty.

Youth. He tempts thee, sure—the rogue!—and thinks the while

Those daring hands escape my jealous eye.

Old W. So help me, Venus, not a hand on me He lays, you brute.

Chrem. So help me, Hecate, no: Else were I mad. But come, my boy, this lass Thou must not loathe.

Youth. What me? I love to frenzy.

Chrem. And yet she 'plains of thee.

Youth. She 'plains! As how?

Chrem. O, a proud peat you are, she says, and tell her

Once the Milesians were a potent people.

Youth. Well, I'll not fight with thee about her.—

Chrem. No!

Your why and wherefore?

Youth. Reverence for thine years:—

There breathes no other wight I'd yield her to.

And now, take off the lass, and joy be with thee!

Chrem. I see, I see your drift: you mean no more

To herd with her.

Old W. And who will brook the traitor?

Youth. I've not a word for one so rak'd and riddled

By full ten thousand, *plus* three thousand—years.

Chrem. Yet, since you deign'd to quaff the wine—you take me?—

'Twere fair to suck the dregs.

Youth. Ugh! but these dregs—they are so stale and rancid.

Chrem. A strainer cures all that—

Youth. In, in, I say:

These garlands to the god I fain would offer.

Old W. And I—I do remember me—I too

Have a word to say to him.

Youth. Then go not I.

Chrem. Tut, man, cheer up! She shall not ravish thee.

Youth. A gracious promise:—for enough in conscience

I've pitch'd that weather-beaten hulk already.

Old W. Ay, march away:—I'll not be far behind thee.

Chrem. O, sov'reign Jove! how fast and firm the beldame

Cleaves like a limpet to her stripling flame!

[*Exeunt.*]

Before the house of CHREMYLUS.

HERMES, CARION, CHREMYLUS, OLD WOMAN,
CHORUS.

(HERMES knocks at the door, and hides.*)

Cur. (coming out.) Who knocks the door there, ho? Why what could this be?

* To make it appear that the door had rattled of itself, at the approach of his godship.

No one, it seems: and so the little wicket
Makes all this hullabaloo, forsooth, for nothing.

Herm. (*showing himself.*) You there, I say,
You, Carion, stop!

Car. What, fellow, was it thee
That bang'd so lustily against the door?

Herm. No:—I but thought on't—thou hast
sav'd the trouble.

But *presto*, post away and call thy master,
And furthermore, the mistress and her brats;
And furthermore, the slaves, and eke the mastiff;
And furthermore, thyself—the pig—

Car. Nay, tell me,

What is all this?

Herm. 'Tis Jove, you rogue, is minded
Hashing you up into one hotch-potch mess,
To send you, great and small, to pot together.

Car. Heralds like this shall get the tongue*—
cut out.

But why, an' please you, does he plan such fare
For us?

Herm. Because you've done—a deed without
a name:

Since first this Plutus' eyes were op'd again,
Nor frankincense, nor laurel bough, nor cake,
Nor victim, nor one other thing one mortal
Offers to us—the gods.

Car. Nor will for ever:

Such wretched care ye took of us heretofore.

Herm. Well: for the rest I'm somewhat less
concern'd,

But I myself am perishing—am pounded.

Car. Shrewd fellow! †

Herm. Up till now, among the tapstresses,
I far'd not ill o' mornings; winecake—honey—
Dried figs—and all that's meet for Hermes' palate:
But now, cross-legg'd, I mope for grief and hun-
ger.

Car. And serves ye right, too—many a time
and oft,

For all their gifts—you left them in the lurch.

Herm. O me! the cake—

The monthly ‡ cheesecake kneaded once for me!

Car. Thou crav'st the lost, and callest out in vain. §

Herm. And O the ham—that I was wout de-
vour!

Car. Ham! Ply your ham in dancing on a
bottle. ||

Herm. The tripes—the trolly-bags—I guzzled
hot!

Car. The tripes—the gripes!—I guess the
tripes torment thee.

Herm. And O the jolly jorum—half and half!

Car. Come, take a swig of this, and off with
thee.

Herm. Ah! wouldst thou do thy friend a little
favour?

* The victim's tongue was devoted to Hermes. But
Carion uses an ambiguous phrase, by way of threat.

† To care only for himself

‡ On the fourth day of each month.

§ The announcement from heaven to Hercules, when
he called for his lost Hylas.

|| A well-oiled skin bottle. It was one of their baccha-
nal games to jump, barefooted, on such a bottle; and he
who kept his footing, won the prize.

Car. Well: if it lie within my power—com-
mand me.

Herm. Wouldst thou but fetch a well-fir'd loaf
or two—

And add a whacking lump of that same meat
You're offering up within!

Car. Impossible!

No fetching forth allow'd.

Herm. Yet when your lord's stray articles you
piiffer'd,

I always help'd to hide, and sav'd your bacon.

Car. Just on condition you should share—you
thief!

You never miss'd your cake on such occasions.

Herm. Nor you to gobble it down before I
touch'd it.

Car. So: for no equal share of stripes had you,
When master caught me in a peccadillo.

Herm. Think not of past offence, now Phyle's
taken: *

But O—by all the gods—for an inmate take me.

Car. Why, wilt thou leave the gods and quar-
ter here?

Herm. You're better off, I trow.

Car. What then?

Desert! Is that a handsome trick to play them?

Herm. 'Tis still one's country, where one prospers
well. †

Car. And say we took thee in—how couldst
thou serve us?

Herm. Beside your door establish me as TURN-
KEY. ‡

Car. Turnkey! we want no turns of thine, I
promise thee.

Herm. As TRADER, then.

Car. Nay, we are rich, and so

What need have we to keep a pedlar-Hermes.

Herm. DECEIVER, then.

Car. Deceiver? Cheat? Ne'er dream on't—
No room for cheating now, but honest practice.

Herm. Well, then, as GUIDE.

Car. Our god's regain'd his twinklers,
So we have business for a guide no longer.

Herm. I have it—REVEL-MASTER let me be
then—

What canst thou say to that?

For sure with Plutus' pomp it best agrees

To hold high games of music and gymnastics.

Car. What luck to have good store of aliases!
See now—this knave will earn his bite and sup.

Ay, ay—'tis not for nought our judging varlets
Would fain be written down with many letters. §

Herm. On these terms, then, I've leave to en-
ter?

Car. Yes:

And bark ye, sirrah, find the cistern out,
And wash me, with thy proper hands, these guts;

So shalt thou straightway figure off as SCULLION.
[Exit HERMES.]

* As Thrasybulus proclaimed an amnesty after the re-
establishment of the republic, which followed his seizure
of Phyle. Hence the proverb.

† Quoted probably from Euripides.

‡ The poet plays upon the various attributes of Her-
mes.

§ Another hit at the allotment of dicasts.

Enter PRIEST OF JOVE.

Priest. Who'll tell me where is Chremylus?

Chrem. (entering.) Good fellow,

What is the matter?

Priest. What, but ruination?

For since your Plutus 'gan to see, I die
Of downright famine—not a crumb to eat—

I—the arch-priest of GUARDIAN JOVE.

Chrem. Ye Powers!

What *can* the cause be?

Priest. Not a sacrifice

Comes our way any longer.

Chrem. Wherefore so?

Priest. 'Cause they're all rich. And yet, in
good old times,

When they had nought—some home-returning
merchant

Would bring thanks-offering for safety; or
Some one had bilk'd the law—or splendid rites

Were held by some magnifico, and I

The priest was sure to be invited: but

No victims now—not one—no visitors—

Except the thousands that come there to—ease
them.

Chrem. And hast not lawful share of their—
oblations?

Priest. So to this Jove—this Guardian—this
Preserver—

I think to bid good by, and mess with you.

Chrem. Cheer up, man; all shall yet go well
with thee.

Preserving Jove is *here**—alive and kicking—

Come of his own accord.

* In the person of Plutus.

Priest.

O glorious news!

Chrem. Ay! And we soon shall set—stop but
an instant—

Our Plutus, where of yore he sate in state,
On sleepless watch behind Minerva's temple.*—
Lights from within there!—Take the torches,
friend,

And marshal on the god.

Priest. No question of it:—

Thus must I do.

Chrem. And some one call for Plutus.

The Procession comes out from the house.

Old W. And what of me?

Chrem. Look here, these pots,† with which
We consecrate the god, mount on thy noddle,
And bear them gravely: flower'd petticoat
Thou of thyself hast donn'd.

Old W. But—what came I for?

Chrem. Nay, thou shalt have thy will—

This evening the young fellow shall be with thee.

Old W. Well, then—O Lud!—if you will
pledge his coming—

I'll bear your pots.

Car. Were never pots before

In such a case:—in *those* the scum's a-top,

In *these* a scum—a very scum's at bottom!

Ch. Delay, delay no longer, then:

the jolly pomp's before us—

Make way, make way—and form again,
to follow them in Chorus!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

* Where the public treasury was.

† Pots of pulse, &c.

ARISTOTLE.

[Born 384—Died 322, B. C.]

BORN at Stagira in Macedon, and educated in the school of Plato at Athens. As a philosopher he is known to all mankind, and would perhaps have been equally renowned in poetry, had he seriously applied his high faculties to that divine art. The following hymn or pæan was composed in honour of his patron, Hermias, tyrant of Atarnæ, an eunuch, and originally a slave.

HYMN TO VIRTUE.

O SOUGHT with toil and mortal strife

By those of human birth,

Virtue, thou noblest end of life,

Thou goodliest gain on earth!

Thee, Maid, to win, our youth would bear

Unwearied, fiery pains; and dare

Death for thy beauty's worth;

So bright thy proffered honours shine,

Like clusters of a fruit divine.

Sweeter than slumber's boasted joys,

And more desired than gold,

Dearer than nature's dearest ties:—

For thee those heroes old;

Herculean son of highest Jove,

And the twin-birth of Leda, strove

By perils manifold:

Great Peleus' son, with like desire,

And Ajax sought the Stygian fire.

The bard shall crown with lasting lay,
 And age immortal make
 Atarna's sovereign, 'reft of day
 For thy dear beauty's sake:
 Him, therefore, the recording Nine
 In songs extol to heights divine,
 And every chord awake;
 Promoting still, with reverence due,
 The meed of friendship tried and true.

ON THE TOMB OF AJAX.

Br Ajax' tomb, in solemn state,
 I, Virtue, as a mourner wait,
 With hair dishevell'd, sable vest,
 Fast streaming eyes and heaving breast;
 Since in the Græcian tents I see
 Fraud, hateful Fraud, preferr'd to me.*

* See page 194.

HYBRIAS OF CRETE.

Of this poet, the age and country, with the following short scholium, are all that remain to us. "Many (observes Sir Daniel Sandford,) as they read these stanzas will have their thoughts recalled, with melancholy pleasure, to the 'Allan-a-

dale' of our great departed minstrel, whose strains—free as they are of all conscious imitation—so often, through the force of kindred genius, seem to echo the bold and vigorous expression of finest Græcian poetry."

THE WARRIOR'S RICHES.

Mr wealth's a burly spear and brand,
 And a right good shield of hides untann'd,
 Which on mine arm I buckle:
 With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
 With these I make the vintage flow,
 And all around me truckle.

But your wights, that take no pride to wield
 A massy spear and a well-made shield,
 Nor joy to draw the sword:
 Oh! I bring those heartless, hapless drones
 Down, in a trice, on their marrow-bones,
 To call me king and lord.

PERSES.

Of this poet there are eight epigrams remaining, but none of them affording any trace of the country or age in which he flourished. The following has been selected by way of specimen, from the resemblance which (as Mr. Merivale truly observes,) it bears, both in the subject and

in the manner of treating it, to that exquisite work of sculpture, the group executed by Chantrey, for the monument of Miss Johnes of Hafod. Had the epigram been modern, instead of ancient, one would say that it had been expressly written for it.

ON THE MONUMENT OF A DAUGHTER.

UNBLEST Mnasilla!—On this speaking tomb
 What means the type of emblematic gloom?
 Thy lost Callirhoë we here survey,
 Just as she moaned her ebbing soul away,

25

Just as the death-mists o'er her eye-lids fell,
 In those maternal arms she loved so well.
 There, too, the speechless father sculptured stands,
 That cherished head supporting with his hands.
 Alas! alas!—thus grief is made to flow
 A ceaseless stream—eternity of woe.

R

NICOSTRATUS.

[About 380 B. C.]

ONE of the sons of Aristophanes—known also by the name of Philetærus.
See Clinton's F. E. xxxii., note p.

LOQUACITY.

IF in prattling from morning till night
A sign of our wisdom there be,
The swallows are wiser by right,
For they prattle much faster than we.

MNASALCUS OF SICYON.

The age of this author is unknown.

ON A VINE.

SWEET vine! when howls the wintry hour,
Not now, thy leafy honours shower;
Nor strew them on the thankless plain—
Soon Autumn will come round again.
Then, when with heat and wine opprest,
Beneath the grateful bower, to rest
Antileon lays his drooping head,
Oh then thy shadowy foliage shed,
In heaps around the sleeping boy!
Thus Beauty should be crown'd by Joy.

ON THE SHIELD OF ALEXANDER.

A HOLY offering at Diana's shrine,
See Alexander's glorious shield recline;
Whose golden orb, through many a bloody day,
Triumphant, ne'er in dust dishonour'd lay.

ON A TEMPLE OF VENUS

NEAR THE SEA SHORE.

HERE let us from the wave-washed beach behold
Sea-born Cythera's venerable fane,
And fountains fringed with shady poplars old
Where dip their wings the golden halcyon
train.

ON A PIPE IN THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

SAY, rustic pipe! in Cythera's dome
Why sounds this echo of a shepherd's home?
Nor rocks, nor valleys, here invite the strain;
But all is Love—go, seek thy hills again.

ON A LOCUST.

OH, never more, sweet Locust,
shalt thou with shrilly wing,
Along the fertile furrows sit,
and thy gladsome carols sing:
Oh, never more thy nimble wings
shall cheer this heart of mine
With sweetest melody, while I
beneath the trees recline.

PARODY

ON AN INSCRIPTION OF ARISTOTLE'S.*

IN woeful guise, at Pleasure's gate,
I, Virtue, as a mourner wait,
With hair in loose disorder flowing,
And breast with fierce resentment glowing,
Since, all the country round, I see
Base sensual joys preferred to me.

* See page 193.

SPEUSIPPUS.

[About 347 B. C.]

A disciple of Plato, and his successor in the Academy.

EPITAPH ON PLATO.

PLATO's dead form this earthly shroud invests;
His soul among the godlike heroes rests.

ANTIPHANES.

[Born 407—Died 333 B. C.]

A NATIVE of Rhodes, and author of nearly three hundred comedies, of which the titles of one hundred and thirty have come down to us.

THE PARASITE.

WHAT art, vocation, trade, or mystery,
Can match with your fine parasite?—The painter?

He! a mere dauber; a vile drudge the farmer:—
Their business is to labour, our's to laugh,
To jeer, to quibble, faith sirs! and to drink,
Aye, and drink lustily. Is not this rare?
'Tis life,—my life at least: The first of pleasures
Were to be rich myself, but next to this
I hold it best to be a parasite,
And feed upon the rich. Now mark me right!
Set down my virtues one by one: Imprimis,
Good-will to all men—would they all were rich
So might I gull them all:—Malice to none;
I envy no man's fortune, all I wish
Is but to share it:—Would you have a friend,
A gallant, steady friend? I am your man:
No striker I, no swaggerer, no defamer,
But one to bear all these and still forbear:—
If you insult, I laugh, unruffled, merry,
Invincibly good-humour'd, still I laugh:—
A stout good soldier I, valorous to a fault,
When once my stomach's up and supper served:
You know my humour, not one spark of pride,
Such and the same for ever to my friends:—
If cudgelled, molten iron to the hammer
Is not so malleable; but if I cudgel,
Bold as the thunder:—Is one to be blinded?

I am the lightning's flash:—to be puff'd up?
I am the wind to blow him till he burst:
Choak'd, strangled?—I can do't and save a
halter:—
Would you break down his doors? Behold an
earthquake.
Open and enter them?—a battering-ram:
Will you sit down to supper?—I am your guest,
Your very *fly* to enter without bidding:
Would you move off?—You'll move a well as
soon:—
I am for all work; and, though the job were
stabbing,
Betraying, false-accusing,—only say
Do this, and it is done! I stick at nothing.
They call me Thunder-bolt for my despatch;
Friend of my friends am I:—Let actions speak me;
I am much too modest to commend myself.

LITTLE TRUST TO BE PUT IN WOMAN.

For this, and only this, I'll trust a woman,
That if you take life from her she will die,
And, being dead, will come to life no more;
In all things else I am an infidel.
Oh! might I never more behold a woman!
Rather than I should meet that object, gods!
Strike out mine eyes—I'll thank you for your
mercy.

CONSCIENCE THE BEST LAW.

AN honest man to law makes no resort;
His conscience is the better rule of court.

NO LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.

THE man, who first laid down the pedant rule,
That love is folly, was himself a fool;
For, if to life that transport you deny,
What privilege is left us—but to die.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

CEASE, mourners, cease complaint, and weep no more:

Your dead friends are not lost but gone before,
Advanc'd a stage or two upon that road,
Which you must travel in the steps they've trode.
In the same inn we all shall meet at last,
There take new life, and laugh at sorrows past.

The Same paraphrased.

WHEN those, whom love and blood endear,
Lie cold upon the funeral bier,
How fruitless are our tears of woe,
How vain the grief that bids them flow!
Those friends lamented are not dead,
Though dark to us the road they tread;
All soon must follow to the shore,
Where they have only gone before.
Shine but to-morrow's sun, and we,
Compell'd by equal destiny,
Shall in one common home embrace,
Where they have first prepar'd our place.

DEATH.

YES,—'tis the greatest evil man can know,
The keenest sorrow in this world of woe,
The heaviest impost laid on human breath,
Which all must pay, or yield the forfeit—death.
For Death all wretches pray; but when the prayer

Is heard, and he steps forth to ease their care,
Gods! how they tremble at his aspect rude,
And, loathing, turn! Such man's ingratitude!
And none so fondly cling to life, as he
Who hath outlived all life's felicity.

ON A FOUNTAIN,

NEAR WHICH A MURDER HAD BEEN COMMITTED.

EREWILE my gentle streams were wont to pour
Along their banks a pure translucent tide;
But now the waves are shrunk and channel dried,
And Naiads know their once-loved haunt no more;

Since that sad moment when my verdant shore

Was with the crimson hue of murder dyed.
To cool the sparkling heat of wine we glide,
But shrink abhorrent from the stain of gore.

CONTRIVANCE

FOR COOLING THE BANQUET-CHAMBER OF THE
KING OF CYPRUS.

A. You say you've passed much of your time in Cyprus.

B. All; for the war prevented my departure.

A. In what place chiefly, may I ask?

B. In Paphos;

Where I saw elegance in such perfection,
As almost mocks belief.

A. Of what kind, pray you?

B. Take this for one—The monarch, when he sups,

Is fanned by living doves.

A. You make me curious

How this is to be done; all other questions

I will put by to be resolved in this.

B. There is a juice drawn from the carpin-tree,

To which your dove instinctively is wedded

With a most loving appetite; with this

The king anoints his temples, and the odour

No sooner captivates the silly birds,

Than straight they flutter round him,—nay, would fly

A bolder pitch, so strong a love-charm draws them,

And perch, O horror! on his sacred crown,

If that such profanation were permitted

Of the by-standers, who with reverent care

Fright them away, till thus, retreating now

And now advancing, they keep such a coil

With their broad vans, and beat the lazy air

Into so quick a stir, that in the conflict

His royal lungs are comfortably cool'd,

And thus he sups as Paphian monarchs should.

OLD AGE

COMPARED WITH OLD WINE.

OLD age and old wine well may be compared;

Let either of them once exceed their date,—

Be it ne'er so little,—and the whole turns sour.

RELUCTANCE TO DIE.

AH! good my master, you may sigh for Death,
And call amain upon him to release you;
But will you bid him 'Welcome' when he comes?
Not you. Old Charon has a stubborn task
To tug you to his wherry, and dislodge you
From your rich tables, when your hour is come

ANAXANDRIDES.

[About 376 B. C.]

A **NATIVE** of Camirus in Rhodes, and author of sixty-five comedies, of which the titles of twenty-eight only have come down to us. He is said to have been a man of ungovernable temper, and, whenever disappointed of the prize for which he had contended, to have vented his rage on every person and thing that fell in his way, not excepting even his own unfortunate dramas. Hence the early loss of the greater part of them.

OLD AGE.

YE gods! how easily the good man bears
His cumbrous honours of increasing years.
Age, Oh my father, is not, as they say,
A load of evils heap'd on mortal clay,
Unless impatient folly aids the curse
And weak lamenting makes our sorrows worse.

He whose soft soul, whose temper ever even,
Whose habits placid as a cloudless heaven,
Approve the partial blessings of the sky,
Smooths the rough road and walks untroubled
by;
Untimely wrinkles furrow not his brow,
And graceful wave his locks of reverend snow.

EUBULUS.

[About 375 B. C.]

A **NATIVE** of Atarna in Lesbos, but of Athenian ancestry. He stood on the debatable ground between the old and middle comedy, and probably wrote plays of both sorts. Out of one hundred and four comedies which he is said to have written, the names of about fifty remain.

INTEMPERANCE.

THREE cups of wine a prudent man may take;
The first of these, for constitution's sake;
The second to the girl he loves the best
The third and last to lull him to his rest;
Then home to bed!—But if a fourth he pours,
That is the cup of folly and not ours;
Loud noisy talking on the fifth attends;
The sixth breeds feuds and falling-out of friends;
Seven beget blows and faces stained with gore;
Eight,—and the watch-patrole breaks ope the door;

Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
And the swill'd sot drops senseless on the ground.

ON A WINGED CUPID.

WHY, foolish painter, give those wings to Love?
Love is not light, as my sad heart can prove:
Love hath no wings, or none that I can see;
If he can fly,—oh! bid him fly from me!

ALEXIS.

[About 356 B. C.]

A NATIVE of Thurium, and author of two hundred and forty-five comedies, of which the titles of one hundred and thirteen remain. We know nothing of him except that he was an epicure, a woman-hater, and the uncle and instructor of Menander.

THE BON VIVANT.

MY wealthy master now resolved to seek
Instruction late in life, and learn to speak;
And, that in logic rules he might excel,
He feed a learned doctor, who lived well.
Here, at a vast expense, as suits his rank,
He ate and drank, and spoke, and ate and
drank;

And, after years of study, boasts to know
The best receipt to make a fricandeau.

LOVE.

THE man, who holds true pleasure to consist
In pampering his vile body, and defies
Love's great divinity, rashly maintains
Weak impious war with an immortal God.
The gravest master that the schools can boast
Ne'er trained his pupils to such discipline
As Love his votaries—And where is he
So stubborn and determinedly stiff
But shall, at some time, bend his knee to Love,
And make obeisance at his mighty shrine.

One day, as slowly sauntering from the port,
A thousand cares conflicting in my breast,
Thus I began to commune with myself—
Methinks these painters misapply their art,
And never knew the being which they draw;
For mark! their many false conceits of Love.
Love is nor male nor female, man nor god,
Nor with intelligence, nor yet without it,
But a strange compound of all these, uniting
In one mixed essence many opposites;
A manly courage with a woman's fear,
The madman's frenzy in a reasoning mind,
The strength of steel, the fury of a beast,
The ambition of a hero.—Something 'tis:
But, by Minerva and the gods I swear,
I know not what this nameless something is.

WICKEDNESS OF WOMEN,

AND FOLLY OF THOSE WHO WED THEM.

NOR house, nor coffers, nor whatever else
Is dear and precious, should be watched so closely,
As she whom you call wife. Sad lot is our's,
Who barter life and all its free delights,

To be the slaves of woman, and are paid
Her bridal portion in the luckless coin
Of sorrow and vexation. A man's wrath
Is milk and honey to a woman's rage;
He can be much offended and forgive;
She never pardons those she most offends:
What she should do she slights, what she should
not

Hotly pursues; false to each virtuous point,
And only in her wickedness sincere.

Who, but a lunatic, would wed and be
Wilfully wretched? Better to endure
The shame of poverty and all its taunts,
Rather than this. The reprobate, on whom
The censor sets his brand, is justly doomed
Unfit to govern others: but the wretch
Who weds, no longer can command himself;
Nor hath his woe a period but in death.*

GLUTTONS AND DRUNKARDS.

YOU, sir, a Cyrenean, as I take you,
Look at your sect of desperate voluptuaries!
There's Diodorus—beggary is too good for him—
A vast inheritance in two short years,
Where is it? Squander'd, vanish'd gone for-
ever;
So rapid was his dissipation.—Stop!
Stop, my good friend, you cry; not quite so fast;
This man went fair and softly to his ruin;
What talk you of two years? As many days,
Two little days, were long enough to finish
Young Epicharides; he had a soul,
And drove a merry pace to his undoing—
Marry! if a kind of surfeit would surprise us,
Ere we sit down to earn it, such prevention
Would come most opportune to save the trouble
Of a sick stomach and an aching head:
But whilst the punishment is out of sight,
And the full chalice at our lips, we drink,
Drink all to-day, to-morrow fast and mourn,
Sick, and all-o'er oppress with nauseous fumes;
Such is the drunkard's curse, and hell itself
Cannot devise a greater—Oh, that Nature

* How different the language of our Otway!—

O woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without thee.

Venice Preserved.

Might quit us of this overbearing burden,
This tyrant-god, the belly! Take that from us,
With all its bestial appetites, and man,
Exonerated man, shall be all soul.*

THE PROCURESS.

With fresh recruits she still augments her stock,
Moulding the young novitiate to her trade;
Form, feature, manners, every thing so changed,
That not a trace of former self is left.—

Is the wench short? A triple sole of cork
Exalts the pigmy to a proper size.

Is she too tall of stature? A low chair
Softens the fault, and a fine easy stoop
Lowers her to standard-pitch;—if narrow-hipp,
A handsome wadding readily supplies
What Nature stints, and all beholders cry,
“See, what plump haunches!” Hath the nymph,
perchance,
A high round paunch, stuff like our comic drolls,

* It seems strange that these lines should have been
written by a glutton, such as Athenæus describes the
author to have been.

And strutting out foreright? A good stout busk,
Pushing athwart, shall force the intruder back.

Hath she red brows? A little soot will cure
them.

Is she too black? The ceruse makes her fair:
Too pale of hue? The opal comes in aid.
Hath she a beauty out of sight? Disclose it.
Strip nature bare, without a blush.—Fine teeth?
Let her affect one everlasting grin,
Laugh without stint—But ah! if laugh she cannot,
And her lips won't obey, take a fine twig
Of myrtle, shape it like a butcher's skewer,
And prop them open, set her on the bitt,
Day after day, when out of sight, 'till use
Grows second nature, and the pearly row,
Will she or will she not, perforce appears.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

WHEREAS all other states of Greece compel
The children of poor parents to support
Those who begot them, we of Athens make
The law imperative on such children only
As are beholden to their parents for
The blessing of a liberal education.

ARISTOPHON.

[About 350 B. C.]

A WRITER of the middle comedy, of whom nothing but a few fragments remain to us.

LOVE.

Love, the disturber of the peace of heaven,
And grand fomenter of Olympian feuds,
Was banished from the synod of the gods.
They drove him down to earth at the expense
Of us poor mortals, and curtailed his wings
To spoil his soaring, and secure themselves
From his annoyance.—Selfish, hard decree!
For ever since he roams the unquiet world,
The tyrant and despoiler of mankind.

MARRIAGE.

A MAN may marry once without a crime,
But curst is he who weds a second time.

PYTHAGORAS' VISIT TO HELL.

I've heard this arrogant impostor tell
Amongst the wonders which he saw in hell,
That Pluto with his scholars sate and fed,
Singling them out from the inferior dead:

Good faith! The monarch was not over nice,
Thus to take up with beggary and lice.

ON THE DISCIPLES OF PYTHAGORAS.

So gaunt they seem, that famine never made
Of lank Philippides so mere a shade:
Of salted tunny-fish their scanty dole,
Their beverage, like the frogs, a standing pool,
With now and then a cabbage, at the best
The leavings of the caterpillar's feast:
No comb approaches their dishevelled hair
To rout the long established myriads there;
On the bare ground their bed; nor do they
know

A warmer coverlid than serves the crow:
Flames the meridian sun without a cloud?
They bask like grasshoppers, and chirp as loud.
With oil they never even feast their eyes;
The luxury of stockings they despise;
But, barefoot as the crane they march along,
All night in chorus with the screech-owl's song.

DIODORUS OF SINOPE.

[About 350 B. C.]

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

THIS is my rule, and to this rule I'll hold,
To choose my wife by merit, not by gold;
For on that one election must depend
Whether I wed a fury or a friend.

FORGIVENESS OF THE DEAD.

WHEN your foe dies, let all resentment cease;
Make peace with death, and death shall give
you peace.

HERMESIANAX OF COLOPHON.

[About 350 B. C.]

HERMESIANAX is said to have been a native of Colophon, and was the author of three books of Elegies entitled *Leontium* (Λέοντιον) in honour of the celebrated Athenian courtesan of that name. The following fragment, preserved by Athenæus, is all that remains of this poet.

THE LOVES OF THE GREEK POETS.

* * * * *
Such was the nymph whom ORPHEUS led
From the dark mansions of the dead,
Where Charon with his lazy boat
Ferries o'er Lethe's sedgy moat;
The undaunted minstrel smites the strings,
His strain through hell's vast concave rings;
Cocytus hears the plaintive theme,
And reflux turns his pitying stream;
Three-headed Cerberus, by fate
Posted at Pluto's iron gate,
Low-crouching rolls his haggard eyes
Extatic, and foregoes the prize;
With ears erect at hell's wide doors,
Lies listening as the songster soars:
Thus music charm'd the realm beneath,
And beauty triumph'd over death.
The bard, whom night's pale regent bore
In secret on the Athenian shore,
MUSEÆUS, felt the sacred flame,
And burnt for the fair Theban dame,
Antiope, whom mighty Love
Made pregnant by imperial Jove;
The poet plied his amorous strain,
Press'd the fond fair, nor press'd in vain;
For Ceres, who the veil undrew,
That screen'd her mysteries from view,
Propitious this kind truth reveal'd,
That woman close-besieged will yield.
HOMER, of all past bards the prime,
And wonder of all future time,
Whom Jove with wit sublimely blest,
And touched with purest fire his breast,

From gods and heroes turned away
To warble the domestic lay,
And, wandering to the desert isle,
On whose parch'd rocks no seasons smile,
In distant Ithaca was seen
Chaunting the suit-repelling queen.

Old HESIOD, too, his native shade
Made vocal to the Ascræan maid;
The bard his heaven-directed lore
Forsook, and hymn'd the gods no more;
Soft, love-sick ditties now he sung,
Love touch'd his harp, love tuned his tongue,
Silenced his Heliconian lyre,
And quite put out religion's fire.

MINNERMUS tuned his amorous lay,
When time had turned his temples gray;
Love revelled in his aged veins,
Soft was his lyre, and sweet his strains;
Frequenter of the wanton feast,
Nanno his theme, and youth his guest.

ANTIMACHUS with tender art
Poured forth the sorrows of his heart;
In her Dardanian grave he laid
Chryseis, his beloved maid;
And thence returning, sad beside
Pactolus' melancholy tide,
To Colophon the minstrel came,
Still sighing forth the mournful name,
Till lenient time his grief appeas'd,
And tears by long indulgence ceas'd.

ALCÆUS strung his sounding lyre,
And smote it with a hand of fire,

To Sappho, fondest of the fair,
Chanting the loud and lofty air.

* * * * *
E'en SOPHOCLES, whose honey'd lore
Rivals the bee's delicious store,
Chorus'd the praise of wine and love,
Choiceest of all the gifts of Jove.

* * * * *
PHILOXENUS, by wood-nymphs bred,
On famed Cithæron's sacred head,
And trained to music, wine, and song,
Midst orgies of the frantic throng,
When beauteous Galatea died,
His flute and thyrsus cast aside;
And, wandering to thy pensive coast,
Sad Melos, where his love was lost;
Each night, through the responsive air,
Thy echoes witness'd his despair;
Still, still his plaintive harp was heard,
Soft as the nightly singing bird.

PHILOTAS, too, in Battis' praise,
Sung his long-winded roundelays;
His statue in the Coan grove,
Now breathes in brass perpetual love.

The mortified, abstemious Sage,
Deep-read in learning's crabbed page,
PYTHAGORAS, whose boundless soul
Scaled the wide globe from pole to pole,
Earth, planets, seas, and heavens above,
Yet found no spot secure from love;
With love declines unequal war,
And, trembling, drags his conqueror's car;—
Theano clasp'd him in her arms,
And Wisdom stooped to Beauty's charms.

E'en SOCRATES, whose moral mind
With truth enlighten'd all mankind,
When at Aspasia's side he sat,
Still found no end to love's debate;
For strong indeed must be the heart
Where love finds no unguarded part.

Sage ARISTIPPUS, by right rule
Of logic, purged the Sophist's school,
Check'd folly in its headlong course,
And swept it down by reason's force;
'Till Venus aimed the heartfelt blow,
And laid the mighty victor low.

* * * * *

PHILEMON.

[About 339 B. C.]

A NATIVE of Soli, and author of ninety-seven comedies, of which only fragments have come down to us. He was a man of temperate and peaceful habits, and lived to the age of ninety-nine, when he died, (according to Lucian,) in a

paroxysm of laughter, at seeing an ass devour some figs intended for his own eating. Philemon was considered by some as superior to Menander, and even carried off the prize from him on several occasions.

THE JUST MAN.

ALL are not just, because they do no wrong,
But he, who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just. I praise not them,
Who, in their petty dealings pilfer not;
But him, whose conscience spurns a secret fraud,
When he might plunder and defy surprise:
His be the praise, who, looking down with scorn
On the false judgment of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
To be, not to be thought, an honest man.

THE SOVEREIGN GOOD.

PHILOSOPHERS consume much time and pains
To seek the sovereign good; nor is there one,
Who yet hath struck upon it: Virtue some,
And Prudence some contend for, whilst the knot
Grows harder by their struggles to untie it.
I, a mere clown, in turning up the soil,
Have dug the secret forth—All-gracious Jove!

'Tis Peace, most lovely, and of all beloved;
Peace is the bounteous goddess who bestows
Weddings, and holidays, and joyous feasts,
Relations, friends, health, plenty, social comforts,
And pleasures, which alone make life a blessing.*

TRUTH.

NOW, by the gods, it is not in the power
Of Painting or of Sculpture to express
Aught so divine as the fair form of TRUTH!
The creatures of their art may catch the eye,
But her sweet nature captivates the soul.

ON TEARS.

IF tears could medicine human ills, and give
The o'ercharged heart a sweet restorative,

* We are told by Dr. Parr, that the above passage was a very favourite one with Mr. Fox.

Gold, jewels, splendour, all we reckon dear,
 Were mean and worthless to a single tear.
 But ah! nor treasures bribe, nor raining eyes,
 Our firm inexorable destinies:—
 Weep we or not, as sun succeeds to sun,
 In the same course our fates unpying run.
 Tears yet are ours, whene'er misfortunes press,
 And though our weeping fails to give redress,
 Long as their fruits the changing seasons bring,
 Those bitter drops will flow from Sorrow's
 spring.

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

Two words of nonsense are two words too much:

Whole volumes of good sense will never tire.
 What multitudes of lines did Homer write!
 Who ever taught he wrote one line too much.

A WORD

TO THE IDLE AND THOUGHTLESS.

O CLEON, cease to trifle thus with life:
 A mind, so barren of experience,
 Can hoard up naught but misery, believe me.
 The shipwreck'd mariner must sink outright,
 Who makes no effort to regain the shore;
 The needy wretch, who never learn'd a trade,
 And will not work, must starve—"What then,"
 you cry?

"My riches"—Frail security—"My farms,
 My houses, my estate"—Alas, my friend,
 Fortune makes quick despatch, and in a day
 Can strip you bare as beggary itself.
 Grant that you now had piloted your bark
 Into good fortune's haven, anchor'd there
 And moor'd her safe as caution could devise;
 Yet, if the headstrong passions seize the helm
 And turn her out to sea, the stormy gusts
 May rise and blow you out of sight of port,

Never to reach prosperity again—

"What tell you me: Have I not friends to fly to?
 I have; and will not those kind friends protect me?"
 Better it were, you should not need their service,
 And so not make the trial. Much I fear
 Your sinking hand would only grasp a shade.

HOPELESS ANGUISH.

'Tis not on them alone, who tempt the sea,
 That the storm breaks; it whelms e'en us,
 Laches,

Whether we pace the open colonnade,
 Or to the inmost shelter of our house
 Shrink from its rage. The sailor for a day,
 A night perhaps, is banded up and down,
 And then anon reposes, when the wind
 Veers to the wish'd-for point, and wafts him
 home.

But I know no repose; not one day only,
 But every day, to the last hour of life,
 Deeper and deeper am I plunged in woe.

THE TEST OF WISDOM.

EXTREMES of fortune are true wisdom's test,
 And he's of men most wise, who bears them
 best.

RICHES.

STILL to be rich is still to be unhappy;
 Still to be envied, hated, and abused;
 Still to collect new law-suits, new vexations,
 Still to be carking, still to be collecting,
 Only to make your funeral a feast,
 And hoard up riches for a thriftless heir:
 —Let me be light in purse and light in heart;
 Give me small means, but give content withal;
 Only preserve me from the law, kind gods,
 And I will thank you for my poverty.

MENANDER.

[Born 342, Died 291, B. C.]

MENANDER, son of the Athenian general Diopeithes, and nephew of the comedian Alexis, was born at Athens, and educated in the school of Theophrastus. He himself, however, in later life, rather leaned to the opinions of Epicurus, whom he described as rescuing Greece "from unreason, just as Themistocles had rescued her from slavery." He wrote upwards of one hundred comedies, of which only fragments remain.

Of their excellence, however, if we may judge from the loudness and unanimity of his countrymen in their praise, there can be but little doubt. Terence, whom Julius Cæsar used to call the demi-Menander, is supposed to have been indebted to him for many of his plots. He died at Athens in the fifty-second year of his age, being drowned, according to one account, while bathing in the harbour of the Peiræus.

MISANTHROPY AND DISCONTENT.

SUPPOSE some god should say—"Die when thou wilt,
Mortal, expect another life on earth;
And, for that life, make choice of all creation
What thou wilt be; dog, sheep, goat, man, or horse;
For live again thou must; it is thy fate;
Choose only in what form; there thou art free."
So help me, Crato, I would fairly answer,—
Let me be all things, any thing but man!
He only of all creatures feels affliction.
The generous horse is valued for his worth,
And dog by merit is preferred to dog;
The warrior cock is pampered for his courage,
And awes the baser brood.—But what is man?
Truth, virtue, valour, how do they avail him?
Of this world's good the first and greatest share
Is flattery's prize; the informer takes the next,
And barefaced knavery garbles what is left.—
I'd rather be an ass than what I am,
And see these villains lord it o'er their betters.

EVERY CREATURE MORE BLEST THAN MAN.

ALL creatures are more blest in their condition,
And in their natures worthier, than man.
Look at yon ass!—A sorry beast you'll say,
And such, in truth he is—poor, hapless thing!
Yet these his sufferings spring not from himself,
For all that Nature gave him he enjoys;
Whilst we, beside our necessary ills;
Make ourselves sorrows of our own begetting.
If a man sneeze, we're sad—for that's ill-luck;
If he traduce us, we run mad with rage;
A dream, a vapour, throws us into terrors,
And let the night-owl hoot, we melt with fear:
Anxieties, opinions, laws, ambition,
All these are torments we may thank ourselves for.

LUSTRATION.

If your complaints were serious, 'twould be well
You sought a serious cure; but for weak minds
Weak medicines suffice.—Go, call around you
The women with their purifying water;
Drug it with salt and lentils, and then take
A treble sprinkling from the holy mess:
Now search your heart; if that reproach you not,
Then, and then only, you are truly pure.

THE USE OF RICHES.

ABUNDANCE is a blessing to the wise;
The use of riches in discretion lies.
Learn this, ye men of wealth—A heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

WOMAN AND WEDLOCK.

If such the sex, was not the sentence just,
That riveted Prometheus to his rock?—
—Why?—For what crime?—A spark, a little
spark;

But, oh ye gods! how infinite the mischief—
That little spark gave being to a woman,
And let in a new race of plagues to curse us.
Where is the man that weds? Show me the
wretch;
—Woe to his lot!—Insatiable desires,
His nuptial bed defiled, poisonings and plots,
And maladies untold—these are the fruits
Of marriage—these the blessings of a wife.

LIFE.

THE lot of all most fortunate is his,
Who, having staid just long enough on earth
To feast his sight with the fair face of Nature,
Sun, sea, and clouds, and heaven's bright starry
fires,
Drops without pain into an early grave.
For what is life, the longest life of man,
But the same scene repeated o'er and o'er?
A few more lingering days to be consumed
In throngs and crowds, with sharpers, knaves,
and thieves;—
From such the speediest riddance is the best.

ENVY.

THOU seem'st to me, young man, not to perceive
That every thing contains within itself
The seeds and sources of its own corruption:
The cankering rust corrodes the brightest steel;
The moth frets out your garment, and the worm
Eats its slow way into the solid oak;
But Envy, of all evil things the worst,
The same to-day, to-morrow, and for ever,
Saps and consumes the heart in which it works.

ADVICE TO THE COVETOUS.

WEAK is the vanity, that boasts of riches,
For they are fleeting things;—were they not such,
Could they be yours to all succeeding time,
'Twere wise to let none share in the possession;
But, if whate'er you have is held of Fortune,
And not of right inherent, why, my father,
Why with such niggard jealousy engross
What the next hour may ravish from your grasp,
And cast into some worthless favourite's lap?
Snatch then the swift occasion while 'tis yours;
Put this unstable boon to noble uses;
Foster the wants of men, impart your wealth,
And purchase friends; 'twill be more lasting
treasure,
And, when misfortune comes, your best resource.

THE RICH

NOT HAPPIER THAN THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

NE'ER trust me, Phanias, but I thought 'till now,
That you rich fellows had the knack of sleeping
A good sound nap, that held you for the night;
And not like us poor rogues, who toss and turn,
Sighing "*Alas me!*" and grumbling at our duns:
But now I find, in spite of all your money,
You rest no better than your needy neighbours,
And sorrow is the common lot of all.

CONSOLATION IN MISFORTUNE.

If you, O Trophimus, and you alone
Of all your mother's sons, have Nature's charter
For privilege of pleasures uncontrolled,
With full exemption from the strokes of Fortune,
And that some god hath ratified the grant,
You then with cause may vent your loud reproach,

For he hath broke your charter and betrayed you:
But, if you live and breathe the common air
On the same terms that we do, then I tell you,
And tell it in the tragic poet's words—

"Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils!"—*

The sum of which philosophy is this—

You are a man, and therefore Fortune's sport,

This hour exalted, and the next abased:

You are a man, and, though by nature weak,

By nature arrogant, climbing to heights

That mock your reach, and crush you in the fall.

Nor was the blessing, you have lost, the best

Of all life's blessings; nor is your misfortune

The worst of its afflictions; therefore, Trophimus,

Make it not such by overstrained complaints,

But to your disappointment suit your sorrow.

WHAT DUST WE ARE MADE OF.

If you would know of what frail stuff you're
made,

Go to the tombs of the illustrious dead;

* The lines in italics, taken from Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*, correspond with the exact meaning of the original, which was a quotation from some one of the tragic poets, probably Euripides.

There rest the bones of kings, there tyrants rot;
There sleep the rich, the noble, and the wise;
There pride, ambition, beauty's fairest form,
All dust alike, compound one common mass:
Reflect on these, and in them see yourself.

BAD TEMPER.

Of all bad things, by which mankind are curst,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

KNOW THYSELF.

You say, not always wisely,—*"KNOW THYSELF!"*
Know others, oftentimes, is the better maxim.

UNKIND FORTUNE.

What pity 'tis when happy Nature rears
A noble pile, that Fortune should o'erthrow it.

HOW TO PLEASE GOD.

THINK not that God is pleased with blood of
bulls

And goats,—that He delights in images

Of gold and ivory;—deceive not thus

Thyself, O man, with vain imaginations;

But study rather to conciliate

His grace by doing good to all around thee.

Abstain from hate, and violence; from adultery,

Theft, fraud, and avarice; covet not so much as

The thread of another's needle; for know thou

That God is ever present, ever has

His eye upon thee!

TIMOCLES.

[About 330 B. C.]

Of this name there are two comic poets on record; one of uncertain date and country,—the other, a native of Athens, and flourishing there towards the latter part of the fourth century before Christ. To which of them we are indebted for the following fragment it is impossible to determine.

A BALM FOR OUR CARES.

NAY, my good friend, but hear me! I confess
Man is a child of sorrow, and this world,
In which we breathe, hath cares enough to plague
us;

But it hath means withal to soothe these cares

And he, who meditates on other's woes

Shall in that meditation lose his own:

Call then the tragic-poet to your aid,

Hear him, and take instruction from the stage.

Let Telephus appear; behold a prince

A spectacle of poverty and pain,

Wretched in both.—And what if you are poor?

Are you a demi-god? Are you the son

Of Hercules? Begone! Complain no more.—

Doth your mind struggle with distracting thoughts?

Do your wits wander? Are you mad? Alas!

So was Alcmaeon, whilst the world adored

His father as a god.—Your eyes are dim;

What then? The eyes of Edipus were dark,

Totally dark.—You mourn a son? He's dead?

Turn to the tale of Niobe for comfort,
And match your loss with hers.—You're lame
of foot?
Compare it with the foot of Philoctetes
And make no more complaint.—But you are old,

Old and unfortunate;—consult Oëneus;
Hear what a king endured and learn content.
Sum up your miseries, number up your sighs,
The tragic stage shall give you tear for tear,
And wash out all afflictions but its own.

DIPHILUS.

[About 330 B. C.]

DIPHILUS was born at Sinope, and died at Smyrna. Of one hundred comedies which he is said to have written, a few fragments only have

been preserved. The "Casina" of Plautus and a considerable portion of Terence's "Adelphi" are said to have been borrowed from this poet.

LAW OF CORINTH AGAINST SPEND-THRIFTS.

WE have a notable good law at Corinth,
Where, if an idle fellow outruns reason,
Feasting and junketing at furious cost,
The sumptuary proctor calls upon him,
And thus begins to sift him: "You live well,
But have you well to live? You squander freely,
Have you the wherewithal? Have you the fund
For these outgoings?—If you have, go on!
If you have not, we'll stop you in good time,
Before you outrun honesty; for he
Who lives, we know not how, must live by
plunder;
Either he picks a purse or robs a house,
Or is accomplice with some knavish gang,
Or thrusts himself in crowds to play the informer,

And put his perjured evidence to sale:
This a well-ordered city will not suffer;
Such vermin we expel."—And you do wisely:
But what is this to me?—"Why this it is:
Here we behold you every day at work,
Living, forsooth, not as your neighbours live,
But richly, royally, ye gods!—Why, man,
We cannot get a fish for love or money;
You swallow the whole produce of the sea:
You've driven our citizens to browse on cabbage;
A sprig of parsley sets them all a-fighting,
As at the Isthmian games; if hare, or partridge,
Or but a simple thrush comes into market,
Quick, at a word, you snap him—by the gods!
Hunt Athens through, you shall not find a feather,
But in your kitchen; and for wine, 'tis gold—
Not to be purchased—we may drink the ditches."

APOLLODORUS OF GELA.

[About 330 B. C.]

A WRITER high in fame, and author of several comedies, of which the titles of eight only, and some few fragments now remain. The *Phormio*

and *Hecyra* of Terence are generally understood to have been borrowed from him. He was a rival and contemporary of Menander.

FRAGMENTS.

I.

How sweet were life, how placid and serene,
Were others but as gentle as ourselves;
But, if we must consort with apes and monkeys,
We must be brutes like them—O life of sorrow!

II.

WHAT do you trust to, father?—To your money?
Fortune indeed to those who have it not
Will sometimes give it; but 'tis done in malice,
Merely that she may take it back again.

III.

Go to! Make fast your gates with bars and bolts;
Yet never chamber-door was shut so close,
But cats and cuckold-makers would creep through
it.

IV.

Youth and old age have their respective humours;

And son, by privilege, can say to father,
"Were you not once as young as I am now?"

Not so the father; he cannot demand,
"Were you not once as old as I am now?"

V.

There is a certain hospitable air
In a friend's house, that tells me I am welcome:
The porter opens to me with a smile;
The yard-dog wags his tail, the servant runs,
Beats up the cushion, spreads the couch and
says,—

"Sit down, good sir!"—ere I can say I'm weary.

CLEARCHUS.

ON DRUNKENNESS.

Could every drunkard, ere he sits to dine,
Feel in his head the dizzy fumes of wine,
No more would Bacchus chain the willing soul,

But loathing horror, shun the poison'd bowl.
But frantic joy foreruns the pains of fate,
And real good we cannot calculate.

THEOPHILUS.

[About 320 B. C.]

ON LOVE.

If Love be folly as the schools would prove,
The man must lose his wits who falls in love:
Deny him love, you doom the wretch to death,
And then it follows he must lose his breath.
Good sooth! there is a young and dainty maid
I dearly love; a minstrel she by trade:

What then? Must I defer to pedant rule,
And own that Love transforms me to a fool?
Not I, so help me! By the gods I swear,
The nymph I love is fairest of the fair;
Wise, witty, dearer to her poet's sight
Than piles of money on an author's night:
Must I not love her then? Let the dull sot,
Who made the law, obey it! I will not.

NOSSIS.

[About 280 B. C.]

All that we know of this lady is that she was a native of Locri, in Italy. Twelve of her epigrams remain.

IN PRAISE OF LOVE.

What in life is half so sweet
As the hour when lovers meet?
Not the joys that Fortune pours,
Not Hymettus' fragrant stores.

Thus says Nossis—Whosoe'er
Venus takes not to her care,
Never shall the roses know
In her blooming bowers that grow.

ON AN IMAGE OF HER DAUGHTER.

In this loved stone Melinna's self I trace.
'Tis hers that form, 'tis hers that speaking face,
How like her mother's! Oh, what joy to see
Ourselves reflected in our progeny!

ON RHINTHON.

THE INVENTOR OF TRAGI-COMEDY.

With hearty laughter pass this column by—
Just meed of praise to him, who slumbers nigh.
Rhinton my name—my home-place Syracuse,—
And, though no tuneful darling of the muse,

I first made Tragedy divert the town,
And wove—nay doubt not—my own ivy-crown.

ON THE PICTURE OF THYMARETE.

On yonder tablet graved I see
The form of my Thymareté,—
Her gracious smile, her lofty air,
Warm as in life, all blended there.
Her little fondled dog, that keeps
Still watch around her while she sleeps,
Would in that shape his mistress trace,
And, fawning, lick her honoured face.

ANYTE.

[About 280 B. C.]

A POETESS of Tegea, in Arcadia, of whose productions only a few epigrams—all remarkable for their simplicity—have descended to us.

ON THE MAID ANTIBIA.

The maid Antibia I lament; for whom
Full many a suitor sought her father's hall;
For beauty, prudence, famed was she; but doom
Destructive overwhelmed the hopes of all.

ON THE YOUNG VIRGIN PHILLIDA.

In this sad tomb where Phillida is laid,
Her mother oft invokes the gentle shade,
And calls, in hopeless grief, on her who died,
In the full bloom of youth and beauty's pride;
Who left, a virgin, the bright realms of day,
On gloomy Acheron's pale coasts to stray.

ON A STATUE OF VENUS,

NEAR THE SEA COAST.

CYTHERA from this craggy steep
Looks downward on the glassy deep,
And hither calls the breathing gale,
Propitious to the venturous sail;
While ocean flows beneath, serene,
Awed by the smile of beauty's queen.

ON THE ENTRANCE TO A CAVERN.

STRANGER, beneath this rock thy limbs bestow—
Sweet, mid the green leaves, breezes whisper
here.
Drink the cool wave, while noontide fervours
glow;
For such the rest to wearied pilgrim dear.

ON A DOLPHIN CAST ASHORE.

No more exulting o'er the buoyant sea,
High shall I raise my head in gambols free;
Nor by some gallant ship breathe out the air,
Pleased with my own bright image figured there.
The storm's black mist has forced me to the land,
And laid me lifeless on this couch of sand.

ON THREE VIRGINS OF MILETUS,

WHO DIED TO ESCAPE DISHONOUR FROM THE
GAULS.

THEN let us hence, Miletus dear!—
sweet native land, farewell!
The insulting wrongs of lawless Gauls
we dread whilst here we dwell.
Three virgins of Milesian race,
to this dire fate compell'd
By Celtic Mars—yet glad we die,
that we have ne'er beheld
Spousals of blood, nor sunk to be
vile handmaids of our foes,
But rather owe our thanks to Death,
kind healer of our woes.

ON A GROVE OF LAUREL.

WHOE'ER thou art, recline beneath the shade,
By never furling leaves of laurel made;
And here awhile thy thirst securely slake
With the pure beverage of the crystal lake:
So shall your languid limbs, by toil oppress,
And summer's burning heat, find needful rest,

And renovation from the balmy power
That stirs and breathes within this verdant
bower.

EPITAPH.

POOR Erato, when the cold hand of Death
Choked the faint struggles of her labouring breath,
And parting life scarce glimmered in her face,
Strained her fond father in a last embrace :

"O father, it is o'er—dark clouds arise,—
And mists of death hang heavy on my eyes."

ON A LAUREL BY A FOUNTAIN'S SIDE.

REST thee beneath yon laurel's ample shade,
And quaff the limpid stream that issues there;
So thy worn frame, for summer's toil repaid,
May feel the freshness of the western air.

DIOTIMUS.

[About 280 B. C.]

A NATIVE of Adramytus, and a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood of Mount Gargarus, of whom about a dozen epigrams have come down to us. His melancholy office is thus recorded

in the epitaph written on him by his brother poet Aratus :

"I mourn for Diotimus, who sits among the rocks,
Hammering, all day, their A B C, on Gargara's infant
blocks."

EPITAPH ON TWO AGED PRIESTESSES.

TWO aged matrons, daughters of one sire,
Lie in one tomb—twin-buried and twin-born,—
Clio, the priestess of the Graces 'quire,
Anaxo, unto Ceres' service sworn.

Nine suns were wanting to our ninetieth year :
We died together—who would covet more ?
We held our husbands and our children dear,
Nor death unkind, to which we sped before.

TO A DUENNA.

GUARDIAN of yon blushing fair !
Reverend matron ! tell me why
You affect that churlish air,
Snarling as I pass you by.
I deserve not such rebuke :—
All I ask is but to look.

True, I on her steps attend—
True, I cannot choose but gaze ;

But I meant not to offend—

Common are the public ways :
And I need not your rebuke,
When I follow but to look.

Are my eyes so much in fault
That they cannot choose but see ?
By the gods we're homage taught,
Homage is idolatry.
Spare that undeserv'd rebuke ;—
E'en the gods permit to look.

EPITAPH ON A FLUTE-PLAYER.

MAN'S hopes are spirits with fast fleeting
wings.

See where in death our hopeful Lesbus lies !
Lesbus is dead, the favourite of kings !

Hail light-wing'd Hopes, ye swiftest deities !
On his cold tomb we carve a voiceless flute,
For Pluto hears not, and the grave is mute.

ASCLEPIADES OF SAMOS.

[About 280 B. C.]

The friend and preceptor of Theocritus.

ON THE PICTURE OF BERENICE.

THIS form is Cytherea's—Nay
'Tis Berenice's I protest ;
So like to both, you safely may
Give it to either you like best.

THE ENJOYMENT OF LOVE.

SWEET is the goblet cooled with winter-snows
To him who pants in summer's scorching heat ;
And sweet to weary mariners repose
From ocean's tempests in some green retreat :

But far more sweet than these, the conscious
bower
Where lovers meet at Love's delighted hour.

THE VIRGIN'S TRIUMPH.

STILL glorying in thy virgin flower?
Yet, in those gloomy shades below,
No lovers will adorn thy bower:
Youth's pleasures with the living glow.—
Virgin, we shall be dust alone,
On the sad shore of Acheron!

THE POWER OF WINE.

Snow on! hail on! cast darkness all around me!
Let loose thy thunders! With thy lightnings
wound me!

—I care not, Jove, but thy worst rage defy;
Nor will I cease to revel 'till I die.
Spare but my life—and let thy thunders roar
And lightnings flash—I'll only revel more.
Thunderer! a god more potent far than thee—
To whom thou too hast yielded—maddens me.

ON HESIOD.

SWEET bard of Ascrea! on thy youthful head
The Muses erst their laurel-branches spread,
When on the rugged summits of the rocks
They saw thee laid amidst thy sultry flocks.
E'en then to thee, o'er fair Castalia's wave,
Their sacred powers unbounded empire gave.
By this inspired, thy genius soared on high,
And ranged the vaulted azure of the sky;
With joy transported, viewed the blest abodes,
And sang th' extatic raptures of the gods.

SIMMIAS OF RHODES.

[About 280 B. C.]

Though distinguished as a grammarian, and mentioned by Strabo among the eminent men of Rhodes, he is little known as a poet. There remain of him five "dull epigrams," (as Mr. Merivale justly calls them.) and the following fragment of a poem in praise of Apollo.

A FRAGMENT.

APOLLO.

I REACHED the distant Hyperborean state,
The wealthy race,—at whose high banquet
sate
Perseus the hero. On those wide-stretch'd plains
Ride the Massagetæ, (giving the reins
To their fleet coursers,) skilful with the bow.—
And then I came to the stupendous flow

Of Campusus, who pours his mighty tide
To th' ocean-sea, eternally supplied.
Thence to isles clad with olives green and young,
With many a tufted bulrush overhung.
A giant race, half man, half dog, live there:
Beneath their shoulders grow the heads they
wear;
Jaws long and lank, and grizzly tusks they bear:
Much foreign tongues they learn, and can indite;
But when they strive to speak, they bark outright.

SOTADES.

[About 280 B. C.]

A NATIVE of Athens, and a writer of comedy: of whom, however, nothing remains but the following fragment.

MAN'S FATE ON EARTH.

Is there a man, just, honest, nobly born?
Malice shall hunt him down. Does wealth at-
tend him?

Trouble is hard behind.—Conscience direct?
Beggary is at his heels.—Is he an artist?
Farewell, repose!—An equal, upright judge?
Report shall blast his virtues.—Is he strong?

Sickness shall sap his strength.—Account that day

Which brings no new mischance, a day of rest.
For what is man? What matter is he made of?
How born? What is he, and what shall he be?
What an unnatural parent is the world,
To foster none but villains, and destroy
All who are benefactors to mankind!
What was the fate of Socrates? A prison,
A dose of poison; tried, condemn'd, and killed.

How died Diogenes? As a dog dies,
With a raw morsel in his hungry throat.
Alas for Æschylus! Musing he walked—
The soaring eagle dropp'd a tortoise down,
And crushed that brain, where tragedy had
birth.

A paltry grape-stone choak'd the Athenian Bee.
Mastiffs of Thrace devour'd Euripides—
And godlike Homer, woe the while! was starved.
Thus life, blind life, teems with perpetual woes.

PHÆDIMUS.

A WRITER of elegies, of whom nothing is known but that he was a citizen of Bisanthie in Macedonia

HEROIC LOVE.

THIS bow that erst the earth-born dragon slew,
O mighty God of Day, restrain!
Not now those deadly shafts are due

That stretch the woodland tyrants on the plain.
Rather, O Phœbus, bring thy nobler darts,
With which thou piercest gentle hearts—

Bid them Themistio's breast inspire
With Love's bright flame and Valour's holy fire:
Pure Valour—firm, heroic Love—
Twin deities, supreme o'er gods above,
United in the sacred cause
Of his dear native land and freedom's laws.
So let him win the glorious crown
His fathers wore—bright meed of fair renown.

THEOCRITUS.

[About 272 B. C.]

THEOCRITUS was a native of Syracuse, and flourished in the reigns of Hiero, king of Sicily, and Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Ægypt. He resided, however, for the most part at the court of the latter, whose praises he has gratefully recorded in his xvth and xviiith Idyls. Theocritus wrote in the Doric dialect, the softness of which he is said to have improved beyond any who went before him. That it was not, however, to dialect or language alone he owed his honours, is evident from the Eclogues of Virgil, whose most delightful images are nothing more than translations from his great Sicilian master. "That which distinguishes Theocritus, (says Dryden,) from all other poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming a pastoral. A simplicity shines throughout all he writes.—He is softer than Ovid, touches the passions more delicately, and

performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess, in her country russet, and with her Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate, because the severity of the Roman language had denied him that advantage. Spenser has endeavoured it in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, but it can never succeed in English." Thus far Mr. Dryden in the preface to his *Translations*; in another place he says, "Theocritus may justly be preferred as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modestly contents himself with the second place, and glories only in being the first who transplanted pastoral to his own country."

"Theocritus (according to Pope) excels all others in nature and simplicity; his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no writer besides could ever attain." And Mr. Warton, in his dedication of Virgil to Lord Lyttleton, observes:

"There are few images and sentiments in the Eclogues of Virgil but what are drawn from the Idyls of Theocritus; in whom there is a rural, romantic wildness of thought, heightened by the Doric dialect, with such lively pictures of the passions, and of simple unadorned nature, as are infinitely pleasing to such judges and lovers of poetry as yourself. He is indeed the great storehouse of pastoral description."—And again, in his dissertation on Pastoral Poetry: "If I might venture to speak of the merits of the several pastoral

writers, I would say that in Theocritus we are charmed with a certain sweetness, a romantic rusticity and wildness, heightened by the Doric dialect, that are almost inimitable.—Several of his pieces, too, indicate a genius of a higher class, far superior to pastoral, and equal to the sublimest species of poetry: such are particularly his panegyric on Ptolemy, the fight between Amycus and Pollux, the epithalamium of Helen, the young Hercules, the grief of Hercules for Hylas, the death of Pantheus, and the killing of the Nemean lion."

FROM IDYL I.

THYRSIS AND THE GOATHERD.

THYRSIS at the request of his friend the goatherd, sings the fate of Daphnis, who died for love; and is rewarded for his song with a milch goat and a pastoral cup of most excellent sculpture.

Thyr. Sweet are the whispers of yon vocal pine,

Whose boughs, projecting o'er the springs, recline;
Sweet is thy warbled reed's melodious lay;
Thou, next to Pan, shalt bear the prize away:
If to the god a horned he-goat belong,
The gentler female shall reward thy song;
If he the female claim, a kid's thy share,
And, till you milk them, kids are dainty fare.

Goat. Sweeter thy song, O shepherd, than the rill

That rolls its image down the rocky hill:
If one white ewe content the tuneful Nine,
A stall-fed lamb, meet recompense, is thine;
And, if the Muses claim the lamb their due,
My gentle Thyrsis shall obtain the ewe.

Thyr. Wilt thou on this declivity repose,
Where the rough tamarisk luxuriant grows,
And charm the nymphs with thy melodious lay?

I'll feed the goats, if thou consent to play.

Goat. I dare not, shepherd, dare not grant your boon,

Pan's rage I fear,* who always rests at noon:
But well you know love's pains, which Daphnis rues—

You, the great master of the rural muse.
Let us, at ease, beneath yon elm recline,
Where sculptured Naiads o'er their fountains shine,

Whilst gay Priapus guards the sweet retreat,
And oaks, wide-branching, shade our pastoral seat.

There, Thyrsis, if thou sing as sweet a strain,
As erst contending with the Libyan swain,
This goat with twins I'll give, that never fails
Two kids to suckle, and to fill two pails:
To these I'll add, with scented wax o'erlaid,
Of curious workmanship, and newly-made,
A deep two-handled cup, whose brim is crown'd
With ivy and with helichryse around.

* Goats and their keepers being under the protection of Pan, the goatherd was afraid of offending that deity.

Within, a woman's well-wrought image shines;
A vest her limbs, her locks a caul confines;
And near two youths (bright ringlets grace their brows)

Breathe, in alternate strife, their amorous vows:
Smiling, by turns, she views the rival pair,
Grief swells their eyes, their heavy hearts despair:
Hard by a fisherman, advanc'd in years,
On the rough margin of a rock appears;
Intent he stands to enclose the fish below,
Lifts a large net, and labours at the throw;
Such strong expression rises on the sight,
You'd swear the man exerted all his might;
For his round neck with turgid veins appears.—
In years he seems, but not impair'd with years.

A vineyard next, with intersected lines,
And red ripe clusters load the bending vines.
To guard the fruit a boy sits idly by;

In ambush near, two skulking foxes lie:
This plots the branches of ripe grapes to strip,
But that, more daring, meditates the scrip;
Resolv'd, ere long, to seize the savoury prey,
And send the youngster dinnerless away:

Meanwhile on rushes all his art he plies,
In framing traps for grasshoppers and flies;
And, earnest only on his own designs,
Forgets his satchel and neglects his vines.*
All round the soft acanthus spreads its train—
This cup, admir'd by each Æolian swain,
Brought by a Calydonian o'er the seas,
I purchased for a goat and new-made cheese.
No lip has touch'd it, still unused it stood;
To you I give this master-piece of wood,
If you those Himeræan strains rehearse
Of Daphnis' woes—I envy not your verse—
Dread fate alas! may soon demand your breath,
And close your music in oblivious death.

THYRSIS.

Begin, sweet Muses, the bucolic strain,
'Tis Thyrsis sings, 'tis Thyrsis, Ætæa's swain!
Where were ye, Nymphs, in what sequester'd
grove †

* This is a picture.

† Both Virgil and Milton, (more especially the latter,) have beautifully imitated this passage—

"Quæ nemora, aut qui vos salus habuere, Puellæ
Naiades, indicite, cum Gallas amore periret."

Nam neque Parnassi vobis iuga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe. — *Lel.* x. 9.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis pined
with love?

Did ye on Pindus' steepy top reside,
Or where through Tempe Peneus rolls his tide?

For neither were ye playing on the steep
Of Æta, nor by famed Anapus' deeps,
Nor yet where Acis laves Sicilian plains—

(Begin, ye Nine, your sweet bucolic strains.)

Him savage panthers in wild woods deplor'd,
For him fierce wolves and fiercer lions roar'd,
Bulls, steers, and heifers wail'd their shepherd-
swain—

(Begin, ye Nine, your sweet bucolic strain.)

First from the mountain winged Hermes came;
"Ah! whence," he cried "proceeds this fatal
flame?

What Nymph, O Daphnis, steals thy heart
away?"

(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)

The goatherds, hinds, and shepherds, all inquir'd
What sorrow ail'd him, and what fever fir'd?

Priapus came, soft pity in his eye,

"And why this grief," he said, "ah, Daphnis,
why?"—

Silent he sate, consuming in his pain.

(Begin ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.)

Next Venus self the hapless youth address,
With faint forc'd smiles, but anger at her breast:

"Daphnis, you boasted you could Love subdue,

But tell me, has not Love defeated you?

Alas, you sunk beneath his mighty sway."

(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)

"Ah, cruel Venus!" Daphnis thus began,

"Venus abhorr'd! Venus, thou curse to man!

Too true, alas! thou say'st that Love has won;

Too sure thy triumphs mark my setting sun.

Hence to thy swain, to Ida, queen away!"

(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)

"There bowering oaks will compass you around,

Here low cyperus scarcely shades the ground:

Here bees with hollow hums disturb the day."*

(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)

"Adonis feeds his flocks, though passing fair;

With his keen darts he wounds the flying hare,

And hunts the beasts of prey through wood and
plain.

(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.)

"Say—if again arm'd Diomed thou see—

I've conquer'd Daphnis, and now challenge thee;

Dar'st thou, bold chief, with me renew the fray?"

(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)

"Farewell, ye wolves and bears, and lynxes dire,

My steps no more the tedious chace shall tire:

The herdsman Daphnis, now no longer roves,

Through flowery shrubs, thick woods, or shady
groves.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?

For neither were ye playing on the steep,

Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.

Lycidas.

* The Greek verse is most expressive of the sense:
we hear the very humming and buzzing of the bees.

"ὄνδ' ἄλλου βομβέειν ἢ ποτὶ σμά'σσι μέλισσαι.

Fair Arethusa, and, ye streams, that swell

In gentle tides near Thymbrian towers, farewell,
Your cooling waves slow-winding o'er the plains."

(Begin, ye Nine, your sweet bucolic strains.)

"I—I am he, who lowing oxen fed,

Who to their well-known brook my heifers led:

But now with bulls and steers no more I stray."

(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)

"Pan—whether now on Mænalus you rove,

Or loiter, careless, in Lycæus' grove,—

Leave yon ærial promontory's height

Of Helice, projecting to the sight,

Where famed Lycaon's stately tomb is rear'd,

Lost in the skies and by the gods rever'd;

Haste and revisit fair Sicilia's plains."

(Cease, Muses, cease the sweet bucolic strains.)

"Pan, take this pipe, to me for ever mute,

Sweet-toned, and bent your rosy lip to suit,

Compacted close with wax and join'd with art;

For Love alas! commands me to depart;

Dread Love and Death have summon'd me
away—

(Cease, Muses, cease the sweet bucolic lay.)

"Let violets deck the bramble bush and thorn,

And fair narcissus junipers adorn,

Let all things Nature's contradiction wear,

And lofty pines produce the luscious pear;

Since Daphnis dies let all things change around,

Let timorous deer pursue the flying hound,

Let screech-owls soft as nightingales complain."

(Cease, cease, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.)

He died—and Venus strove to raise his head,

But Fate had cut its last remaining thread—

The lake he past, the whelming wave he prov'd,

Friend to the Muses, by the Nymphs belov'd.

(Cease, Muses, cease the sad bucolic strain.)—

Now give me cup and goat, that I may drain

Her milk, a sweet libation to the Nine—

Another day a loftier song be mine!

Goat. O be thy mouth with figs Ægilean fill'd,
And drops of honey on thy lips distill'd!

Thine is the cup (for sweeter far thy voice,

Than when in spring the grasshoppers rejoice.)

Sweet is its smell, as though the blissful Hours

Had newly dipp'd it in their fragrant showers.

Come, Ciss! let Thyrsis milk thee—kids, forbear

Your gambols—lo! the wanton goat is there.

FROM IDYL II.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

Simætha, a young woman of Syracuse, is here introduced as complaining of Delphis, and endeavouring to recall him by her incantations. This Idyl is interesting from the minute description which it gives of the rites resorted to on such occasions. The scene is by moonlight.

WHERE are my laurels? and my philtres where?

Quick, bring them, Thestylis—the charm prepare;

This purple fillet round the cauldron strain,

That I with spells may prove my perjurd swain:

For since he rapt my door twelve days are fled,

Nor knows he whether I'm alive or dead:

Perhaps to some new face his heart's inclin'd,

For Love has wings, and he a changeful mind.

To the Palæstra* with the morn I'll go,
And see and ask him, why he shuns me so?
Meanwhile my charms shall work: O Queen of
Night:†

Pale Moon, assist me with refulgent light;
My imprecations I address to thee,
Great Goddess, and infernal Hecate,
Stain'd with black gore, whom e'en gaunt mas-
tiffs dread,

When'er she haunts the mansions of the dead;
Hail, horrid Hecate, and aid me still
With Circe's power, or Perimeda's skill,
Or mad Medea's art—Restore, my charms,‡
My lingering Delphis to these longing arms.

The cake's consum'd—burn, Thestylis, the
rest

In flames; what frenzy has your mind possess'd?
Am I your scorn, that thus you disobey,
Base maid, my strict commands?—Strew salt,
and say,

"Thus Delphis' bones I strew"—Restore, my
charms,

The perjurd Delphis to my longing arms.

Delphis inflames my bosom with desire;
For him I burn this laurel in the fire: §
And as it fumes and crackles in the blaze,
And without ashes instantly decays,
So may the flesh of Delphis burn—My charms,
Restore the perjurd Delphis to my arms.

As melts this waxen form, by fire defac'd,||
So in Love's flames may Myndian Delphis waste:
And as this brazen wheel, though quick roll'd
round,¶

Returns, and in its orbit still is found,

* *The Palæstra*.—The place for wrestling, and other exercises.

† *O Queen of Night*.—Sorcerers addressed their prayers to the Moon and to Night, the witnesses of their abominations.—Thus Medea in Ovid, Met. B. vii, and Canidia in Hor. Epode v. 49.

‡ *My Charms*.—The Greek is *Λυγέ*, a bird which magicians made use of in their incantations, supposed to be the wry-neck.—Virgil has *Ducite ab urbe domum, mea Carmina, ducite Daphnim*.—Ecl. viii. 68.

§ *Fragiles incende bitumine lauros*.

Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide laurum.
Ecl. viii. 62.

The laurel was burnt in order to consume the flesh of the person, on whose account the magical rites were performed; it was thought, according to Pliny, B. 16. chap. the last, by its crackling noise, to express a detestation of fire. Mr. Gray has imitated this passage, in his Fourth Pastoral.

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:
Thus with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd:
As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

|| It was customary to melt wax, thereby to mollify the heart of the person beloved; the sorceress in Virgil Ecl. viii. makes use of two images, one of mud, and the other of wax.

*Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit
Uno eodemque igni: sic nostrò Daphnis amore*.

¶ It was also usual to imitate all the actions they wished the loved person to perform; thus Simætha rolls a brazen wheel, believing that the motion of this magic machine had the virtue to inspire her lover with those passions which she wished.

So may his love return—Restore, my charms,
The lingering Delphis to my longing arms.

I'll strew the bran: Diana's power can bow
Rough Rhadamanth, and all that's stern below.
Hark! hark! the village-dogs! the goddess soon
Will come—the dogs terrific bay the moon—
Strike, strike the sounding brass—Restore, my
charms,

Restore false Delphis to my longing arms.

Calm is the ocean, silent is the wind,
But grief's black tempest rages in my mind.*
I burn for him whose perfidy betray'd
My innocence; and me, ah, thoughtless maid!
Robb'd of my richest gem—Restore, my charms,
False Delphis to my long-deluded arms.

I pour libations thrice, and thrice I pray:
O shine, great goddess, with auspicious ray!
Whoe'er she be, blest nymph! that now detains
My fugitive in Love's delightful chains;
Be she for ever in oblivion lost,
Like Ariadne, 'lorn on Dia's coast,
Abandon'd by false Theseus—O, my charms,
Restore the lovely Delphis to my arms.

Hippomenes, a plant Arcadia bears,
Makes the colts mad, and stimulates the mares,
O'er hills, through streams, they rage: O, could I
see

Young Delphis thus run madding after me,
And quit the fam'd Palæstra!—O, my charms!
Restore false Delphis to my longing arms.

This garment's fringe, which Delphis wont to
wear,†

To burn in flames I into tatters tear.

Ah, cruel Love! that my best life-blood drains
From my pale limbs, and empties all my veins,

* This affecting contrast recalled to the recollection of Warton the noble passage in Apollonius Rhodius, where the enchantress is introduced with so powerful an effect:

"Night on the earth pour'd darkness; on the sea
The wakesome sailor to Orion's star
And Helice, turn'd heedful. Sunk to rest,
The traveller forgot his toil; his charge,
The sentinel; her death-devoted babe,
The mother's painless breast. The village-dog
Had ceased his troublous bay; each busy tumult
Was hush'd at this dread hour, and Darkness slept,
Lock'd in the arms of Silence. She alone,
Medea, slept not."

These are very striking lines. But in a poem, supposed by the historian of English poetry to be the oldest existing example in our language of the pure unmix'd pastoral, we find two stanzas scarcely to be equalled for affecting simplicity of thought and easy harmony of expression:

"The owle with feeble sight
Lyes lurking in the leaves;
The sparrow through the frosty night
May shroud her in the eaves;
But wo to me, alas!
Insunne, nor yet in shade,
I cannot find a resting-place,
My burden to unlade."

† Simætha burns the border of Delphis' garment, that the owner may be tortured with the like flame; Virgil's enchantress deposits her lover's pledges in the ground, under her threshold, in order to retain his love, and secure his affections from wandering.

Passion exuvies mult' perditas ille reliquit.

Ignora caruit; que hunc ego limine in ipso.

Terra, tibi mando ——— Ecl. viii. 91.

As leeches suck young steeds — Restore, my charms,

My lingering Delphis to these longing arms.

A lizard bruise'd shall make a potent bowl,
And charm, to-morrow, his obdurate soul;
Meanwhile this potion on his threshold spill
Where, though despise'd, my soul inhabits still;
No kindness he nor pity will repay;
Spit on the threshold, Thestylis, and say,
"Thus Delphis' bones I strew" — Restore, my charms,

The dear, deluding Delphis to my arms.

She's gone, and now, alas! I'm left alone!
But how shall I my sorrow's cause bemoan?
My ill-requited passion, how bewail?
And where begin the melancholy tale?

When fair Anaxa at Diana's fane*
Her offering paid, and left the virgin train,
Me warmly she requested, breathing love,
At Dian's feast to meet her in the grove:
Where savage beasts, in howling deserts bred,
(And with them a gaunt lioness) were led
To grace the solemn honours of the day—

Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say?
Theucarila's kind nurse, who lately died,
Begg'd I would go, and she would be my guide.
Alas! their importunity prevail'd,
And my kind stars, and better genius fail'd.
I went adorn'd in Clearista's clothes—

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose?
Soon as where Lyco's mansion stands I came,
Delphis the lovely author of my flame
I saw with Eudamippus, from the crowd
Distinguish'd, for like helichrysus glow'd
The gold down on their chins, their bosoms far
Outshone the moon, and every splendid star;
For lately had they left the field of fame—

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence arose my flame?
O, how I gaz'd! what ecstasies begun
To fire my soul. I sigh'd, and was undone: †
The pompous show no longer could surprise,
No longer beauty sparkled in my eyes:
Home I return'd, but knew not how I came;
My head disorder'd, and my heart on flame:
Ten tedious days and nights sore sick I lay—

Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say?
Soon from my cheeks the crimson colour fled,
And my fair tresses perish'd on my head:
Forlorn I liv'd, of body quite bereft,
For bones and skin were all that I had left:
All charms I tried, to each enchantress round
I sought; alas! no remedy I found:
Time wing'd his way, but not to soothe my woes—

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose?
Till to my maid, oppress with fear and shame,
I told the secret of my growing flame:

* The Athenian virgins were presented to Diana before it was lawful for them to marry, on which occasion they offered baskets full of little curiosities to that goddess, to gain leave to depart out of her train, and change their state of life.—Potter.

† The Greek is *Χαῖς ἰδόν, ὡς ἑώρακον* κ. τ. λ. There is a similar line in the Third Idyl. ver. 42. *Ὡς ἰδόν, ὡς ἑώρακον, ὡς ἐκ θύων ἀλλετ' ἑώρατα*. Virgil has—

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.—Ecl. viii. 41. which is confessedly inferior to the Greek.

"Dear Thestylis, thy healing aid impart—
The love of Delphis has engross'd my heart.
He in the school of exercise delights,
Athletic labours, and heroic fights;
And oft he enters on the lists of fame"—

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence arose my flame?
"Haste thither, and the hint in private give—
Say that I sent you—tell him where I live."
She heard, she flew, she found the youth I sought,
And all in secret to my arms she brought.
Soon at my gate his nimble foot I heard,
Soon to my eyes his lovely form appear'd;
Ye gods! how blest my Delphis to survey!

Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say?
Cold as the snow my freezing limbs were chill'd,
Like southern vapours from my brow distill'd
The dewy damps; faint tremors seiz'd my tongue,

And on my lips the faltering accents hung;
As when from babes imperfect accents fall,
When murmuring in their dreams they on their mothers call.

Senseless I stood, nor could my mind disclose—

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose?
My strange surprise he saw, then prest the bed,
Fix'd on the ground his eyes, and thus he said:
"Me, dear Simætha, you have much surpass'd,
As when I ran with young Philinus last,
I far out-strip'd him, though he bravely strove;
But you have all prevented me with love;
Welcome as day your kind appointment came"—

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence arose my flame?
"Yes, I had come, by all the powers above,
Or, rather, let me swear by mighty Love,
Unsent for I had come, to Venus true,
This night attended by a chosen few,
With apples to present you, and my brows
Adorn'd like Hercules, with poplar boughs,*
Wove in a wreath with purple ribands gay"—

Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say?
"Had you receiv'd me, all had then been well,
For I in swiftness and in form excel;
And should have deem'd it no ignoble bliss
The roses of your balmy lips to kiss:
Had you refus'd me, and your doors been barr'd,
With axe and torch I should have come prepar'd.†

Resolv'd with force resistance to oppose"—

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose?
"And first to beauty's queen my thanks are due,
Next, dear Simætha, I'm in debt to you,
Who by your maid, Love's gentle herald, prove
My fair deliverer from the fires of Love:
More raging fires than Ætna's waste my frame—
Say, sacred Phœbe, when arose my flame?"

* With poplar.—The poplar was sacred to Hercules. Virgil has,

Populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis.

JEn. viii. 286.

† With axe and torch, &c.—If after rapping at the door, the lover was refused admittance, *προς την ἀνάσσειν*, to place the flowery crown on the head of his mistress, he then threatened axes and torches, to break or burn the door.—Thus Horace

Hic hic ponite lucida

Funalia, et vectes, et arcus

Oppositis foribus minaces—B. iii. Od. 26.

"Love from their beds enraptur'd virgins charms,
And wives new-married from their husband's
arms."

He said, (alas, what frenzy seiz'd my mind!)
Soft prest my hand, and on the couch reclin'd:
Love kindled warmth as close embrac'd we lay,
And sweetly whisper'd precious hours away.
At length, O Moon, with mutual raptures fir'd,
We both accomplish'd—what we both desir'd.
E'er since no pause of love or bliss we knew,
But wing'd with joy the feather'd minutes flew;
Till yester morning, as the radiant sun
His steeds had harness'd, and his course begun,
Restoring fair Aurora from the main,
I heard, alas! the cause of all my pain—
Philista's mother told me, "she knew well
That Delphis lov'd, but whom she could not tell:
The marks are plain, he drinks his favourite
toast,

Then hies him to the maid he values most.
Besides, with garlands gay his house is crown'd:"*
All this she told me, which too true I found.
He oft would see me twice or thrice a day,
Then left some token that he would not stay
Long from my arms; and now twelve days are
past

Since my fond eyes beheld the wanderer last—
It must be so—'tis my unhappy lot
Thus to be scorn'd, neglected, and forgot.
He woos, no doubt, he woos some happier
maid—

Meanwhile I'll call enchantment to my aid:
And should he scorn me still, a charm I know
Shall soon dispatch him to the shades below;
So strong the bowl, so deadly is the draught;
To me the secret an Assyrian taught.
Now, Cynthia, drive your coursers to the main;
Those ills I can't redress I must sustain.
Farewell, dread Moon, for I have ceas'd my spell,
And all ye Stars, that rule by night, farewell.

FROM IDYL III.

AMARYLLIS.

To Amaryllis Love compels my way,
My browsing goats upon the mountains stray:
O Tityrus, tend them well, and see them fed
In pastures fresh, and to their watering led;
And 'ware the ridgling with his budding head.
Ah, beauteous Nymph! can you forget your love,
The conscious grotto, and the shady grove
Where, stretch'd at ease your tender limbs were
laid,
Your nameless beauties carelessly display'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,
With kisses such as set my soul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same;
My heart maintains for both a double flame;

* That it was usual for lovers to adorn their houses with flowers and garlands in honour of their mistresses, is evident from a passage in Catullus, *de Jly*, ver. 66.

Mihi floridis corollis redimita domus erat,

Linquendum ubi esset orto mihi sole cubiculum.

Fair flowery wreaths around my house are spread,
When with the rising sun I leave my bed.

Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your scorn;
So faithful I, and you so much forsworn!
I die, and death will finish all my pain;
Yet, ere I die, behold me once again;
Am I then so deform'd, so chang'd of late?
What partial judges are our love and hate!
Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear,
How ruddy like your lips their streaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the topmost branch (the tree was high:)
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd;
And for to-morrow have ten more reserv'd.
Look on me kindly, and some pity show,
Or give me leave at least to look on you.
Some god transform me by his heavenly power
E'en to a bee to buzz within your bower—
The winding ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded fern, that your fair forehead shade.
Now to my cost the force of Love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on human-kind.
The milk of tigers was his infant food—
Taught from his tender years the taste of blood;
His brother whelps and he, ran wild about the
wood.

Ah, Nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the sufferings of your slaves your sport!
Unheeded ruin! treacherous delight!
O polish'd hardness, soften'd to the sight!
Whose radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight those, and these like break of
morn.

Smile once again, revive me with your charms:
And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not ask to live another day,
Might I but sweetly kiss my soul away.
I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear
The garland which I wove for you to wear,
Of parsley, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a rosy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpitied and unheard!
Since I must die, why is my fate deferr'd!
I strip my body of my shepherd's frock;
Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock,
Where yon old fisher views the waves from high!
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to see me plunge to shore,
But better pleas'd if I should rise no more.
I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, seeking my success in love to know,
I tried the infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:
I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow;
Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
And, which was worse, if any worse could prove,
The withering leaf foreshow'd your withering
love.

Yet, farther, (ah, how far a lover dares!)
My last recourse I had to sieve and shears;
And told the witch Agreo my disease;
(Agreo, that in harvest used to lease:
But harvest done, to char-work did aspire;
Meat, drink, and two-pence was her daily hire,)
To work she went, her charms she muttered
o'er,

And yet the resty sieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for woe, the testy beldame swore,

And, foaming with her god, foretold my fate—
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white kids run frisking by her side,
For which the nut-brown lass Erithacis,
Full often offer'd many a savoury kiss.
Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price:
What madman would o'erstand his market twice!
My right eye itches, some good luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
I'll set up such a note as she shall hear.
What nymph but my melodious voice would
move?

She must be flint, if she refuse my love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble strife
To win his lady, or to lose his life,
(What shift some men will make to get a wife!)
Threw down a golden apple in her way—
For all her haste she could not choose but stay.
Renown said, Run; the glittering bribe cried,
Hold;
The man might have been hang'd, but for his
gold.

Yet some suppose 'twas love (some few indeed)
That stopp'd the fatal fury of her speed:
She saw, she sigh'd; her nimble feet refuse
Their wonted speed, and she took pains to lose.
A prophet some, and some a poet cry,
(No matter which, so neither of them lie,)
From steepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love:
If such another wager should be laid,
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.
Why name I men, when Love extended finds
His power on high, and in celestial minds?
Venus the shepherd's homely habit took,
And managed something else besides the crook;
Nay, when Adonis died, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How blest was fair Endymion with his Moon,
Who sleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon!
What Jason from Medea's love possessed,
You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest.
My aching head can scarce support the pain;
This cursed Love will surely turn my brain.
Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay, then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
My head grows giddy; Love affects me sore—
Yet you regard not;—so I'll sing no more:
Here will I lie; my flesh the wolves shall eat;
That to your taste will be as honey sweet.

FROM IDYL XI.

THE CYCLOPS.

THE poet, addressing himself to his friend Nicias, the physician, asserts that there is no remedy for Love but the Muses. He then gives an account of Polypheme's passion for the Sea-nymph Galatea, and describes him as sitting upon a rock that overlooked the ocean, and beguiling his cares with a song.

No remedy the power of Love subdues.
No medicine, dearest Nicias, but the Muse;

Lenient her balmy hand and ever sure,
But few are they for whom she works the cure.
This truth my gentle Nicias holds divine,
Favour'd alike by Pæan and the Nine.
This truth, long since, within his rugged breast,
Torn with fierce passion, Polypheme confest.
—'Twas when advancing manhood first had
shed

The early pride of summer o'er his head,
His Galatea on these plains he wooed,
But not, like other swains, the Nymph pursued
With fragrant flowers, or fruits or garlands fair,
But with hot madness and abrupt despair.
And, while his bleating flocks, neglected, sought
Without a shepherd's care their fold, self-taught,
He, wandering on the sea-beat shore all day,
Sang of his hopeless love, and pined away.
From morning's dawn he sang, till evening's
close—

Fierce were the pangs that robb'd him of repose;
The mighty Queen of Love had barb'd the dart,
And deeply fix'd it rankling in his heart:
Then song assuaged the tortures of his mind,
While, on a rock's commanding height reclined,
His eye wide stretching o'er the level main,
Thus would he cheat the lingering hours of pain.
"Fair Galatea, why my passion slight?
O Nymph, than lambs more soft, than curds more
white!

Wanton as calves before the uddered kine,
Yet harsh as unripe fruitage of the vine.
You come, when pleasing sleep has clos'd mine
eye,
And, like a vision, with my slumbers fly,
Swift as before the wolf the lambkin bounds,
Panting and trembling, o'er the furrow'd grounds.
Then first I lov'd, and thence I date my flame,
When here to gather hyacinths you came:
My mother brought you—'twas a fatal day;
And I, alas! unwary led the way:
E'er since my tortur'd mind has known no rest;
Peace is become a stranger to my breast:
Yet you nor pity, nor relieve my pain—
Yes, yes, I know the cause of your disdain;
For, stretched from ear to ear with shagged grace,
My single brow adds horror to my face;
My single eye enormous lids enclose,
And o'er my blubber'd lips projects my nose.
Yet, homely as I am, large flocks I keep,
And drain the udders of a thousand sheep;
My pails with milk, my shelves with cheese
they fill,

In summer scorching, and in winter chill.
The vocal pipe I tune with pleasing glee,
No other Cyclops can compare with me:
Your charms I sing, sweet apple of delight!
Myself and you I sing the live-long night.
For you ten fawns, with collars deck'd, I feed,
And four young bears for your diversion breed.*
Come, live with me; all these you may com-
mand,

And change your azure ocean for the land:
More pleasing slumbers will my cave bestow,
There spiry cypress and green laurels grow;

* These bears are highly in character, and well adapted presents from Polyphemus to his mistress.

There round my trees the sable ivy twines,
And grapes, as sweet as honey, load my vines :
From grove-crown'd Ætna, rob'd in purest snow,
Cool springs roll nectar to the swains below.
Say, who would quit such peaceful scenes as
these

For blustering billows, and tempestuous seas ?
Though my rough form's no object of desire,
My oaks supply me with abundant fire ;
My hearth unceasing blazes—though I swear
By this one eye, to me for ever dear,
Well might that fire to warm my breast suffice,
That kindled at the lightning of your eyes.
Had I, like fish, with fins and gills been made,
Then might I in your element have play'd—
With ease have div'd beneath your azure tide,
And kiss'd your hand, though you your lips
denied !

Brought lilies fair, or poppies red that grow
In summer's solstice, or in winter's snow ;
These flowers I could not both together bear
That bloom in different seasons of the year.
Well, I'm resolv'd, fair Nymph, I'll learn to dive,
If e'er a sailor at this port arrive ;
Then shall I surely by experience know
What pleasures charm you in the deeps below.
Emerge, O Galatea ! from the sea,
And here forget your native home like me.
O would you feed my flock, and milk my ewes,
And ere you press my cheese the runnet sharp
infuse !

My mother is the only foe I fear ;
She never whispers soft things in your ear,
Although she knows my grief, and every day
Sees how I languish, pine, and waste away.
I, to alarm her, will aloud complain,
And more disorders than I suffer feign,
Sad my head aches, sharp pains my limbs op-
press,

That she may feel, and pity my distress.
Ah, Cyclops, Cyclops, where's your reason fled !—
If with the leafy spray your lambs you fed,
Or, e'en wove baskets, you would seem more
wise ;

Milk the first cow, pursue not her that flies :
You'll soon, since Galatea proves unkind,
A sweeter, fairer Galatea find."

Thus Cyclops learn'd Love's torments to en-
dure,
And calm'd that passion which he could not
cure.

More sweetly far with song he sooth'd his heart,
Than if his gold had brib'd the doctor's art.

FROM IDYL XIII.

HYLAS.

THE poet relates to his friend Nicias the rape
of Hylas by the Nymphs, when he went to fetch
water for Hercules, and the grief of that hero for
the loss of him.

Love, gentle Nicias, of celestial kind,
For us alone sure never was design'd ;
Nor do the charms of beauty only sway
Our mortal breasts, the beings of a day :

Amphitryon's son was taught his power to feel,
Though arm'd with iron breast, and heart of
steel,

Who slew the lion fell, lov'd Hylas fair,
Young Hylas graceful with his curling hair.
And, as a son by some wise parent taught,
The love of virtue in his breast he wrought,
By precept and example was his guide,
A faithful friend, for ever at his side ;
Whether the morn return'd from Jove's high
hall

On snow-white steeds, or noontide mark'd the
wall,
Or night the plaintive chickens warn'd to rest,
When careful mothers brood, and flutter o'er the
nest :

That, fully form'd and finish'd to his plan,
Time soon might lead him to a perfect man.
But when bold Jason, with the sons of Greece,
Sail'd the salt seas to gain the golden fleece,
The valiant chiefs from every city came,
Renown'd for virtue, or heroic fame,
With these assembled, for the host's relief,
Alcmena's son, the toil-enduring chief.
Firm Argo bore him cross the yielding tide,
With his lov'd friend, young Hylas, at his side ;
Between Cyane's rocky isles she past,
Now safely fix'd on firm foundations fast,
Thence as an eagle swift, with prosperous gales
She flew, and in deep Phasis furl'd her sails.

When first the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And grass-green meads pronounc'd the summer
near,

Of chiefs a valiant band, the flower of Greece,
Had plann'd the emprise of the golden fleece,
In Argo lodg'd they spread their swelling sails,
And soon past Hellespont with southern gales,
And smooth Propontis, where the land appears
Turn'd in straight furrows by Cyanean steers.
With eve they land ; some on the greensward
spread

Their hasty meal ; some raise the spacious bed
With plants and shrubs that in the meadows
grow,

Sweet flowering rushes, and cyperus low.
In brazen vase fair Hylas went to bring
Fresh fountain-water from the crystal spring
For Hercules, and Telamon his guest ;
One board they spread, associates at the feast :
Fast by, in lowly dale, a well he found
Beset with plants, and various herbage round,
Cerulean celandine, bright maiden-hair,
And parsley green, and bindweed flourish'd
there.

Deep in the flood the dance fair Naiads led,
And kept strict vigils, to the rustic's dread,
Eumica, Matis, form'd the festive ring,
And fair Nychéa, blooming as the spring ;
When to the stream the hapless youth applied
His vase capacious to receive the tide,
The Naiads seized his hand with frantic joy,
All were enamour'd of the Grecian boy :
He fell, he sunk ; as from th' æthereal plain
A flaming star falls headlong on the main ;
The boatswain cries aloud, " Unfurl your sails,
And spread the canvass to the rising gales."

In vain the Naiads sooth'd the weeping boy,
And strove to lull him in their laps to joy.
But care and grief had mark'd Alcides' brow—
Fierce, as a Scythian chief, he grasp'd his bow,
And his rough club, which well he could command,

The pride and terror of his red right hand:
On Hylas thrice he call'd with voice profound,
Thrice Hylas heard the unavailing sound;
From the deep well soft murmurs touch'd his ear,
The sound seem'd distant, though the voice was near.

As when the hungry lion hears a fawn
Distressful bleat on some far-distant lawn,
Fierce from his covert bolts the savage beast,
And speeds to riot on the ready feast.
Thus, anxious for the boy, Alcides takes
His weary way through woods and pathless brakes.

The bold adventurers blam'd their hero's stay,
While long equipt the ready vessel lay;
With anxious hearts they spread their sail at night,

Hoping his presence with the morning light;
But he, with frantic speed, regardless stray'd—
Love pierc'd his heart, and all the hero sway'd.
Thus Hylas, honour'd with Alcides' love,
Is number'd with the deities above,
While to Amphitryon's son the heroes give
This shameful term, "The Argo's fugitive:"
But soon on foot the chief to Colchos came,
With deeds heroic to redeem his fame.

FROM IDYL XIV.

CHARACTER OF PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS.

WHAT is his character?—A royal spirit
To point out genius and encourage merit;
The poet's friend, humane, and good, and kind;
Of manners gentle, and of generous mind.
He marks his friend, but more he marks his foe;
His hand is ever ready to bestow:
Request with reason, and he'll grant the thing,
And what he gives, he gives it like a king.*

* To this encomium of Ptolemy by the Sicilian poet, I shall briefly show the favourable side of his character, as it is given by the historians. He was a prince of great learning, and a zealous promoter and encourager of it in others, an industrious collector of books, and a generous patron to all those who were eminent in any branch of literature. The fame of his generosity drew seven celebrated poets to his court, who, from their number, were called the Pleiades: these were Aratus, Theocritus, Callimachus, Lycophron, Apollonius, Nicander and Philicus. To him we are indebted for the Greek translation of the scripture, called the Septuagint. Notwithstanding his peculiar taste for the sciences, yet he applied himself with indefatigable industry to business, studying all possible methods to render his subjects happy, and raise his dominions to a flourishing condition. Athenæus called him the richest of all the princes of his age; and Appian says, that as he was the most magnificent and generous of all kings in laying out his money, so he was of all the most skilful and industrious in raising it. He built an incredible number of cities, and left so many other public monuments of his magnificence, that all works of an extravagant taste and grandeur were proverbially called Philadelphian works.

FROM IDYL XV.

THE SYRACUSIAN GOSSIPS.

TWO Syracusan women, who had travelled to Alexandria, go to see the solemnity of Adonis' festival, which had been prepared by Arsinoë, the queen of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

GORG0, EUNOE, PRAXINOE, OLD WOMAN, and STRANGER.

Gor. Pray, is Praxinoe at home?

Eu. Dear Gorgo, yes—how late you come!

Prax. Well! is it you? Maid, bring a chair And cushion.

Gor. Thank you.

Prax. Pray sit there.

Gor. Lord bless me! what a bustling throng! I scarce could get alive along:
In chariots such a heap of folks!

And men in arms, and men in cloaks—
Besides, I live so distant hence
The journey really is immense.

Prax. My husband, heaven his senses mend!
Here will inhabit the world's end,
This horrid house, or rather den;
More fit for savages than men.
This scheme with envious aim he labours,
Only to separate good neighbours—
My plague eternal!

Gor. Softly, pray,
The child attends to all you say;
Name not your husband when he's by—
Observe how earnest is his eye!

Prax. Sweet Zopy! there's a bonny lad,
Cheer up! I did not mean your dad.

Gor. 'Tis a good dad.—I'll take an oath,
The urchin understands us both.

Prax. (Let's talk as if some time ago,
And then we shall be safe, you know,)
This person happen'd once to stop
To purchase nitre at a shop,
And what d'ye think? the silly creature
Bought salt, and took it for salt-petre.

Gor. My husband's such another honey
And thus, as idly, spends his money;
Five fleeces for seven drachms he bought,
Coarse as dog's hair, not worth a groat.
But take your cloak, and garment grac'd
With clasps, that lightly bind your waist;
Adonis' festival invites,
And Ptolemy's gay court delights:
Besides, our matchless queen, they say,
Exhibits some grand sight to-day.

Prax. No wonder—every body knows
Great folks can always make fine shows:
But tell me what you went to see,
And what you heard—'tis new to me.

Gor. The feast now calls us hence away,
And we shall oft keep holiday.

Prax. Maid! water quickly—set it down—
Lord! how indelicate you're grown!
Disperse these cats that love their ease—
But first the water, if you please—
Quick! how she creeps; pour, hussey, pour;
You've spoil'd my gown—so, so—no more.
Well, now I'm wash'd—ye gods be blest!
Here—bring the key of my large chest.

Gor. This robe becomes you mighty well;
What might it cost you? can you tell?
Prax. Three pounds, or more; I'd not have
done it,

But that I'd set my heart upon it.

Gor. 'Tis wondrous cheap.

Prax. You think so?—maid,

Fetch my umbrella, and my shade;

So, put it on—fie, Zopy, fie!

Stay within doors, and don't you cry:

The horse will kick you in the dirt—

Roar as you please, you shan't get hurt.

Pray, maid, divert him—come, 'tis late:

Call in the dog, and shut the gate.—

Lord! here's a bustle and a throng;

How shall we ever get along!

Such numbers cover all the way,

Like emmets on a summer's day.

O Ptolemy, thy fame exceeds

Thy godlike sire's in noble deeds!

No robber now with Pharian wiles

The stranger of his purse beguiles;

No ruffians now infest the street,

And stab the passengers they meet.

What shall we do? lo, here advance

The king's war-horses—how they prance!

Don't tread upon me, honest friend—

Lord, how that mad horse rears on end!

He'll throw his rider down, I fear—

I'm glad I left the child, my dear.

Gor. Don't be afraid; the danger's o'er;

The horses, see! are gone before.

Prax. I'm better now, but always quake

Whene'er I see a horse or snake;

They rear, and look so fierce and wild—

I own, I've loath'd them from a child.

Walk quicker—what a crowd is this!

Gor. Pray, come you from the palace?

Old W.

Yes.

Gor. Can we get in, d'ye think?

Old W.

Make trial—

The steady never take denial;

The steady Greeks old Ilium win;

By trial all things may be done.

Gor. Gone, like a riddle, in the dark;

These crones, if we their tales remark,

Know better far than I or you know

How Jupiter was join'd to Juno.

Lo! at the gate, what crowds are there!

Prax. Immense, indeed! Your hand, my dear:

And let the maids join hands, and close us,

Lest in the bustle they should lose us.

Let's crowd together through the door—

Heav'n's bless me! how my gown is tore.

By Jove, but this is past a joke—

Pray, good sir, don't you rend my cloak.

Man. I can't avoid it; I'm so prest.

Prax. Like pigs they jostle, I protest.

Man. Cheer up, for now we're safe and sound.

Prax. May you in happiness abound;

For you have serv'd us all you can—

Gorgo!—a mighty civil man—

See how the folks poor Eunoe jostle!

Push through the crowd, girl!—bustle, bustle—

Now we're all in; as Dromo said,

When he had got his bride in bed.

Gor. Lo! what rich hangings grace the rooms—
Sure they were wove in heavenly looms.

Prax. Gracious! how delicately fine
The work! how noble the design!
How true, how happy is the draught!
The figures seem inform'd with thought—
No artists sure the story wove;

They're real men—they live, they move.

From these amazing works we find,

How great, how wise, the human mind.

Lo! stretch'd upon a silver bed,*

(Scarce has the down his cheeks o'erspread)

Adonis lies; O, charming show!

Lov'd by the sable powers below.

Str. Hist! your Sicilian prate forbear;

Your mouths extend from ear to ear,

Like turtles that for ever moan;—

You stun us with your rustic tone.

Gor. Sure! we may speak! what fellow's
this?

And do you take it, sir, amiss?

Go, keep Ægyptian slaves in awe:

Think not to give Sicilians law:

Besides, we're of Corinthian mould,

As was Bellerophon of old:

Our language is entirely Greek—

The Dorians may the Doric speak.

Prax. O sweet Proserpina, sure none

Presumes to give us law but one!

To us there is no fear you should

Do harm, who cannot do us good.

Gor. Hark! the Greek girl's about to raise

Her voice in fair Adonis' praise;

She's a sweet pipe for funeral airs:

She's just beginning, she prepares:

She'll Spermich† and the world excel,

That by her prelude you may tell.

(*The Greek girl sings.*)

"O chief of Golgos, and the Idalian grove,

And breezy Eryx, beauteous queen of love!

Once more the soft-foot hours, approaching slow,

Restore Adonis from the realms below;

Welcome to man they come with silent pace,

Diffusing benisons to human race.

O Venus, daughter of Dione fair,

You gave to Berenice's lot to share

Immortal joys in heavenly regions blest,

And with divine ambrosia fill'd her breast.

And now, in due return, O heavenly born!

Whose honour'd name a thousand fanes adorn,

Arsinoë pays the pompous rites divine,

Rival of Helen, at Adonis' shrine;

All fruits she offers that ripe autumn yields,

The produce of the gardens, and the fields;

All herbs and plants which silver baskets
hold; ‡

And Syrian unguents flow from shells of gold.

With finest meal sweet paste the women make,

Oil, flowers, and honey mingling in the cake:

* *Lo! stretch'd upon a silver bed, &c.*—At the feast of Adonis, they always placed his image on a magnificent bed.

† *Spermich*.—A celebrated singer.

‡ *All herbs and plants, &c.*—The Greek is *ἅπαντα τὰ κτήνη*, soft gardens; Archbishop Potter observes, that at the

Earth and the air afford a large supply
Of animals that creep, and birds that fly.
Green bow'rs are built, with dill sweet-smelling
crown'd,
And little Cupids hover all around ;
And, as young nightingales their wings essay,
Skip here and there, and hop from spray to
spray.

What heaps of golden vessels glittering bright !
What stores of ebon black, and ivory white !
In ivory carv'd large eagles seem to move,
And through the clouds bear Ganymede to Jove.
Lo ! purple tapestry arrang'd on high
Charms the spectators with its Tyrian dye,
The Samian and Milesian swains, who keep
Large flocks, acknowledge 'tis more soft than
sleep :

Of this Adonis claims a downy bed,
And lo ! another for fair Venus spread !
Her bridegroom scarce attains to nineteen years,
Rosy his lips, and no rough beard appears.
Let raptur'd Venus now enjoy her mate,
While we, descending to the city gate,
Array'd in decent robes that sweep the ground,
With naked bosoms, and with hair unbound,
Bring forth Adonis, slain in youthful years,
Ere Phœbus drinks the morning's early tears.
And while to yonder flood we march along,
With tuneful voices raise the funeral song.

"Adonis, you alone of demigods
Now visit earth, and now hell's dire abodes :
Not fam'd Atrides could this favour boast,
Nor furious Ajax, though himself a host ;
Nor Hector, long his mother's grace, and joy
Of twenty sons, not Pyrrhus safe from Troy,
Nor brave Patroclus of immortal fame,
Nor the fierce Lapithæ, a deathless name ;
Nor sons of Pelops, nor Deucalion's race,
Nor stout Pelasgians, Argos' honour'd grace.

"As now, divine Adonis, you appear
Kind to our prayers, O bless the future year !
As now propitious to our vows you prove,
Return with meek benevolence and love."*

feast of Adonis' there were carried shells filled with earth, in which grew several sorts of herbs, especially lettuces, in memory that Adonis was laid out by Venus on a bed of lettuces: these were called *κνέτοι*, gardens; whence *Adonides κνέτοι* are proverbially applied to things unfruitful, or fading; because those herbs were only sown so long before the festival, as to sprout forth, and be green at that time, and afterwards cast in the water. See *Antiquit.* Vol. I.

* "The Adonia were celebrated in most of the Greek cities in honour of Aphrodite and her paramour Adonis. The solemnity lasted two days; the first of which was devoted to the expression of grief, the second to merriment and joy. On the first day the statues of Aphrodite and Adonis were brought forth with great pomp: the women tore their hair, beat their breasts, and went through all the show of violent grief. Small vases filled with earth, containing herbs, and especially lettuces, were carried in the pomp: these were called 'the gardens of Adonis,' and as they were presently cast out into the water, the 'gardens of Adonis' came to signify any thing unfruitful, fading, and transitory. On the second day the demonstrations of joy were made in memory of Adonis, who returned to life, and dwelt with his beloved one-half of every year.

Gor. O, fam'd for knowledge in mysterious things !

How sweet, Praxionē, the damsel sings !
Time calls me home to keep my husband kind,
He's prone to anger if he has not din'd.
Farewell, Adonis, lov'd and honour'd boy ;
O come, propitious, and augment our joy.

FROM IDYL XVI

LIBERALITY TO POETS ENJOINED.

* * * * *

Nor so the truly wise their wealth employ :—
'Tis theirs to welcome every coming guest,
And, blessing each departed friend, be blest ;
But chiefly theirs to mark with high regard
The Muse's laurell'd priest—the holy bard ;
Lest in the grave their unsung glory fade,
And their cold moan pierce Acheron's dreary
shade—

As the poor labourer, who, with portion scant,
Laments his long, hereditary want.
What though Aleua's and the Syrian's domes
Saw crowding menials fill their festal rooms ;
What though o'er Scopas' fields rich plenty flow'd,
And herds innumerable through his valleys
low'd ;

What though the bountiful Creondæ drove
Full many a beauteous flock through many a
grove ;

Yet when expiring life could charm no more,
And their sad spirits sought the Stygian shore,
Their grandeur vanish'd with their vital breath,
And riches could not follow them in death !

"Adonis was the son of Cinyras; he was killed by a wild boar, while hunting. As Aphrodite was the 'Ashtoreth of the Sidonians,' Adonis, we find, was the Thammuz worshipped in Syria. The worship of this pair made at one time great progress in Palestine; and the prophet Ezekiel says, that he saw in the vision in which the various kinds of idolatry practised at Jerusalem were shown to him, 'women sitting and weeping for Thammuz.'

"The legend of Venus and Adonis was done into English verse by Shakspeare, but with no great success. Milton has introduced the pair with striking effect in a fine passage in his 'Paradise Lost,' (book i.) :—

"With these in troop

Came Ashtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns ;
To whose bright image nightly, by the moon,
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs ;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah."

See *Chapman's Theocritus.*

Lo! these for many a rolling age had lain
In blank oblivion, with the vulgar train,
Had not their bard, the mighty Cæan,* strung
His many-chorded harp, and sweetly sung,
In various tones, each high-resounding name,
And giv'n to long posterity their fame.

Verse can alone the steed with glory grace,—
Whose wreaths announce the triumph of the
race!

Could Lycia's chiefs, or Cynus' changing hues,
Or Iliou live with no recording muse?
Not e'en Ulysses, who through dangers ran
For ten long years, in all the haunts of man;
Who e'en descended to the depths of hell,
And fled unmangled from the Cyclop's cell;
Not he had lived, but sunk, oblivion's prey,
Had no kind poet pour'd the unfading ray.
Thus, too, Philætiüs had in silence past;
And, nameless, old Laertes breath'd his last;
And good Eumæus fed his herds in vain,
But for Ionia's life-inspiring strain.
Lo! while the spirit of the spendthrift heir
Wings the rich stores amass'd by brooding care,
While the dead miser's scattering treasures fly,
The Muse forbids the generous man to die.

FROM IDYL XVII.

PRaises OF PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS.

With Jove begin, ye Nine, and end with Jove,
Whene'er ye praise the greatest God above?
But if of noblest men the song ye cast,
Let Ptolemy be first, and midst, and last.
Heroes of old, from demigods that sprung,
Chose lofty poets who their actions sung:
Well skill'd, I tune to Ptolemy my reed;
Hymns are of gods above the honour'd meed.
To Ida, when the woodman winds his way,
Where verdant pines their towering tops display,
Doubtful he stands, with undetermin'd look,
Where first to deal the meditated stroke:
And where shall I commence? New themes
arise,
Deeds that exalt his glory to the skies.
If from his fathers we commence the plan,
Lagus, how great, how excellent a man! †
Who to no earthly potentate would yield
For wisdom at the board, or valour in the field:
Him with the gods Jove equals, and has given
A golden palace in the realms of heaven:
Near him sits Alexander, wise and great,
The fell destroyer of the Persian state.
Against them, thron'd in adamant, in view
Alcides, who the Cretan monster slew,
Reclines, and, as with gods the feast he shares,
Glories to meet his own descendant heirs,
From age and pain's impediments repriev'd,
And in the rank of deities receiv'd.

For in his line are both these heroes class'd,
And both deriv'd from Hercules the last.
Thence, when the nectar'd bowl his love in-
spires,

And to the blooming Hebe he retires,
To this his bow and quiver he allots,
To that his iron club, distinct with knots;
Thus Jove's great son is by his offspring led
To silver-footed Hebe's rosy bed.

How Berenice shone! her parents' pride;
Virtue her aim, and wisdom was her guide:
Sure Venus with light touch her bosom prest,
Infusing in her soft ambrosial breast
Pure, constant love: hence faithful records tell,
No monarch ever lov'd his queen so well;
No queen with such undying passion burn'd,
For more than equal fondness she return'd.
Whene'er to love the chief his mind unbends,
To his son's care the kingdom he commends.
Unfaithful wives, dissatisfied at home,
Let their wild thoughts on joys forbidden roam:
Their births are known, yet, of a numerous race,
None shows the features of the father's face.
Venus, than all the goddesses more fair,
The lovely Berenice was thy care;
To thee 'twas owing, gentle, kind and good,
She past not Acheron's woe-working flood.
Thou caught'st her e'er she went where spectres
dwell,

Or Charon, the grim ferryman of hell;
And in thy temple plac'd the royal fair,
Thine own high honour's privilege to share.
Thence gentle love in mortals she inspires,
And soft solitudes, and sweet desires.
The fair Deïpye to Tydeus bare
Stern Diomed, the thunderbolt of war:
And Thetis, goddess of the azure wave,
To Peleus brought Achilles, bold and brave:
But Berenice nobler praise hath won,
Who bore great Ptolemy as great a son:
And sea-girt Cos receiv'd thee soon as born,
When first thine eyes beheld the radiant morn.
For there thy mother to Lucina pray'd,
Who sends, to those that suffer child-bed, aid.
She came, and friendly to the genial bed,
A placid, sweet tranquillity she shed
O'er all her limbs; and thus serene and mild,
Like his lov'd sire, was born the lovely child.
Cos saw, and fondling in her arms the boy,
Thus spoke, transported, with the voice of joy;
"Quick rise to light, auspicious babe be born!
And me with equal dignity adorn,
As Phœbus Delos:—on fam'd Triops' brow,
And on the neighbouring Dorian race bestow
Just honours, and as favourably smile,
As the god views with joy Rhœnæa's fertile isle."
The Island spoke; and thrice the bird of Jove
His pinions clang'd, resounding from above;
Jove's omen thunder'd from his eagle's wings;
Jove loves and honours venerable kings.
But whom in infancy his care befriends,
Him power, and wealth, and happiness attends:
He rules, belov'd, unbounded tracts of land,
And various oceans roll at his command.
Unnumber'd nations view their happy plains,
Fresh fertiliz'd by Jove's prolific rains:

* Simonides.

† Ptolemy Lagus, one of Alexander's captains, who, upon that monarch's death, and the division of his empire, had Egypt, Libya, and that part of Arabia which borders upon Egypt, allotted to his share.

But none, like Egypt, can such plenty boast,
 When genial Nile o'erflows the humid coast :—
 Here, too, O Ptolemy ! beneath thy sway
 What cities glitter to the beams of day !
 Lo ! with thy statelier pomp no kingdom vies,
 While round thee thrice ten thousand cities rise.
 Struck by the terror of thy flashing sword,
 Syria bow'd down, Arabia call'd thee lord ;
 Phœnicia trembled, and the Lybian plain,
 With the black Æthiop, own'd thy wide do-
 main :

E'en Lesser Asia and her isles grew pale,
 As o'er the billows pass'd thy crowd of sail.
 Earth feels thy nod, and all the subject sea ;
 And each resounding river rolls for thee.
 And while around thy thick battalions flash,
 Thy proud steeds neighing for the warlike clash,
 Through all thy marts the tide of commerce
 flows,
 And wealth beyond a monarch's grandeur glows.*

Such gold-hair'd Ptolemy ! whose easy port
 Speaks the soft polish of the manner'd court ;
 And whose severer aspect, as he wields
 The spear, dire-blazing, frowns in tented fields.
 And though he guards, while other kingdoms
 own

His conquering arms, the hereditary throne,
 Yet in vast heaps no useless treasure stor'd
 Lies, like the riches of an emmet's hoard ;
 To mighty kings his bounties he extends,
 To states confederate, and illustrious friends.
 No bard at Bacchus' festival appears,
 Whose lyre has power to charm the ravish'd
 ears,

But he bright honours and rewards imparts,
 Due to his merits, equal to his arts :
 And poets hence, for deathless song renown'd,
 The generous fame of Ptolemy resound.
 At what more glorious can the wealthy aim,
 Than thus to purchase fair and lasting fame ?
 The great Attriæ this alone enjoy,
 While all the wealth and spoil of plunder'd
 Troy,

That scap'd the raging flame, or whelming wave,
 Lies buried in oblivion's greedy grave.
 Close trode great Ptolemy, at virtue's call,
 His father's footsteps, but surpass them all :

* Ptolemy intended to engross the whole trade of the east and west to himself, and therefore fitted out two great fleets to protect his trading subjects ; one of these he kept in the Red sea, the other in the Mediterranean : the latter was very numerous, and had several ships of an extraordinary size. By this means, the whole trade being fixed at Alexandria, that place became the chief mart of all the traffic that was carried on between the east and the west, and continued to be the greatest emporium in the world above seventeen hundred years, till another passage was found out by the *Cape of Good Hope* : but as the road to the Red sea lay across the deserts, where no water could be had, nor any convenience of towns or houses for lodging passengers, Ptolemy, to remedy both these evils, opened a canal along the great road, into which he conveyed the water of the Nile, and built on it houses at proper distances ; so that passengers found every night convenient lodgings, and necessary refreshments for themselves, and their beasts of burden.

FROM IDYL XVIII.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MENELAUS.

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
 With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair ;
 And to the pompous palace did resort,
 Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
 There, hand in hand, a comely choir they led ;
 To sing a blessing to his nuptial bed,
 With curious needles wrought, and painted flow-
 ers bespread,—

Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride must be,
 And Jove himself was less a god than he.
 For this their artful hands instruct the lute to
 sound,

Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat the
 ground.

This was their song :—"Why, happy bridegroom,
 why,

Ere yet the stars are kindled in the sky,
 Ere twilight shades, or evening dews are shed,
 Why dost thou steal so soon away to bed ?
 Has Somnus brush'd thine eyelids with his rod,
 Or do thy legs refuse to bear their load,
 With flowing bowls of a more generous god ?
 If gentle slumber on thy temples creep,
 (But, naughty man, thou dost not mean to sleep.)
 Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowsy drone,
 Sleep by thyself, and leave thy bride alone :
 Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play
 At sports more harmless till the break of day !
 Give us this evening : thou hast morn and night,
 And all the year before thee, for delight.
 O happy youth ! to thee, among the crowd
 Of rival princes, Cupid sneez'd aloud ;
 And every lucky omen sent before,
 To meet thee landing on the Spartan shore.
 Of all our heroes thou canst boast alone,
 That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee son :
 What virgin with thy Helen can compare,
 So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair ?
 A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line ;
 But oh, a girl like her must be divine.
 Her equals we, in years, but not in face,
 Twelve score viragos of the Spartan race,
 While naked to Eurotas' banks we bend,
 And there in manly exercise contend,
 When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,
 And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
 And as, when winter melts, when darkness flies,
 And spring and noontide brighten all the skies,
 So bloom'd the virgin Helen in our eyes ;
 So bloom'd she, beautiful above the rest,
 Tall, slender, straight, with all the graces blest.
 As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn,
 Or as Thessalian steeds the race adorn,
 So rosy-colour'd Helen charms the sight,
 Our Sparta's grace, our glory and delight.
 With her no nymph may in the loom contend ;
 No nymph, like her, the willing osier bend ;
 None with such raptures animate the lyre ;
 Whether Minerva the rapt strain inspire,
 Or Dian, sporting with her virgin choir ;
 None can record their heavenly praise so well
 As Helen, in whose eyes ten thousand Cupids
 dwell.

O fair, O graceful! yet with maids enroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's sun a matron shall be-
hold!

Yet ere to-morrow's sun shall show his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
When all shall weep, and wish for thy return,
As bleating lambs their absent mother mourn.
Our noblest maids shall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath.
This monument, thy maiden beauties' due,
High on a plane-tree shall be hung to view,
On the smooth rind the passenger shall see
Thy name engrav'd, and worship Helen's tree:
Balm, from a silver box distill'd around,
Shall all bedew the roots, and scent the sacred
ground.

Hail bride, hail bridegroom, son-in-law to Jove!
With fruitful joys Latona bless your love!
Almighty Jove augment your wealthy store,
Give much to you, and to his grandsons more!
From generous loins a generous race will spring,—
Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like thee,
a king."

FROM IDYL XXII.

THE BOXERS.

THE twins of Leda, child of Thestius,
Twice and again we celebrate in song,
The Spartan pair, stamped by Ægiocbus,
Castor and Pollux, arming with the thong
His dreadful hands; both merciful as strong,
Saviours of men on danger's extreme edge,
And steeds tost in the battle's bloody throng,
And star-defying ships on ruin's ledge,
Swept with their crews by blasts into the cruel
dredge.

The winds, where'er they list, the huge wave
drive,
Dashing from prow or stern into the hold;
Both sides, sail, tackle, yard, and mast they
rive,
Snapping at random: from night's sudden fold
Rushes a flood; hither and thither rolled,
Broad ocean's heaving volumes roar and hiss,
Smitten by blasts and the hail-volley cold:
The lost ship and her crew your task it is,
Bright pair! to rescue from the terrible abyss.

They think to die—but lo! a sudden lull
O' the winds; the clouds disperse; and the
hush'd sheen
Of the calmed ocean sparkles beautiful:
The bears and asses, with the stall between,
Foreshow a voyage safe and skies serene.
Blest brothers! who to mortals safely bring,
Both harpers, minstrels, knights, and warriors
keen:
Since both I hymn, with which immortal king
Shall I commence my song? of Pollux first I'll
sing.
The jostling rocks, the dangerous Euxine's
mouth,

Snow-veiled, when Argo safely passed, and
ended

Her course at the Bebrycian shore, the youth
Born of the gods from both her sides descended,
And on the deep shore, from rude winds de-
fended,

Their couches spread; and strook the seeds of
fire

From the pyreion. Forthwith unattended
Did Pollux, of the red-brown hue, retire
With Castor, whose renown for horsemanship
was higher.

On a high hill a forest did appear:
The brothers found there a perennial spring,
Under a smooth rock, filled with water clear,
With pebbles paved, which from below did
fling

A crystal sheen like silver glistening:
The poplar, plane, tall pine, and cypress, grew
Hard by: and odorous flowers did thither
bring

Thick swarm of bees, their sweet toil to pursue,
As many as in the meads, when spring ends,
bloom to view.

There lay at ease a bulky insolent,
Grim-looking: his ears by gauntlets scored and
marred;

His vast chest, like a ball, was prominent;
His back was broad with flesh like iron hard,
Like anvil-wrought Colossus to regard;
And under either shoulder thews were seen
On his strong arms, like round stones which,
oft jarred

In the quick rush with many a bound between,
A winter torrent rolls down through the cleft
ravine.

A lion's hide suspended by the feet
Hung from his neck and o'er his shoulders fell:
Him the prize-winner Pollux first did greet:
"Hail, stranger! in these parts what people
dwell?"

"The hail of utter stranger sounds not well,
At least to me." "We're not malevolent,
Nor sons of such, take heart." "You need not
tell

Me that—I in myself am confident."
"You are a savage, quick to wrath and insolent."

"You see me as I am; upon your land
I do not walk." "Come thither, and return
With hospitable gifts." "I've none at hand,
Nor want I yours." "Pray, let me learn,
Wilt let me drink from out this fountain urn?"
"You'll know, if your thirst-hanging lips are
dry."

"How may we coax you from your humour
stern?"

With silver or what else?" "The combat
try—"

"How, pray, with gauntlets, foot to foot and eye
to eye?"

"In pugilistic fight, nor spare your skill."

"Where is my gauntlet-armed antagonist?"

"At hand! he's here; you see him if you will,
I, Amycus, the famous pugilist."

"And what the prize of the victorious fist?"

"The vanquished shall become the victor's thrall."

"Red-crested cocks so fight, and so desist."

"Cock-like, or lion-like the combat call;

This is the prize for which we fight, or none at all."

Then on a conch he blew a mighty blast:

The long-haired Bebryces, hearing the sound,
Under the shady plains assembled fast;

And likewise Castor, in the fight renowned,
Hastened and called his comrades to the ground

From the Magnesian ship. With gauntlets both

Armed their strong hands; their wrists and arms they bound

With the long thongs; with one another wroth,
Each breathing blood and death, they stood up
nothing loth.

First each contended which should get the sun
Of his antagonist; but much in sleight

That huge man, Pollux! was by thee outdone;
And Amycus was dazzled with the light;

But raging rushed straight forward to the fight,
Aiming fierce blows; but wary Pollux met
him,

Striking the chin of his vast opposite,

Who fiercer battled, for the blow did fret him,
And leaning forward tried unto the ground to
get him.

Shouted the Bebryces; and, for they feared

The man-like Tityus might their friend down-weigh

In the scant place, the heroes Pollux cheered:
But shifting here and there Jove's son made
play,

And struck out right and left, but kept away
From the fierce rush of Neptune's son un-
couth,

Who, drunk with blows, reeled in the hot
affray,

Out-spitting purple blood; the princely youth
Shouted, when they beheld his battered jaws and
mouth.

His eyes were nearly closed from the contusion
Of his swollen face; the prince amazed him
more

With many feints, and seeing his confusion
Mid-front he struck a heavy blow and sore,

And to the bone his forehead gashing tore;
Instant he fell, and at his length he lay

On the green leaves; but fiercely as before,

On his uprising, they renewed the fray,

Aiming terrific blows, as with intent to slay.

But the Bebrycian champion strove to place

His blows upon the broad breast of his foe,
Who ceaselessly disfigured all his face:

His flesh with sweating shrunk, that he did
show,

From huge, but small; but larger seemed to
grow

The limbs of Pollux, and of fresher hue

The more he toiled; Muse! for 'tis thine to
know,

And mine to give interpretation true,

Tell how the son of Zeus that mighty bulk o'er-
threw.

Aiming at something great, the big Bebrycian

The left of Pollux with his left hand caught,

Obliquely leaning out from his position,

And from his flank his huge right hand he
brought,

And had he hit him would have surely wrought

Pollux much damage; but escape he found,

Stooping his head, and smote him, quick as
thought,

On the left temple; from the gaping wound

A bubbling gush of gore out-spurred on the
ground.

Right on his mouth his left hand then he
dashed;

Rattled his teeth; and with a quicker hail

Of blows he smote him, till his cheeks he
smashed:

Stretched out he lay; his senses all did fail,

Save that he owned the other did prevail

By holding up his hands: nor thou didst claim
The forfeit, Pollux, taking of him bail

Of a great oath in his own father's name,

Strangers to harm no more with word or deed
of shame.

FROM IDYL XXIV.

THE INFANT HERCULES.

YOUNG Hercules had now beheld the light

Only ten months, when once upon a night,

Alcmena having washed, and given the breast

To both her heavy boys, laid them to rest.

Their cradle was a noble shield of brass,

Won by her lord from slaughter'd Pterilas.

Gently she laid them down, and gently laid

Her hand on both their heads, and yearned, and
said:

"Sleep, sleep, my boys! a light and pleasant
sleep,*

My little souls, my twins, my guard and keep!

Sleep happy, and wake happy!" And she kept

Rocking the mighty buckler, and they slept.

At midnight when the Bear went down, and
broad

Orion's shoulder lit the starry road,

There came, careering through the opening halls

On livid spires, two dreadful animals—

Serpents, whom Juno, threatening as she drove,

Had sent there to devour the boy of Jove.

Orbing their blood-fed bellies in and out,

They tower'd along; and, as they look'd about,

* The melody of the original breathes an exquisite and
soothing repose: no lullaby was ever more delightful.

Εὐδὲν ἔπει Ἀρτέμιαν ἡλικίαν καὶ ἑξαετηρίαν ὄντων,

Εὐδὲν ἔπει λυγὰ, δὴ ἀδελφεῖν, εὐστα τέκνα,

Οὐλοῖσι βουζύουσιν, καὶ οὐλοῖσι αὖ ἰκνοῖσιν.

The celebrated song of Simonides is of a similar cha-
racter.

An evil fire out of their eyes came lamping;
A heavy poison dropp'd about their champing.
And now they have arrived, and think to fall
To their dread meal, when lo! (for Jove sees
all.)

The house is lit as with the morning's break,
And the dear children of Alcmena wake.
The younger one, as soon as he beheld
The evil creatures coming on the shield,
And saw their loathsome teeth, began to cry
And shriek, and kick away the clothes, and try
All his poor little instincts of escape;
The other, grappling, seized them by the nape
Of either poisonous neck, for all their twists,
And held like iron in his little fists.

Alcmena heard the noise, and "Wake!" she
cried;

"Amphitryon, wake! for terror holds me tied;
Up! stay not for the sandals. Hark! the child—
The youngest—how he shrieks! The babe is
wild!

And see the walls and windows! 'Tis as light
As if 'twere day, and yet 'tis surely night.
There's something dreadful in the house; there is,
Indeed, dear husband!" He arose at this,
And seized his noble sword, which overhead
Was always hanging at the cedar-bed.

All in an instant, like a stroke of doom,
Returning midnight smote upon the room.
Amphitryon called, and woke from heavy sleep
His household, who lay breathing hard and
deep:

"Bring lights here from the hearth! lights! lights!
and guard

The doorways! rise, ye ready labourers hard!"
He said; and lights came pouring in, and all
The busy house was up in bow'r and hall;
But when they saw the little suckler, how
He grasped the monsters, and with earnest brow
Kept beating them together, playthingwise,
They shrieked aloud: but he, with laughing
eyes,

Soon as he saw Amphitryon leaped and sprung.
Child like, and at his feet the dead disturbers
flung.

FROM IDYL XXV.

HERCULES, THE LION-SLAYER.

HERCULES, in quest of Augeias, falls in with
one of the dependants of that personage. He is
amazed at the sight of his herds, having no notion
that even ten kings together possessed such
wealth. He accompanies Augeias and his son
while they inspect the stalls and the business
going on there. In the morning he accompanies
Phyleus to the city, and communicates to him, on
the road, the particulars of his adventure with
the Nemean lion, whose hide is hanging from
his shoulders. The beginning, and some think
the conclusion also, of this Idyl is wanting in the
original.

When to perform his fated lord's behest,
Amphitryon's son, with toils and perils tried,

Hero with the prodigious breadth of breast,—
In his right hand his club, the lion's hide
Hung from his shoulders by the fore feet tied,—
To the rich vale of fruitful Elis came,
Where the sweet waters of Alphæus glide,
Seeing herds, flocks, and pastures, none might
claim,
But only wealthiest lord, some prince well known
to fame,

He asked a countryman, whose watchful care
Overlooked the grounds (his task was his de-
light.)

"Good friend! wilt tell a traveller, whose are
These herds, and flocks, and pastures infinite?
He is, I well may guess, the favourite
Of the Olympian gods. Here should abide
Those I am come to seek." The man, at
sight

And claim of stranger, quickly laid aside
The work he had in hand, and courteously re-
plied:

"What thou dost ask I willingly will tell,
Good stranger! for I fear the heavy wrath
Of Hermes, the way-god; of all who dwell
Above us, most is he provoked, when scath
Or scorn is done to him who asks his path.
Not in one pasture all the flocks appear,
Nor in one region, King Augeias hath:
Some pasture where Elisson glides; some,
where

Alphæus; at vine-clad Buprasion some; some,
here:

"And every flock has its particular fold.
Their pasture never fails his numerous kine
In the green lowlands that receiving hold
The gush of Peneus, and the dew divine:
As in the genial moisture they recline,
The meads throw up soft herbage, which sup-
plies

The strength of the horned kind. Beyond the
shine

Of the far-gliding river—turn your eyes
A little to the left—their stalled enclosure lies;

"Yonder, where the perennial planes elate
Stand lordly, and the green wild-olives grow,—
A grove to King Apollo dedicate,
The pastoral god, most perfect god we know.
Hard by, our dwellings in a lengthened row;
Our labour an immense revenue yields
To our good lord, as often as we sow,
When thrice or four times ploughed, the fallow
fields:

Each of his husbandmen the spade or hoe that
wields,

"Earthing the vine-roots, or at vintage-tide
Tells at the wine-press, knows where the
domain

Of rich Augeias ends on every side.
For his is all the far-extended plain,
Orchards thick-set with trees, and fields with

E'en to the fount-full hill-tops far away;
All which we work at (as behoves the swain,

Whose life is spent a-field) through all the day.
Why thou art come—to tell may be thy profit—
say.

"Dost seek Augeias, or some one of those
Who serve him? I will give an answer clear,
And to the point, as one that fully knows.
Not mean art thou, nor of mean sires, I'd swear,
So grand thy form. The sons of gods appear
Such among men." To him Jove's son replied :
"In truth, old man! for that did bring me
here,

Augeias I would see : if it betide
Th' Epeân chief doth in the city now abide,

"And, caring for the folk, as judge fulfils
True judgment; bid his trusty steward me
speed,

With whom as guide I may converse. God
wills

That mortal men should one another need."

To him the husbandman : "It seems, indeed,
Thy way was heaven-appointed : in thine aim,
E'en to thy wish, thou dost at once succeed ;
For yesterday Augeias hither came,
With his illustrious son, Phyleüs hight by name.

"After long time, his rural wealth to see,
He came : to this e'en princes are not blind,
The master there, his house will safer be.
But let us to the stall ; there shall we find
Augeias." Led the way that old man kind :
Seeing the great hand-filling club, and spoil
Of the wild beast, he puzzled much his mind,
Who he could be, come from what natal soil ;
And with desire to ask him this did inward boil,

But caught the word just to his lips proceeding,
For fear he might with question indiscreet,
Or out of place, annoy the stranger speeding :
'Tis a hard thing another's thought to weet.
The hounds both ways, by scent and fall of feet,
Perceived them from afar. At Hercules
They flew, loud barking at him, but did greet
The old man, whining gently as you please,
And round him wagged their tails, and fawning
licked his knees.

But he with stones—to lift them was enough—
Scared back the hounds, their barking did re-
strain,

And scolded them ; but, though his voice was
rough,

His heart was glad they did such guard main-
tain,

When he was absent. Then he spoke again :

"Gods! what an animal! what faithful suit
He does to man! if he where to abstain,
Where rage, but knew, none other might dispute
With him in excellence; but 'tis too fierce a
brute."

And soon they reached the stall. The sun his
steeds

Turned to the west, bringing the close of day.
The herds and flocks, returning from the meads,
Came to the stables where they nightly lay,
The kine in long succession trod the way,

Innumerable ; as watery clouds on high,
By south or west wind driven in dense array,
One on another press, and forward fly,
Numberless, without end, along the thickened sky ;

So many upon so many impels the wind ;
Others on others drive their crests to twine :
So many herds so many pressed behind ;
The plain, the ways, were filled in breadth and
line :

The fields were straitened with the lowing kine.
The sheep were folded soon ; the cattle, too,
That inward, as they walk, their knees incline,
Were all installed, a multitude to view :
No man stood idly by for want of work to do.

Some to the kine their wooden shoes applied,
And bound with thongs ; while some in station
near

To milk them took their proper place beside :
One to the dams let go their younglings dear,
Mad for the warm milk ; while another there
The milk-pail held, the curds to cheese one
turned :

Meanwhile Augeias went by every where,
And with his own eyes for himself he learned
What revenue for him his cattle-keepers earned.

With him his son and mighty Hercules
Through his exceeding show of riches went.
And though his mind Amphitryonides
Was wont to keep on balance and unbent,
At sight thereof he was in wonderment :
Had he not seen it, he'd have thought it fable
That any one, however eminent
For wealth, or any ten, in fold, stall, stable,
The richest of all kings, to show such wealth
were able.

Hyperion gave unto his son most dear,
That he should all in flocks and herds excel.
His care increased them more from year to
year ;

For on his herds no sort of ailment fell,
Such as destroys the cattle : his grew well,
In pith improving still. None cast their young,
Which almost all were female. He could tell
Three hundred white-skinned bulls his kine
among.

And eke two hundred red, that to their pastime
sprung.

Twelve swan-white bulls were sacred to the
sun,

All inknee'd bulls excelling ; these apart
Cropped the green pasture, and were never
done

Exulting ; when from thicket shag did dart
Wild beasts, among the herds to play their part,
These twelve first rushed, death-looking, to the
war,

Roaring most terribly. In pride of heart
And strength great Phaethon (men to a star
Did liken him) was first, mid many seen afar.

When this bull saw the tawny lion's hide,
He rush'd on watchful Hercules, intent
To plunge his armed forehead in his side :
But then the hero grasped incontinent

The bull's left horn, and to the ground back bent
 His heavy neck; then backward pressed his might.
 The bull, more struggling as more backward sent,
 At last stood, stretching every nerve, upright.
 The king, and prince, and swains, all marvelled at the sight.

But to the city, on the following day,
 Bold Hercules and Prince Phyleüs sped.
 At first their path through a thick vineyard lay,
 Narrow, and 'mid the green, through which it led,
 Half-hid. This past, Phyleüs turned his head
 O'er his right shoulder, soon as they did reach
 The public road, and to the hero said,
 Who walked behind him—"Friend, I did impeach
 Myself as having lost, concerning thee, some speech.

"I long since heard: now I remember me,
 A young Achæan hither on a day
 From Argos came, from sea-shore Helice,
 Who, many Epeans present, then did say
 He saw an Argive man a monster slay,
 A lion, dread of all the country round,
 Whose lair in grove of Zeus the Nemean lay:
 I am not sure if on Tirynthian ground,
 Or else in Argos born, or in Mycæan bound;

"But said, if I remember rightly now,
 The hero sprung from Perseus: I confess
 Methinks none other Argive man but thou
 Dared that adventure: yea! that piece of dress,
 The lion's hide avows that hardness.
 Then, hero, first of all explain to me,
 That I may know if right or wrong my guess,
 Whether thou art in truth that very he,
 Whose deed was told us by the man of Helice.

"Next, tell how thou didst slay the dreadful beast,
 And how his way to Nemean haunt he found:
 One, if he searched in Apian land at least,
 Such monster could not find, though bears abound,
 Boars and destructive wolves, the country round:
 Wherefore all marvelled at the man's recital,
 And thought the traveller, with idle sound
 Of his invented wonders, in requital
 Of hospitable rites, was striving to delight all."

Then from the mid-path to the road-side near
 Phyleüs kept, that both abreast might find
 Sufficient room, and he might better hear
 What Hercules should say, who still behind
 To him replied: "Not from the truth declined,
 But with just balance thou hast judged it well;

Since thou would'st hear, I with a willing mind
 Will tell, Phyleüs, how the monster fell.
 But whence he came nor I, nor Argive else can tell:

"Only we think that some Immortal sent,
 For holy rites profaned or left undone,
 That ill on the Phoronians; forth he went,
 And the Piseians, like a flood, o'errun:
 The Bembinaans least of all could shun
 His fateful wrath; they, nearest, fared the worst:

To slay that terrible redoubted one
 Was task enjoined me by Eurystheus erst:
 His wish I undertook—of my set toils the first.

"My flexible bow I took, and quiver full
 Of arrows, and my club, the bark still on,
 The stem of a wild olive I did pull
 Up by the roots, when thither I was gone,
 Under the brow of holy Helicon.
 But when I came to the huge lion's lair,
 I to the tip the string did straightway don,
 And fix'd one of the arrows which I bare:
 To see, ere I was seen, I looked around with care.

"It was the mid-day, and not yet I found
 His traces: nor could hear his mighty roar.
 I saw no herdsman, ploughman on the ground,
 To point me where I should his haunt explore:
 Green fear kept every man within his door.
 Nor till I saw him and his vigour tried,
 Ceased I to search the sylvan mountain o'er;
 And ere came on the cool of eventide,
 Back to his cavern, gorged with flesh and blood
 he hid.

"His dew-lap, savage face, and mane, were gory;
 He licked his beard, while I, yet unespied,
 Lurked in a thicket of the promontory;
 But as he nearer came, at his left side
 I shot an arrow, but it did not glide,
 Though sharp, into his flesh, but with rebound
 Fell on the grass. The thick he closely eyed,
 His bloody head up-lifting from the ground,
 And ghastly grinned, showing his teeth's terrific round.

"Then on the string another shaft I placed,
 And shot—vext that the former idly flew:
 Mid-breast I hit him, where the lungs are placed:
 His hide the sharp, sharp arrow pierced not through,
 But at his feet fell ineffectual too:
 Again a third I was in act to shoot,
 Enraged to think in vain my bow I drew,
 When I was seen by the blood-thirsty brute,
 Who to the battle-thought his angry signs did suit.

"With his long tail he lashed himself; and all
 His neck was filled with wrath: the fiery glow
 Of his vext mane up-bristled; in a ball
 He gathered up himself, till like a bow
 His spine was arched: as when one, who doth know

Chariots to build, excelling in his art,
 Having first heated in a fire-heat slow
 Bends for his wheel a fig-branch; with a start
 The fissile wild-fig flies far from his hands apart.

"Collected for the spring, and mad to rend me,
 So leapt the lion from afar: I strove

With skin-cloak, bow and quiver to defend me
 With one hand; with the other I up-hove
 My weighty club, and on his temple drove,
 But broke in pieces the rough olive wood
 On his hard shaggy head: he from above
 Fell ere he reached me, by the stroke subdued,
 And nodding with his head on trembling feet he
 stood.

"Darkness came over both his eyes: his brain
 Was shaken in the bone; but when I spied
 The monster stunned and reeling from his
 pain,

I cast my quiver and my bow aside,
 And to his neck my throttling hands applied,
 Before he could recover. I did bear me
 With vigour in the death-clutch, and astride
 His body from behind from scath did clear me,
 So that he could not or with jaw or talons tear
 me.

"His hind feet with my heels I pressed aground;
 Of his pernicious throat my hands took care;
 His sides were for my thighs a safe-guard found
 From his fore-feet: till breathless high in air
 I lifted him new sped to hell's dark lair.
 Then many projects did my thoughts divide,
 How best I might the monster's carcass bare,
 And from his dead limbs strip the shaggy hide:
 Hard task it was indeed, and much my patience
 tried.

"I tried, and failed with iron, wood, and flint;
 For none of these his skin could penetrate;
 Then some Immortal gave to me a hint
 With his own talons I might separate
 The carcass and the hide: success did wait
 The trial of this thought; he soon was flayed.
 I wear his hide, that serves me to rebate
 Sharp-cutting war. The Nemean beast was
 laid

Thus low, which had of men and flocks much
 havoc made."

ON THE STATUE OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

THE son of Peon to Miletus came
 To meet his Nicias of illustrious name;
 He, in deep reverence of his guest divine,
 Deck'd with the daily sacrifice his shrine;
 And of the god this cedar statue bought—
 A finish'd work, by skilled Eëtion wrought.
 The sculptor, with a lavish sum repaid,
 Here all the wonders of his art display'd.

Another translation of the Same.

AT fam'd Miletus, Peon's son the wise
 Arriv'd, with learned Nicias to advise,
 Who to his shrine with daily offerings came,
 And rais'd this cedar statue to his fame;
 The cedar statue by Eëtion wrought,
 Illustrious artist! for large sums he bought:
 The work is finish'd to the owner's will,
 For here the sculptor lavish'd all his skill.

A VOW TO PRIAPUS.

O GOATHERD! wind adown that village road,
 Where oaks are growing. Thou wilt find be-
 yond

A new carved fig-tree image. Though three-
 legged,
 Bark'd with rough rind, and earless, know the
 god,

Genial Priapus, speeds the soft designs
 Of Venus. He is circled, where he stands,
 With a fair chapel; and a running brook,
 As clear it sparkles from the rock, looks green
 With myrtles, bays, and aromatic boughs
 Of cypress trees; and there a branching vine
 Spreads broad its clusters. Blackbirds of the
 spring

Re-echo shrill their varied whistling pipe;
 And tawny nightingales, perch'd opposite,
 Strain their sweet throats, with soft, low-gurgled
 tone.

Sit, therefore, in that spot; and pray the god,
 Gracious Priapus, to release this heart
 From love of Daphne. Promise at my hand
 A goodly kid; but, if he still deny,
 Three victims I devote in sacrifice—
 A heifer, and a shagged goat, and lamb
 Fed in the stall; and may the god be kind!

Another translation of the Same.

TURNING down, goatherd, by the oaks, you'll see
 A fig-tree statue, put up recently,
 Three-footed, with the bark on, without ears;
 Yet plain enough Priapus it appears.
 A sacred hedge runs round it; and a brook,
 Flowing from out a little gravelly nook,
 Keeps green the laurel and the myrtle trees
 And odorous cypresses:
 And there's a vine there, heaping all about
 Its tendrilled clusters out;
 And vernal blackbirds through the sprays
 Shake their shrill notes a thousand ways;
 And yellow nightingales reply,
 Murmuring a honied song deliciously.
 Sit you down there, and the kind god implore,
 That I may yearn for Psamathe no more;
 Myself, with a fine kid, will follow you,
 And sacrifice; and should the deity nod,
 A heifer and a goat shall thank him too,
 And a house-lamb. Hear, then, kind-hearted god!

EPITAPH

ON EUSTHENES THE PHYSIOGNOMIST.

To Eusthenes, the first in wisdom's list,
 Philosopher and Physiognomist,
 This tomb is rais'd: he from the eye could scan
 The cover'd thought, and read the very man.
 By strangers was his decent bier adorn'd.
 By strangers honour'd, and by poets mourn'd:
 Whate'er the Sophist merited he gain'd,
 And dead, a grave in foreign realms obtain'd.

ON ANACREON.

STRANGERS, who near this statue chance to roam,
 Let it awhile your studious eyes engage;
 And you may say, returning to your home,
 "I've seen the image of the Teian sage—
 Best of the bards, who grace the Muses' page."

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

[About 280 B. C.]

LEONIDAS lived in the days of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, and appears to have been one of the captives made by that prince in his war on the Tarentines. He left behind him about a hundred epigrams in the Doric dialect,—some dedicatory, others descriptive, or commemorative,—and all (to his praise be it spoken,) remarkably free from exception on the ground of morality.

HOME.

CLING to thy home! If there the meanest shed

Yield thee a hearth, and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stor'd,
Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board—
Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scattered grow,
Wild on the river-brink or mountain-brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.

THE DYING SHEPHERD.

LONE shepherds, who your goats and well-wool'd sheep

Teach to climb up this mountain's ridgy steep;
By Earth adjured and dark Persephone,
O grant this small but grateful boon to me
Clitagoras! that on yon craggy rock
Some shepherd softly to my browsing flock
May pipe; and meadow-flowers of early spring
Wreathe, for my grave a rustic offering.
Pressing the milky teats of teeming ewe,
With milk-libations may the swain bedew
My tomb; these are—these are those charities
Of mutual love, which even in Hades please.

THE OFFERING TO THE RURAL DEITIES.

To Pan, the master of the woodland plain,
To young Lyæus and the azure train
Of Nymphs, that make the pastoral life their care,
With offerings due old Arcas pours his prayer.

To Pan a playful kid, in wars untried,
He vows, yet sporting by its mother's side;
And lays the creeping ivy on the vine,
A grateful present to the God of Wine;
And to the gentler Deities, who guide
Their winding streamlets down the mountain's side,

Each varied bud from autumn's shady bowers,
Mixed with the full-blown roses' purple flowers.
Therefore, ye Nymphs, enrich my narrow field,
With the full stores your bounteous fountains yield:

Pan, bid my luscious pails with milk o'erflow,
And, Bacchus, teach my yellow vines to glow.

TO THE SAME.

YE lowly huts! thou sacred hill,
Haunt of the Nymphs! pure gushing rill,
That underneath the cold stone flowest!
Pine, that those clear streams o'ergrowest!
And thou, O Pan, whose wandering flocks
Frolic o'er the thyme-clad rocks,
Pleased, the rustic goblet take,
Filled with wine, and th' oaten cake,
Offered to your deities
By a true Æacides.

THE RETURN OF SPRING TO SAILORS.

HASTE to the port! the twittering swallow calls,
Again returned; the wintry breezes sleep;
The meadows laugh; and warm the zephyr falls
On ocean's breast and calms the fearful deep.
Now spring your cables, loiterers; spread your sails;
O'er the smooth surface of the waters roam!
So shall your vessel glide with friendly gales,
And, fraught with foreign treasure, wait you home.

A MOTHER ON HER SON.

UNHAPPY child! unhappy I, who shed
A mother's sorrows o'er thy funeral bed!
Thou'rt gone in youth, Amyntas; I, in age,
Must wander through a lonely pilgrimage,
And sigh for regions of unchanging night,
And sicken at the day's repeated light.
Oh, guide me hence, sweet spirit, to that bourne,
Where, in thy presence, I shall cease to mourn.*

* There is a Latin epitaph, somewhere, on a monument erected by a mother over her children, all of whom she had survived. Having forgotten the exact lines of the original, I can only present the reader with an attempted translation of them:—

All, all are gone,—the good, the fair,—

All lost, in life's sweet bloom;

And she, whose age might claim their care,

Survives to raise their tomb.

Then hush, fond hearts—hearts that have not

A parent's rapture known;

And, if ye envied once my lot,

Now learn to bless your own.—W. P.

PAN TO HIS WORSHIPPERS.

Go, rouse the deer with horn and hound,
 And chase him o'er the mountains free;
 Or bid the hollow woods resound
 The triumphs of your archery.—
 Pan leads—and, if you hail me right,
 As guardian of the sylvan reign,
 I'll wing your arrows on their flight,
 And speed your coursers o'er the plain.

INSCRIPTION ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER.

Not here, O thirsty traveller, stoop to drink;
 The sun has warmed, and flocks disturbed, its
 brink;
 But climb you upland, where the heifers play,
 Where that tall pine excludes the sultry day;
 There will you list a bubbling rill that flows
 Down the cool rock, more cold than Thracian
 snows.

INSCRIPTION ON A BOAT.

They say that I am small and frail,
 And cannot live in stormy seas:—
 It may be so; yet every sail
 Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze:
 Nor strength nor size can then hold fast,
 But fortune's favour, heaven's decree:—
 Let others trust in oar and mast,
 But may the gods take care of me!

ON A GRASSHOPPER.*

Though humble be this grave of mine,
 O stranger, in thine eyes,
 And this low tomb-stone scarcely seem
 above the ground to rise;
 Yet to the fair Philænis her
 due meed of praise award,
 For the love which she has shown to me,
 the thorn-frequenting bard.
 For two whole years she cherish'd me,
 and when the hand of doom
 Bereft her of my soothing strains,
 she laid me in this tomb.

* Chirping crickets, or grasshoppers, (the *ἰσχυρὸς*, as well as the *τέττιξ*) were kept in houses like singing birds, and more especially in the apartments of the women. By a quick, tremulous motion of the wings against the sides, these little creatures produced a sort of song, which, according to the notion of the Greeks, formed a part of the full charm of summer. The fashion of wearing a golden cricket in the hair, was one of great antiquity in Athens. Many fanciful interpretations have been given of this custom; by some it was said to denote not only the love of music, but the privileges of autochthony, of which this insect was the sacred symbol. See *Hase's Ancient Greeks*.

ON HOMER.

Dim grow the planets, when the God of Day
 Rolls his swift chariot through the heavenly way;
 The Moon's immortal round, no longer bright,
 Shrinks in pale terror from the glorious light:—
 Thus, all eclipsed by Homer's wondrous blaze,
 The crowd of poets hide their lessened rays.

ON A STATUE OF ANACREON.

Come, see your old Anacreon,
 How, seated on his couch of stone
 With silvery temples garlanded,
 He quaffs the rich wine, rosy-red;
 How, with flush'd cheek and swimming eye,
 In drunken fashion, from his thigh
 He lets his robe unheeded steal,
 And drop and dangle o'er his heel.
 One sandal's off; one scarce can hide
 The lean and shrivell'd foot inside.
 Old Anacreon—hark! he sings
 Still of love to th' old harp strings!
 Still, Bathylla—still, Megiste,—
 How he coax'd ye, how he kiss'd ye!
 Gentle Bacchus, watch and wait,
 You must watch and hold him straight;
 Hold him up; for, if he fall,
 You lose your boldest bacchanal

EPITAPH ON AN AGED FISHERMAN.

Theris, the aged fisherman, whose skill
 Taught him to live, and many a basket fill
 With fishes, (for their plundering foe was he,
 And than the sea-fowl oftener tost at sea;—
 Theris, whose few-oared boat, and seine, and
 hooks,
 Could win the fishes from their secret nooks.
 Yet,—not Arcturus, nor the blasts that blow
 Down-rushing, swept this aged man below:
 But, like a lamp long burning, and whose light
 Flickers, self spent, and is extinguish'd quite,
 In a rush but he died:—to him this grave
 (No wife, no child, he had) his brother fishers
 gave.

ON HIMSELF.

Far from Tarentum's native soil I lie,
 Far from the dear land of my infancy.
 'Tis dreadful to resign this mortal breath,
 But in a stranger clime 'tis worse than death.
 Call it not life to pass a fevered age
 In ceaseless wanderings o'er the world's wide
 stage.
 But me the Muse has ever loved, and given
 Sweet joys to counterpoise the curse of heaven;
 Nor lets my memory decay, but long
 To distant times preserves my deathless song.

POSIDIPPUS.

[About 280 B. C.]

A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

WHAT course should man pursue in life?
At home there's care; abroad there's strife;
On shore, 'tis labour without leisure;
At sea, all danger, and no pleasure;—
From realm to realm, a pilgrim, go;
If rich, what fear! if poor, what woe!
House, wife, and children, are a curse,
And yet to be without them's worse:
Follies and toys our youth engage,
And pains and weakness come with age.
What choice of good amidst such dearth?
Oh, had I ne'er been doomed to earth,
Or died the moment of my birth!*

* METRODORUS'S PARODY OF THE ABOVE.

LIVE where and how beseems thee best;
Abroad there's fame, at home there's rest:
Glad Nature's grace attires the fields,
And gain the smiling ocean yields:—
Go, roam; if rich, all are thy brothers;
If poor, it is not known to others.
Art married? O how blest for thee!
A bachelor? Well, at least, thou'rt free.
Then children! What a charm's about them!
And yet we've fewer cares without them:
Youth boasts its health and strength, while age
Is dignified, religious, sage:—
Then talk not thus of life with scorn,
Or wish that thou hadst ne'er been born,
For good doth all its parts adorn.

ON THE TOMB OF A SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

AN, why, my brother mariners,
so near the boisterous wave
Of ocean, have ye hollowed out
my solitary grave?
'Twere better much, that far from hence
a sailor's tomb should be,
For I dread my rude destroyer,
I dread the roaring sea.
But may the smiles of fortune,
may love and peace await
All ye that shed a tear for poor
Nicetas' hapless fate!

ON A CHILD.

THE little child was playing
About the crystal well,
And, reaching for its image,
Into the water fell.
The mother ran and snatch'd it,
With an ever-watchful care,
And fondly kiss'd and clasp'd it,
To see if life was there.
It hath not stain'd the water,
But upon its mother's breast
It hangs, and there in beauty
'Tis lull'd to gentle rest.

ARATUS.

[About 277 B. C.]

ARATUS was a native of Soli in Cilicia, and physician to Antigonus Gonatus, king of Macedonia. He was also favoured by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and lived on intimate terms with Theocritus, who mentions him more than once in his Idyls. His principal poems were thrice translated into Latin verse, first by Cicero, secondly by Germanicus, and lastly by Avienus. They

are simple and inartificial, but contain almost all that Greece then knew of the heavenly phenomena. Virgil has, in several instances, availed himself of his predecessor's knowledge on such subjects.—Aratus stood in high favour amongst the fathers of the Church, as being the poet quoted by St. Paul in his speech to the Athenians on Mars' Hill. *Acts* xvii. 28.

PROEM TO THE PHENOMENA.

FROM Jove begin my song; nor ever be
The name unutter'd; all are full of thee;
The ways, and haunts of men; the heavens and
sea.

On thee our being hangs; in thee we move;
All are thy offspring, and the seed of Jove.
Benevolent, he warms mankind to good,
Urges to toil, and prompts the hope of food.
He shows when best the yielding glebe will bear
The goaded oxen, and the cleaving share.

He shows what seasons smile, to delve the plain,
To set the plant, or sow the scatter'd grain.
'Twas he, that placed those glittering signs on
high.

Those stars, dispers'd throughout the circling sky;
From these the seasons and the times appear,
The labours, and the harvests of the year.

Hence men to him their thankful homage raise,
Him, first and last, their theme of joy and praise.
Hail, Father! wondrous! whence all blessings
spring!

Thyself the source of every living thing!
Oh of mellifluous voice! ye Muses hear!
And, if my prayer may win your gracious ear,
Your inspiration, all ye Muses, bring,
And aid my numbers, while the stars I sing.

PROGNOSTICS OF WEATHER.

Be this the sign of wind: with rolling sweep
High swells the sea; long roarings echo deep
From billow-breaking rocks; shores murmur
shrill,

Though calm from storm, and howls the topmost
hill.

The heron with unsteady motion flies,
And shoreward hastes, with loud and piercing
cries;

Borne o'er the deep, his flapping pinions sail,
While air is ruffled by the rising gale.
The coots, that wing through air serene their way,
'Gainst coming winds condense their close array.
The diving cormorants and wild-ducks stand,
And shake their dripping pinions on the sand:
And oft, a sudden cloud is seen to spread,
With length'ning shadow, o'er the mountain's
head.

By downy-blossom'd plants, dishevell'd strown,
And hoary thistles' tops, is wind foreshown:

When, those behind impelling those before,
On the still sea they slowly float to shore.
Watch summer thunders break, or lightnings fly,
Wind threatens from that quarter of the sky:
And, where the shooting stars, in gloomy night,
Draw through the heavens a tract of snowy light,
Expect the coming wind; but, if in air
The meteors cross, shot headlong here and there,
From various points observe the winds arise,
And thwarting blasts blow diverse from the skies.
When lightnings in the north and south appear,
And east and west, the mariner should fear
Torrents of air, and foamings of the main;
These numerous lightnings flash o'er floods of rain.
And oft, when showers are threatening from on
high,

The clouds, like fleeces, hang beneath the sky:
Girding heaven's arch, a double rainbow bends,
Or, round some star, a black'ning haze extends:
The birds of marsh, or sea, insatiate lave,
And deeply plunge, with longings for the wave:
Swift o'er the pool the fluttering swallows rove,
And beat their breasts the ruffled lake above:
Hoarse croak the fathers of the reptile brood,
Of gliding water-snakes the fearful food:
At break of day, the desert-haunting owl
Lengthens from far her solitary howl:
The clamouring crow is perch'd, where high the
shore

With jutting cliff o'erhangs the ocean rear;
Or with dipp'd head the river wave divides,
Dives whole-immers'd, or, cawing, skins the tides.
Nor less the herds for coming rain prepare,
And skyward look, and snuff the showery air.
On walls the slimy-creeping snails abound,
And earth-worms trail their length, the entrails
of the ground;

The cock's young brood ply oft the pluming bill,
And chirp, as drops from eves on tinkling drops
distil.

LYCOPHRON.

[About 259 B. C.]

LYCOPHRON was born at Chalcis in Eubœa; and was one of the seven poets, under Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, who formed the poetical constellation of the Pleiads. Lycophron died by the wound of an arrow. Twenty tragedies of his composition are lost. All that remains of him is his prophetic rhapsody of Cassandra.

FROM THE CASSANDRA.

PROPHECY OF THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

Now Myrina's turrets o'er
And along the ocean shore
Sounds are heard of wailing cries,
Neighlings shrill of war-steeds rise

When the tawny wolf his feet,
With Thessalian swiftness fleet,
Springing with impetuous leap,
Presses on the sandy steep;
Hidden fountains gushing round,
As he stamps the yielding ground.

Mars, in war-dance famed, hath stood
 Blowing shrill the trump of blood.
 All the earth, before mine eyes,
 Drear and desolated lies:
 Lances bristle, and in air
 Iron harvests, waving, glare.
 From the topmost tower I bend;
 Shrieks the height of air ascend:
 Groans are utter'd; garments torn;
 Women o'er the slaughters mourn.
 Woe my heart! to me, to me
 That the heaviest blow will be;
 That will gnaw my soul to see.

See the warlike eagle come,
 Green of eye, and black of plume:
 Screaming fierce he swooping springs,
 Marks the dust with trailing wings;
 Plougher of the furrow'd sand,
 Sweeping circles track the land.
 With a mix'd and horrid cry,
 See, he snatches him on high!
 Brother! to my soul endear'd—
 Nursling, by Apollo rear'd!
 Beak and talon keen deface
 All his body's blooming grace
 Slaughter-dyed, his native wood
 Reddens with the stain of blood.

HEGESIPPUS.

NOTHING is known of the age or country of this writer.

THE RIGHT-HAND ROAD TO HADES.

'Tis by yon road, which from the funeral pyre
 Slopes to the right, that Hermes, it is said,
 Leads to the seat of Rhadamanthus dire
 The willing spirits of the virtuous dead.

That right-hand path thy pensive ghost pursued,
 Loved Aristonous! when it left behind
 Those not unmindful of the great and good,
 Eternal joys among the blest to find.

ON A SHIPWRECKED PERSON.

PERISH the hour—the dark and starless hour—
 Perish the roaring main's tempestuous power—
 That whelmed the ship where loved Abdera's
 son

Prayed to unheeding heaven and was undone!
 Yes—all were wreck'd! and by the stormy wave
 To rough Seriphos borne, he found a grave,—
 Found, from kind stranger hands, funereal fires,
 Yet reached, inurn'd, the country of his sires.

EUPHORION.

[274—221 B. C.]

A NATIVE of Chalcis, and a celebrated poet of the age and court of Antiochus the Great. Three epigrams and a few inconsiderable fragments, are all that remain of his writings.

ON TEARS.

BE temperate in grief! I would not hide
 The starting tear-drop with a Stoic's pride—
 I would not bid the o'erburthen'd heart be still,
 And outrage Nature with contempt of ill.
 Weep; but not loudly! He, whose stony eyes
 Ne'er melt in tears, is hated by the skies.

ON A CORPSE WASHED ASHORE.

NOT rugged Trachis hides these whitening bones,
 Nor that black isle, whose name its colours
 shows,
 But the wild beach, o'er which with ceaseless
 moans
 The vexed Icarian wave eternal flows,

Of Drepanus—ill-fated promontory—

And there, instead of hospitable rites,
 The long grass sweeping tells his fate's sad
 story

To rude tribes gathered from the neighbouring
 heights.

AN OFFERING TO APOLLO.

THE first bright honours of his youthful head,
 Phœbus! to thee hath fair Eudoxus shed.
 Grant him instead, his temples to adorn
 With greenest ivy on Acharnæ born.*

* The custom here alluded to is that of the consecration, by young men first entering into life, of their hair to Apollo.

ANTAGORAS.

[About 260 B. C.]

A NATIVE of Rhodes, and said by Pausanias to have been a familiar friend of Antigonus Gonatas, at whose court he resided. Almost all his writings are lost.

CUPID'S GENEALOGY.

WHITHER shall we go to prove
The genealogy of Love?
Shall we call him first-created
Of the gods from Chaos dated,
When Erebus and Night were mated;
And their glorious progeny
Sprung from out the secret sea?
Or will Venus claim Love's birth?
Or the roving Winds, or Earth?
For his temper varieth so,
And the gifts he doth bestow

(Like his form, which changeth still,
Taking either sex at will,
Are now so good, and now so bad,
We know not whence his heart he had.

ON TWO CYNIC PHILOSOPHERS.

HERE Palemo and pious Crates lie—
(So speaks this column to the passers by)
In life unanimous and joined in death,
Who taught pure wisdom with inspired breath:
Whose acts, accordant with the truths severe
Their lips pronounced, bespoke the soul sincere.

CALLIMACHUS.

[About 260 B. C.]

CALLIMACHUS was born at Cyrene, and taught letters at Alexandria, where he also filled the place of keeper of the Alexandrian Library, under Ptolemy Philadelphus and his son, Ptolemy Euergetes. He produced a variety of works.—elegies,* satires, mythologic tales, hymns and inscriptions,—of which only a few of the two latter remain.

FROM HIS HYMN ON THE BATH OF MINERVA.

THE STORY OF TIRESIAS.

..... IN times of old, Minerva loved
A fair companion with exceeding love—
The mother of Tiresias; nor apart
Liv'd they a moment. Whether she her steeds
Drove to the Thespian old, or musky groves
Of Coronæa, and Curalius' banks,
That smoke with fragrant altars, or approach'd
To Haliartus, and Bœotia's fields;
Still in the chariot by her side she placed
The nymph Chariclo; nor the prattlings sweet,
Nor dances of the nymphs, to her were sweet,
Unless Chariclo spoke, or led the dance.
Yet for the nymph Chariclo was reserved
A store of tears; for her, the favour'd Nymph,
The pleasing partner of Minerva's hours.

For once, on He'licon, they loosed the clasps
That held their flowing robes, and bathed their limbs

In Hippocrene, that, beauteous, glided by;
While noonday stillness wrapp'd the mountain round.

Both laved together; 'twas the time of noon;
And deep the stilly silence of the mount.
When, with his dogs of chase, Tiresias trod
That sacred haunt. The darkening down just bloom'd

Upon his cheek. With thirst unutterable
Panting, he sought that fountain's gushing stream,
Unhappy; and, involuntary, saw
What mortal eyes, not blameless, may behold.

* One of these, on the consecration of Queen Berenice's hair in the temple of Venus, is known to us by the Latin version of Catullus.

Minerva, though incensed, thus pitying spoke :
 "Who to this luckless spot conducted thee,
 O son of Evers? who sightless hence
 Must needs depart!" she said, and darkness fell
 On the youth's eyes, astonished where he stood :
 A shooting anguish all his nerves benumb'd,
 And consternation chain'd his murmuring tongue.
 Then shriek'd the Nymph; "What, Goddess, hast
 thou done

To this my child? are these the tender acts
 Of Goddesses? thou hast bereaved of eyes
 My son. Oh miserable child! thy gaze
 Has glanced upon the bosom and the shape
 Of Pallas; but the sun thou must behold
 No more. Oh miserable me! oh shades
 Of Helicon! oh mountain, that my steps
 Shall ne'er again ascend! for small offence
 Monstrous atonement! thou art well repaid
 For some few straggling goats and hunted deer
 With my son's eyes!" the Nymph then folded
 close,

With both her arms, her son so dearly loved;
 And utter'd lamentation, with shrill voice,
 And plaintive, like the mother nightingale.
 The Goddess felt compassion for the Nymph,
 The partner of her soul, and softly said :
 "Retract, divinest woman! what thy rage
 Erring, has utter'd. 'Tis not I that smite
 Thy son with blindness. Pallas hath no joy
 To rob from youths the lustre of their eyes.
 The laws of Saturn thus decree—Whoe'er
 Looks on a being of immortal race,
 Unless the willing God consent, must look
 Thus, at his peril, and atoning pay
 The dreadful penalty. This act of fate,
 Divinest woman, may not be recall'd.
 So spun the Destinies his mortal thread
 When thou didst bear him. Son of Evers!
 Take then thy portion. But, what hecatombs
 Shall Aristeus and Autonoe,
 Hereafter, on the smoking altars lay,
 So that the youth Actæon, their sad son,
 Might be but blind, like thee! for know that
 youth

Shall join the great Diana in the chase;
 Yet, not the chase, nor darts in common thrown,
 Shall save him; when his undesigning glance
 Discerns the goddess in her loveliness
 Amidst the bath. His own unconscious dogs
 Shall tear their master, and his mother cull
 His scatter'd bones, wild-wandering through the
 woods.

That mother, Nymph! shall call thee blest, who
 now

Receivest from the mount thy sightless son.
 Oh weep no more, companion! for thy sake
 I yet have ample recompense in store
 For this thy son. Behold! I bid him rise
 A prophet: far o'er every seer renown'd
 To future ages. He shall read the flights
 Of birds, and know whatever on the wing
 Hovers auspicious, or ill-omen'd flies,
 Or void of auspice. Many oracles
 To the Bœotians shall his tongue reveal;
 To Cadmus, and the great Lablaccian tribe.
 I will endow him with a mighty staff,

To guide his steps aright; and I will give
 A lengthen'd boundary to his mortal life;
 And, when he dies, he only, midst the dead,
 Shall dwell inspired, and, honoured by that king
 Who rules the shadowy people of the grave."

She spoke, and gave the nod; what Pallas
 wills

Is sure: in her, of all his daughters, Jove
 Bade all the glories of her father shine.
 Maids of the bath! no mother brought her forth;
 Sprung from the head of Jove. Whate'er the
 head

Of Jove, inclining, ratifies, the same
 Stands firm; and thus his daughter's nod is
 fate.—

She comes! in very truth, Minerva comes!
 Receive the goddess, damsels! ye, whose hearts,
 With tender ties, your native Argos binds,
 Receive the goddess! with exulting hails,
 With vows, and shouts. Hail, Goddess! oh pro-
 tect

Inachian Argos! hail! and, when thou turn'st
 Thy coursers hence, or hitherward again,
 Guidest thy chariot-wheels, oh! still preserve
 The fortunes of the race from Danaus sprung!

ON A BROTHER AND SISTER.

WE buried him at dawn of day:
 Ere set of sun his sister lay
 Self-slaughtered by his side.
 Poor Basilé! she could not bear
 Longer to breathe the vital air,
 When Melanippus died.

Thus in one fatal hour was left,
 Of both a parent's hopes bereft,
 Their desolated sire;
 While all Cyrene mourned to see
 The blossoms of her stateliest tree
 By one fell blight expire.

THE CHASE.

MARK, Epicydes, how the hunter bears
 His honours in the chase—when timid hares
 And nobler stags he tracks through frost and
 snow,
 O'er mountains echoing to the vales below.
 Then if some clown halloo—"Here, master,
 here
 Lies panting at your feet the stricken deer!"—
 He takes no heed, but starts for newer game:
 Such is my love, and such his arrow's aim,
 That follows still with speed the flying fair,
 But deems the yielding slave below his care.

EPITAPH ON A GOOD MAN.

IN holy sleep Acanthian Saon lies:—
 O say not that the good man ever dies.

THE DEATH OF CLEOMBROTUS.

CLEOMBROTUS, upon the rampart's height
 Bade the bright sun farewell; then plunged to
 night.

The cares of life were yet to him unknown;
Glad were his hours, his sky unclouded shone;
But Plato's reason caught his youthful eye,
And fixed his soul on immortality.

THE VIRGIN'S OFFERING TO VENUS.*

A SHELL, Zephyritis, is all that I am,
First fruits from Selena to thee.
Time was, that a nautilus gaily I swam,
And steer'd my light bark on the sea.

* It was a custom among the Greek girls on the eve of marriage, to consecrate some favourite toy of their childish years to Venus, and happy might the bride esteem herself, if like our Selena, the daughter of Clinias, she had it in her power to present, from her cabinet of shells and marine curiosities, a tribute so magnificent as that of the shining conch of the nautilus. The Venus Zephyritis (so called from the promontory of Zephyrion, near Alexandria, where her temple stood,) was also called Chloris and Arionde, and, in fact, was no other than the deified wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus.—See *Notes of Bland's Antiquary*.

Then hoisting my own little yards and my sail,
I swam the soft breeze as it came,
And rowed with my feet, if a calm did prevail,
And thus, Cypris, got I my name.

But cast by the waves on the Iulian shore,
I am sent for a plaything to thee,
Now lifeless;—the sea-loving halcyon no more
Shall brood on the waters for me.

Arsinœ! oh, may all grace from thy hand
On Clinias' daughter alight;
From Smyrna she sends in Æolia's land,
And sweet be her gift in thy sight

ON HERACLEITUS.

THEY told me, Heracleitus, thou wert dead;
And then I thought, and tears thereon did shed,
How oft we two talked down the sun; but thou,
Halicarnassian guest! art ashes now.
Yet live thy nightingales of song; on those
All-plundering Death shall ne'er his hand im-
pose.

NICÆNETUS OF SAMOS.

[About 240 B.C.]

THE PRECEPT OF CRATINUS.

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies.*

THE FETE CHAMPETRE.

NOT in the city be my banquet spread,
But in sweet meadows, where around my head

* Horace says of this jovial philosopher:—

"Præco si credis, Mæneas daete, Cratino,
Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potioribus."

And Aristophanes tells us that he died of vexation at seeing a jar of good wine broken.

The zephyr may float freely: be my seat
The mossy platform of some green retreat,
Where shrubs and creepers, starting at my
side,

May furnish cushion smooth and carpet wide.
Let wine be serv'd us, and the warbling lyre
Trill forth soft numbers of the Muses' choir;
That we, still drinking, and our hearts con-
tenting,

And still to dulcet tunes new hymns inventing,
May sing Jove's bride, from whom these plea-
sures come,
The guardian Goddess of our island home.*

* The favourite abode of Juno was in the island of Samos, where was also her most ancient temple.

DIOSCORIDES.

[About 240 B.C.]

DIOSCORIDES flourished at Alexandria, under Ptolemy Epiphanes, but most of them were found in a com-
penny Eusebius. He has begun the last about forty lines in clear water, to repay the labour of translation.

THE PERSIAN SLAVE TO HIS MASTER.

O MASTER! should my body, when I die,
In decent cerements, from the vulgar eye.

But burn me not upon yon funeral pyre,
Nor dare the gods and deities deem me;
I am a Persian;—twice a Persian slave
To dip his body in the sacred flame.

Nor o'er my worthless limbs your waters pour;
For streams and fountains Persia's sons adore;
But leave me to the clods that gave us birth,—
For dust should turn to dust, and earth to earth.

SPARTAN VIRTUE.

WHEN Thrasybulus from the embattled field
Was breathless borne to Sparta on his shield,

His honoured corse, disfigured still with gore,
From seven wide wounds, (but all received before),

Upon the pyre his hoary father laid,
And to the admiring crowd triumphant said:
Let slaves lament,—while I, without a tear,
Lay mine and Sparta's son upon his bier.

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

[About 240 B. C.]

APOLLONIUS was born at Naucratis, and educated at Alexandria. He afterwards migrated to Rhodes, where he opened a school of rhetoric, and became so popular with the people as to

obtain from them the freedom of their city. Hence his surname of Rhodius. He finally returned to Egypt, and succeeded Callimachus as keeper of the Alexandrian Library.

FROM THE ARGONAUTS.

THE SONG OF ORPHEUS, AND SAILING OF THE ARGO.

THEN too, the jarring heroes to compose,*
Th' enchanting bard, Ægrian Orpheus rose,
And thus, attuning to the trembling strings,
His soothing voice of harmony, he sings—
In the beginning how heaven, earth, and sea,
In one tumultuous chaos blended lay;
Till Nature parted the conflicting foes,
And beauteous Order from Disorder rose:
How, roll'd incessant o'er the etherial plain,
Mov'd in eternal dance the starry train;
How the pale orb of night, and golden sun,
Through months and years their radiant journeys run;
Whence rose the mountains clad with waving woods,
The rushing rivers and resounding floods,
With all their Nymphs; from what celestial seed
The various tribes of animals proceed.
Next how Ophion held his ancient reign,
With his fam'd consort, daughter of the main:
On high Olympus' snowy head enthron'd,
The new-created world their empire own'd:
Till force superior, and successful war,
Divested of their crowns the regal pair;
On Saturn's head Ophion's honours plac'd,
And with his consort's glories Rhea grac'd.
Thence to old Ocean's watery kingdoms hurl'd;—
Thus they resign'd the sceptre of the world;

* The names of these heroes were Idmon and Idas, the latter of whom, having been reprimanded by the former for speaking too arrogantly of himself and too disrespectfully of the gods, being heated with wine, fell into a rage, and from reproaches and threats would have proceeded to blows, had he not been restrained by his brother Argonauts, and their leader, Jason.

And Saturn rul'd the bless'd Titanian gods,
While infant Jove possess'd the dark abodes
Of Dictes' cave; his mind yet uninform'd
With heav'nly wisdom, and his hand unarm'd:
Forg'd by the Cyclops, earth's gigantic race,
Flam'd not as yet the lightning's scorching blaze,
Nor warr'd the thunder through the realms above,
The strength and glory of almighty Jove.

This said, the tuneful bard his lyre unstrung,
And ceas'd th' enchanting music of his tongue.
But with the sound entranc'd, th' attentive ear
Thought him still singing, still stood fix'd to hear.*
In silent rapture ev'ry chief remains,
And feels within his heart the thrilling strains.
Forthwith the bowl they crown with rosy wine,
And pay due honours to the pow'rs divine.
The pure libations on the fire they pour,
While rising flames the mystic tongues devour.

Now sable Night ascends her starry throne,
And Argo's chiefs her drowsy influence own.
But when the bright-ey'd Morning rear'd her head,

And look'd o'er Pelion's summits, ting'd with red,
Light skimm'd the breezes o'er the wat'ry plain,
And gently swell'd the fluctuating main.
Then Tiphys rose, and, summon'd by his care,
Embark the heroes, and their cars prepare.

* The translator has evidently framed his version of this line after Milton—

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

Par. Lost. viii.

And Pope has done the same in his narrative of Ulysses—

He ceas'd; but left so charming in her ear
His voice, that, listening, still they seem'd to hear.

Odys. xi.

Portentous now along the winding shores,
Hoarse-sounding Pagasæan Neptune roars.
Impatient Argo, the glad signal took,
While from her vocal keel loud murmur broke;
Her keel of sacred oak, divinely wrought,
Itonian Pallas from Dodona brought.

On their allotted posts now rang'd along,
In seemly order, sat the princely throng:
Fast by each chief his glitt'ring armour flames;
The midmost station bold Anceus claims,
With great Alcides, whose enormous might
Arm'd with a massy club provokes the fight,
Now plac'd beside him: in the yielding flood
The keel, deep-sinking, feels the demi-god.

Their lawwers now they loose, and on the brine
To Neptune pour the consecrated wine.
Then from his native shores sad Jason turns
His oft-reverted eye, and silent mourns.
As in Ortygia, or the Delphic fane,
Or where Ismenus laves Boëtia's plain,
Apollo's altars round, the youthful choir,
The dance according with the sounding lyre,
The hallow'd ground with equal cadence beat,
And move in measure their harmonious feet:
Together so Thessalia's princes sweep
With well-tim'd oars the silver-curling deep,
While, raising high the Thracian harp, presides
Melodious Orpheus, and the movement guides.
On either side the dashing surges broke,
And fierce re-murmur'd to each mighty stroke;
Thick flash the brazen arms with streaming light,
While the swift bark pursues her rapid flight,
And ever as the sea-green tide she cleaves,
Foams the long track behind, and whitens all
the waves:

So shines the path, across some verdant plain,
Trac'd by the footsteps of the village swain.

Jove on that day from his celestial throne,
And all th' immortal Pow'rs of heav'n look'd
down,

The godlike chiefs and Argo to survey,
As through the deep they urg'd their daring way.
Then too on Pelion's cloud-topp'd summits stood
The Nymphs and Fauns, and Sisters of the wood,
With wonder viewing the tall pine below,
That shaded once the mountain's shaggy brow,
Now, fram'd by Pallas, o'er the sounding sea,
Thessalia's mighty heroes to convey.

But, lo! from Pelion's highest cliff descends,
And downward to the sea his footstep bends
The centaur Chiron; on the beach he stood,
And dipp'd his fetlocks in the hoary flood.
Then, waving his broad hand, the bark he hails,
And speeds with prosperous vows the parting
sails.

With him advance his consort to the shore;
The young Achilles in her arms she bore:
Then raising high in air the pleasing load,
To his fond sire the smiling infant show'd.

PASSION OF MEDEA.

AMIDST them all, the son of Æson, chief,
Shone forth divinely in his comeliness,
And graces of his form. On him the maid
Held still her eyes askance, and gazed him o'er,

Through her transparent glistening veil; while
grief

Consum'd her heart. Her mind, as in a dream,
Slid stealthily away, and hovering hung
On his departing footsteps. Sorrowing they
Went from the palace forth. Chalciope
Dreading Æetes' anger, hastening pass'd
Within her secret chamber, with her sons:
And thus Medea went, her soul absorb'd
In many musings, such as love incites,
Thoughts of deep care. Now all remember'd
things

In apparition rose before her eyes:

What was his aspect; what the robe he wore;
What words he utter'd; in what posture placed,
He on the couch reclined; and with what air
He from the porch pass'd forth. Then red the
blush

Burn'd on her cheek; while in her soul she
thought

No other man existed like to him:

His voice was murmuring in her ears, and all
The charming words he utter'd. Now, disturb'd,
She trembled for his life; lest the fierce bulls,
Or lest Æetes should, himself, destroy
The man she loved: and she bewailed him now
As if already dead; and down her cheeks,
In deep commiseration, the soft tear
Flow'd anxiously. With piercing tone of grief
Her voice found utterance: "Why, unhappy one!
Am I thus wretched? What concerns it me,
Whether this paragon of heroes die
The death, or flee discomfited? And yet
He should unharm'd depart. Dread Hecate!
Be it thy pleasure! let him homeward pass,
And 'scape his threaten'd fate: or, if his fate
Beneath the bulls have destined him to fall,
First let him know, that in his wretched end
Medea does not glory." So disturb'd,
Mused the sad virgin in her anguish'd thoughts.

DELIBERATION OF MEDEA, ON HER PROMISE TO
JASON.

NIGHT then brought darkness o'er the earth: at
sea

The mariners their eyes from shipboard raised,
Fix'd on the star Orion, and the Bear.
The traveller and the keeper of the gate
Rock'd with desire of sleep; and slumber now
Fell heavy on some mother, who had wept
Her children in the grave. No bay of dogs,
No noise of tumult, stir'd the city streets;
All hush'd in stillest darkness. But sweet sleep
Sooth'd not Medea. Many a busy thought,
For love of Jason, strain'd her wakeful eyes.
She fear'd the bulls, by whose o'er-mastering
strength

He, on the battle-field, may haply meet
Dishonourable death. With feverous throbs
The heart within her bosom restless heav'd.
As when the glitter of the sun, that springs
From water, in some cauldron freshly pour'd,
Or milk-pail, brandish'd quivers on the walls,
Darts in quick rings, and vibrates round and
round;

So was the virgin's heart, within her breast,

Turn'd to and fro. The tear, compassionate,
Stole trickling from her eyes, and inward grief
Frey'd with slow wasting on her pining frame;
Such weight of suffering did her sleepless love
Lay on her bosom. Now her will resolves
To gift the chief with drugs of charming power:
Now she abjures the thought; and she will die
Together with the man she loves. Anon
Her resolutions change; nor will she die
With him she loves, nor yield the charming drugs;
But calm, with unresisting apathy,
Bear with his fate. Then sitting, while her
thoughts

Waver'd in musing doubt, aloud she spake:
"Still am I wretched with a choice of ills!
My mind is impotent of thought: no cure
For this, the torment irresistible,
That evermore consumes me. Would to heaven
That I had fallen by Diana's darts,
Ere I beheld him! Ere my sister's sons
Had gone for Greece, whence some unfriendly
god

Or fury, brings these lamentable woes.
Then let him fight, and perish, if his fate
Decree that he shall die upon the field.
How should I shun my parents' eyes, and mix
The needful drugs? What speech can serve my
turn?

What fraud shall aid me, or what secret will?
Shall I, apart from his companions, see
The chief alone, and interchange kind words?
Wretch that I am! for if, indeed, he die,
How could I hope a respite for my woes?
Then were my sun of misery full, if he
Were reft of life. Away with modesty!
Away with decent forms! and let him go
Saved by my counsels, wheresoe'er he list.
And then, on that same day, when he achieves
The combat, let me die: to yon high beam,
Let me, suspended by the throat, expire;
Or drain the juices, that destroy the soul.
Yet man will cast reproaches, after life,
Upon my breathless body: and, from far,
Shall the whole city cry aloud, and rail
Upon my death; and here and there will throng
The Colchian women, and pursue with taunts
My memory: 'This maiden's heart was wrapt
So deeply in a stranger, that for him
She died, and stain'd her parents, and her house,
To love-sick frenzy yielding up herself.'
What shame will not be mine! Oh, misery!
Were it not better now, this very night,
Here in my chamber, to forsake my life?
So, by a sudden death, to 'scape at once
All this reproach; before my deeds have wrought
This foul disgrace, unworthy of a name!"

She said, and to her casket went, full-stored
With drugs: some healthful, some of deadly bane.
She placed it on her knees, and wept; the tears
Unceasing bathed her bosom; flowing forth,
Spite of herself, abundantly, for grief
Of her hard fate. And now the impulse rose,
To cull and taste the drugs that poison life.
She loosed the casket's fastenings; with ill hap
Gathering the mortal herbs, when, suddenly,
Came o'er her mind a horror of the grave.

Long time she mused in doubt: life's pleasing
cares,
In smiling vision, flitted on her sight:
She thought upon the pleasures that are found
Among the living; she remember'd her
Of the gay playmates of her virgin hours:
The sun more pleasant in her fancy shone
Than ere his light had been; and, more and more,
Her fondness grew for each remember'd thing.
She then replaced the casket from her knees,
For Juno turn'd her heart; and, straight she long'd
For morning to appear, that she might give
The promis'd drugs of saving power, and greet
The face of Jason. Oft she drew the bolts
That closed her chamber door, and with long look
Watch'd for the light.

THE MAGIC TRIAL.

THE evening sun went down beneath the verge
Of dusky earth, far glancing o'er the hills
Of Æthiopia; and the Night arose,
And yok'd her chariot-steeds. The heroes then
Spread at their anchorage their couch of rest.
But Jason, instant as the Bear's bright star
Had turn'd the pole, and silence from the heaven
Suffused the depth of æther, took his way
To a lone spot, like some night-stealing thief,
With all things needful: he all needful things
In daylight had prepared: milk from the fold
Argus had brought, and a ewe lamb: the rest
He from the ship received. When now he saw
A spot remote from intercourse of men,
And stood, in quiet, midst the meadow streams:
Then in the sacred river bathed he all
His delicate body, duly purified;
And round him threw a sable cloak, the gift
Of that fair Lemnian, sad Hypsipyle:
Mournful memorial of her nuptial bed.
Then of a cubit's depth he dug the trench,
And piled the logs; and laid the lamb, its neck
Cut by the knife, in order on the pile;
Kindled the wood, from underneath, with fire,
And shed the mix'd libation, and invoked
Dread Hecate, to aid his bold emprise.
And, having call'd her name of terror, fell
Back from the altar. She the summons heard:
The powerful goddess, from earth's hollow depth,
At Jason's charming rite, ascended up;
Begirt with oaken boughs and grisly snakes,
And circled with the multitudinous glare
Of glimmering torches, while around her yell'd
The howl of subterranean dogs; and where
Her footsteps trod, earth quak'd on every side.
The nymphs of marshes and of rivers shriek'd.
Whatever haunt that solitary spot
On Phasis' banks. Then fear on Jason fell:
But him with unrevoked looks, his feet
Still bore right onward, that he might rejoice
His comrades. Morn, now rising in the east,
Cast streaks of light o'er snow-topp'd Caucasus—
When o'er his breast Æetes, arming, drew,
The firm-conjoined corslet, gift of Mars;
Who, with his own hands, rent the bloody spoil
From Minus, Thracia's giant. On his head
He placed a four-coned helm of burnish'd gold;
Resplendent, as the round sun when emerged

From ocean. Then he grasp'd the massive shield
Of many-folded hides, and clench'd the spear,
Weighty, enormous—which no single man
Of that heroic band, in combat match'd,
Might firm sustain, since Hercules was left
On distant shores. Hard by, Absyrtus stood,
And held the solid chariot for the king
To mount; and straight he mounted and caught
up

The reins within his grasp, and rode, upborne
Through the broad chariot-way, from forth the
town,

To give the fight his presence. With them rush'd
The people in a torrent multitude.
As Neptune to the Isthmian contest speeds,
Climbing his car, or guides his rolling wheels
To Tænarus, or Lerna's lake; or seeks
Orchestus' grove; or lashes his fleet steeds
To Calauria or Hæmonia's rock,
Or tree-embower'd Gerastus; so was seen
The king of Colchos. Jason now, with heed
Of wise Medea's counsels, liquefied
The drug, and with it smear'd th' anointed
shield,

And the strong spear and sword. His comrades
all

Essay'd to bend the weapons, nor avail'd
With all their strength: the spear's unyielding
beam

Grew hard, and stiffen'd in their vigorous hands.
But Idas smote in wrath the spear-head's cross
With his huge sword: the clanging edge leap'd
back,

As the reverberating hammer bounds
From the struck anvil. Joyful tumult rose
Among the heroes, in that victory's hope.
Himself he last anointed; and a strength
Intrepid, marvellous, unspeakable,
Enter'd his frame: his hands were sudden strung
With callous force, his muscles swell'd with
strength.

E'en as a war-horse, in the hope of fight,
Neighs, beating with his hoof the trampled
earth,

And, with raised ears, lifts glorying his arch'd
neck,

High toss'd in air; so Jason, borne along
By new-strung vigour, moved his balanced limbs,
Of pacing to and fro with lofty step:

And poising on his arm the brazen shield,
And brandishing the spear. A man had said
That stormy lightning glitter'd in dark air,
And ever and anon gleam'd from the clouds
That wafted blackening rain. Nor longer then
Abstain'd they from the contest; but all sate
Upon the rising benches of the bark,
And stretch'd with ease to reach that field of
Mars.

Such distance from the city opposite
Then intervened, as from the starting post
Spreads to the chariot's goal: when they who
guide

The funeral pageant of some monarch dead,
To horse and foot appoint the various games.
They came before Æetes, and the train
Of Colchian people. These stood ranged above,

On rocks of Caucasus—he where the bank
Of the broad river wound its bending verge.
But, when his comrades now had cast the cord
That moor'd the ship to land, forth Jason leap'd
From the high deck, with buckler and with
lance,

And went to front the combat: and he took
His helm of glittering brass, its hollow fill'd
With the sharp serpent's teeth: the falchion slung
Athwart his shoulder: naked was his form.
He look'd, in part, another Mars—in part
Naked Apollo—girded o'er his breast
With sword of beamy gold. Then, traversing
The fallow with his eyes, he saw the yoke
Of brass, and plough of hardest adamant.
Still on he went, approaching near, and fix'd,
Hard by, his lance erect upon its point,
And laid his helmet down; and, with his shield
Upborne before him, touch'd the footmarks vast
Of those enormous bulls. They suddenly
From subterraneous caves, their rocky stall,
Enwrapt in sooty smoke rush'd forth at once,
Breathing the glare of flame. The heroes shrank,
Shuddering as they beheld: but he with art
Eluded their assault, as, in the sea,
A rock awaits the waves, that turbid swell
With mighty rush of winds. Before him still
He held the buckler. They, with bellowing
roar,

Both thrust, and smote him with their sturdy
horns—

But, as they rush'd against him, could not move,
Nor stagger his firm footing. And, as when
The bellows in the windy orifice
Of a smith's forge, now kindle to a blaze
The scorching flame, now cease their breezy
blast,

And deep the crackling roar is heard, while
mounts,

Stirr'd from below, the fluctuating fire:
So they, with hollow blowings from their mouths
Breathed snorting forth the sharp and flickering
flame.

Still the life-threatening blaze enwrapp'd him
round

As if with sheeted lightning: him preserved
The virgin's drug. He then the right-hand bull
Grasp'd by his horn, and sternly press'd him
down

With his whole strength, till underneath the yoke
Of brass he bent him, prostrating to earth
On his bow'd knees, and tripping with swift foot
The brazen hoof. The other rushing on
He smote, and at a blow him, too, he fell'd
Doubling the knee. Then, casting on the ground
His huge-orb'd shield, now from their fiery
breath

Released, he strode, and kept them down, and
held

From side to side, where, grovelling, each was
fallen

Upon his foremost knees: Æetes gazed
In wonder on the vigour of the man.
The sons of Tyndarus, who long had look'd
Upon his prowess, close approaching, gave
The yoke from off the field, to throw around

The bulls' broad necks. He firmly bound the
thongs
Clench'd in the midst, the brazen draught-beam
rais'd,
And fitted to the polish'd ring that hung
From the link'd yoke. They backward from the
flame
Retreated to the ship. But he again
Seized his round shield, and cast upon his back:
Then taking his strong helm, its hollow fill'd
With the sharp teeth, he grasp'd th' enormous
lance
Midway the shaft, and, as a Grecian swain
The ox-goad thrusts, so with his pointed spear
He smote their lingering sides, and turn'd at
will
The strong plough-staff of solid adamant.
They, struggling with immeasurable wrath,
Breathed out the ravening flame; and such a
blast
Of hollow sound arose, as warring winds
In tempest breathe, when ocean-faring men
Furl the vast sail in fear. Not long they went,
Thus quicken'd by the goading spear, nor long
The rugged field was, transverse, plough'd and
broke
By those strong bulls and by that vigorous swain;
Ere, marvellous, in the furrows of the ground,
The clods, men-teeming, clash'd. He, following,
trod
The bulls' track'd steps with firm-set foot, and
far
'Midst the plough'd glebe threw thick the serpent
teeth.
His head still backward o'er his shoulder turn'd,
Lest the destroying crop of earth-born men
Should intercept his way. Right onward still
The bulls with brazen hoofs slow-striving toil'd.
Now when a third of wasted day was left
From rise of morn, and toil-worn labourers
call'd
On the sweet evening's yoke-releasing hour,
Then was the fallow of four-acred breadth
Plough'd through by that unwearied ploughman's
hand.
He loos'd the draught-beam from the harness'd
bulls,
And scared them through the plains in startled
flight;
He to the ship return'd; but bent his eye
On those man-teeming furrows. Thronging round,
His comrades cheer'd him with emboldening
words.
He, from the river current, in his helm
Drain'd a full draught, and slaked his panting
thirst:
Then bent his pliant knees with motion light,
Fill'd with high courage, and impetuous zeal
Of daring—as a boar that whets his fangs
Against the hunters, while the dropping foam
Flows from his chafing jaws upon the ground.
And now, from all the furrow'd plain uprose
The earth-born men; all bristling with strong
shields,
And barbed spears, and shining helms, a field
Hallow'd to Mars, the mortal-slayer god.

Through air the splendour flash'd from earth to
heaven;
As when on earth abundant snows have fallen—
The winds disperse again the wintry clouds
In the dark night, and thick the crowded stars
All glitter through the gloom; so gleam'd the
ranks
Up-growing from the dusky-moulded soil.
But Jason then bethought him of the wile
Medea counsell'd, and from off the plain
Snatch'd a round stone, immense, a quoit for
Mars—
Not four strong youthful men had lifted it,
Though but a little. This within his gripe
He took, and hurl'd at distance, with full sway
Of his impulsive force, amid the host.
He back-receding, sat behind his shield
Hid, but courageous: then the Colchians sent
A mighty outcry, as the sea, that shrill
Dashes, re-murmuring, on the pointed rocks.
But on Æetes, from that quoit's strong cast,
Foreboding silence fell. They, like swift dogs,
Raging in fierceness, on each other turn'd
Tumultuous battle. On their mother earth
By their own spears they sank, like pines, or
oaks,
Strew'd by a whirlwind in the mountain dale.
But, as a shooting star draws through the heavens
A fiery furrow, marvellous to men
That view the splendour dart through gloomy
air,
So Jason rush'd upon the earth-sprung host.
Drawn from the scabbard waved his flashing
sword,
And smote promiscuous; mowing with keen
stroke
Some half-uprisen to air, high as the waist;
Some striving from the shoulders; some, but now
Erect, and others starting to their feet,
And hasting to the charge. As when a war
Is kindled on the borders, straight the swain,
Fearing lest others reap before the time
His harvest, takes his sickle newly sharp'd,
And hastening cuts the tender corn, nor waits
The warm sun's ripening beams to dry the grain;
So Jason reap'd the crop of earth-born men.
The furrows overflow'd with blood, as dikes
Fill'd from a fountain. Headlong fell they down,
And bit the rugged ground with hard clench'd
teeth.
Some backwards fell; some on their elbows
propp'd;
Some on their sides, and wallowing lay like
whales,
And many wounded, ere their footing trod
Earth's surface, far as into upper air
Their bodies half emerged, so far, below
The ground sunk down, and plunged their heads
yet dank
With the fresh mould. As when, profuse, the
rain
Is pour'd from æther, the young fig-trees bow,
Torn from the roots, to earth; the gardener's toil
Is blasted, and dejection and sore grief
O'ercome the orchard's owner; so deep cares
Press'd on the sadden'd spirit of the king

Æetes, and he went, on his return
To his own city, with the Colchian train;
Casting within his troubled mind, how best
With sharper trial to confront the chiefs.
Day fell, and so the contest was fulfilled.

THE COMBAT BETWEEN POLLUX AND AMYCUS.*

Fast by the beach oxstalls and tents were spread
By bold Bebrycians, Amycus their head,
Whom, on the precincts of the winding shore,
A fair Bithynian Hamadryad bore
To genial Neptune, in base commerce join'd,
Proud Amycus, most barbarous of mankind.
Who made this stern, unequitable law,
That from his realm no stranger should with-

draw,
Till first with him compell'd in fight to wield
The dreadful gauntlet in the listed field:
Unnumber'd guests his matchless prowess slew:
Stern he accosts swift Argo's valiant crew,
Curious the reason of their course to scan,
Who, whence they were: and scornful thus
began:

"Learn what 'tis meet ye knew, ye vagrant
host,

None that e'er touches on Bebrycia's coast,
Is hence by law permitted to depart,
Till match'd with me he prove the boxer's art.
Choose then a chief that can the gauntlet wield,
And let him try the fortune of the field:
If thus my edicts ye despise and me,
Yield to the last immutable decree."

Thus spoke the chief with insolent disdain,
And rous'd resentment in the martial train:
But most his words did Pollux' rage provoke,
Who thus, a champion for his fellows, spoke:
"Threat not, whoe'er thou art, the bloody fray;
Lo, we, obsequious, thy decrees obey!
Unforc'd this instant to the lists I go,
Thy rival I, thy voluntary foe."

Stung to the quick with this severe reply,
On him he turn'd his fury-flaming eye:
As the grim lion, pierced by some keen wound,
Whom hunters on the mountain-top surround;
Though close hemm'd in, his glaring eye-balls
glance

On him alone who threw the pointed lance.
Then Pollux doff'd his mantle, richly wrought,
Late from the Lemnian territory brought,
Which some fair nymph who had her flame
avow'd,

The pledge of hospitable love bestow'd:
His double cloak, with clasps of sable hue,
Bebrycia's ruler on the greensward threw,
And his rough sheep-hook of wild-olive made,
Which lately flourish'd in the woodland shade.
Then sought the heroes for a place at hand
Commodious for the fight, and on the strand
They placed their friends, who saw, with won-
dering eyes,

The chiefs how different, both in make and
size:

For Amycus like fell Typhæus stood,
Enormous; or that miscreated brood

Of mighty monsters, which the heaving earth,
Incens'd at Jove, brought forth, a formidable birth.
But Pollux shone like that mild star on high
Whose rising ray illumines the evening sky.
Down spread his cheek, ripe manhood's early
sign,

And in his eye fair beam'd the glance divine:
Such seem'd Jove's valiant son, supremely bright,
And equal to the lion in his might.
His arms he pois'd, advancing in the ring,
To try if still they kept their pristine spring—
If pliant still and vigorous as before,
Accustom'd to hard toil, the labour of the oar.
But Amycus aloof and silent stood,
Glar'd on his foe, and seem'd athirst for blood:

With that his squire Lycoreus in full view
Two pair of gauntlets in the circle threw,
Of barbarous fashion, harden'd, rough and dried;
Then thus the chief with insolence and pride:

"Lo, two stout pair, the choice I give to thee;
Accuse not fate, the rest belong to me.
Securely bind them, and hereafter tell
Thy friends how much thy prowess I excel:
Whether to make the cestus firm and good,
Or stain the cheeks of enemies with blood."

Thus spoke he boastful; Pollux nought replied,
But smiling chose the pair which lay beside.
Castor, his brother both by blood and fame,
And Talaus the son of Bias came;
Firm round his arms the gloves of death they
bind,

And animate the vigour of his mind.
To Amycus Aratus, and his friend
Bold Ornytus, their kind assistance lend:
Alas! they little knew, this conflict o'er,
Those gauntlets never should be buckled more.
Accoutred thus each ardent hero stands,
And raises high in air his iron hands.
With clashing gauntlets fiercely now they close,
And mutual meditate death-dealing blows.
First Amycus a furious onset gave,
Like the rude shock of an impetuous wave,
That, heap'd on high by driving wind and tide,
Bursts thundering on some gallant vessel's side;
The wary pilot by superior skill
Foresees the storm, and shuns the menac'd ill.

Thus threatening Amycus on Pollux prest,
Nor suffer'd his antagonist to rest:
But Jove's brave son observes each coming blow,
Quick leaps aside, and disappoints the foe;
And where a weak unguarded part he spies,
There all the thunder of his arm he plies.
As busy shipwrights stoutly labouring strive
Through sturdy planks the piercing spikes to
drive,

From head to stern repeated blows go round,
And ceaseless hammers send a various sound—
Thus from their batter'd cheeks loud echoes
sprung,

Their dash'd teeth crackled, and their jawbones
rung:
Nor ceas'd they from the strokes that threaten'd
death,

Till faint with toil they fairly gasp'd for breath:
Then first awhile remit the bloody fray,
And panting wipe the copious sweat away.

* See this combat described by Theocritus, pp. 223, 224.

But adverse soon they meet, with rage they glow,
 Fierce as two bulls fight for some favourite cow.
 Then Amycus, collecting all his might,
 Rose to the stroke, resolved his foe to smite,
 And by one blow the dubious war conclude.
 His wary foe, the ruin to elude,
 Bent back his head; defeated of its aim
 The blow impetuous on his shoulder came.
 Then Pollux with firm step approaching near,
 Vindictive struck his adversary's ear;
 Th' interior bones his ponderous gauntlet broke—
 Flat fell the chief beneath his dreadful stroke.
 The Grecians shouted, with wild rapture fir'd,
 And, deeply groaning, Amycus expir'd.

CLEANTHES.

[About 240 B. C.]

A NATIVE of Assos in Asia Minor.—He was originally a common wrestler, in which capacity he visited Athens. There, having caught the spirit of knowledge so prevalent among the people, he devoted himself to study, drawing water as a common labourer during the night, that he might have means and leisure to attend the schools of philosophy by day. So great was his poverty, that he is said to have written the

heads of his master's lectures on shells and bones for want of money to procure better materials. He was a follower of Zeno, and, after his death, succeeded him in the portico. Though he wrote much, yet none of his writings have come down to us but the following hymn, which is deservedly lauded by West, as displaying such correct sentiments of duty in a heathen, and so much poetry in a philosopher.

HYMN TO JUPITER.

Most glorious of the immortal powers above!
 Oh thou of many names! mysterious Jove!
 For evermore almighty! Nature's source!
 That govern'st all things in their order'd course!
 All hail to thee! since, innocent of blame,
 E'en mortal creatures may address thy name;
 For all that breathe, and creep the lowly earth,
 Echo thy being with reflected birth—
 Thee will I sing, thy strength for aye resound:
 The universe, that rolls this globe around,
 Moves wheresoe'er thy plastic influence guides,
 And, ductile, owns the god whose arm presides.
 The lightnings are thy ministers of ire;
 The double-fork'd, and ever-living fire;
 In thy unconquerable hands they glow,
 And at the flash all nature quakes below.
 Thus, thunder-arm'd, thou dost creation draw,
 To one immense, inevitable law:
 And, with the various mass of breathing souls
 Thy power is mingled, and thy spirit rolls.
 Dread genius of creation! all things bow
 To thee; the universal monarch thou!
 Nor aught is done without thy wise control,
 On earth, or sea, or round th' ethereal pole,
 Save when the wicked, in their frenzy blind,
 Act o'er the follies of a senseless mind.
 Thou curb'st th' excess; confusion to thy sight
 Moves regular; th' unlovely scene is bright.

Thy hand, educing good from evil, brings
 To one apt harmony the strife of things.
 One ever-during law still binds the whole,
 Though shunn'd, resisted, by the sinner's soul.
 Wretches! while still they course the glittering
 prize,
 The law of God eludes their ears and eyes.
 Life then were virtue, did they this obey;
 But wide from life's chief good they headlong
 stray.
 Now glory's arduous toils the breast inflame;
 Now avarice thirsts, insensible of shame;
 Now sloth unnerves them in voluptuous ease;
 And the sweet pleasures of the body please.
 With eager haste they rush the gulf within,
 And their whole souls are center'd in their sin.
 But, oh, great Jove! by whom all good is given!
 Dweller with lightnings, and the clouds of heaven!
 Save from their dreadful error lost mankind!
 Father! disperse these shadows of the mind!
 Give them thy pure and righteous law to know;
 Wherewith thy justice governs all below.
 Thus honour'd by the knowledge of thy way,
 Shall men that honour to thyself repay;
 And bid thy mighty works in praises ring;
 As well befits a mortal's lips to sing:
 More blest, nor men, nor heavenly powers, can be,
 Than when their songs are of thy law and
 thee!

RHIANUS.

[About 222 B. C.]

RHIANUS, a native of Bena in the isle of Crete, was originally master of the *Palæstra*, or circus of gymnastic exercises; but by honourable study and exertion, became at length distinguished as a poet and grammarian. He wrote a history of *Messene* in verse, the accuracy of which is praised by Pausanias, and composed similar poems on other Grecian states. Tiberius was so partial to the works of Rhianus, that he caused his bust to be placed in the public libraries, amongst those of the most eminent poets. For a list of his works, see *Clinton's Fast. Hell.* vol. ii. p. 512.

ON HUMAN FOLLY.

STILL err our mortal souls: nor wisely bear
The heaven-dealt lots, that still depress the scale
From side to side. The man of indigence
Loads with his bitter blame the gods; and,
stung

With discontent, neglects his mental powers,
And energies; nor dares, courageous, aught
Of speech or action; trembling, when the rich
Appear before him: sadness and despair
Eating his very heart. While he, who swells
With proud prosperity, whom heaven endows
With riches, and with power above the crowd;
Forgets his being's nature; that his feet
Tread the low earth, and that himself was born
Of mortal parents; but, with puff'd-up mind,
Sinful in haughtiness, like Jove, he wields
The thunder; and, though small in stature, lifts
The neck, with high-rein'd head, as though he
wooded

Fair-arm'd Minerva; and had cleft a way

To high Olympus' top; that, with the gods
There number'd, he might feast in blessedness.
But lo! Destruction, running with soft feet,
Unlook'd for, and unseen, bows suddenly
The loftiest heads. Deceitfully she steals
In unexpected forms upon their sins;
To youthful follies wears the face of age;
To aged crimes the features of a maid;
And her dread deed is pleasant in the sigh
Of Justice, and of him who rules the gods.

A LOVER'S WISH.

DEXIONICA, with a limed thread,
Her snare beneath a verdant plane-tree spread,
And caught a blackbird by the quivering wing:
The struggling bird's shrill outcries piping ring.
O God of Love! O Graces, blooming fair!
I would that I a thrush, or blackbird, were;
So, in her grasp, to breathe my murmur'd cries,
And shed a sweet tear from my silent eyes.

DAMAGETES,

[About 209 B. C.]

ON TWO THEBAN BROTHERS,

SLAIN IN THRACE.

By Jove, the god of strangers, we implore
Thee, gentle pilgrim, to the Æolian shore,
(Our Theban home,) the tidings to convey
That here we lie, to Thracian wolves a prey.
This to our father, old Charinus, tell;
And, with it, this,—“We mourn not that we fell
In early youth, of all our hopes bereft;
But that his darkening age is lonely left.

ON A WIFE

DYING IN HER HUSBAND'S ABSENCE.

THESE, the last words, Theano, swift descending
To the deep shades of night, was heard to
say—
“Alas! and is it thus my life is ending,
And thou, my husband, far o'er seas away?
Ah! could I but that dear hand press with
mine.
Once—once again!—all else I'd, pleas'd, resign.

ALCÆUS OF MESSENE.

[About 190 B. C.]

A CONTEMPORARY and ardent partisan of the Roman consul, Titus Flaminius, against King Philip, whose defeat by the former he celebrates in some of his epigrams.

ON THE EXPEDITION OF FLAMINIUS.

XERXES from Persia led his mighty host,
And Titus his from fair Italia's coast.
Both warred with Greece; but here the difference see
That, brought a yoke—this, gives us liberty.

ON THE MACEDONIANS

SLAIN AT CYNOCEPHALÆ.

UNMOURNED, unburied, passenger, we lie,
Three myriad sons of fruitful Thessaly,
In this wide field of monumental clay.
Ætolian Mars had marked us for his prey;
Or he, who bursting from th' Ausonian fold,
In Titus' form, the waves of battle roll'd;
And taught Æmathia's boastful lord to run
So swift, that swiftest stags were by his speed
outdone.*

* Philip is said to have retorted the insult by the following inscription on a tree, in which he pretty plainly insinuates the chastisement reserved for Alcæus, had he fallen into the hands of his enemy.

Unbarked and leafless, passenger, you see,
Fixed in this mound, Alcæus' gallows-tree.

ON HIPPONAX THE SATIRIST.

THY tomb no purple clusters rise to grace,
But thorns and briars choke the fearful place;
These herbs malign and bitter fruits supply
Unwholesome juices to the passer-by;
And as, Hipponax, near thy tomb he goes,
Shuddering he turns, and prays for thy repose.

ON HOMER.

THE visionary dream of life is o'er;
The bard of heroes sleeps on Ios' shore:
Fair Ios' sons their lamentations pay,
And wake the funeral dirge, or solemn lay.
O'er his pale lifeless corse and drooping head,
Ambrosial sweets the weeping Nereids shed,
And on the shore their weeping poet laid,
Beneath the towering mountain's peaceful shade.
Nor undeserved their care—his tuneful tongue
Achilles' wrath and Thetis' sorrows sung;
His strains Laërtes' son in triumph bore,
Through woes unnumbered, to his native shore.
Blest isle of Ios! On thy rocky steep
The Star of Song—the Grace of Graces—sleeps.

BION.

[About 170 B. C.]

BION was a native of Smyrna, in Ionia, and lived some time under Ptolemy Philometor. From the monody on his death by Moschus,* it appears that he died by poison: but when, why, or by whom, the foul act was perpetrated, it is useless to conjecture.

ELEGY ON ADONIS.

I MOURN Adonis, fair Adonis, dead:
The Loves their tears for fair Adonis shed:
No more, oh Venus! sleep in purple vest;
Rise robed in blue: ah, sad one! smite thy breast,

* O hapless Bion! Poison was thy fate;
The baneful potion circumscribed thy date
How could fell poison cause effect so strange?
Touch thy sweet lips and not to honey change?

And cry "the fair Adonis is no more!"
I mourn Adonis: him the Loves deplore:
See fair Adonis on the mountains lie;
The boar's white tusk has rent his whiter thigh:
While in vain gasps his life-breath ebbs away,
Grief's harrowing agonies on Venus prey:
Black through the snowy flesh the blood-drops
creep,
The eyes beneath his brows in torpor sleep:

The rose has fled his lips, and with him dies
The kiss, that Venus, though in death, shall prize:
Dear is the kiss, though life the lips have fled;
But not Adonis feels it warm the dead.

I mourn Adonis: mourn the Loves around:
Ah! cruel, cruel, is that bleeding wound:
Yet Venus feels more agonising smart;
A deeper wound has pierced within her heart.
Around the youth his bounds in howlings yell;
And shriek the nymphs from every mountain
dell;

Venus, herself, among the forest-dales,
Unsandal'd, strews her tresses to the gales:
The wounding brambles, bent beneath her tread,
With sacred blood-drops of her feet are red:
She through the lengthening valleys shrieks and
cries,

"Say, where my young Assyrian bridegroom
lies?"

But round his navel black the life-blood flow'd;
His snowy breast and side with purple glow'd.

Ah! Venus! ah! the Loves for thee bewail;
With that lost youth thy fading graces fail;
Her beauty bloom'd, while life was in his eyes;
Ah, woe! with him it bloom'd, with him it
dies.

The oaks and mountains "Ah! Adonis!" sigh:
The rivers moan to Venus' agony:
The mountain springs all trickle into tears:
The blush of grief on every flower appears:
And Venus o'er each solitary hill,
And through wide cities chaunts her dirges shrill.

Woe, Venus! woe! Adonis is no more:
Echoes repeat the lonely mountains o'er,
"Adonis is no more:" woe, woe is me!
Who at her grievous love dry-eyed can be?
Mute at th' intolerable wound she stood,
And saw, and knew the thigh dash'd red with
blood:

Groaning she stretch'd her arms: and "Stay!"
she said,

"Stay, poor Adonis!—lift thy languid head:
Ah! let me find thy last expiring breath,
Mix lips with lips, and suck thy soul in death.
Wake but a little, for a last, last kiss:
Be it the last, but warm with life as this,
That through my lips I may thy spirit drain,
Suck thy sweet breath, drink love through every
vein:

This kiss shall serve me ever in thy stead;
Since thou thyself, unhappy one! art fled:
Thou art fled far to Acheron's drear scene,
A king abhorr'd, and an inhuman queen:
I feel the woe, yet live: and fain would be
No goddess, thus in death to follow thee.
Take, Proserpine, my spouse: all loveliest things
Time to thy realm, oh, mightier Goddess! brings:
Disconsolate, I mourn Adonis dead,
With tears unsated, and thy name I dread.
Oh thrice below'd, thou now art dead and gone!
And all my sweet love, like a dream, is flown.
Venus sinks lonely on a widow'd bed:
The Loves with listless feet my chamber tread:
My cestus perish'd with thyself: ah, why,
Fair as thou wert, the coverts venturous try,
And tempt the woodland monster's cruelty?"

So Venus mourns: her loss the Loves deplore:
Woe, Venus, woe! Adonis is no more.
As many drops as from Adonis bled,
So many tears the sorrowing Venus shed:
For every drop on earth a flower there grows:
Anemones for tears; for blood the rose.

I mourn Adonis: fair Adonis dead:
Not o'er the youth in words thy sorrows shed:
For thy Adonis' limbs a couch is strown,
That couch he presses, Venus! 'tis thy own.
There dead he lies, yet fair in blooming grace—
Still fair, as if with slumber on his face.
Haste, lay him on the golden stand, and spread
The garments that enrobed him in thy bed,
When on thy heavenly breast the livelong night
He slept, and court him, though he scare thy
sight:

Lay him with garlands and with flowers; but all
With him are dead, and wither'd at his fall.
With balsams anoint him from the myrtle tree:
Or perish ointments; for thy balm was he.

Now on his purple vest Adonis lies:
The groans of weeping Loves around him rise:
Shorn of their locks, beneath their feet they
throw

The quiver plumed, the darts, and broken bow:
One slips the sandal, one the water brings
In golden ewer, one fans him with his wings.

The Loves o'er Venus' self bewail with tears,
And Hymen in the vestibule appears
Shrouding his torch; and spreads in silent grief
The vacant wreath that twined its nuptial leaf.
"Hymen!" no more: but "Woe, alas!" they sing:
"Ah, for Adonis!" "Ah! for Hymen!" ring:
The Graces for the son of Myrrha pine;
And, Venus! shriek with shriller voice than thine.
Muses, Adonis! fair Adonis! call,
And sing him back; but he is deaf to all.
Bootless the sorrow, that would touch his sprite,
Nor Proserpine shall loose him to the light:
Cease, Venus! now thy wail: reserve thy tear:
Again to fall with each Adonian year.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

As late I slumbering lay, before my sight
Bright Venus rose in visions of the night:
She led young Cupid; as in thought profound
His modest eyes were fix'd upon the ground;
And thus she spoke: "To thee, dear swain, I
bring

My little son; instruct the boy to sing."
No more she said; but vanish'd into air,
And left the wily pupil to my care:
I,—sure I was an idiot for my pains,—
Began to teach him old bucolic strains;
How Pan the pipe, how Pallas form'd the flute,
Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute:
Love, to my lessons quite regardless grown,
Sung lighter lays, and sonnets of his own;
Th' amours of men below, and gods above,
And all the triumphs of the Queen of Love.
I,—sure the simplest of all shepherd-swains,—
Full soon forgot my old bucolic strains;
The lighter lays of love my fancy caught,
And I remember'd all that Cupid taught.

CUPID AND THE FOWLER.

A YOUTH, once fowling in a shady grove,
On a tall box-tree spied the God of Love,
Perch'd like a beauteous bird; with sudden joy
At sight so noble leap'd the simple boy.
With eager expedition he prepares
His choicest twigs, his bird-lime, and his snares,
And in a neighb'ring covert smil'd to see
How here and there he skipp'd, and hopp'd from
tree to tree.

When long in vain he waited to betray
The god, enrag'd he flung his twigs away,
And to a ploughman near, an ancient man,
Of whom he learn'd his art, the youngster ran,
Told the strange story, while he held his plough,
And show'd the bird then perch'd upon a bough.

The grave old ploughman archly shook his
head,
Smil'd at the simple boy, and thus he said:
"Cease, cease, my son, this dangerous sport give
o'er,

Fly far away, and chase that bird no more:
Blest should you fail to catch him!—hence, away!
That bird, believe me, is a bird of prey:
Though now he seems to shun you all he can,
Yet, soon as time shall lead you up to man,
He'll spread his flutt'ring pinions o'er your breast,
Perch on your brow, and in your bosom nest."

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

If any virtue my rude songs can claim,
Enough the Muse has given to build my fame;
But if condemned ingloriously to die,
Why longer raise my mortal minstrelsy?
Had Jove or Fate to life two seasons lent,
In toil and ease alternate to be spent,
Then well one portion labour might employ
In expectation of the following joy;
But if one only age of life is due
To man, and that so short and transient too,
How long (ah, miserable race!) in care
And fruitless labour waste the vital air?
How long with idle toil to wealth aspire,
And feed a never-satisfied desire?
How long forget that, mortal from our birth,
Short is our troubled sojourn on the earth?

FRIENDSHIP.

THREE happy they! whose friendly hearts can
burn

With purest flame, and meet a kind return.
With dear Perithous, as poets tell,
Theseus was happy in the shades of hell:
Orestes' soul no fears, no woes, deprest;
Midst Scythians he with Pylades was blest.
Blest was Achilles, while his friend surviv'd,
Blest was Patroclus every hour he liv'd;
Blest, when in battle he resign'd his breath,*
For his unconquer'd friend aveng'd his death.

* According to Homer, Patroclus, when dying, thus
addresses Hector:—

"Insulting man! Thou shalt be soon as I;
Black Fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
E'en now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand."

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR.

MILD star of eve, whose tranquil beams
Are grateful to the queen of love,
Fair planet, whose effulgence gleams
More bright than all the host above,
And only to the moon's clear light
Yields the first honours of the night!
All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
Thou glory of the midnight sky!
And when my steps are wandering far,
Leading the shepherd-minstrelsy,
Then, if the moon deny her ray,
Oh guide me, Hesper, on my way!
No savage robber of the dark,
No foul assassin claims thy aid,
To guide his dagger to its mark,
Or light him on his plund'ring trade;
My gentle errand is to prove
The transports of requited love.

THE LAMENTATION OF THE CYCLOPS.

YET will I go beside the sounding main,
And to yon solitary crags complain;
And, onward wandering by the sounding shore,
The scorn of Galatea's brow deplore:
But oh, sweet Hope! be present to my heart,
Nor with my latest, feeblest age depart.

THE SEASONS.

CLEODAMAS.

SAY, in their courses circling as they tend,
What season is most grateful to my friend?
Summer, whose suns mature the teeming ground,
Or golden Autumn, with full harvests crown'd?
Or Winter hoar, when soft reclin'd at ease,
The fire bright blazing, and sweet leisure please?
Or genial Spring in blooming beauty gay?
Speak, Myrson, while around the lambkins play.

MYRSON.

It ill becomes frail mortals to define
What's best and fittest of the works divine;
The works of nature all are grateful found,
And all the Seasons, in their various round;
But, since my friend demands my private voice,
Then learn the season that is Myrson's choice.
Me the hot Summer's sultry heats displease;
Fell Autumn teems with pestilent disease;
Tempestuous Winter's chilling frosts I fear,
But wish for purple Spring throughout the year.
Then neither cold nor heat molests the morn,
But rosy Plenty fills her copious horn;
Then bursting buds their odoriferous blooms display,
And Spring makes equal night, and equal day.

FRAGMENTS.

I.

INCESSANT drops, as proverbs say,
Will wear the hardest stones away.

II.

LET me not pass without reward!
For Phœbus on each tuneful bard
Some gift bestows: The noblest lays
Are owing to the thirst of praise.

THEODORIDES.

Nothing is known of this poet's age and country.

ON AN ANCIENT MONUMENT OF HERACLITUS.

ROUNDED by age, and, like some pebble-stone,
O'er which the wild wave dashes, shapeless
grown,

No letters speak—no graven image tells—
That here the dust of Heraclitus dwells.
But still with Fame's loud trumpet I proclaim
The barking cur's imperishable name.

EPITAPH ON AN USURER.

WITHOUT the aid of crutch—entire of limb—
Servant of Mercury! to hell thou goest:
Whose king will, pleased, receive thee, since to
him

Thou freely renderest all the debt thou owest.

MAXIM.

SPEAK something better or else hold your tongue.

TYMNÆUS.

Of this poet nothing certain is known.

SPARTAN VIRTUE.

DEMETRIUS, when he basely fled the field,
A Spartan born, his Spartan mother killed;
Then, stretching forth his bloody sword she cried,
(Her teeth fierce gnashing with disdainful pride,)
"Fly, cursed offspring, to the shades below,
Where proud Eurotas shall no longer flow
For timid hinds like thee!—Fly, trembling slave,
Abandoned wretch, to Pluto's darkest cave!
This womb so vile a monster never bore,
Disown'd by Sparta, thou'rt my son no more."

EPITAPH

ON ONE WHO DIED IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY.

GRIEVE not, Philænis, though condemned to
die
Far from thy parent soil, and native sky;
Though strangers' hands must raise thy funeral
pile,
And lay thine ashes in a foreign isle:
To all on death's last dreary journey bound,
The road is equal, and alike the ground.

MOSCHUS.

[About 151 B. C.]

Moschus, the friend of Bion, was a native of Syracuse, but resided chiefly at Alexandria.

THE CONTRAST.

O'ER the smooth main, when scarce a zephyr
blows
To break the dark-blue ocean's deep repose,
I seek the calmness of the breathing shore,
Delighted with the fields and woods no more.

But when, white-foaming, heave the deeps on
high,
Swells the black storm, and mingles sea with
sky.
Trembling, I fly the wild tempestuous strand,
And seek the close recesses of the land.

Sweet are the sounds that murmur through the
wood,
While roaring storms upheave the dang'rous
flood;
Then, if the winds more fiercely howl, they rouse
But sweeter music in the pine's tall boughs.
Hard is the life the weary fisher finds
Who trusts his floating mansion to the winds,
Whose daily food the fickle sea maintains,
Unchanging labour, and uncertain gains.
Be mine soft sleep, beneath the spreading shade
Of some broad leafy plane, inglorious laid,
Lull'd by a fountain's fall, that, murmuring near,
Soothes, not alarms, the toil-worn labourer's ear.

ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA.

From where his silver waters glide,
Majestic, to the ocean-tide

Through fair Olympia's plain,
Still his dark course Alpheus keeps
Beneath the mantle of the deeps,
Nor mixes with the main.

To grace his distant bride, he pours
The sand of Pisa's sacred shores,
And flowers that deck'd her grove;
And, rising from the unconscious brine,
On Arethusa's breast divine
Receives the meed of love.

'Tis thus with soft bewitching skill
The childish god deludes our will,
And triumphs o'er our pride;
The mighty river owns his force,
Bends to the sway his winding course,
And dives beneath the tide.

EUROPA.

The Queen of Love, on amorous wiles intent,
A pleasing dream to young Europa sent,
What time still night had roll'd the hours away,
And the fresh dawn began to promise day—
When balmy slumbers and composing rest
Close every eye, and soothe the pensive breast,
When dreams and visions fill the busy brain,
Prophetic dreams, that never rise in vain.
'Twas then Europa, as she sleeping lay,
Chaste as Diana, sister of the day,
Saw in her cause the adverse shore engag'd
In war with Asia; terribly they rag'd:
Each seem'd a woman; that, in foreign guise,
A native this, and claim'd the lovely prize
With louder zeal: "The beauteous Nymph," she
said

"Her daughter was, and in her bosom bred."
But she, who as a stranger was array'd,
Forc'd to her arms the unresisting maid;
Call'd her her right, by all the powers above,
Giv'n her by fate, and Ægis-bearing Jove.

The fair Europa, struck with sudden dread,
All pale and trembling started from her bed;
Silent she sat, and thought the vision true,
Still seem'd their forms to strive before her view:

At length she utter'd thus the voice of fear:
"Ye gods, what spectres to my sight appear?
What dreams are these, in fancy's livery drest,
That haunt my sleep, and break my golden rest?
And who that form that seem'd so wond'rous
kind?"

The dear idea still delights my mind.
She, like a mother, press'd me in her arms:
But, O ye gods! that send such strange alarms,
Preserve these visionary scenes from harms."

She said, and lightly from her couch up-
sprung,

Then sought her comrades, beautiful and young,
Her social mates; with them she lov'd to lave
Her limbs unblemish'd in the crystal wave;
With them on lawns the sprightly dance to lead,
Or pluck sweet lilies in the flowery mead.
The nymphs assembled soon, a beauteous band!
With each a curious basket in her hand;
Then reach'd those fields where oft they play'd
before,

The fragrant fields along the sea-beat shore,
To gather flowers, and hear the billows roar.

Europa's basket, radiant to behold,
The work of Vulcan, was compos'd of gold;
He gave it Libya, mighty Neptune's bride,
She Telephassa, next in blood allied;
From her bequeath'd to fair Europa came
This splendid basket of celestial frame.
Fair in the work the milk-white Iö stood
In roughen'd gold, and, lowing, paw'd the flood,
(For Vulcan there had pour'd the azure main)
A heifer still, not yet transform'd again.
Two men stood figur'd on the ocean's brim,
Who watch'd the cow, that seem'd inclin'd to
swim.

Jove too appear'd, enamour'd, on the strand,
And strok'd the lovely heifer with his hand:
Till, on the banks of Nile again array'd,
In native beauty shone the blooming maid:
The sev'n-mouth'd Nile in silver currents roll'd,
And Jove was sculptur'd in refulgent gold.
Near piping Hermes sleepless Argus lies,
Watching the heifer with his hundred eyes:
From Argus, slain, a painted peacock grew,
Fluttering his feathers stain'd with various hue,
And, as a ship expands her swelling sail,
He round the basket spread his starry tail.
Such were the scenes the Lemnian god display'd,
And such the basket of the Tyrian maid.

The lovely damsels gather'd flow'rets bright,
Sweet to the smell, and beauteous to the sight;
The fragrant hyacinth of purple hue,
Narcissus, wild thyme, and the violet blue;
Some the gilt crocus or pale lily chose,
But fair Europa cropp'd the blooming rose;
And all her mates excell'd in radiant mein,
As 'midst the graces shines the Cyprian queen.
Not long, alas! in these fair fields she shone,
Nor long unloos'd preserv'd her virgin zone:
Saturnian Jove beheld the matchless maid,
And sudden transports his rapt soul invade;
He glows with all the fervid flame of love;
For Cupid's arrows pierce the breast of Jove.
But, best his amorous intent to screen,
And shun the jealous anger of his queen,

He laid his immortality aside,
 And a bull's form the intriguing god belied;
 But not of earthly shape, or mortal breed,
 Such as at large in flowery pastures feed;
 Whose stubborn necks beneath the yoke we bow,
 Break to the wain, or harness to the plough.
 His golden hue distinguish'd him afar;
 Full in his forehead beam'd a silver star:
 His large blue eyes, that shone serenely bright,
 Languish'd with love, and sparkled with delight:
 On his broad temples rose two equal horns,
 Like that fair crescent which the skies adorns.
 Gently he moves with peaceful look and bland,
 And spreads no terror in the virgin band:
 Nearer they draw, with eager longing led
 To stroke his sides, and pat his comely head:
 His breath divine ambrosial odours yields,
 Sweeter than fragrance of the flowery fields.
 At fair Europa's feet with joy he stands,
 And prints sweet kisses on her lily hands.
 His foamy lips she wipes, unaw'd by dread,
 And strokes his sides, and pats his comely head.
 Gently he low'd, as musical and clear
 As notes soft warbled on the raptur'd ear:
 And, as on earth his pliant knees he bent,
 Show'd his broad back, that hinted what he
 meant;
 Then turn'd his suppliant eyes, and view'd the
 maid;

Who thus, astonish'd, to her comrades said:
 "Say, dearest mates, what can this beast intend?
 Let us (for lo! he stoops) his back ascend,
 And ride in sportive gambols round the mead;
 This lovely bull is, sure, of gentlest breed:
 So meek his manner, so benign his mind,
 He wants but voice to equal human kind."

So spoke the fair, and up she rose to ride,
 And call'd her lingering partners to her side:
 Soon as the bull his pleasing burden bore,
 Vigorous he sprung, and hasten'd to the shore.
 The nymph, dismay'd, involk'd the virgin band
 For help, and wav'd her unavailing hand.
 On the soft bosom of the azure flood
 With his fair prize the bull triumphant rode:
 Up rose the Nereids to attend his train,
 And all the mighty monsters of the main.
 Cærelean Neptune was the Thunderer's guide,
 And for the passing pomp he smooth'd the tide:
 The Tritons hail'd him as he steer'd along,
 And sounded on their conchs the nuptial song.
 On Jove's broad back the lovely damsel borne
 Grasp'd with her fair right hand his polish'd horn,
 Her left essay'd her purple robe to save,
 That lightly brush'd the surface of the wave:
 Around her head soft breath'd the gentle gale,
 And fill'd her garment like a swelling sail.
 Europa's heart throb'd quick with chiling fear,
 Far from her much-lov'd home, and comrades
 dear;

No sea-beat shore she saw, nor mountain's brow,
 Nor aught but sky above, and waves below.
 Then with a mournful look the damsel said:
 "Ah! whither wilt thou bear a wretched maid?
 Who, and whence art thou, wondrous creature,
 say?
 How canst thou fearless tread the wat'ry way?

On the broad ocean safely sails the ship.
 But bulls avoid, and dread the stormy deep.
 Say, can a bull on sea-born viands feed?
 Or, if descended from celestial breed,
 Thy acts are inconsistent with a god:
 Bulls rove the meads, and dolphins swim the
 flood;
 But earth and ocean are alike to thee,
 Thy hoofs are oars that row thee through the sea.
 Perhaps, like airy birds, thou soon wilt fly,
 And soar amidst the regions of the sky.
 Ah! wretched maid, to leave my native home,
 And simply dare with bulls in meads to roam!
 And now on seas I ride—ah! wretched maid!—
 But, O! I trust, great Neptune, in thy aid;
 Soon let my eyes my great conductor hail,
 For not without a deity I sail."

Thus spoke the nymph, and thus the bull re-
 plied:

"Courage, fair maid, nor fear the foaming tide;
 Though now a bull I seem to mortal eyes,
 Thou soon shalt see me ruler of the skies.
 What shape I please, at will I take and keep,
 And now a bull I cross the boundless deep;
 For thy bright charms inspire my breast with love:
 But soon shall Crete's fair isle, the nurse of Jove,
 Receive Europa on its friendly strand,
 To join with me in Hymen's blissful band:
 From thee shall kings arise in long array,
 To rule the world with delegated sway."

Thus spoke the god; and what he spoke
 prov'd true,
 For soon Crete's lofty shore appear'd in view:
 Jove straight assum'd another form and air,
 Then to his bosom clasp'd the yielding fair;
 The Hours beneath them strew'd the couch of love,
 And the coy maid became the bride of Jove.

CUPID PROCLAIMED.

Orez! cried Love's all-powerful Queen—
 If any man has lately seen
 My scape-grace, tell me where he is;
 The sweet reward shall be a kiss:—
 If further blisses you would rifle,
 I shall not stand upon a trifle.
 The boy's so notable, no doubt,
 Among a score you'd find him out.
 His skin glows like the fiery gleam;
 His eyes flash like the lightning's beam;
 His honied tongue distils with lies;
 His heart is wrapt in dark disguise;
 When passion rankles in his mind,
 To savage deeds the elf's inclin'd;
 And, under guise of harmless jest,
 He stings the unsuspecting breast.
 Innumerable curling tresses grace
 His impudent and rakish face.
 His hands are tiny, but their power
 Extends to Pluto's gloomy bower.
 The peevish urchin carries wings,
 With which from heart to heart he springs,
 As little birds, in wanton play,
 Fly carelessly from spray to spray.
 A trinket-bow and shafts he wears,
 Which carry to the furthest stars.

His golden quiver swings behind,
 With numerous fatal weapons lin'd,
 Wherewith he deals sharp sorrows round,
 And dares his mother's heart to wound.
 His torch, with its portentous blaze,
 Consumes the very solar rays.
 If thou shalt catch the vagrant child,
 Ah, be not by his tears beguill'd;
 Bind fast his trickful hands, nor heed
 Those smiles that secret treachery breed;
 Drag him along, nor thoughtless stay
 To fondle with him on the way.
 Fly,—fly his kisses:—they inflame
 With every poison thou canst name;
 And if he cry, "My arms I yield,"
 Try not those deadly arms to wield:
 Let prudence check this mad desire,—
 They're pregnant with celestial fire.

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

IMITATED.

Hrs lamp, his bow, and quiver laid aside,
 A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders tied,
 Sly Cupid always on new mischiefs bent,
 To the rich field and furrowed tillage went;
 Like any ploughman toiled the little god,
 His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sowed,
 Then sat and laughed, and to the skies above
 Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove:
 "Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,
 And as I bid you, let it shine or rain;
 Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
 Feel the sharp goad, or draw the servile plough;
 What once Europa was, Nannette is now."

LAMENT FOR BION.

YE mountain valleys, pitifully groan!
 Rivers and Dorian springs, for Bion weep!
 Ye plants drop tears; ye groves, lamenting
 moan!
 Exhale your life, wan flowers; your blushes
 deep
 In grief, anemonies and roses, steep;
 In whimpering murmurs, Hyacinth! prolong
 The sad, sad woe thy lettered petals keep;
 Our minstrel sings no more his friends among—
 Sicilian Muses! now begin the doleful song.

Ye nightingales! that mid thick leaves set
 loose
 The gushing gurgle of your sorrow, tell
 The fountains of Sicilian Arethuse
 That Bion is no more—with Bion fell
 The song—the music of the Dorian shell.
 Ye swans of Strymon! now your banks along
 Your plaintive throats with melting dirges swell
 For him, who sang like you the mournful song;
 Discourse of Bion's death the Thracian nymphs
 among—

The Dorian Orpheus, tell them all, is dead.
 His herds the song and darling herdsman miss,
 And oaks, beneath whose shade he propt his
 head;
 Oblivion's ditty now he sings for Dis;

The melancholy mountain silent is;
 His pining cows no longer wish to feed,
 But moan for him; Apollo wept, I wis,
 For thee, sweet Bion! and in mourning weed
 The brotherhood of Fauns, and all the Satyr breed.

The tears by Naiads shed are brimful bourns;
 Afflicted Pan thy stifled music rues;
 Lorn Echo 'mid her rocks thy silence mourns,
 Nor with her mimic tones thy voice renews;
 The flowers their bloom, the trees their fruit—
 age lose;
 No more their milk the drooping ewes supply;
 The bees to press their honey now refuse;
 What need to gather it and lay it by,
 When thy own honey-lip, my Bion! thine is dry?

Sicilian Muses! lead the doleful chant;
 Not so much near the shore the dolphin moans;
 Nor so much wails within her rocky haunt
 The nightingale; nor on their mountain thrones
 The swallows utter such lugubrious tones;
 Nor Cēyx such for faithful Halcyon,
 Whose song the blue wave, where he perished,
 owns;
 Nor in the valley, neighbour to the sun,
 The funeral birds so wail their Memnon's tomb
 upon—

As these moan, wail, and weep for Bion dead,
 The nightingales and swallows, whom he
 taught,
 For him their elegiac sadness shed;
 And all the birds contagious sorrow caught;
 The sylvan realm was all with grief distraught.
 Who, bold of heart, will play on Bion's reed,
 Fresh from his lip, yet with his breathing
 fraught?

For still among the reeds does Echo feed
 On Bion's minstrelsy. Pan only may succeed
 To Bion's pipe; to him I make the gift;
 But, lest he second seem, e'en Pan may fear
 The pipe of Bion to his mouth to lift.
 For thee sweet Galatea drops the tear,
 And thy dear song regrets, which sitting near
 She fondly listed; ever did she flee
 The Cyclops and his song—but ah! more dear
 Thy song and sight than her own native sea;
 On the deserted sands the nymph without her fee

Now sits and weeps, or weeping tends thy herd.
 Away with Bion all the muse-gifts flew—
 The chirping kisses breathed at every word;
 Around thy tomb the Loves their playmate rue;
 Thee Cypris loved—more than the kiss she
 drew,
 And breathed upon her dying paramour.
 Most musical of rivers! now renew
 Thy plaintive murmurs; Meles! now deplore
 Another son of song—as thou didst wail of yore

That sweet, sweet mouth of dear Calliope;
 The throne, 'tis said, thy waves for Homer spun,
 With saddest music filled the reflux sea;
 Now melting wail and weep another son!
 Both loved of fountains; that of Helicon
 Gave Melesigenes his pleasant draught;
 But to his Arethuse did Bion run,

And from her urn the glowing rapture quaffed;
Thy elder glory sung how Helen bloomed and
laughed;

On Thetis' mighty son his descant ran
And Menelaus; but our Bion chose
Not arms and tears to sing, but Love and Pan;
While browsed his herd, his gushing music rose;
He milked his kine; did pipes of reeds com-
pose;
Taught how to kiss; and fondled in his breast
Young Love, and Cypris pleased. For Bion
flows

In every glorious land a grief confest;
Aspera for her own bard, wise Hesiod, less exprest;

Bœotian Hylæ mourned for Pindar less;
Teôs regretted less her minstrel hoar,
And Mitylene her sweet poetess;
Nor for Alcæus Lesbos suffered more;
Nor lovely Paros so much did deplore
Her own Archilochus. Breathing her fire
Into her sons of song, from shore to shore
For thee the pastoral Muse attunes her lyre
To woeful utterance of passionate desire.

Sicelidas, the famous Samian star,
And he with smiling eye and radiant face,
Cydonian Lycidas, renowned afar,
Lament thee; where quick Hales runs his race
Philetas wails; Theocritus, the grace
Of Syracuse, thee mourns; nor these among
Am I remiss Ausonian wreaths to place
Around thy tomb; to me doth it belong
To chant for thee, from whom I learnt the Dorian
song;

Me with thy minstrel skill as proper heir—
Others thou didst endow with thine estate.
Alas! alas! when in a garden fair
Mallows, crisp dill, and parsley yield to fate,
These with another year regerminate;
But when of mortal life the bloom and crown.
The wise, the good, the valiant, and the great
Succumb to death, in hollow earth shut down,
We sleep, for ever sleep—for ever lie unknown.

Thus art thou squeezed, while frogs may croak
at will;
I envy not their croak. Thee poison slew—
How kept it in thy mouth its nature ill?
If thou didst speak, what cruel wretch could
brew

The draught? He did of course thy song
eschew.

But Justice all o'ertakes. My tears fast flow
For thee, my friend. Could I, like Orpheus
true,

Odysseus or Alcides, pass below
To gloomy Tartarus, how quickly would I go!

To see, and hear thee, haply, sing for Dis;
But in the nymph's ear warble evermore,
O dearest friend! thy sweetest harmonies:
For whilom, on her own Etnæan shore,
She sang wild snatches of the Dorian lore.
Nor will thy singing unrewarded be;
Thee to thy mountain-haunts she will restore,
As she gave Orpheus his Eurydice.

Could I charm Dis with songs, I too would sing
for thee.

A MOTHER LAMENTING HER CHILDREN.

BUT, as a bird bewails her callos brood,
While in the brake a serpent drains their blood,
And, all too weak the wished relief to bring,
Twittering her shrill complaints, on feeble wing
At distance hovers, nor will venture near
The fell destroyer, chill'd with conscious fear;
So I, all frantic, the wide mansion o'er,
Unhappy mother, my lost sons deplore.

CAPRICIOUS LOVE.

PAN for his neighbour Echo sighs;
She loves the dancing Satyr:
The Satyr, caught by Lyda's eyes,
Is dying to be at her.

As Echo fires the breast of Pan,
Behold the Dancer burn
The Nymph's soft heart—though Lyda's man:
Thus each is scorched in turn.

While all who slight, are slighted too,
They feel alternate pain:
Then hear—Love those that fancy you,
And you'll be loved again!*

* The modern ballad in imitation of this Idyl must be
well known to most of our readers.

"Tom loves Mary passing well,
While Mary she loves Harry.
While Harry sighs for bonny Bell,
And finds his love miscarry," &c. &c.

POLYSTRATUS.

[About 146 B. C.]

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF CORINTH.

ACHÆAN Acrocorinth, the bright star
Of Hellas with its narrow Isthmian bound,
Lucius o'ercame; in one enormous mound
Piling the dead, conspicuous from afar.

Thus, to the Greeks denying funeral fires,
Have great Æneas' later progeny
Perform'd high Jove's retributive decree,
And well avenged the city of their sires.*

* The Romans, the reputed progeny of Troy, are here
represented as the avengers of their parent city.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

[About 127 B. C.]

Of this poet we know nothing more than that he sprung from a noble and wealthy family in Sidon, was the friend of Quintus Catulus, the Roman consul, and lived to a good old age.—Cicero speaks of his extraordinary facility in pouring forth extempore verses.

ON A POPLAR NEAR THE WAYSIDE.

THIS plant is sacred. Passenger, beware!
From every wound a mortal pang I bear,
My tender limbs support a virgin rind,
Not the rude bark that shades the forest kind;
And, e'en in these dark glens and pathless glades,
Their parent sun protects his poplar maids.

ON WINE.

THE wizards, at my first nativity,
Declared, with one accord, I soon should die;
What if (o'er all impends that certain fate)
I visit gloomy Minos soon or late?
Wine, like a racer, brings me there with ease,
The sober souls may walk it, if they please.

UNDER THE ROSE.

NOT the planet that, sinking in ocean,
Foretells future storms to our tars;
Not the sea, when in fearful commotion,
Its billows swell high to the stars;
Not the thunder, that rolls in October,
Is so hateful to each honest fellow,
As he, who remembers when sober,
The tales that were told him when mellow.

EPITAPH ON A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

HERE sleeps a daughter by a mother's side;
Nor slow disease nor war our fates allied;
When hostile banners over Corinth waved,
Preferring death, we left a land enslaved!
Pierced by a mother's steel, in youth I bled,
She nobly joined me in my gory bed;—
In vain ye forge your fetters for the brave,
Who fly for sacred freedom to the grave.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

SEE yonder blushing vine-tree grow,
And clasp a dry and withered plane,
And round its youthful tendrils throw,
A shelter from the wind and rain.
That sapless trunk, in former time,
Gave covert from the noontide blaze,
And taught the infant shoot to climb,
That now the pious debt repays.
And thus, kind powers, a partner give
To share in my prosperity;
Hang on my strength, while yet I live,
And do me honour when I die.

ON ERINNA.

FEW were thy notes, Erinna,—short thy lay,—
But thy short lay the Muse herself hath given;
Thus never shall thy memory decay,
Nor might obscure the fame, which lives in
heaven;
While we, the unnumbered bards of after-times,
Sink in the melancholy grave unseen,
Unhonoured reach Avernus' fabled climes,
And leave no record that we once have been.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF CORINTH.

WHERE has thy grandeur, Corinth, shrunk from
sight,
Thine ancient treasures, and thy rampart's height,
Thy godlike fanes and palaces?—O where
Thy mighty myriads and majestic fair?
Relentless war has poured around thy wall,
And hardly spared the traces of thy fall.
We nymphs of Ocean deathless yet remain,
And sad and silent, sorrow near thy plain.

ON SAPPHO.

DOES Sappho then beneath thy bosom rest,
Æolian earth!—that mortal Muse confest
Inferior only to the choir above,
That foster-child of Venus and of Love,
Warm from whose lips divine Persuasion came
To ravish Greece and raise the Lesbian name?
O ye! who ever twine the threefold thread,
Ye Fates, why number with the silent dead
That mighty songstress, whose unrival'd powers
Weave for the Muse a crown of deathless flowers.

ON HOMER'S BIRTH-PLACE.

FROM Colophon some deem thee sprung,
From Smyrna some, and some from Chios;
These, noble Salamis have sung,
While those proclaim thee born in Ios;
And others cry up Thessaly
The mother of the Lapithæ.
Thus each to Homer has assign'd
The birth-place just which suits his mind.
But, if I read the volume right,
By Phœbus to his followers given,
I'd say they're all mistaken quite,
And that his real country's heaven;
While for his mother, she can be
No other than Calliope.

ON ORPHEUS.

No more, sweet Orpheus! shalt thou lead along
Oaks, rocks, and savage monsters with thy song,
Fetter the winds, the struggling hail-storm chain,
The snowy desert soothe, and sounding main;
For thou art dead;—the Muses o'er thy bier,
Sad as thy parent, pour the tuneful tear.
Weep we a child?—Not e'en the gods can save
Their glorious offspring from the hated grave.

ON PINDAR.

As the loud trumpet to the goatherd's pipe,
So sounds thy lyre, all other sounds surpassing;
Since round thy lips, in infant fullness ripe,
Swarm honied bees, their golden stores amassing.
Thine, Pindar! be the palm,—by him decreed
Who holds on Mænalus his royal sitting;
Who, for thy love, forsook his simple reed,
And hymns thy lays in strains a god befitting.

I. ON ANACREON.

GROW, clustering ivy, where Anacreon lies;
There may soft buds from purple meadows
rise;
Gush, milky springs, the poet's turf to lave,
And, fragrant wine, flow joyous from his grave!
Thus charm'd, his bones shall press their narrow
bed,
If aught of pleasure ever reach the dead.
In these delights he soothed his age above,
His life devoting to the lyre and love.

The Same paraphrased.

AROUND the tomb, O bard divine,
Where soft thy hallowed brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And summer pour her waste of roses!
And many a fount shall there distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
And every fount yield milky showers.
Thus—shade of him whom nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure—
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure;
Thus—after death if spirits feel—
Thou may'st from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming.

II. ON ANACREON.

AT length thy golden hours have winged their
flight,
And drowsy Death thine eye-lid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whispered through each lingering
night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth.

She too, for whom that heart profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers,
She—the young spring of thy desires—has fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers.

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart
That Love could scatter from his quiver;
And every woman found in thee a heart,
Which thou, with all thy soul, didst give her!

THE CURE FOR MISERY.

ONE fleecy ewe, one heifer, were the store
That drove dire want from Aristides' door.
He lost them both: his teeming heifer died;
His single ewe the ravening wolf descried,
And bore away: thus all he had was gone.
Retiring to his silent hut alone,
The belt that bound his empty scrip he takes,
Fastens the noose, and wretched life forsakes.

THE HONEST SHEPHERD.

WHEN hungry wolves had trespass'd on the
fold,
And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told,
"Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest,
"Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest."
No, said the shepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,
To their commands I willingly resign;
Power is their character, and patience mine:
Though, 'troth, to me there seems but little odds
Who prove the greatest robbers,—wolves or
gods.

AGAINST WATER-DRINKERS.

BACCHUS found me yesterday,
As, at my full length stretch'd, I lay,
Sated with the crystal tide—
The god stood frowning at my side,
And said—"Such sleep upon thee waits
As those attends whom Venus hates.
Say, idiot! didst thou never hear
Of one Hippolytus?—Beware!
His destiny may else be thine."
He left me then—the God of Wine;
But ever since this thing befell,
I've loathed the notion of a well.

THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

To Pallas, Hysistrata offered her thimble
And distaff, of matronly prudence the symbol:
"Take this too," she said; "then farewell, mighty
queen!
I'm a widow, and just forty winters have seen;
So thy yoke I renounce, and henceforward decree
To live with Love's goddess, and prove that I'm
free.

MELEAGER.

[About 100 B. C.]

OF Meleager we know neither the country nor parentage, nor indeed anything more than that he was the first collector of an anthology, and, (judging of him from those specimens of his own works, which have escaped the ravages of time and the yet more sweeping and indiscriminate havoc of ignorance and bigotry,) no mean poet himself.

CUPID WOUNDED.

WHY weep'st thou, Cupid—thou, who steal'st men's hearts,
And with their hearts their reason?—Tell me why
Thou'st flung away thy cruel bow and darts,
And doff'd thy radiant wings?—Has Lesbia's eye,
Which beams on all resistless, pierced thy breast?
'Tis so—thy cause of sorrow stands confest;
And thou art doomed to suffer in thy turn,
And feel what torture 'tis with love to burn.

THE TYRANT LOVE.

AT—tread on my neck, tyrant Cupid! I swear,
Though so little, your weight is no trifle to bear:
But I laugh at your darts tipp'd with flaming desire,
Since my heart, burnt to ashes, is proof against fire.

THE KISS.

TIMARION's kiss, like bird-lime, clings
About the happy lips it blesses;
Her eye its sun-like radiance flings
Beneath her dark o'ershadowing tresses.
One look, fond lover, and you're burn'd;
One touch, and all your strength is nought;
And Love himself this lesson learn'd,
Late in her nets, a captive caught.

THE DIN OF LOVE.

'Tis love, that murmurs in my breast,
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day nor night my heart has rest,
For night and day his voice I hear.
A wound within my heart I find,
And oh! 'tis plain where Love has been,
For still he leaves a wound behind,
Such as within my heart is seen.
O bird of Love! with song so dear,
Make not my soul the nest of pain!
Oh, let the wing that brought thee here,
In pity waft thee hence again.

BEAUTY COMPARED WITH FLOWERS.

'Tis now that the white violet
steals out the spring to greet,
And that, among his longed-for showers,
narcissus smiles so sweet;
'Tis now that lilies, upland-born,
frequent the slopes of green,
And that the flower which lovers love,
of all the flowers the queen,
Without an equal any where,
in full-blown beauty glows—
Thou know'st it well, Zenophile!
Persuasion's flower, the rose!
Ah, why, ye hills and meadows,
should laughter thus illumine
Your leafy haunts? So lavish why,
and prodigal of bloom?
Not all the wreaths of all the flowers
that spring herself might cull,
As mine own maiden e'er could be
one half so beautiful!

THE GIFTS OF THE GRACES.

THE Graces, smiling, saw her opening charms,
And clasped Arista in their lovely arms.
Hence her resistless beauty; matchless sense;
The music of her voice; the eloquence,
That, e'en in silence flashes from her face;
All strikes the ravished heart—for all is grace:
List to my vows, sweet maid! or from my view
Far, far away, remove! In vain I sue;
For, as no space can check the bolts of Jove,
No distance shields me from the shafts of Love.

THE GARLAND.

A FRESH garland will I braid
Of lilies blithe and fair,
Of the hyacinth's blue shade,
And the crocus's gold hair,
Of narcissus dewy-bright,
Of myrtle, never sere,
With the violet virgin white,
And sweet rose to lovers dear.—
—Thus, for Heliodora's hair,
Freshest, fairest flowers I've twin'd,
But none half so sweet, so fair,
As the dear, dear locks they'll bind.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

GAZING on thee, sweet maid! all things I see—
For thou art the whole universe to me;
And, when thou'rt absent, to my vacant sight,
Though all things else be present, all is night.

PAN'S LAMENTATION FOR DAPHNIS.

FAREWELL, ye hills? ye sylvan scenes, farewell,
Which once my shaggy feet rejoiced to tread!
No more with goats on mountain tops I'll dwell,
Half goat myself—no more the mazes thread
Of forest thicket, or of bosky dell:—
Daphnis—loved partner of my sports—is dead;
And with him, all the joy he knew so well
To give my sylvan reign, for ever fled.
Scenes once beloved! I quit ye; to the chase
Let others hie—the town shall be Pan's dwelling
place.

EPITAPH ON A TAME HARE.

TORN from a tender mother's breast,
A tiny, prick-eared thing,
Me lovely Phanion cared,
And fed on flowers of spring.
Home, kin, forgot,—nor want, nor pain,
I knew beneath her care,
But over kindness was my bane
I died of dainty fare!
And now, beside her maiden bower,
Entombed my ashes lie,
That, e'en in midnight's dreamy hour,
She still might have me nigh.

THE VICTIM.

THE suppliant bull, to Jove's high altar led,
Bellows a prayer for his devoted head.
Spare him, Saturnius!—His the form you wore,
When fair Europa through the waves you bore.

EPITAPH ON ÆSIGENES.

HAIL, universal mother! lightly rest
On that dead form,
Which when with life invested, ne'er oppress
Its fellow worm.

THE MORNING STAR.

FAREWELL bright Phosphor, herald of the morn!
Yet soon, in Hesper's name, again be born—
By stealth restoring, with thy later ray,
The charms thine early radiance drove away.

THE GIFTS OF THE GRACES.

THE sister Graces for my fair
A triple garland wove,
When, with each other, they to make
A perfect mistress strove.
A tint to mock the rose's bloom;
A form like young Desire;

A voice, whose melody out-breathes
The sweetness of the lyre.

Thrice happy fair! whom Venus arm'd
With Joy's extatic power,
Persuasion, with soft Eloquence,
And Love with Beauty's flower.

A KISS WITHIN THE CUP.

BLEST is the goblet—oh, how blest!
Which Heliadora's lips have prest.—
Oh, might those lips but meet with mine,
My soul should melt away in thine.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

HELP, help, my friends!—Just landed from the
main—
New to its toils, and glad to feel again
The firm rebounding soil beneath my feet,
Love marks his prey, and with enforcement
sweet
Waving his torch before my dazzled eyes,
Drags me to where my queen of beauty lies.
Now on her steps I tread—and if in air
My fancy roves, I view her picture there,
Stretch my fond arms to fold her, and delight
With unsubstantial joys my ravish'd sprite.
Ah! vainly 'scaped the fearful ocean's roar,
To prove a fiercer hurricane on shore.

CUPID'S PEDIGREE.

ASK'ST thou why Love's eyes, ev'n in laughter,
lower?
Or whence his savage thirst for flames and
sword?
Was not fierce Mars his mother's paramour,
And Vulcan, god of fire, her wedded lord?
The boy's his mother's son; his pedigree
Explains too well his hate of human kind.
Who gave that mother birth?—The foaming sea,
Whose surge rebellows to the lashing wind.
Who was his sire?—If e'er he had a sire
Is doubtful;—but for this I will engage:
Mars gave him blood-stain'd arrows, Vulcan fire,
And Thetis fill'd him with her billowy rage.

THE CAPTIVE.

LOVE! by the author of your race,
Of all your sweetest joys the giver,
I vow to burn before your face,
Your arrows, bow, and Scythian quiver.
Yes—though you point your saucy chin,
And screw your nostrils like a satyr,
And show your teeth, and pout, and grin,
I'll burn them, boy, for all your clatter.
I'll clip your wings, boy, though they be
Heralds of joy; your legs I'll bind
With brazen bolts; you sha'n't get free—
Alas! I have but caught the wind!

Oh! what had I with Love to do—
 A wolf among the sheep-folds roaming.
 There—take your wings—put on your shoe,
 And tell your playmates you are coming.

TO BACCHUS.

BACCHUS! I yield me to thy sway;
 Master of revels, lead the way!
 Conqueror of India's burning plain,
 My heart obeys thy chariot rein.
 In flames conceiv'd, thou sure wilt prove
 Indulgent to the fire of Love;
 Nor count me rebel, if I own
 Allegiance to a double throne.
 Alas! alas! that power so high
 Should stoop to treacherous perfidy!
 The mysteries of thy hallowed shrine
 I ne'er profan'd—Why publish mine?

THE LOVER'S MESSAGE.

HASTE thee, Dorcas! haste and bear
 This message to thy lady fair;
 And say besides—nay, pray begone—
 Tell, tell her all—run, Dorcas, run!
 Whither so fast? a moment stay;
 Don't run with half your tale away;
 I've more to tell—ah me! I rave—
 I know not what I'd do, or have.
 Go, tell her all—whate'er you know,
 Whate'er you think—go, Dorcas, go!
 But why a message send before,
 When we're already at the door.

THE VOW.

IN holy night we made the vow;
 And the same lamp, which long before
 Had seen our early passion grow,
 Was witness to the faith we swore.
 Did I not swear to love her ever?
 And have I ever dared to rove?
 Did she not vow a rival never
 Should shake her faith, or steal her love?
 Yet now she says those words were air,
 Those vows were written all in water;
 And, by the lamp that bear'd her swear,
 Hath yielded to the first that sought her.

LOVE PROCLAIMED.

OYEZ! Take notice! Love, the runaway,
 Fed from his bed-chamber at break of day.
 The boy is an adept at wheedling, crying:
 Talks much, is swift of foot, and given to lying.
 Audacious, cunning, and with malice fraught,
 He laughs at mischiefs his own wiles have
 wrought:
 With wings for flight equip'd, and for attack
 With darts, he bears a quiver at his back.
 Who is his father I could ne'er discover—
 Earth, sea, and air alike disown the rover.

He's every body's foe—ah, maids, beware!
 Youths, too, take heed! For you he spreads the
 snare.
 But look!—Can I be wrong?—No; there I spy
 The truant archer, hid in Lesbia's eye.

SALE OF CUPID.

Who'll buy a little boy? Look, yonder is he,
 Fast asleep, the sly rogue, on his mother's knee;
 So bold a young imp 'tis not safe to keep,
 So I'll part with him now, while he's sound
 asleep.
 See his arch little nose, how sharp it is curl'd,
 His wings, too, even in sleep unfurl'd;
 And those fingers, which still ever ready are
 found
 For mirth or for mischief, to tickle or wound.
 He'll try with his tears your heart to beguile,
 But never you mind—he's laughing all the while;
 For little he cares, so he has his own whim,
 And weeping or laughing, 'tis all one to him.
 His eye is as keen as the lightning's flash,
 His tongue, like the red bolt, keen and rash;
 And so savage is he, that his own dear mother
 Is scarce, in his hands, more safe than another
 In short, to sum up this prodigy's praise,
 He's a downright pest in all sorts of ways;
 And if any one wants such an imp to employ,
 He shall have a dead bargain of this little boy.
 But see, the boy wakes—his bright tears flow—
 His eyes seem to ask, Could I sell him? Oh, no;
 Sweet child, no, no—though so naughty you be;
 You shall live evermore with my Lesbia and me.

TO THE BEE.

WANDERING bee, who lov'st to dwell
 In the vernal rose-bud's cell,
 Wherefore leave thy place of rest
 To light on Heliadora's breast?
 Is it thus you mean to show,
 When flies the shaft from Cupid's bow,
 What a sweet and bitter smart
 It leaves within this wounded heart?
 Yes, thou friend to lovers, yes—
 I thy meaning well can guess—
 'Tis a truth too soon we learn;
 Go! with thy lesson home return.

TO HIS MISTRESS SLEEPING.

THOU sleep'st, soft silken flower! Would I were
 sleep,
 For ever on those lids my watch to keep!
 So would I have thee all mine own,—or he,
 Who seals Jove's wakeful eyes, my rival be.

LOVE, THE TENNIS-PLAYER.

Love acts the tennis-player's part,
 And throws to thee my panting heart;
 Heliadora! ere it fall,
 Let Desire catch swift the ball;

Let her in the ball-court move,
Fellow in the game with Love:
If thou throw me back again,
I shall of foul play complain

TO ZENOPHILE PLAYING ON THE LYRE.

'Tis a sweet strain,—by Pan of Arcady!

Which warbles from thy lyre with thrilling
sound:

Zenophile, oh! how can I be free,

When loves on every side enclose me round,
Forbidding me to breathe a single hour

In peace,—since first thy beauty, then thy lyre,
Thy grace, and then . . . Oh! words of feeble
power,

Thy perfect *all* has set me all on fire.

THE RETURN OF SPRING IN GREECE.

HUSH'D is the howl of wintry breezes wild;
The purple hour of youthful spring has smiled:
A livelier verdure clothes the teeming earth;
Buds press to life, rejoicing in their birth;
The laughing meadows drink the dews of night,
And, fresh with opening roses, glad the sight:
In song the joyous swains responsive vie;
Wild music floats, and mountain melody.

Adventurous seamen spread the enbosomed
sail

O'er waves light heaving to the western gale;
While village youths their brows with ivy twine,
And hail with song the promise of the vine.

In curious cells the bees digest their spoil,
When vernal sunshine animates their toil,
And little birds, in warblings sweet and clear,
Salute thee, Maia, loveliest of the year:
Thee, on their deeps, the tuneful halcyons hail,
In streams the swan, in woods the nightingale.

If earth rejoices, with new verdure gay,
And shepherds pipe, and flocks exulting play,
And sailors roam, and Bacchus leads his throng,
And bees to toil, and birds awake to song,
Shall the glad bard be mute in tuneful spring,
And, warm with love and joy, forget to sing?

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG BRIDE.

NOT Hymen,—it was Ades' self alone
That loosened Clearista's virgin zone:
And now the evening flutes are breathing round
Her gate; the closing nuptial doors resound.
The morning spousal song was raised—but, oh!
At once 'twas silenced into threnes of woe;
And the same torches, which the bridal bed
Had lit, now showed the pathway to the dead.

Another translation of the Same.

CLEVERA, when she loosed her virgin zone,
Found in the nuptial bed an early grave;
Death claim'd the bridegroom's right; to death alone

The treasure guarded for her spouse she gave.
To sweetest sounds the happy evening fled,
The flute's soft strain and hymeneal choir;
At morn sad howlings echo round the bed,
And the glad hymns on quivering lips expire.

The very torches that at fall of night
Shed their bright radiance o'er the bridal room;
Those very torches, with the morning's light,
Conduct the victim to her silent tomb.*

EPITAPH ON CHARIXENUS.

THEE, poor Charixenus! in youth's first bloom,
Thy mother's hands—an offering to the tomb—
Deck'd with the martial stole. The very stone
Made to thy moaning friends responsive moan,
As with the houseless corpse they sorrowing
went—

No hymeneal strain, but loud lament.

"Ah me! that gentle bosom's bounteous store,
How ill repaid!—How vain the pangs she bore!"
O Fate unfruitful! Maid of ruthless mind!

That giv'st a mother's yearnings to the wind!
Here friends can only wish, and parents weep,
And pitying strangers sanctify thy sleep.

SONG.

STILL, like dew in silence falling,
Drops for thee the nightly tear;
Still that voice, the past recalling,
Dwells, like echo, on mine ear,
Still, still!

Day and night the spell hangs o'er me;
Here, for ever fixed thou art;
As thy form first shone before me,
So 'tis graven on this heart,
Deep, deep!

Love, oh love, whose bitter sweetness
Dooms me to this lasting pain;
Thou, who cam'st with so much fleetness,
Why so slow to go again?
Why? Why?

EPITAPH ON HELIODORA.

TEARS, Heliodora! on thy tomb I shed,
Love's last libation to the shades below;
Tears, bitter tears, by fond remembrance fed,
Are all that Fate now leaves me to bestow.
Vain sorrows! vain regrets! yet, loveliest, thee,
Thee still they follow in the silent urn,
Retracing hours of social converse free,
And soft endearments never to return.

* So in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet:"—
"All things that we ordain for festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corpse."

Act iv., Scene v.

And likewise Herrick in his lines "Upon a maid that
died the day she was married."

"That morn' which saw me made a bride,
The evening witness that I died.
Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the bashful bride,
Serv'd but as tapers for to burne,
And light my reliques to their urne."
"Et face pro thalami fax mihi mortis adest."—Ovid.

How thou art torn, sweet flower, that smiled so fair!

Torn, and thy honour'd bloom with dust defiled;
Yet, holy Earth, accept my suppliant prayer,
And in a mother's arms enfold thy child.

Another translation of the Same.

TEARS o'er my Helidora's grave I shed,
Affection's fondest tribute to the dead.
Oh, flow, my bitter sorrows o'er her shrine,
Pledge of the love that bound her soul to mine!
Break, break, my heart, o'ercharged with bursting woe,

An empty offering to the shades below.
Ah, plant regretted! Death's remorseless power
With dust ungrateful choked thy full-blown flower!

Take, Earth, the gentle inmate to thy breast,
And, soft entombed, bid Helidora rest.

THE DAUGHTERS OF LYCAMBES.

By Pluto's hand we swear—an awful sign—
And the dark bed of gloomy Proserpine,
Pure went we to our graves, whate'er of shame
And vile reproach against our virgin fame
That bitter bard poured forth, in strains refined
Cloaking the foulness of his slanderous mind.
Muses, in our despite why favour thus
The false Iambics of Archilochus?*

THE LOVER'S MESSAGE.

SEA-WANDERING barks, that o'er the Ægean sail,
With pennants streaming to the northern gale,
If, in your course, the Coan strand ye reach,
And see my Phañion musing on the beach,
With eye intent upon the placid sea,
And constant heart that only beats for me,—
Tell the dear maid, that mindful of her charms,
Her lover hastens to her longing arms.
Go, heralds of my soul! to Phañion's ear
On all your shrouds the tender accents bear!
So Jove shall calm with smiles the wave below,
And bid for you his softest breezes blow.

THE COMPARISON.

THE snowdrop peeps from every glade,
The gay narcissus proudly glows,
The lily decks the mountain shade,
Where blooms my fair—a blushing rose.
Ye meads! why vainly thus display
The buds that grace your vernal hour?
For see ye not my Zoe stray,
Amidst your sweets, a sweeter flower?

EPITAPH ON MELEAGER OF GADARA.†

TYRE was my Island-nurse—an Attic race
I boast, though Gadara my native place,—

* The daughters of Lycambes, driven to suicide by the Iambics of Archilochus, attest the falsity of the charges alleged against them by the malicious poet; complaining, at the same time, of the assistance given him by the Muses in his base undertaking.

† Probably an ancestor of the poet's.

Herself an Athens. Eucrates I claim
For sire, and Meleager is my name.
From childhood, in the Muse was all my pride:
I sang; and with Menippus, side by side,
Urged my poetic chariot to the goal.
And why not Syrian?—to the free-born soul
Our country is the world; and all on earth
One universal chaos brought to birth.
Now old, and heedful of th' approaching doom;
These lines in memory of my parted bloom,
I on my picture trace, as on my tomb.

NIOBE.

DAUGHTERS of Tantalus, Iorn Niobe,
Sad are the tidings which I bear to thee,—
Words fraught with woe:—ay, now unbind thy hair,
The streaming signal of thy wild despair:
For Phæbus' darts, grief-pointed, reek with gore,
Alas! alas!—thy sons are now no more.
But what is this? What means this oozing flood?
Her daughters, too, are weltering in their blood.
One clasps a mother's knees; one clings around
Her neck; and one lies prostrate on the ground;
One seeks her breast; one eyes the coming woe
And shudders; one, in tremor, crouches low;
The seventh is breathing out her latest sigh,
And life-in-death seems flickering from that eye.
She—the woe-stricken mother, left, alone;
Erst full of words—is now mute, stiffened stone.

MUSIC AND BEAUTY.

By the God of Arcadia, so sweet are the notes
Which tremulous fall from my Rhodope's lyre;
Such melody swells in her voice, as it floats
On the soft midnight air, that my soul is on fire.
Oh, where can I fly? The young Cupids around me
Gaily spread their light wings, all my footsteps
pursuing;
Her eyes dart a thousand fierce lustres to wound me,
And music and beauty conspire my undoing.*

TO THE CICADA.

Oh shrill-voiced insect! that, with dew-drops sweet
Inebriate, dost in desert woodlands sing;
Perch'd on the spray-top with indented feet,
Thy dusky body's echoings, harp-like, ring.
Come, dear Cicada! chirp to all the grove,
The nymphs, and Pan, a new responsive strain;
That I, in noonday sleep, may steal from love,
Reclined beneath this dark o'erspreading plane.

* Peace, Chloris, peace, or singing die!

That together you and I

To heaven may go;

For all we know

Of what the blessed do above,

Is that they sing, and that they love.—Waller.

ARCHIAS.

[About 100 B. C.]

A NATIVE of Antioch and preceptor and friend of Cicero, who composed one of his most celebrated orations in his defence.

ON A GRASSHOPPER.

ERST on the fir's green, blooming branch,
O grasshopper, 'twas thine
To sit, or on the shady spray
Of the dusky, tufted pine;
And from thy hollow, well-winged sides
To sound the blithesome strain,
Sweeter than music of the lyre
To the simple shepherd swain.
But *thee* alas! now overcome
By ants that haunt the road,
The cave of Pluto now conceals,
That unforeseen abode.
Yet still thy fate may be forgiven,
Since the vulgar fisher-throng
By their riddle slew Mæonides,
The very prince of song.*

* Homer, (according to the absurd story here alluded to,) whilst sitting on a rock by the sea-shore, in the island of Io, observed some fisher-lads in a boat, and asked them if they had any thing? To which the young wags, (who, having had no sport, had been diligently catching, and killing as many as they could catch, of certain personal companions of a race not even yet extinct,) replied—"As many as we caught, we left; and as many as we could not catch we carry with us!"—

"Ὅσσ' ἐλάμην, λητῆρες θά' ὅσσ' οὐχ' ἐλάμην, φερί μεσθα.

The catastrophe was, that Homer, being utterly unable to grasp the meaning of this riddle, broke his heart out of pure vexation.

ON AN OLD RACE HORSE.

ME, at Alphæus wreath'd, and twice the theme
Of heralds, by Castalia's sacred stream,—
Me, Isthmus' and Nemæa's trumpet-tongue
Hailed fleet as winged storms!—I then was
young.
Alas! wreaths loathe me now: and Eld hath
found
An outcast trundling mill-stones round and
round.

ON A SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

I, *Theris*, wreck'd and cast a corse on shore,
Still shudder at old Ocean's ceaseless roar.
For here, beneath the cliff's o'ershadowing gloom,
Close by its waves have strangers dug my tomb.
Hence still its roaring, reft of life, I hear;
Its hateful surge still thunders in my ear,
For me alone, by Fate unrespected,
Remains no rest to soothe me—even though dead.

LIFE AND DEATH.

THRACIANS! who howl around an infant's birth,
And give the funeral hour to songs of mirth
Well in your grief and gladness are exprest,
That Life is labour, and that Death is rest.

PHILODEMUS.

[About 90 B. C.]

PHILODEMUS was by birth a Gadarene, but migrated in early life to Athens, and afterwards to Rome. Here he became intimately connected with Piso, and is particularly mentioned by Cicero in his oration against that nobleman.

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY.

Nor yet the blossoms of the spring decay'd,
Nor full the swelling treasures of the vine;
But the young loves prepare their darts, sweet
maid,
And light their fires upon thy virgin shrine.
Oh, let us fly, whilst yet unstrung their bows,
And yet conceal'd, the future splendour glows.

CONSTANCY.

My Helen is little and brown; but more tender
Than the cygnet's soft down, or the plumage
of doves;
And her form, like the ivy, is graceful and
stender,
Like the ivy entwined round the tree that it
loves.

Her voice—not thy cestus, O goddess of pleasure,

Can so melt with desire or with ecstasy burn;
Her kindness unbounded, she gives without measure

To her languishing lover, and asks no return.

Such a girl is my Helen—then never, ah never,

Let my amorous heart, mighty Venus, forget her,

Oh grant me to keep my sweet mistress for ever,
—For ever—at least, till you send me a better!

A freer paraphrase of the Same.

My Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,
But her skin is as smooth as the peach's soft down,

And, for blushing, no rose can come near her;
In short she has woven such nets round my heart,—

That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa can part,—

Unless I can find one that's dearer.

Her voice has a music that dwells on the ear,
And her eye from its orb gives a day-light so clear,

That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her;
Her ringlets so curly, are Cupid's own net,
And her lips,—oh! their sweetness I ne'er shall forget—

Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.

But 'tis not her beauty that charms me alone,
'Tis her mind, 'tis that language, whose eloquent tone

From the depths of the grave could revive one;

In short, here I swear, that if death were my doom,

I would instantly join my dead love in the tomb,—

Unless I could meet with a five one.

INVITATION TO THE ANNIVERSARY OF
EPICURUS.

To-morrow, Piso, at the evening hour,

Thy friend will lead thee to his simple bower,

To keep with feast our annual twentieth night:

If there you miss the flask of Chian wine,
Yet hearty friends you'll meet, and, while you dine,

Hear strains, like those in which the gods delight.

And, if you kindly look on us the while,
We'll reap a richer banquet from thy smile.

ON A FRIEND.

Still bloom my roses, still my garden bears

Its ripening load of plums and juicy pears;

Herbs and young shrubs put forth their vigorous shoots,

And mingled fragrance breathes from flowers and fruits.

But in yon much-loved bower I sit no more,

Yon bower of myrtles that o'erlooks the shore—

There sat my friend and laughed his cares away

But yesternight—a senseless corse to-day.

ZONAS OF SARDIS.

STRABO mentions two of this name and country; one distinguished for his military talents in the war of Mithridates; the other, a contemporary and friend of his own, in the reign of Tiberius.

ON A SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

ACCEPT a grave in these deserted sands,
That on thy head I strew with pious hands;
For to these wintry crags no mother bears
The decent rites, or mourns thee with her tears.

Yet, on the frowning promontory laid,
Some pious dues, Alexis, please thy shade;
A little sand beside the sounding wave,
Moisten'd with flowing tears, shall be thy grave.

TO THE BEES.

YE nimble, honey-making bees,
The flowers are in their prime;

Come now and taste the little buds
Of sweetly-breathing thyme;

Or tender poppies all so fair,
Or bits of raisins sweet,

Or down that decks the apple-tribe,
Or fragrant violet:

Come nibble on, your vessels store
With honey while you can,

In order that the hive-protecting,
Bee-preserving Pan

May have a tasting for himself;
and that the hand so rude,

That cuts away the combs, may leave
for yourselves a little food.

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

A DISTINGUISHED court-poet, in the reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula.

THE SEPARATION.

O **HATEFUL** bird of morn, whose harsh alarms
Drive me thus early from Chrysilla's arms.
Old age has sprinkled Tithon's brow with snow,
No more his veins in ruddy currents flow;
How cold his sense, his withered heart how dead,
Who drives so soon a goddess from his bed.

A WISH.

O **THAT** we had the art to know
Each man by more than outward show;
To ope the door of every breast
And see the soul's most secret place,—
Then close it fast, and, thus possess,
Cling to our friends with strict embrace.

GREEK POETESSES.

THESE the maids of heavenly tongue,
Rear'd Pierian cliffs among:
Anyte, as Homer strong,
Sappho, star of Lesbian song;
Erinna, famous Telesilla,
Myro fair, and fair Praxilla;
Corinna,—she, that sang of yore,
The dreadful shield Minerva bore.—
Myrtis sweet, and Nossis, known
For tender thought and melting tone;
Framers all of deathless pages,
Joys, that live for endless ages—
Nine the muses famed in heaven,
And nine to mortals earth has given.

CRINAGORAS.

A **NATIVE** of Mitylene, and a court-poet and client in the family of Augustus and his successor.

ON AN IMAGE OF CUPID BOUND.

PERFIDIOUS wretch! well may you cry,
And wring your hands, and sob and sigh:
For who your advocate will be?
Who now from chains will set you free?
You oft, by causeless doubts and fears,
From other eyes have forced the tears,
And by your bitter-biting darts,
Instill'd love's poison in our hearts.
You oft have laugh'd at human bale;
But now your arts, elusive, fail,
And justice will at last prevail.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

LET'S fly, my love, from noonday's beam,
And plunge us in yon cooling stream;
Then, hastening to the festal bower,
We'll pass in mirth the evening hour:
'Tis thus our age of bliss shall fly,
As sweet, though passing, as that sigh,
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip;—
"Come, while you may, of rapture sip."
For age will steal the graceful form,
Will chill the pulse, while throbbing warm,

And death—alas! that hearts which thrill
Like yours and mine, should e'er be still.

THE BRIDAL OFFERING.

CHILDREN of spring, but now in wintry snow,
We purple roses for Calista blow,
Duteous we smiled upon her natal morn;
Her bridal bed to-morrow we adorn.
Oh, sweeter far to bloom our little day,
Wreathed in her hair, than wait the sunny May.

ON THE DEATH OF A SOLDIER, IN THE ARMY OF GERMANICUS.

LET Cynegeirus' name, renowned of yore,
And brave Othryades be heard no more!
By Rhine's swoln wave Italian Arrius lay
Transfix'd with wounds, and sobb'd his soul
away.
But seeing Rome's proud eagle captive led,
He started from the ghastly heaps of dead,
The captor slew, the noble prize brought home,
And found death only not to be o'ercome.

ANTIPHILUS.

A NATIVE of Byzantium, who flourished under Nero, and from his time to that of Domitian.

ON AN ANCIENT OAK.

HAIL, venerable boughs, that in mid sky,
Spread broad and deep your leafy canopy!
Hail, cool, refreshing shade, abode most dear
To the sun-wearied traveller, wand'ring near!
Hail, close inwoven bow'rs, fit dwelling place
For insect tribes, and man's imperial race!
Me too reclining in your green retreat,
Shield from the blazing day's meridian heat.

ON THE PICTURE OF MEDEA,

BY TIMOMACHUS.

WHEN bold Timomachus essay'd to trace
The soul's emotions in the varying face,
With patient thought, and faithful hand, he
 strove
To blend with jealous rage maternal love.
Behold Medea! Envy must confess
In both the passions his complete success.
Tears in each threat—a threat in every tear,
The mind with pity warm, or chill with fear.

The dread suspense I praise, the critic cries;
Here all the judgment, all the pathos, lies;
To stain with filial blood the guilty scene,
Had marr'd the artist, but became the queen.

ON A BEE'S NEST.

O beautiful Bee-homestead
 with many a waxen cell,
Self-built—for hanging, so it seems,
 that airy citadel!
An unbought blessing to man's life,
 which neither plough, nor hoe,
Nor axe, nor crooked sickle,
 is needed to bestow;
A tiny vessel—and no more—
 wherein the busy bee
From its small body, liquid sweets
 distilleth lavishly.
Rejoice, ye blessed creatures!
 regaling while ye rove,
Winged workers of Nectareous food,
 on all the flowers ye love.

LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

A POET, who flourished under the emperor Nero, and from his times to those of Hadrian. He speaks of himself as having devoted his youth to study, and spent his after years in habits of intimacy with the first literary characters of Rome.

ON THE PICTURE OF AN INFANT

PLAYING NEAR A PRECIPICE.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!
O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.—
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

THE DYING SOLDIER TO HIS FRIENDS.

THAT soul, which vanquish'd war could never
 win,
Now yields reluctant to a foe within.
Oh, seize the sword! grant me a soldier's due,
And thus Disease shall own my triumph too.

ON THE VENUS ANADYOMENE OF APELLES.

WHEN from the bosom of her parent flood
She rose, refulgent with the encircling brine,
Apelles saw Cythera's form divine,
And fix'd her breathing image where it stood.
Those graceful hands, entwined, that wring the
 spray
From her ambrosial hair, proclaim the truth;
Those speaking eyes, where amorous lightnings
 play,
Those swelling heavens, the harbingers of
 youth;
The rival powers behold with fond amaze,
And yield submission in the conscious gaze.

ON THE VOTIVE IMAGE OF A LION.

IN the dark winter's night, while all around
The furious hail-storm clatters on the ground,
While every field is deep in drifted snow,
And Boreas bids his bitterest tempests blow,
A solitary lion, gaunt and grim,
Ravenous with cold, and numb'd in every limb,
Stalks to the goat-herd's miserable shed,
From the rude air to shield his storm-beat head.
The astonish'd natives of this lonely spot
With cries of stifled horror fill the cot;

No more their numerous herds demand their care,
While for themselves they pour the broken prayer,
And call the Saviour Jove, as fix'd they stand,
Together press'd, a trembling, shuddering band.
Meanwhile the lordly savage, safe and warm,
Stays through the pelting of the wintry storm,
Then calmly quits the whole affrighted horde,
And leaves their meal untouched upon the board.
In grateful memory of so rare a fate,
The swains to Jove this offering consecrate,
And still, suspended from the oak-tree show,
This faithful image of their generous foe.

PHILIP OF THESSALONICA.

THE second collector of epigrams, flourished about 150 years after Meleager, and the 60th year of the Christian era.

ON A VINE.

Who has that unripe cluster torn,
And thrown, with wrinkled lip, away,
And left the parent vine to mourn
Her fruit to barbarous hands a prey?
May Bacchus on the spoiler turn
His fiercest rage, and bitterest smart;
His head with fever'd frenzy burn,
With agony distract his heart.
For hence some transitory pleasure
The child of misery might have found;
Burst into song of wildest measure,
And quaff'd oblivion of his wound.

ON A BRONZE STATUE
OF THE RIVER EUROTAS.

PLUNGED by the sculptor in a bath of flame,
Yet in his native bed the god appears:

The watery veil yet hangs o'er all his frame,
And every pore distils the crystal tears.
How great the victory of art that gave
To brass the trembling moisture of the wave!

ON A YOUNG MAID,
WHO DIED THE DAY OF HER MARRIAGE.

THE flute now sounded in the bridal room
Of fair Nicippus, and the joyous throng
Danced to the Hymenean, when, sad doom!
Loud lamentation drowned the spousal song.—
The wedded maiden lies—a stricken corse.
Grim Ades, while the widowed husband
Sheds
Those bitter tears, oh! hast thou no remorse,—
Pleased though thou be with weeping bridal
beds?

PARMENION.

[About 60 A. D.]

A MACEDONIAN by birth, and a contemporary of Philip, the second collector of the Anthology

ON THE DEFEAT OF XERXES AT
THERMOPYLÆ.

HIM, who reversed the laws great nature gave,
Sail'd o'er the continent, and walk'd the wave,

Three hundred spears from Sparta's iron plain,
Have stopp'd—oh blush, ye mountains, and thou
main.

XENOCRITUS OF RHODES.

ON A DAUGHTER DROWNED AT SEA.

COLD on the wild wave floats thy virgin form,
Drench'd are thine auburn tresses by the storm,
Poor lost Eliza! in the raging sea,
Gone was my every joy and hope with thee!

These sad recording stones thy fate deplore,
Thy bones are wafted to some distant shore;
What bitter sorrows did thy father prove,
Who brought thee, destined for a bridegroom's love!
Sorrowing he came—nor to the youth forlorn
Consign'd a maid to love, or corpse to mourn.

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.

"Perhaps," says Mr. Merivale, "the Greek rhetorician mentioned by Seneca; or *perhaps*, the Marcus Byzantinus noticed by Philostratus in the life of Apollonius."

ON A SON DROWNED AT SEA.

HER hapless son, now buried in the deep,
Along the shore Lysidice must weep
With wailing multitudinous, while she
Eyes this vain cenotaph, and thinks of me,
Pythagoras whose corpse the gods ordain
To float with sea-fowl on the heaving main,
The blue Ægean, where my doom was pass'd,
While striving to resist the northern blast.
But not e'en thus were all my wanderings o'er,
My bark I left for that which seeks the Stygian
shore.

THE LEAN LOVERS.

DEAR Lyce, thou art wond'rous thin,
And I'm a bag of bones and skin;

Yet thou'rt to me a Venus!
Fat lovers have not half our bliss;
Our very souls each other kiss,
For there's no flesh between us.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

CALL it not a test of love
If sun-like beauty lights the flame.
Beauty every heart can move;
It delights the gods above,
And is to all the same.

But if thy fond doting eye
Has taught thy heart a different creed;
If for wrinkled age you'll sigh,
Or adore deformity.
Then you must love indeed.

ÆMILIANUS NICÆUS.

ON THE PICTURE OF AN INFANT

SUCKING AT THE BREAST OF ITS DYING MOTHER.

"Pictura est, oppido capto, ad Matris morientis e vulnere mammam adrepens infans: intelligiturque sentire mater, et timere ne emortuo lacte sanguinem infans lambat.—Plin."

SUCK, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives!
Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives!
She dies—her tenderness survives her breath,
And her fond love is provident in death.

TULLIUS GEMINUS.

ON THEMISTOCLES.

GREECE be the monument: around her throw
The broken trophies of the Persian fleet;
Inscribe the gods that led the insulting foe,
And mighty Xerxes at the tablet's feet.

There lay Themistocles—to spread his fame
A lasting column Salamis shall be;
Raise not, weak man, to that immortal name
The little records of mortality.

ONESTUS.

Called a Corinthian in the titles to his epigrams. Reiske supposes his true name to have been Onesias.

THE DIFFICULTY AND REWARD OF SCIENCE.

'Tis hard Parnassus to ascend,
But at the top there is a fount
Shall well reward you at the end
For all the pains you took to mount.

'Tis hard to reach the top of science,
But, when arriv'd, securely breathe;

To pride and envy bid defiance,
Nor heed the storm that grows beneath.

HELICON.

As nectar, welling from the holy fount
Of Hippocrenè, doth the spirit cheer
Of him, who up the Heliconian mount
Hath toil'd, until its crest at length is near;
Such is the steep of song; but gain that height,
And every muse will grace thee with delight.

LUCIAN.

[Born about 90—Died 180, A. D.]

A WELL-KNOWN Greek writer, born at Samosata in Syria. He was bred a sculptor, but afterwards devoting himself to literature, and becoming an author, acquired by his writings

such favour with the emperor Marcus Aurelius, as to be appointed by him to the Magistrarship of Egypt. He died at the age of ninety.

TO A WORN-OUT BELLE.

YES, you may change your hair, but not your age,
Nor smoothe alas! the wrinkles of your face;
Yes, you may varnish o'er the tell-tale page
And wear a mask for every vanish'd grace:
But there's an end. No Hecuba by aid
Of rouge and ceruse is a Helen made.

THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS SON.

His darling son a certain doctor brought,
To be by me in the *belles lettres* taught.
The lad began—"Achilles' wrath, the spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing"
When to the following line he onward went—
"Of souls to Hades prematurely sent."

"Hold," said the leech, "no use in this I see;
Such lesson he may learn as well of me,
Who souls to Hades prematurely send
Without the aid of grammar-rules, my friend."

TO A LONG-BEARDED COXCOMB.

If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote,
Then Plato must bow to a hairy he-goat!

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

In pleasure's bowers whole lives unheeded fly;
But to the wretch one night's eternity.

AN ENIGMA.

HATER of poverty and scourge of those
Who live in wealth and indolent repose;
Borne on another's feet and not thine own,
Thou sittest where the poor are never known;

Wreath'd and perfum'd, the all-delighted guest
Art thou where Mirth and Bacchus rule the feast,
And hovering ever at the rich man's door,
Thou shunn'st the humble dwelling of the poor.*

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

WEEP not, though thus, in life's fifth year,
I fall, Death's early due:
If few the joys allow'd me here,
My sorrows were as few.

* The gout is treated in much the same way by Martial. lxi. 17:—"Quare tam multis a te, Lentine, diebus," &c., and its parentage is not unphilosophically given in the following distich by Hedyllus:—

*Λυσιμελούς Βάχχου καὶ λυσιμελούς Αφροδίτης
Γενάται θυγάτηρ, λυσιμελής Πεδύγρα.*

Says limb-relaxing Bacchus to limb-relaxing Venus,
A daughter, limb-relaxing Gout, is now begot between us.

DIONYSIUS.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

I WISH I could, like Zephyr, steal
To wanton o'er thy mazy vest;
And thou wouldst ope thy bosom-veil,
And take me panting to thy breast!
I wish I might a rose-bud grow,
And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,
To place me on that breast of snow,
Where I should bloom, a wintry-flower.
I wish I were the lily's leaf,
To fade upon that bosom warm;
Content to wither, pale and brief,
The trophy of thy fairer form.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

KEEP silence now, with reverential awe,
Wide æther, and ye mountains, and ye meads,
With earth, and sea, and every breeze, and
sound,

And voice of tuneful bird—be silent all;
For Phœbus, with his beaming locks unshorn,
Descends among us—on a stream of song.

Sire of Aurora,—her whose eyelids fair
Are of the braided snow—her rosy car,
Along the boundless ridge of heaven's expanse,
Drawn by those winged steeds, thou urgest
on—

Exulting in thy curls of flaming gold.

Thy coronal are rays of dazzling light
Revolving much, and pouring on the earth,
From their blest fountains, splendours ever
bright:

While of thy rivers of immortal fire
DAY, the beloved, is born.

For thee, the choirs
Of tranquil stars perform their mystic round
O'er heaven's imperial pavement;—with thy
lyre,

Oh! Phœbus, warbling forth its ceaseless notes—
Delighted:—

While the Moon serenely clear,
Borne onward in her steer-drawn team of light,
Heralds the changeful seasons—and her heart
With pleasure glows—while clothing dædal earth
With beauteous vestments of a various hue.

THE KISS.

THE kiss, that she left on my lip,
Like a dew-drop, shall lingering lie;
'Twas nectar she gave me to sip,
'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh.
From the moment she printed that kiss,
Nor reason nor rest has been mine,
My soul has been drunk with the bliss,
And feels a delirium divine.

PHILOSTRATUS.

[About 200 A. D.]

THIS writer, who lived at the court of the emperors Septimius Severus and Alexander, is mentioned here from his connection with the following popular song of Ben Jonson's; of which Cumberland was the first, I believe, to discover the origin. See *Observer*, No. cix.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst, that from my soul doth rise,
Demands a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It might not withered be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

STRATO.

A NATIVE of Sardis, and supposed to have flourished early in the third century. His poems (says Mr. Merivale,) though elegant in language, are, for the most part, disgraceful in sentiment.

LOVE NOT EXTINGUISHED BY AGE.

OH how I loved, when, like the glorious sun,
Firing the orient with a blaze of light,
Thy beauty every lesser star outshone!—

Now o'er that beauty steals the approach of
night—

Yet, yet I love! Though in the western sea
Half sunk, the day-star still is fair to me!

RUFINUS.

MAIDEN RESERVE.

WHEN blest I met my Rhodoclee alone,
On the cold earth a timid suppliant thrown,
I clasp'd her beauteous knees, and bade her save
A wretch, at her disposal, from the grave.
Listening she wept—too soon her tears were dried,
And with soft hand she moved me from her side.

And, fragrant yet with morning dew,
The soft anemone.

Then wear them, love; but not elate,
For soon such charms are flown;
And in the flowerets' changing fate
Thou dost but read thine own.

THE GARLAND.

A WREATH to thee, my Rhodoclee,
Twined by these hands, I send,
Where the lily's snow, and the rose-cup's glow,
In rival beauty blend;
Where the violet's hue of freshest blue
With jonquil pale you see,

ENJOYMENT OF LOVE.

THE queen of heaven's bright eyes illumine thy face,
Great Pallas lends thine arms her polish'd grace;
Thetis thine ancles' slender strength bestows,
And Venus in thy swelling bosom glows:
Happy the lover of thy sight possess,
Who listens to thy melting voice, thrice blest;
Almost a god, whose love is met by thine,
Who folds thee in his arms, indeed divine!

EXHORTATION TO PLEASURE.

Now, as we rise from the reviving wave,
 Braid we our locks, my Prodice, with flowers;
 Drain we deep bowls of wine, and wisely save
 From slow-paced care youth's transitory hours.
 For withering age upon our path attends,
 Joys drop by joys, and death the picture ends.

THE WARNING.

DID I not warn thee, Prodice, that time
 Would soon divide thee from the youthful
 throng,
 Feed on the blooming damask of thy prime,
 And scatter wrinkles as he pass'd along?
 The hour is come—for who with amorous song
 Now woos thy smile, or celebrates thy bloom?
 See, from thy presence how the gay and young
 Retiring turn, and shrink as from the tomb!

THE DENIAL OF LOVE.

Why will Melissa, young and fair,
 Still her virgin love deny,
 When every motion, every air,
 The passion of her soul declare,
 And give her words the lie?

That panting breath, that broken sigh,
 Those limbs that trembling fail,
 And that dark hollow round her eye,
 (The mark of Cupid's archery,)
 Too plainly tell the tale.

But, oh thou god of soft desire,
 By thy mother throned above,
 Oh, let not pity quench thine ire,
 Till, yielding to thy fiercest fire,
 She cries, at length, "I love."

THE CURE OF DISDAIN.

COLD Rhodope, of beauty vain, replies,
 Whene'er I greet her, with disdainful eyes:
 The wreath I wove, and on her door-post bound,
 Scornful she tore, and trampled on the ground.
 Remorseless age and wrinkles, to my aid
 Fly, swiftly fly, and Rhodope persuade.

ENJOYING LIFE.

LET us, my friend, in joy refine,
 Bathe, crown our brows, and quaff our wine:
 Short is the space of human joys,
 What age prevents not, death destroys.

CARPHYLIDES.

ON A HAPPY OLD MAN.

THINK not, whoe'er thou art, my fate severe;
 Nor o'er my marble stop to shed a tear!
 One tender partner shared my happy state,
 And all that life imposes, but its weight.
 Three lovely girls in nuptial ties I bound,
 And children's children smiled my board around.

And, often pillow'd on their grandsire's breast,
 Their darling offspring sunk to sweetest rest.
 Disease and death were strangers to my door,
 Nor from my arms one blooming infant tore.
 All, all survived, my dying eyes to close,
 And hymn my spirit to a blest repose.

LUCILLIUS.

[About 375 A. D.]

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

WHEN Magnus sought the realms of night,
 Grim Pluto trembled for his right.
 "That fellow comes," he said, "'tis plain,
 To call my ghosts to life again."

ENVY.

POOR Cleon out of envy died,
 His brother thief to see
 Nail'd near him to be crucified
 Upon a higher tree.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE reverses with a smile or frown,
 Exalts the poor, and pulls the mighty down.
 Though rich in golden ore thy rivers flow,
 Her pow'r shall curb thy pride and haughty
 brow.
 The wind that sweeps tempestuous through the
 sky,
 Howls o'er the bending broom, and passes by;
 But the broad oak uproots, and planes that
 waved
 Their royal branches and its fury braved.

ON LONG NOSES.

HEAVENS, what a nose ! Forbear to look,
 Whene'er you drink, in fount or brook :
 For, as the fair Narcissus died,
 When hanging o'er a fountain's side,
 You too, the limpid water quaffing,
 May die, my worthy sir, with laughing.

FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

ART thou my friend—fear to do me guile,
 Nor clothe a secret grudge in friendship's smile :
 For traitorous friendship wounds th' unguarded
 breast
 With surer aim than enmity profess'd ;

And more on shoals the sailor fears to wreck,
 Than where the rocks hang frowning o'er his deck.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

I MOURN not those, who, banish'd from the light,
 Sleep in the grave through Death's eternal night ;
 But those whom Death, for ever near, appals,
 Who sees the blow suspended ere it falls.*

* ————— Despair
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch ;
 And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invok'd
 With vows, as their chief good and final hope.

Milton.

GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

[Born about 325—Died 389, A. D.]

GREGORY was born in Cappadocia, and became first, bishop of Sasima, and afterwards, of Nazianzus. "The title of Saint" says Mr. Gibbon, "has been added to his name; but the tenderness of his heart

and the elegance of his genius reflect a more pleasing lustre on his memory." In taste, eloquence, and learning, he was inferior to none of his age.

A LAMENTATION FOR THE SOUL.

FULL* oft a maiden to her virgin bed
 Hath borne, with faltering steps, the bridegroom
 dead ;
 In love's resplendent robe array'd in vain,
 Hath waked, mid tears and groans, the funeral strain ;
 While all her handmaids, and her friends around,
 Conspire to swell the melancholy sound.
 Full oft a mother o'er her fallen child
 Hath wrung her hands and wept with anguish wild.
 Men oft have mourn'd their country's blighted fame,
 Their homes laid prostrate by the lightning flame.
 But ah ! what tears, or sighs, or notes of woe,
 For thee, my soul, can adequately flow ?
 Heaven's beauteous image is effaced by sin,
 And all is dark, and all is foul within.
 O'er Death's domain thy nodding ruins bow :
 Weep, sinner, weep, 'tis all thy refuge now.
 Yes, I will shun Aurora's lovely light,
 The joy that lives a transitory hour,
 The fleeting bliss that hangs on fortune's power ;
 Yes, I will shun Aurora's lovely light,
 And veil this shuddering frame in genial night ;

Such joys let others prize : but o'er my head,
 Repentant ashes shall be duly spread.
 While on my couch this fading form shall lie,
 My groans will thrill, will melt each mourner nigh.
 The transient balm of pity may be mine,
 But soon, O Death, these relics must be thine.
 Think not thy gates my trembling spirit scare ;
 I fear alone the dread tribunal there.
 O God ! O God ! from sin my soul would fly :
 Let sable clouds enwrap my form on high,
 Or be it mine, mid gulf's profound to lie !
 A realm from ills secure, the poets feign,
 Where no fell savage haunts the beauteous plain.
 Is there no spot from Sin's dominion free ?
 If such exist, to that I fain would flee.
 A port defends from storms ; from spears, a shield ;
 And our sweet homes a grateful shelter yield,
 When howls the blast : but Sin, her whelming tide
 Around us pours, and reigns on every side.
 A flaming car to heaven Elias bore ;
 From Pharaoh's hand was Moses saved of yore ;
 Jonah escaped the whale ; wild beasts grew tame
 At Daniel's feet ; the youths survived the flame,
 Though bright the furnace glow'd : but ah ! to me
 What flight from Sin remains ? O Jesus, set me
 free !

* I should suppose that such a case did not occur often ;
 but I translate the word literally.

ADMONITIONS TO VIRGINS.

WITH circumspection tread life's slippery ground,
And ever waiting on thy God be found.
Be thou as Hesper 'mid the starry train ;
The* pearl 'mid gems ; the lily on the plain ;
'Mid birds the dove ; the olive in the wood ;
The calm that smoothes the bosom of the flood.
The world's unhallow'd joys, O virgin, spurn,
And unto Christ, thy radiant bridegroom, turn.
Lead him, O lead him, to thy fragrant bower,
Where Purity unfolds her spotless flower ;
Where every charm and every beauty meets,
Perennial pleasures and immortal sweets.
In his most sacred hand, thy hand infix,
And thy pure myrrh with myrrh celestial mix.
O blend thy pure ineffable desire,
With the chaste fervour of his hallow'd fire ;
And all the graces in thy soul combined,
Blend with the graces of the heavenly mind !
Let Him thy bright, thy glorious beauty see ;
Let Him thy lover and thy bridegroom be !
Lo ! he hath drawn thy maiden veil aside,
And wonder'd, viewing his transcendent bride ;
August, enthroned, in orient pearl array'd,
Lovely before, and now far lovelier made.
Thy Lord will bear thee to his seat on high,
And spread the bridal feast above the sky ;
While choral angels, with aerial strains
And heavenly warblings, fill the golden plains.
Thy Lord will bear thee to his radiant bowers,
And wreath thy head with ever blooming flowers ;
For thee, the vine-empurpled cup infuse
With balm nectareous, and ambrosial dews ;
Bid sacred Wisdom's awful page unrol,
And pour its radiance on thy raptured soul.

* *Μαργαρον εν λαοσσιν*. The Ancients considered pearls to be much more valuable than we do. They ranked them among the precious stones.

For here we faintly trace with view confined,
The veil'd effulgence of th' Almighty mind :
But there 'twill prove our glorious lot, to see
Th' unclouded blaze of naked Deity !
The flesh sublimed, will own the spirit's sway,
And drink the flood of ever-during day.

Ye youths and virgins, who with hallow'd fire
Adore the Leader of th' angelic choir,
With hearts attuned and voice symphonious, sing
The heavenly nuptials of your God and King.
O bid your intellectual torches shine,
The humble semblance of the light divine ;
Let holy words and actions fan the fire,
Till the pure flame to heaven's pure flame aspire.

And thou, O Triune Power, benign descend :
Deign from thy throne, benignly deign to bend,
While we with awe invoke thee. Let thy beam
Illume us here with mild attemper'd gleam :
But oh ! hereafter may thy glory stream
In all the splendour of its brilliant rays,—
One flood of light—one clear refulgent blaze !
As Father, Word, and Spirit, fully shine,
All great, all glorious, perfect, and divine !

ON A YOUTH OF FAIR PROMISE.

EUPHEMIUS slumbers in this hallowed ground,
Son of Amphilocus, by all renown'd :
He, whom the Graces to the Muses gave,
Tuneful no more, lies mouldering in the grave :
The minstrels came to chaunt his bridal lay,
But swifter Envy bore the prize away.

Another on the same.

EUPHEMIUS flash'd, then veil'd his dazzling beam,
As bright and transient as the lightning's gleam.

PALLADAS.

[About 370 or 380, A. D.]

SUPPOSED to be the same with Palladius, the author of several epistles in the collection of Libanius. He was (says Mr. Merivale) a moderate

and philosophical pagan ; and, in one of his epigrams, lamented the overthrow of the worship of his fathers by the emperor, Theodosius.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

THIS life a theatre we well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art,
Or laugh it through, and make a face of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.

MARRIAGE.

IN marriage are two happy things allow'd,
A wife in wedding garb, and in her shroud :
Who then dares say that state can be accurst,
Where the last day's as happy as the first ?

ON THE SHORTNESS AND EVILS OF LIFE.

DARK are our fates—to-morrow's sun may peer
From the flush'd east upon our funeral bier;
Then seize the joys that wine and music give,
Nor talk of death while yet 'tis giv'n to live;
Soon shall each pulse be still, closed every eye,
One little hour remains or ere we die.

On the Same.

IN tears I drew life's earliest breath,
In tears shall give it back to death;
And all my past quick fleeting years
Have been one varied scene of tears.
Oh race, for ever doom'd to mourn,
To weakness, pain, and misery born;
Then driven to unknown shades away,
To ashes burnt or turn'd to clay!

On the Same.

WAKING, we burst, at each return of morn,
From death's dull fetters and again are born;
No longer ours the moments that have past:
To a new remnant of our lives we haste.
Call not the years thine own that made thee gray,
That left their wrinkles, and have fled away;
The past no more shall yield thee ill or good,
Gone to the silent times beyond the flood.

SPARTAN VIRTUE.

FROM the dire conflict as a Spartan fled,
His mother cross'd his path, and awful said,
Pointing her sword against his dastard-heart,
"If thou canst live, the mark of scorn and shame,
Thou liv'st, the murderer of thy mother's fame,
The base deserter from a soldier's part.
If by this hand thou diest, my name must be
Of mothers most unblest; but Sparta's free."

ANACREONTIC.

THE laughing women call me old,
And bid me in the glass behold
The ruins of my former state;
But let the locks my temples bear
Be gray or black, I little care,
And leave it to the will of Fate.
Yet this I know—though Nature's call
Subjects me to the lot of all,
Still, as my ebbing days decline,
I'll make the most of my short hours,
Be bathed in odours, crown'd with flowers,
And drown old care in floods of wine.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THE brazen image of Jove's patient son
Alcides,—prostrate and dishonoured lay,
Where worshippers their vows were wont to
pay,
And moved with grief I cried—"Thee, mighty
One,
With triple toil begot, filth now begrimes,
The plague-subduer, ne'er before subdued."
"Friend," said the smiling god, who near me
stood,
"We gods must serve the spirit of the times."

ON A CELEBRATED ACTOR.*

ONCE, in a fearful vision of the night,
Lothario seem'd Rowe's frowning ghost to see.
"I never wrong'd thee," cried the laurell'd sprite,
"Oh why, Lothario, dost thou murder me?"

* In the original, Menander is the poet for whom the name of Rowe is here substituted; and as for Lothario, he may be any actor the reader chooses to fancy.

JULIAN, PRÆFECT OF EGYPT.

[About 390 A. D.]

ON DEMOCRITUS.

PLUTO, receive the Sage, whose ghost
Is wafted to thy gloomy shore.
One laughing spirit seeks the coast,
Where never smile was seen before.

LOVE AND WINE.

ONCE on a time, as for my fair
a wreath I changed to twine,
I caught young Love amongst the flowers,
and plunged him in my wine;—
I plunged him in, and drank him up,
with such delicious glee,
And now the urchin, with his wings,
is always—tickling me.

ON A YOUNG BRIDE.

THINE, Laura,—thou of every grace the bloom,—
Were timely spousal and untimely tomb.
Tears, bitter tears, thy sire, thy husband, shed;
Tears, that might melt the boatman of the dead—
Scarce one short year to marriage joys allow'd,
Thy sixteenth summer wraps thee in thy shroud.

OFFERING OF LAIS TO VENUS.

LAIS, when time had spoiled her wonted grace,
Abhorred the look of age that ploughed her face;
Her glass, sad monitor of charms decay'd,
Before the queen of lasting bloom she laid:
"The sweet companion of my youthful years
Be thine (she said); no change thy beauty fears."

MUSÆUS.

THE author of the following poem was not the ancient Musæus, (as some have conjectured him to be,) but a grammarian of that name, who lived in the fifth century. "Nor let the English reader" says the translator, "look upon the title of grammarian as a term of reproach,

though now frequently used as such. The profession, styled by the ancients Γραμματική, was the same as that of Belles Lettres among the moderns; and the appellation of grammarian was particularly applied to those who excelled in every kind of polite learning."

THE LOVES OF HERO AND LEANDER.

SING, Muse! the conscious torch, whose nightly ray

Led the bold lover through the watery way,
To share those joys which mutual faith hath seal'd,

Joys to divine Aurora unreveal'd.
Abydos, Sestos, ancient towns, proclaim,
Where gentlest bosoms glow'd with purest flame.
I hear Leander dash the foaming tide!

Fix'd high in air, I see the glimmering guide!
The genial flame, the love-enkindling light,
Signal of joy that burn'd serenely bright;
Whose beams, in fair effulgency display'd,
Adorn'd the nuptials of the Sestian maid:
Which Jove, its friendly office to repay,
Should plant, all-glorious, in the realms of day,
To blaze for ever 'midst the stars above,
And style it gentle harbinger of Love.

Against Abydos sea-beat Sestos stood,
Two neighb'ring towns, divided by the flood:
Here Cupid prov'd his bow's unerring art,
And gain'd two conquests with a single dart:
On two fond hearts the sweet infection prey'd.
A youth engaging, and aauteous maid:
Of Sestos she, fair Hero was her name;
The youth, Leander, from Abydos came.
Their forms divine a bright resemblance bore,
Each was the radiant star of either shore.

Thou, whom the Fates commission here to stray,

Awhile the turret's eminence survey;
Thence Hero held the blazing torch, to guide
Her lover rolling on the boisterous tide;
The roaring Hellespont, whose wave-worn strait
Still in loud murmurs mourns Leander's fate.
Say, heav'nly Muse, had Hero charms to move,
And melt the Abydinian into love?

Say, with what wiles the amorous youth inspir'd,
Obtain'd the virgin whom his soul admir'd?
Fair Hero, priestess to th' Italian queen,
Of birth illustrious, as of graceful mein,
Dwelt on a high sequester'd tower, that stood
Firm on the ramparts, and o'erlook'd the flood:
Chaste, and unconscious of Love's pleasing pain,
She seem'd a new-born Venus of the main;
But, nice of conduct, prudently withdrew
Far from the follies of the female crew:

Blest in retreat, she shunn'd the vain delight
Of daily visits, and the dance at night,
Content in sweet tranquillity to screen
Her blooming beauty from malignant spleen;
For where superior beauty shines confest,
It kindles envy in each female breast. — 50
To soften Venus oft with prayer she strove,
Oft pour'd libations to the God of Love;
Taught by th' example of the heavenly dame,
To dread those arrows that were tipp'd with flame.

Vain all her caution, fruitless prov'd her prayer;
Love gains an easy conquest o'er the fair.

For now the sacred festival appear'd,
By pious Sestians annually rever'd,
At Venus' fane to pay the rites divine,
And offer incense at Adonis' shrine. — 60
Vast crowds from all the sea-girt isles repair,
The day to reverence, and the feast to share.
From flowery Cyprus, circled by the main,
And high Hamonia, hastes the youthful train;
Not one remain'd of all the female race
Thy towns, Cythera, and thy groves to grace;
Afar from spicy Libanus advance
The throngs unnumber'd, skill'd to lead the dance;

From Phrygian plains they haste in shoals away,
And all Abydos celebrates the day. — 70
To Sestos all the mirthful youths repair,
All that admire the gay, the young, the fair;
For amorous swains, when rumour'd feasts invite,

Joy at the news, and follow with delight,
Not to the gods to pay the rites divine,
Or offer incense at some sacred shrine;
Few are their offerings, and concise their prayer,
Who give their whole devotion to the fair.

As through the temple pass'd the Sestian maid,
Her face a soften'd dignity display'd; — 80
Thus silver Cynthia's milder glories rise,
To glad the pale dominion of the skies.
Her lovely cheeks a pure vermilion shed,
Like roses beautifully streak'd with red;
A flowery mead her well-turn'd limbs disclose,
Fraught with the blushing beauties of the rose:
But when she mov'd, in radiant mantle drest,
Flowers half unveil'd adorn'd her flowing vest,
And numerous graces wanton'd on her breast.

The ancient sages made a false decree,
 Who said, the Graces were no more than three;
 When Hero smiles, a thousand graces rise,
 Sport on her cheek, and revel in her eyes.
 Such various beauties sure conspir'd to prove
 The priestess worthy of the Queen of Love
 Thus as she shone superior to the rest,
 In the sweet bloom of youth and beauty drest,
 Such softness temper'd with majestic mien,
 The earthly priestess match'd the heav'nly queen.
 The wondering crowds the radiant nymph admire,

And every bosom kindles with desire;
 Eager each longs, transported with her charms,
 To clasp the lovely virgin in his arms;
 Where'er she turns, their eyes, their thoughts pursue,

They sigh, and send their souls at every view.
 Then thus some ardent youth bespoke the rest,
 Cast a fond look, and open'd all his breast:

"I oft at Sparta wondering have beheld
 Young maids contending in the listed field,
 Sparta, that boasts the emulated prize
 Of fairest virgins, and of brightest eyes;
 Yet ne'er till now beheld a nymph so fair,
 Such beauty blended with such graceful air:
 Perhaps (for sure immortal is her race)
 Beneath the priestess Venus hides a Grace.
 My dazzled eyes with constant gazing tire,
 But my fond fancy ever could admire.
 O! make me, Venus, partner of her bed,
 Though Fate that instant strike the lover dead:
 Let but my love the heavenly Hero crown,
 I on the gods will look superior down.
 Should you this boon deny, O queen! decree,
 To bless my days, a nymph as fair as she!"

Thus spoke the general voice; the train apart
 Conceal the wound deep ranking in the heart.
 But when Leander saw the blooming fair,
 Love seiz'd his soul instead of dumb despair;
 Resolv'd the lucky moments to improve,
 He sought occasion to reveal his love;
 The glorious prize determin'd to obtain,
 Or perish for those joys he could not gain.
 Her sparkling eyes instilling fond desire
 Entranc'd his soul, and kindled amorous fire.
 Such radiant beauty, like the pointed dart,
 With piercing anguish stings th' unguarded heart:
 For on the eye the wound is first imprest,
 'Till by degrees it rankles in the breast.
 Now hope and confidence invade his soul;
 Then fear and shame alternately control:
 Fear through his bosom thrill'd; a conscious shame

Confess'd the passion which it seem'd to blame:
 Her beauties fix'd him in a wild amaze;
 Love made him bold, and not afraid to gaze.
 With step ambiguous, and affected air,
 The youth advancing fac'd the charming fair:
 Each amorous glance he cast, though form'd by art,

Yet sometimes spoke the language of his heart;
 With nods and becks he kept the nymph in play,
 And tried all wiles to steal her soul away.
 Soon as she saw the fraudulent youth beguil'd,
 Fair Hero, conscious of her beauty, smil'd;

Oft in her veil conceal'd her glowing face,
 Sweetly vermilion'd with the rosy grace;
 Yet all in vain to hide her passion tries,
 She owns it with her love-consenting eyes.
 Joy touch'd the bosom of the gentle swain,
 To find his love was not indulg'd in vain.
 Then, while he chid the tedious lingering day,
 Down to the west declin'd the solar ray;
 And dewy Hesper shone serenely bright,
 In shadowy silence leading on the night.
 Soon as he saw the dark involving shade,
 Th' embolden'd youth approach'd the blooming maid;

Her lily hand he seiz'd, and gently prest,
 And softly sigh'd the passion of his breast:
 Joy touch'd the damsel, though she seem'd displeas'd,

And soon withdrew the lily hand he seiz'd.
 The youth perceiv'd, through well-dissembled wiles,

A heart just yielding by consenting smiles;
 Then to the temple's last recess convey'd
 The unreluctant, unresisting maid:
 Her lovely feet, that seem'd to lag behind,
 But ill conceal'd her voluntary mind.
 She feign'd resentment with an angry look,
 And, sweetly chiding, thus indignant spoke:

"Stranger, what madness has possess'd thy brain,

To drag me thus along the sacred fane?
 Go—to your native habitation go—
 'Tis quite unkind to pull my garments so.
 Rich are my parents—urge not here your fate,
 Lest their just vengeance you repent too late:
 If not of me, of Venus stand afraid,
 In her own fane soliciting a maid:
 Hence speed your flight; and Venus' anger dread;
 'Tis bold aspiring to a virgin's bed."

Thus chid the maid, as maids are wont to do,
 And show'd her anger, and her fondness too:
 The wily youth, as thus the fair complain'd,
 Too well perceiv'd the victory was gain'd:
 For nymphs enrag'd the more complying prove,
 And chidings are the harbingers of love.
 He kiss'd her snowy neck, her fragrant breast:
 And thus the transport of his soul express:

"O lovely fair, in whom combin'd are seen
 The charms of Venus, and Minerva's mien!
 For sure no virgin of terrestrial race
 Can vie with Hero in the bloom of face:
 I deem your lineage from the gods above,
 And style you daughter of Saturnian Jove.
 Blest is the father from whose loins you sprung,
 Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung,
 Blest, doubly blest, the fruitful womb that bore
 This heavenly form for mortals to adore."

"Yet, beauteous Hero, grant a lover's prayer,
 And to my wishes prove as kind as fair:
 As Venus' priestess, just to Venus prove,
 Nor shun the gentle offices of love.
 O let us, while the happy hour invites,
 Propitious, celebrate the nuptial rites.
 No maid can serve in Cytherea's fane;
 Her eyes delight not in the virgin-train.
 Then as you fear the Goddess to offend,
 In me behold your husband and your friend,

Ordain'd by Cupid, greatest God above,
To teach you all the mysteries of love:
As winged Mercury, with golden wand,
Made Hercules, with distaff in his hand,
To every task of Omphale submit;
Thus Love, more powerful than the God of Wit,
Sent me to you. 'Tis needless to relate
The chaste Arcadian Atalanta's fate;
Who from th' embraces of Milanion fled,
Her faithful lover, and the nuptial bed:
But vengeful Venus caus'd the nymph to burn
With equal flame, and languish in her turn.
O let example warn you to revere
The wrathful Goddess, and your lover hear!"

Thus spoke the youth—his magic words control

Her wavering breast, and soften all her soul.
Silent she stood, and, rapt in thought profound,
Her modest eyes were fix'd upon the ground:
Her cheeks she hid, in rosy blushes drest,
And veil'd her lily shoulders with her vest:
On the rich floor, with Parian marble laid,
Her nimble foot involuntary play'd.
By secret signs a yielding mind is meant;
And silence speaks the willing maid's consent.
Now had the wily God's envenom'd dart
Diffus'd the pleasing poison to her heart;
Leander's form, instilling soft desire,
Woo'd her pleas'd eyes, and set her soul on fire.
While on the ground fair Hero fix'd her sight,
Leander view'd, with exquisite delight,
Her swelling breast, and neck as ivory white.
At length her face with lovely blushes spread
She rais'd, and thus in sweet confusion said:

"Stranger, thy words such magic sounds convey
With soft compassion rocks would melt away.
Who form'd thy tongue with such persuasive art
To pour delightful ruin on the heart?
Ah! tell me, who thus taught thee to explore
My lone retirement on the Thracian shore?
Thy speech, though pleasing, flow'd to me in vain:
How can a stranger Hero's love obtain?
Should I in public give to thee my hand,
My parents would forbid the nuptial band.
And should'st thou here in close concealment stay
Our secret passion would itself betray:
For soon the voice of scandal-spreading fame
The deed of silence would aloud proclaim.
But, gentle youth, thy name, thy country tell;
For mine, alas! by thee are known too well.
In yon high tower, which close to Sestos stands,
And all the roaring Hellespont commands,
With one attending damsel I remain;
For so my parents and the Fates ordain!
No nymphs, coeval, to sweet music's sound
Lead the smooth dance, or lightly beat the ground;
But stormy winds eternal discord keep,
And blustering bellow through the boundless deep."

Thus spoke the priestess, and, with modest grace,
Conceal'd the new-born beauties of her face;
For on her cheeks the roseate blush that hung
Seem'd to condemn the language of her tongue.

Meanwhile Leander feeds the hidden fire,
Glows in each vein, and burns with fierce desire:

But anxious doubt his musing breast alarms;
How shall he gain admittance to her charms?
Nor long he paus'd, for Love in wiles abounds,
Well-pleas'd to heal the bosoms which he wounds:

'Twas he, whose arrows men and gods control,
That heal'd Leander's love-afflicted soul;
Who thus, while sighs upheav'd his anxious breast,

The nymph with artful eloquence address:
"For thee, dear object of my fond desire,
I'll cross the ocean, though it flame with fire:
Nor would I fear the billows' loud alarms,
While every billow bore me to thy arms;
Uncheck'd, undaunted by the boisterous main,
Tempestuous winds should round me roar in vain:
But oft as night her sable pinions spread,
I through the storm would swim to Hero's bed:
For rich Abydos is the home I boast,
Not far divided from the Thracian coast.
Let but my fair a kindly torch display,
From the high turret, to direct my way;
Then shall thy daring swain securely glide,
The bark of Cupid, o'er the yielding tide,
Thyself my haven, and thy torch my guide:
And while I view the genial blaze afar,
I'll swim regardless of Boötes' car,
Of fell Orion, and the Northern Wain
That never bathes his brightness in the main:
Thy Star, more eminently bright than they,
Shall lead the lover to his blissful bay.
But let the torch, O nymph divinely fair!

My only safety, be thy only care;
Guard well its light, when wintry tempests roar,
And hoarse waves break tumultuous on the shore,
Lest the dire storms, that blacken all the sky,
The flame extinguish, and the lover die.
More would'st thou know? Leander is my name,
The happiest husband of the fairest dame."

Thus mutual vow'd the lovers to employ
The nights in raptures of mysterious joy;
Her task, secure th' extended torch to keep,
And his, to cross th' unfathomable deep:
Leander, ere he left his lovely bride,
Mark'd well the station of the blazing guide,
Then sought Abydos cross the sounding tide.

What now but amorous scenes their thoughts employ,
Confus'd ideas of the genial joy?

Slow rose on leaden wings the morning light,
Slow noon came on—the lovers wish'd it night.
At length dark gloom a dusky mantle spread;
Sleep o'er the world his balmy influence shed.
All but Leander lay dissolv'd in rest,
Love kept a ceaseless vigil in his breast.
Silent he wander'd on the winding shore,
The deep resounded with tremendous roar:
Wide o'er the foaming waves his anxious sight
Explor'd the torch's love-proclaiming light:
He little deem'd, alas! its flame would prove
The blaze of Death, though meant the torch of Love.

Soon as fair Hero from her tower survey'd
Th' horizon darken'd in the sable shade,
The torch on high she fix'd; its flames inspire
Leander's bosom with the kindred fire:

Quick through his frame the bright contagion ran,
And with the glowing signal glow'd th' enamour'd man.

But when he heard the hoarse-resounding roar
Of thundering billows breaking on the shore,
Aghast he stood, he shrunk, and thus address
These words of courage to his trembling breast:
"Ah cruel Love! whose woe the waves conspire!

The waves are water, but I burn with fire:
Be bold my heart, the foaming billows brave,
Nor fear the threat'nings of the wintry wave.
Fair Venus rose propitious from the main;
She calms the ocean's rage, and soothes the lover's pain."

He spoke, and straight his lovely limbs undrest,
And folded round his head the various vest;
Then dauntless plunging in the foaming tide,
Dash'd with his arms th' intruding waves aside:
Full in his view he kept the shining mark,
Himself the pilot, passenger, and bark.
While faithful Hero, to her promise true,
Watch'd on the turret every wind that blew;
Oft with her robe she screen'd the torch's blaze
From dangerous blasts that blew a thousand ways:

Till the tir'd youth, on rolling surges tost,
Securely landed on the Sestian coast.
Soon as she saw her lover safe on shore,
Eager she ran, and led him to her tower,
Welcom'd with open arms her panting guest,
And, sweetly smiling, to her bosom prest:
Then dumb with joy the shivering youth she led,
Still wet and weary, to the genial bed,
Wip'd his fair limbs, and fragrant oils applied,
To cleanse his body from the oozy tide;*
Then clasp'd him close, still panting, to her breast,
And thus with fond, endearing words address:

"My life, my lover, thou hast suffer'd more
Than fondest bridegroom e'er endur'd before;
Destin'd, alas! dread troubles to sustain
On the rough bosom of the briny main:
Now let sweet joy succeed in sorrow's place,
And lull thy labours in my warm embrace."

She spoke: He loos'd her virgin zone, to prove
The secret rites, and mysteries of love.

No youths with measur'd dance the nuptials crown'd,

Nor tuneful hymn's congratulating sound:
No bard invok'd the heavenly queen with prayer,
To smile propitious on the wedded pair:
No nuptial torch its golden lustre shed,
Bright torch of Love, to grace the bridal bed!
No Æ peans musically rung;
No greeting parents hymenæals sung:
But all was gloom, and silence all around,
Instead of music's love-inspiring sound.

* Thus in the Third Book of the Odyssey, Polycaste, the daughter of Nestor, bathes and anoints Telemachus:

Sweet Polycaste took the pleasing toil

To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.

On which Dr. Broome remarks, that the practice of women bathing and anointing men frequently occurs in the Odyssey: neither is this done by women of inferior quality, but we have here a young princess bathing, anointing, and clothing the naked Telemachus.

Beneath the covert of the night conceal'd,
They tasted pleasures mutual faith had seal'd:
In close embraces all entranc'd they lay,
In raptures never usher'd to the day:
Till the fond youth reluctant left his bride,
Still breathing love, and cross'd the foaming tide.
Thus Hero liv'd unnoted, unbetray'd,
Each night a woman, and each day a maid.
Both wish'd the hours on swiftest wings would fly,
And hail'd the evening, not the morning sky.

Thus rapt in hidden joys, each blissful night
They pass'd in ecstasies of full delight:
But soon, alas! those dear-bought pleasures fled,
And short the transports of that bridal bed!

For now relentless winter, that deforms
With frost the forest, and the sea with storms,
Bade the wild winds o'er all the ocean reign,
And raise the rapid whirlpools of the main;
The hoarse wild winds obey, and, with harsh sound,

Roar o'er the surface of the vast profound,
Rouse from their beds the scatter'd storms that sleep

In the dark caverns of the dreary deep:
The trembling sailor hears the dreadful roar,
Nor dares the wintry turbulence explore,
But drags his vessel to the safer shore.

But thee, bold youth, no wintry storms restrain,
Nor all the deathful dangers of the main:
For when thou saw'st the torch's blaze from far,
(Of nuptial bliss the bright prophetic star)
Thee not the furious tempest could control,
Nor calm the glowing raptures of thy soul.
Yet sure fair Hero, when the gloomy sky
With gathering clouds proclaim'd rough winter nigh,

Without her lover should have pass'd the night,
Nor from the tower, ill-omen'd, shown the light.
But she, ah hapless! burns with fond desire,
'Tis Love inflames her, while the Fates conspire:
The torch of Death now glimmer'd from above,
No more the gentle harbinger of Love.

'Twas night, and angry Æolus had hurl'd
The winds tempestuous o'er the watery world;
The bellowing winds with rage impetuous roar
And dash the foaming billows on the shore:
Ev'n then the youth, with pleasing visions fed,
Glow'd with remembrance of the bridal bed;
And, while fierce tempests howl on every side,
Floats on the bosom of the briny tide.

Waves, roll'd on waves, in hideous heaps are driven,

Swell'd into mountains, and upheav'd to heaven:
Bleak blasts, loud-roaring, the vex'd ocean sweep,
Foam the dash'd billows, and resounds the deep.
From every part the blustering terrors fly;
Rage o'er the main, and battle in the sky:
The growling thunder of the vast profound
The rocks rebel, and the shores rebound.
Amidst the watery war, with toils oppress'd
O'erwhelm'd with billows, and in gulfs distress'd,

Leander oft with suppliant prayer implor'd
The sea-spring Goddess, and old Ocean's Lord:
But prayers are fruitless, and petitions vain;
Love must submit to what the Fates ordain.

From wave to wave the hapless youth is tost,
Now heay'd on high, and now in whirlpools lost.
His wearied feet no more his will obey,
His arms hang useless, and forget to play.
Borne on the surge supine, and void of breath,
He drinks the briny wave, and draws in death.
Thus while in fatal rage each wind conspires,
Extinct at once the flame, and lover's fires,
Fainting he sinks, and with the torch expires.

While on the turret Hero mourn'd his stay,
And fondly sighing, chid his long delay,
Perplexing anguish in her bosom rose,
Nor knew her eyes the blessings of repose.

Now rose the morn, in russet vest array'd,
Still from th' impatient fair the lover stay'd:

Watchful she stood, and cast her eyes around
O'er the wide beach, and o'er the depths profound,
Haply to spy her lover, should he stray,
The light extinguish'd, 'midst the watery way:
But when she saw him breathless on the sand,
Stretch'd, ghastly-pale, by Death's relentless hand,
She shriek'd aloud; and from her throbbing breast
Rent the gay honours of her flowery vest;
Then from the tower her beauteous body cast,
And on her lover's bosom breath'd her last:
Nor could the Fates this faithful pair divide;
They liv'd united, and united died.*

* *They liv'd united, and united died.*—"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."—*II. Sam. chap. i. ver. 23.*

AGATHIAS.

[About 550 A. D.]

A NATIVE of Æolis, in Asia Minor; known to us as a collector and writer of epigrams, and as the historian to whom we are indebted for six years of the reign of Justinian.

ADDRESS OF ANCHISES TO VENUS.

OFT hast thou left the realms of air
To dwell with me on Ida's shore;
But now gay youth is mine no more
And age has mark'd my brows with care.
Oh Queen of Love, my youth restore,
Or take my offering of gray hair.

ON DEATH.

WHY fear ye Death, the parent of repose,
Who numbs the sense of penury and pain?
He comes but only once, nor ever throws,
Triumphant once, his painful shaft again.

ON A YOUNG BRIDE DROWNED IN THE BOSPHORUS.

STRANGER! shouldst thou to Thessaly return,
Say to my heart's dear lord that here I lie,
Here, where the Bosphor's waves are foaming high,
And bid him near our bower my name inurn,—
So to preserve his young bride's memory.

MAIDEN PASSION.

Go, idle amorous boys!
What are your cares and joys
To love, that swells the longing virgin's breast?
A flame, half-hid in doubt,
Soon kindled, soon burnt out,
A blaze of momentary heat at best!

Haply you well may find,
(Proud privilege of your kind,)
Some friend to share the secret of your heart;
Or, if your inbred grief
Admit of such relief,
The chase, the dance, the play, assuage your smart.

Whilst we, poor hapless maids,
Condemn'd to pine in shades,
And to our dearest friends our thoughts deny,
Can only sit and weep,
While all around us sleep,
Unpitied languish, and unheeded die.

THE LOVER'S DEVICE.

IN wayward mood by artifice I strove
To test the fervour of my Helen's love;
And "Oh, farewell, my dearest girl!" I cried
"Forget me not when seas and lands divide,"—
Pale at the news, she wept, and in despair
Her forehead struck, and tore her silken hair,
And sighed "Forsake me not!"—By sorrow prest
I nod compliance with her fond request;
I yield by generous selfishness inspir'd,
And hardly grant her what I most desir'd.

THE TORMENTS OF LOVE.

ALL night I wept, and when the morning rose
And short oblivion o'er my senses crept,
The swallows, twittering round me as I slept,
Drove from my couch the phantom of repose.

Be silent, envious birds! It was not I,
 Who stopp'd the voice of tuneful Philomel.
 Go,—and again your plaintive descent swell
 With Ilylus, among the mountains high.
 Leave me, oh leave me for a while, "to steep
 My senses in a sweet forgetfulness!"
 Perchance my dreams Rhodanthos' form may
 bless,—
 Her lovely image fill my arms in sleep.

CLIENT AND LAWYER.

A PLAINTIFF thus explain'd his cause
 To counsel learned in the laws:
 "My bondmaid lately ran away,
 And in her flight was met by A,
 Who, knowing she belonged to me,
 Espoused her to his servant B.
 The issue of this marriage, pray,
 Do they belong to me, or A?"—
 The lawyer, true to his vocation,
 Gave sign of deepest cogitation,
 Look'd at a score of books or near,
 Then hemm'd, and said: "Your case is clear.
 Those children, so begot by B
 Upon your bondmaid must, you see,
 Be yours or A's.—Now, this I say,
 They can't be yours, if they to A
 Belong. It follows then, of course,
 That if they are not his, they're yours.
 Therefore, by my advice, in short,
 You'll take the opinion of the court."

THE PHILOSOPHER.

NICOSTRATUS, that second Stagirite,
 Who sits, like Plato, perched on Wisdom's height,
 A simple scholar thus address'd one day:
 "What is the soul, O sage illumin'd, say—
 Mortal or deathless? Substance or mere shade?
 Of reasoning sense, or naked feeling made,
 Or both alike? Resolve my doubts!"—he said.
 The sage his books of meteors 'gan unroll,
 And Aristotle's treatise on the soul,
 And Plato's Phædon to its source explor'd,
 Where truth from heaven's eternal fount is
 pour'd;
 Then waved his hand, applied it to his chin,
 And uttered thus the oracle within:
 "If all the world be soul—and if 'tis so
 Or not, I must confess I do not know—
 But if, I say, all nature spirit be,
 It must be mortal or from death be free;

Must be substantial, or, if not, mere shade;
 Of reasoning sense, or naked feeling made,
 Or both or neither:—But, my friend," he said,
 "If more you wish to learn, to Hades go,
 And there, as much as Plato, soon you'll know;
 Or, if you choose, ascend the rampart's height,
 Mimic Cleombrotus, and plunge to night;
 Quit this encumbering vest of mortal clay,
 And then return and teach me, if you may."

ON A WAX IMAGE OF EUSTATHIUS.

SWEET, dear Eustathius, is the form I see;
 Yet 'tis of wax—no phrase of boyish glee
 Sits on those lips: thy tender prime is fled,
 And dust, mere dust, remains to us instead
 Of all thou wert! Scarce of thy fifteenth year
 Four little weeks had run their brief career;
 Nor aught avail'd thee, or thy grandsire's throne,
 Or wealth paternal. All, to whom is shown
 This thy mere bust, tax Fate's unjust decree,
 Which merciless could crush such grace in thee!

LOVE AND WINE.

FAREWELL to wine! or, if thou bid me sip,
 Present the cup more honour'd from thy lip
 Pour'd by thy hand, to rosy draughts I fly,
 And cast away my dull sobriety;
 For, as I drink, soft raptures puff my soul
 That lovely Glycera has kissed the bowl.

THE REVENGE OF LOVE.

SHE who but late in beauty's flower was seen,
 Proud of her auburn curls, and noble mien,
 Who froze my hopes, and triumph'd in my fears,
 Now sheds her graces to the waste of years.
 Changed to unlovely is that breast of snow,
 And dimm'd her eye, and wrinkled is her brow,
 And querulous the voice by time repress'd,
 Whose artless music stole me from my rest,
 Age gives redress to love; and silvery hair,
 And earlier wrinkles, brand the haughty fair.

THE MOTHER'S OFFERING.

VENUS, this chaplet take! Callirhoe pray'd,
 The youth I loved, thy power hath made him
 mine;
 This lock to thee I vow, Athenian maid!
 By thee, I holy kept my virgin shrine;
 To Artemis my zone; a mother's joy
 She gave me to possess, my beauteous boy.

MACEDONIUS.

[About 550 A. D.]

A contemporary of Agathias, surnamed 'Τρατος, or the Consul. Nothing more is known of him.

THE POET'S OFFERING.

THERE hang, my lyre! This aged hand no more
Shall wake the strings to rapture known before.
Farewell, ye chords! Ye verse-inspiring powers,
Accept the solace of my former hours!
Be gone to youths, ye instruments of song!
For crutches only to the old belong.

ANACREONTIC.

I ASK not gold; I ask not power;
I never prayed great Jove to shower
On me the wealth that Homer sings,
The grandeur of the Theban kings.
I shall be well contented, so
My cup with ceaseless bumpers flow,

And my moist lips for ever shine
In honour of the God of Wine,
And friends, who share my inmost soul,
Share also in the fragrant bowl.
Let the grave and dull possess
Their toil-worn wealth (short happiness!)
These are my riches, which I'll love
As long as I'm allow'd by Jove.
For while the sparkling bowl I drain,
The boasts of pride and pomp are vain.

REMEMBRANCE AND FORGETFULNESS.

ALL hail, remembrance and forgetfulness!
Trace, Memory, trace whate'er is sweet or kind—
When friends forsake us, or misfortunes press,
Oblivion, raze the record from our mind.

PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

[About 550 A. D.]

So called from an office which he held in the court of Justinian, corresponding to that of gentleman usher. He was a courtier and voluptuary—prostituting his muse in celebration of the infamous Theodora, and freely indulging himself in all the debasing pleasures of the age.

WHY DOES SHE SO LONG DELAY?

WHY does she so long delay?
Night is waning fast away;
Thrice have I my lamp renew'd,
Watching here in solitude.
Where can she so long delay?
Where so long delay?

Vainly now have two lamps shone;
See the third is nearly gone:
Oh, that love would, like the ray
Of that weary lamp, decay!
But no, alas! it burns still on,
Still, still, burns on.

Gods, how oft the traitress dear
Swore by Venus, she'd be here!
But to one so false as she,
What is man or deity?
Neither doth this proud one fear,
No, neither doth she fear.

TO WEAVE A GARLAND FOR THE ROSE.

To weave a garland for the Rose,
And think, thus crown'd 'twould lovelier be,
Were far less vain than to suppose,
That silks and gems add grace to thee.

Where is the pearl, whose orient lustre
 Would not, beside thee, look less bright?
 What gold could match the glossy cluster
 Of those young ringlets full of light?
 Bring from the land, where fresh it gleams,
 The bright blue gem of India's mine,
 And see how soon, though bright it beams,
 'Twill pale before one glance of thine;
 Those lips, too, when their sounds have blest us,
 With some divine, mellifluous air,
 Who would not say that beauty's cestus
 Had let loose all its witcheries there?
 Here, to this conquering host of charms
 I now give up my spell-bound heart,
 Nor blush to yield e'en reason's arms
 When thou her bright-eyed conqueror art.
 Thus to the wind all fears are given;
 Henceforth those eyes alone I see,
 Where Hope, as in her own blue heaven,
 Sits beck'ning us to bliss and thee.

THE VICTORY OF VENUS.

In my green and tender age,
 I the Queen of Love defied,
 Steel'd my heart against her rage,
 And her arts repell'd with pride.
 Inaccessible before,
 Now, almost grey, I burn the more.
 Venus, laughing hear the vow
 By your slave repentant made!
 Greater far your triumph now
 Than of old in Ida's shade.
 There a boy adjudged the prize—
 Here Pallas from the contest flies.

ABSENCE INSUPPORTABLE.

When I left thee, love, I swore
 Not to see that face again,
 For a fortnight's space, or more.
 —But the cruel oath was vain:
 Since, the next day I spent from thee
 Was a long year of misery.
 Oh, then, for thy lover pray
 Every gentler deity,
 Not in too nice scales to weigh
 His constrained perjury—
 Thou too, oh pity his despair!
 Heaven's rage, and thine, he cannot bear.

ON A DAUGHTER WHO DIED YOUNG.

SWEET maid, thy parents fondly thought
 To strew thy bride-bed, not thy bier;
 But thou hast left a being fraught
 With wiles, and toils, and anxious fear.
 For us remains a journey drear,
 For thee a blest eternal prime,
 Uniting, in thy short career,
 Youth's blossom, with the fruit of time.

GARDEN SCENERY.

This lovely spot old Ocean laves,
 And woody coverts fringe the waves;

Happy the art that could dispose
 Whate'er in sea or garden grows,
 And summon'd to the enchanted land
 The Naiad's and the Nereid's band.

On the Same.

HERE strive for empire, o'er the happy scene,
 The Nymphs of fountain, sea, and woodland
 green;
 The power of grace and beauty holds the prize
 Suspended, even to her votaries;
 And finds amazed, where'er she casts her eye,
 Their contest forms the matchless harmony.

TWIN'ST THOU WITH LOFTY WREATH THY BROW?

TWIN'ST thou with lofty wreath thy brow?
 Such glory then thy beauty sheds,
 I almost think, whil'st aw'd I bow,
 'Tis Rhea's self before me treads.
 Be what thou wilt,—this heart
 Adores whate'er thou art!

Dost thou thy loosen'd ringlets leave,
 Like sunny waves, to wander free?
 Then such a chain of charms they weave,
 As draws mine inmost soul from me.
 Do what thou wilt,—I must
 Be charmed by all thou dost!

E'en when enwrapt in silvery veils,
 Those sunny locks elude the sight,—
 Oh, not e'en then their glory fails
 To haunt me with its unseen light.
 Change as thy beauty may,
 It charms in every way!

For thee the graces still attend,
 Presiding o'er each new attire,
 And lending every dart they send
 Some new, peculiar touch of fire.
 Be what thou wilt,—this heart
 Adores whate'er thou art!

WHEN THE SAD WORD.

When the sad word "Adieu," from my lip is nigh
 falling,
 And, with it, hope passes away,
 Ere the tongue has half breathed it, my fond heart
 recalling
 That fated farewell, bids me stay.
 For oh! 'tis a penance so weary,
 One hour from thy presence to be,
 That death to this soul were less dreary,
 Less dark, than long absence from thee.

Thy beauty, like day, on the dull world breaking,
 Brings life to the heart it shines o'er,
 And, in mine, a new feeling of happiness waking,
 Made light what was darkness before.
 But mute is the day's sunny glory,
 While thine has a voice, on whose breath,
 More sweet than the syren's sweet story,
 My hopes hang through life and through death!

AN EPITAPH.

Oh! many a tear, from hearts by anguish torn,
 Around thy tomb our streaming eyelids pour'd;
 A common son, a common friend, we mourn,
 In thee too much belov'd, so much deplor'd.
 Harsh, heartless fate, nor pity had, nor ruth—
 Alas! alas!—nor spared thy tender youth.

THE OFFERING OF A DESERTED LOVER.

To thee the relics of a thousand flowers,
 Torn from the chaplet twined in gayer hours;
 To thee the goblet carved with skill divine,
 Erewhile that foam'd with soul-subduing wine;
 The locks, now scatter'd on the dusty ground,
 Once dropping odours, and with garlands crown'd,
 Outcast of pleasure, and of hope bereft,
 Lais! to thee, thy Corydon has left.
 Oft on thy threshold stretch'd, at close of day,
 He wept and sigh'd the cheerless night away,
 Nor dared invoke thy name, nor dared aspire
 To melt thy bosom with his amorous fire,
 Or plead a gracious respite to his pain,
 Or speak the language of a happier swain.—
 Alas! alas! "now cold and senseless grown,"
 These last sad offerings make his sorrows known,
 And dare upbraid those scornful charms that gave
 His youth untitied to the cheerless grave.

LOVE NOT EXTINGUISHED BY AGE.

For me thy wrinkles have more charms,
 Dear Lydia, than a smother face!
 I'd rather fold thee in my arms,
 Than younger, fairer nymphs embrace.
 To me thy autumn is more sweet,
 More precious, than their vernal rose;
 Their summer warms not with a heat
 So potent, as thy winter glows.

THE DRENCHED LOVER.

The voice of the song and the banquet was o'er,
 And I hung up my chaplet at Glycera's door,
 When the mischievous girl from a window above,
 Who look'd down and laugh'd at the offering of
 love,
 Fill'd with water a goblet whence Bacchus had
 fled,
 And pour'd all the crystal contents on my head.
 So drench'd was my hair, three whole days it
 resisted
 All attempts of the barber to friz it or twist it;
 But the water (so whimsical, Love, are thy ways!)
 While it put out my curls, set my heart in a blaze.

THE CHAIN OF LOVE.

In wanton sport, my Doris from her fair
 And glossy tresses, tore a straggling hair,
 And bound my hands, as if of conquest vain,
 And I some royal captive in her chain.
 At first I laugh'd—"This fetter, lovely maid,
 Is lightly worn, and soon dissolved," I said.
 I said—but ah, I had not learned to prove
 How strong the fetters that are forged by Love.
 That little thread of gold I strove to sever,
 Was bound, like steel, about my heart for ever,
 And, from that luckless hour, my tyrant fair
 Has led, and turn'd me by a single hair.

THE PICTURE.

Oh how unequal is the painter's art,
 To reach the glowing picture of the heart,
 To catch the roseate graces of my fair,
 "Her eyes' blue languish, and her golden hair!"
 First paint the gorgeous day-star's beam divine,
 Then may your imaged Lydia equal mine.

MARIANUS SCHOLASTICUS.

[About 550 A. D.]

INSCRIPTION ON A BATH.

As, in this fount, Love wash'd the Cyprian dame,
 His touch the water ting'd with subtle flame;
 And, while his busy hands his mother lave,
 Ambrosial dews enrich the silver wave,
 And all the undulating bason fill;
 Such dews as her celestial limbs distill.
 Hence how delicious float these tepid streams!
 What rosy odours! what nectareous steams!
 So pure the water, and so soft the air,
 It seems as if the Goddess still were there.

DEMOCHARIS.

[About 560 A.D.]

A GRAMMARIAN, and disciple of Agathias.

ON THE PICTURE OF SAPPHO.

NATURE herself this magic portrait drew,
And, Painter! gave thy Lesbian Muse to view.
Light sparkles in her eyes; and Fancy seems
The radiant fountain of those living beams:

Through the smooth fullness of the unclouded
skin

Looks out the clear ingenuous soul within;
Joy melts to fondness in her glistening face,
And Love and Music breathe a mingled grace.

FROM UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

THE HYMN OF ARION.

HAIL, Neptune, greatest of the gods!
Thou ruler of the salt-sea floods;
Thou with the deep and dark-green hair,
That dost the golden trident bear:
Thou that, with either arm outspread,
Embosomest the earth we tread:
Thine are the beasts with fins and scales,
That, round thy chariot, as it sails,
Plunging and tumbling, fast and free,
All reckless, follow o'er the sea.
Thine are the gentle dolphin throng,
That love and listen to the song;
With whom the sister Nereïds stray,
And in their crystal caverns play.
They bore me well to Pelops' isle,
And Lacedæmon's rocky pile;
And through the deep Sicilian sea
The briny champaign ploughed for me;
When wicked men had cast me o'er
Our vessel's side, into the roar
Of clashing waters, and a grave
Yawned for me in the purple wave.

EPITAPH.

THOU art not dead, my Prote, though no more
A sojourner on earth's tempestuous shore;
Fled to the peaceful islands of the blest,
Where youth and love, for ever beaming, rest;
Or joyful wandering o'er Elysian ground,
Among sweet flowers, where not a thorn is found.
No Winter freezes there, no Summer fires,
No sickness weakens, and no labour tires;
No hunger, poverty, or wants oppress,
Nor envy of man's boasted happiness;
But Spring for ever glows, serenely bright,
And bliss immortal hails the heavenly light.

ON A CORPSE WASHED ASHORE.

NOT rugged Trachis hides these whitening bones,
Nor that black isle whose name its colour
shows,

But the wild beach, o'er which, with ceaseless
moans,

The vexed Icarian wave, eternal, flows,
Of Drepanus—ill-famed promontory—

And there, instead of hospitable rites,
The long grass sweeping tells his fate's sad
story

To rude tribes gathered from the neighbouring
heights.

ULYSSES ON HIS RETURN.

HAIL Ithaca, my loved paternal soil!
How, after years of travel, war, and toil,
How, after countless perils of the sea,
My heart, returning, fondly clings to thee!
Where I shall once more bless my father's age,
And smooth the last steps of his pilgrimage;
Again embrace my wife, again enjoy
The sweet endearments of mine only boy.
Now, from my soul, I feel how strong the chain
That binds the passions to our native plain.

ON A STATUE OF NIOBE.

THIS female (so the poets sing)
Was changed to stone by Dian's curse.
The sculptor did a better thing—
He did exactly the reverse.

On the Same.

RELENTING Heaven had given the mourner rest,
And hushed in stone the terrors of her breast;
What cruel hand renews the sense of pain,
And bids the marble live to weep again?

ON A SHIPWRECKED PERSON.

PERISH the hour—that dark and starless hour—
Perish the roaring main's tempestuous power,—
That whelm'd the ship, where loved Abdera's
son

Prayed to unheeding heaven, and was undone.
Yes—all were wrecked; and, by the stormy wave
To rough Seriphos borne, he found a grave,—
Found, from kind stranger hands, funereal fires,
Yet reached, inurned, the country of his sires.

ON ERINNA, THE POETESS.

SCARCE nineteen summer suns had shed
Youth's roses o'er the virgin's head,
While by a guardian mother's side,
Her customary tasks she plied,
Bade the rich silks her loom prepare,
Or plied the distaff's humbler care;—
Her modest worth the Muses knew,
Brought her bright genius forth to view,
And—ah, too soon!—from mortal eyes—
Bore her, their handmaid, to the skies.

BIS DAT, QUI CITO DAT.

SWIFT favours charm, but when too long they
stay,
They lose the name of kindness by delay.

FUNERAL HONOURS.

SEEK not to glad these senseless stones
With fragrant ointments, rosy wreaths;
No warmth can reach our mouldering bones
From lustral fire, that vainly breathes.
Now let me revel whilst I may:
The wine, that o'er my grave is shed,
Mixes with earth, and turns to clay—
No honours can delight the dead.

On the Same.

OH, think not that with garlands crown'd,
Inhuman near thy grave we tread;
Or blushing roses scatter round,
To mock the paleness of the dead!
What though we drain the fragrant bowl,
In flowers adorn'd, and silken vest,
Oh, think not, brave departed soul,
We revel to disturb thy rest.
Feign'd is the pleasure that appears,
And false the triumph of our eyes;
Each draught of joy is dash'd with tears,
And all our songs but echo sighs.

ON A POOR MAN

BECOMING RICH IN HIS OLD AGE.

POOR and destitute at twenty—
Now—at three-score—I have plenty.
What a miserable lot!
Now, that I have hoarded treasure,
I no more can taste of pleasure:
When I could, I had it not.

ON DEATH.

THE bath, obsequious beauty's smile,
Wine, fragrance, music's heavenly breath,
Can but our hastening hours beguile,
And slope the path that leads to Death.

ON A MURDERED CORPSE.

THOUGH here thou'st laid my corpse, when none
were nigh;
One saw thee, murderer!—One all-seeing Eye.

ON HOMER.

STILL in our ears Andromache complains,
And still in sight the fate of Troy remains;
Still Ajax fights, still Hector's dragg'd along—
Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer's song;
Whose birth could more than one proud realm
adorn,
For all the world is proud that he was born.

ON ANACREON.

NOR yet are all his numbers mute,
Though dark within the tomb he lies;
But, living still, his amorous Lute
In sleepless animation sighs.

ON ONE WHO SLEW HIS MOTHER.

O BURY not the dead, but let him lie
A prey for dogs beneath th' un pitying sky!
Our common mother, Earth, would grieve to
hide
The hateful body of the Matricide.

ON A HAPPY OLD MAN.

TAKE old Amyntor to thy breast, dear Soil,
In kind remembrance of his former toil,
Who first enrich'd and ornamented thee
With many a lovely shrub and branching tree,
And lured the stream to fall in artful showers
Upon thy thirsting herbs and fainting flowers.
First in the spring he knew the rose to rear,
First in the autumn cull the ripen'd pear;
His vines were envied all the village round,
And favouring heaven showered plenty on his
ground,
Therefore, O Earth, lie lightly on his head,
And with thy choicest spring-flowers deck his
bed.

ON A MISERABLE OLD MAN.

BY years and misery worn, no hand to save
With some poor pittance from a desperate grave;
With the small strength my wretched age sup-
plied,
I crawled beneath this lonely pile and died.
Screened from the scoff of pride and grandeur's
frown,
In this sad spot I laid my sufferings down,
Reversed the doom of nature, and, instead
Of "dead and buried," buried was and dead.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet is life when passed with those
Whom our own hearts approving chose;
When on some few surrounding friends
Our all of happiness depends!
It is not life to drag, alone,
A miserable being on,
Without one kindred soul to share
Our pleasure or relieve our care.
O welcome falls the stroke of fate,
That frees us from so sad a state.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Too soon, grim monarch, with unholy hand,
Thou'st snatch'd this infant to thy dreary land,
Like some fair rose-bud, plucked from mortal
sight,
Ere all its beauties opened into light.
Cease, wretched parents, cease your wailings
wild,
Nor mourn for ever your departed child!
Her youthful graces, and her form so fair,
Deserved a dwelling in the realms of air.
As Hylas once (believe the soothing lay!)—
The Nymphs—not Death—have borne your child
away.

Another.

FIVE years I lived with lightsome heart and gay,
Then, tranquil, mingled with my fellow clay.
Mourn not my fate! My days of life were few;
My pleasures brief,—but brief my sorrows too.

INSCRIPTION ON A FIGURED GEM,

REPRESENTING A GOAT GIVING SUCK TO A YOUNG
WOLF.

A WOLF with my own milk I feed,
Obedient to a master's will;
By him, I nourish, doomed to bleed,
For nature will be nature still.

THE GRASSHOPPER'S REMONSTRANCE.

WHY, shepherds, from the dewy spray,
Chase me thus spitefully away,—
Me, the Nymphs' bard,—who, summer long,
Cheer vale and upland with my song?
The thrush, the blackbird, and the stare,—
'Tis they have laid your gardens bare;
Such thieves 'twere justice to pursue,
But why grudge me my leaves and dew?

ON A GRASSHOPPER IN A SPIDER'S WEB.

WHILE with lithe feet his task the spider plied,
Within his snares a grasshopper he drew;
Under its slender chains the captive sigh'd,
And to release the child of song I flew.
"Save thee," I cried, "thy chains are off,—be
free.—
And now indulge thy sweetest minstrelsy."

TO THE LOCUST.

THOU, Locust, soother of my love,
whose music slumber brings;
Thou, Locust, minstrel of the fields,
endowed with shrilly wings;
Thou artless mimic of the lyre,
some song of beauty sing,
By striking, with thy pliant feet,
each music-speaking wing.
Thou, Locust, trill me from thy chords
a love-releasing strain,
That thus thou may'st remove my care,
my ever-wakeful pain;
And I'll the evergreens to thee,
as morning gifts, assign,
And the dew-drops split in parts to fit
that little mouth of thine.

ON MENANDER.

THE bees, Menander, who with active wing
Sport midst the flowers that deck the Muses'
spring,
Around thy lips in thickening clusters hung,
And tipp'd with honey-drops thine infant tongue;
The Graces, too, on thee their gifts bestow,
And teach thy strains with elegance to flow.
Celestial Bard!—immortal as thy lays,
Thy native Athens shares thy meed of praise.

ON THE STATUE OF MENANDER.

BEHOLD Menander! Siren of the stage,
Who charm'd, with Love allied, a happier age;
Light wanton wreaths, that never shall be dead,
Are curl'd luxuriant round the poet's head,
Who dress'd the scene in colours bright and gay,
And breathed enchantment o'er the living lay.

ON THE STATUE OF THE SAME POET,

PLACED BY THE SIDE OF THE FIGURE OF CUPID.

MENANDER, sweet Thalia's pride,
Well art thou placed by Cupid's side;
Priest to the god of soft delights,
Thou spread'st on earth his joyous rites;
And sure the boy himself we see
To smile, and please, and breathe in thee.
For, musing o'er yon imaged stone,
To see thee, and to love, are one.

THE GARDENER'S OFFERING.

To Pan, the guardian of my narrow soil,
Who gave my fruits to grow, and blest my toil,
Pure water and a votive fig I bear,
A scant oblation from the teeming year:
The fruit ambrosial in thy garden blush'd,
And from thy rock the living water gush'd:
Receive the tribute from my niggard urn,
Nor with thy bounty weigh my poor return.

OFFERING TO VENUS.

GODDESS of surf and shore, these cakes receive—
 'Tis all thy humble votary has to give :
 To-morrow o'er the broad Ionian main
 I haste to clasp my Chloe's charms again.
 My love, my canvass, ask thy favouring breeze,
 Venus, bright queen of spousals and of seas.

SONG OF THE CROW.*

LORDS and ladies, for your ear
 We have a petitioner;
 Name and lineage would ye know?
 'Tis Apollo's child, the Crow;
 Waiting till your hands dispense,
 Gift of barley, salt, or pence.
 He's not one, who picks and chuses;
 Nought that's proffered, he refuses.
 Who, to-day, gives salt, he knows
 Next day fig or honey throws.
 Open, open, gate and door:
 Mark! the moment we implore,
 Comes the daughter of the squire
 With such figs as wake desire.
 Maiden for this favour done,
 May thy fortunes, as they run,
 Ever brighten:—Be thy spouse
 Rich, and of a noble house;
 May thy sire, in aged ease,
 Nurse a boy who calls thee mother;
 And his grandam, on her knees,
 Rock a girl, who calls him brother;
 Kept as bride, in reservation,
 For some favoured near relation.
 But enough now; I must tread,
 Where my feet and eyes are led;
 Dropping at each door a strain,
 Let me lose my suit or gain.

Then search, worthy gentles, the cupboard's close
 nook;
 To the lord, and still more to the lady, we look:
 Custom warrants the suit;—let it still then bear
 sway;
 And your Crow, as in duty most bounden, shall
 pray.

* All persons and all things in Greece seem to have had their own peculiar songs,—ploughmen, reapers, millers, weavers, shepherds, &c., as may be seen in *Athenæus*, xiv. 619. Even the poor unpopular crow could boast of one, and persons went about begging in his name, and piping in strains suitable to his habits and disposition. "The crows," says Mr. Mitchell, "appear to have been in great disfavour with the Athenians; they had the fee-simple of all that society wished to eject from itself; and thus stood to the Greeks somewhat in the relation of that malignant person, who, according to Rabelais, breakfasts on the souls of serjeant-at-arms fri-casseed. This song will show that the dislike to the crow did not prevail universally among the Greeks, but that the same use was made of him in some parts, as in others was made of the swallow."

In like manner, (as we learn from Scripture,) the Hebrews also had their songs, adapted to different occupations and employments. The grinder at the mill, the harvest-man in the field, the vintager on his hill-side, all beguiled their labours with song.—See *Isaiah ix. 3*; *Jeremiah xxv. 10*; *xlviii. 33*; *Ecclesiasticus xxxii. 5, 9*.

SONG OF THE SWALLOW.*

THE Swallow is come!
 The Swallow is come!
 He brings us the season of vernal delight
 With his back all of sable, and belly of white.
 Have you nothing to spare
 That his palate would please
 A fig, or a pear,
 Or a slice of rich cheese?
 Mark, he bars all delay:
 At a word, my friend, say,
 Is it yes—is it nay?
 Do we go? Do we stay?
 One gift, and we're gone:
 Refuse, and anon
 On your gate and your door
 All our fury we pour.
 Or our strength shall be tried
 On your sweet little bride;
 From her seat we will tear her,
 From her home we will bear her;
 She is light, and will ask
 But small hands to the task.
 Let your bounty then lift
 A small aid to our mirth;
 And whatever the gift,
 Let its size speak its worth.
 The Swallow, the Swallow,
 Upon you doth wait;
 An alms-man and suppliant,
 He stands at your gate:—
 Let him in then, I say,
 For no greybeards are we
 To be foiled in our glee;
 But boys, who will have our own way.

THE ROSE.

DID Jove a queen of flowers decree,
 The Rose the queen of flowers should be.
 Of flowers the eye, of plants the gem;
 The meadow's blush, earth's diadem:
 Glory of colours on the gaze,
 Lightning in its beauty's blaze:
 It breathes of love: it blooms the guest
 Of Aphrodite's fragrant breast:
 In gaudy pomp its petals spread:
 Light foliage trembles round its head:
 With vermeil blossoms fresh and fair,
 It laughs to the voluptuous air.

LAIS.

GREECE, once the nurse of generous hearts,
 Mistress of nations, Queen of arts,
 No longer great, no longer free,
 Yields to a willing slavery.
 A girl of Corinth holds the chain
 Which circled once the Ionian main.

* The swallow, as the herald of spring, was an universal favourite amongst the Greeks, and was welcomed by the children in their little songs. The one presented here, was that usually sung by the children of Rhodes, who ran about in troops, carrying a live swallow with them, and choring its praises from door to door.—See *Hæse's* public and private life of the ancient Greeks.

ON ERINNA.

THOU who hadst lately birth to music given
Of bee-engender'd hymns, and swan-voiced
lays,
Art now o'er Acheron's dark waters driven
By Fate,—the spindle of man's life that sways.
Yet still, Erinna, will the Muse proclaim
Thy labours—deathless in the choirs of Fame.

INSCRIPTION ON A BATH.

OR from this fount, a joyous birth,
The Queen of Beauty rose to earth,
Or heavenly Venus, bathing, gave
Her own quintessence to the wave.

THE OLIVE TO THE VINE.

I AM Minerva's sacred plant;
Press me no more, intruding vine!
Unwreath your wanton arms! Avaunt!
A modest maiden loves not wine.

EPITAPH.

FORTUNE and Hope, adieu! I've found my port;
You've done with me; be others now your
sport.

CONVIVIALITY AND REFINEMENT.

WHEN to the lip the brimming cup is prest,
And hearts are all afloat upon its stream,
Then banish from thy board the unpolish'd guest,
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.
But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
The muses' laurel with the Cyprian flower,
O, give me him whose soul expansive breathes
And blends refinement with the social hour.

ON A FRIEND.

How often, Lycid, shall I bathe with tears
This little stone, which our great love endears!
Thou, too, in memory of the vows we made,
Drink not of Lethe in the realms of shade.*

* Imitated by Jortin in the following beautiful lines.

"Quæ te sub tenerâ rapuerunt, Pæta, juventâ
O, utinam me crudelia Fata vocent:
Ut linquam terras, invisique lumina solis;
Utque tuus rursum corpore sim posito.
Te sequar; obscurum per iter dux ibit eunti
Fidus Amor, tenebras lampade discentiens;
Tu cave Lethæo contingas ora liquore;
Et cito venturi sis memor, oro, Viri."

ON! had the Fate that cut thy tender age,
Made me companion of thy pilgrimage,
That I might say, Farewell to earth and sky,
And once again beside my Pæta lie!
Thee will I follow—on the darksome road
Love lights me onward to thy calm abode:
Refrain thy lip from that oblivious wave,
And think of him who hastens to thy grave.

Bland.

In the same spirit the ghost of Julia addresses Pompey.

"Non me Lethææ conjux, oblivia vitæ
Immemorem fecere tui."

THE LOVES OF SAPPHO AND ANACREON.*

Anac. SPIRIT of Love! whose tresses shine
Along the breeze, in golden twine,
Come! within a fragrant cloud,
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;
And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh! waft me hence away!
Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury:
But she, the Nymph, for whom I glow,
The pretty Lesbian mocks my woe;
Smiles at the hoar and silver hues
Which Time upon my forehead strews.
Alas! I fear, she keeps her charms
In store for younger, happier arms.

Sapph. O Muse, who sitt'st on golden throne!
Full many a hymn of dulcet tone
The Teian Sage is taught by thee.
But, Goddess! from thy throne of gold,
The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told,
He lately learn'd and sang for me.

THE LOVES OF SAPPHO AND ALCÆUS.

Alc. I FAIN would speak—I fain would tell—
But shame and fear my utterance quell.

Sapph. If aught of good, if aught of fair,
Thy tongue were labouring to declare,
Nor shame should dash thy glance, nor fear
Forbid thy suit to reach my ear.

ON SAPPHO.

COME, Lesbian maids, to Juno's royal dome!
With steps that hardly press the pavement,
come!
Let your own Sappho lead the lovely choir,
And to the altar bear her golden lyre.
Then first, in graceful order, slow advance,
Weaving light mazes of the joyous dance,
While from on high the heav'n-rapt Maid shall
pour
Such strains, that men shall wonder and adore.

DIOGENES TO CRÆSUS.

WHEN now the Cynic in dark Pluto's reign,
His earthly task of snarling wisdom clos'd;
Laughing he heard the Lydian king complain,
And spread his cloak and near the prince
repos'd.
"Dreamer," he cried, "of streams, that flowed
with gold,
My higher dignity in hell behold!
For all I had on earth this nether sphere
Receives with me,—but thou hast nothing here."

A FRAGMENT.

JOY follow thee; if joy can reach the dead,
And—or my mind misgives—it surely will:
For when the miseries of life are fled,
How sweet the deep forgetfulness of ill!

* "Mais, par malheur," as Bayle says, "Sappho vint au monde environ cent ou six vingt ans avant Anacréon."

TO A FRIEND.

QUAFF with me the purple wine,
And in youthful pleasures join;
Crown with me thy flowing hair;
Love with me the blooming fair;
When secret madness fires my soul,
Thou shalt rave without control;
When I'm sober, sink with me
Into dull sobriety.

RESTITUTION.

WHILST thus a few kisses I steal,
O do not, dear Chloris, complain;
If any resentment you feel,
I'll give you them *all* back again.

VIRTUOUS, THOUGH POOR.

I AM poor, 'tis true; but why for that upbraid me?
For *thus* my Fate, and *not* my Fault, has made me.

A PRAYER.

ASK'D or unask'd, Lord, with all good befriend us;
But from all evil, e'en though ask'd, defend us.

LIFE AND DEATH.

WHENCE was I born, and how?
How was I born, and why?
Alas! I nothing know
But, born, that I must die.
From nothing I was born,
To nought must I return.
The end and the beginning
Of life is nothingness;
Of losing or of winning,
Of pleasure or distress.
Then give me wine at least,
There's nought for't but to feast.

TO ROME.

DAUGHTER of Mars! Hail, mighty Power!
Stern Queen, in golden crown array'd!
Who build'st on earth thy regal tower,
A high Olympus, ne'er assay'd!
To thee alone hath awful Fate
The pride of vast dominion lent,
The strength to bind a rising state
In bonds of ordered government.
Beneath thy yoke's compelling beam
Unmeasur'd earth and ocean hoar
Together bend; whilst thou, supreme,
The nations rul'st from shore to shore.
E'en mightiest Time, whose laws prevail
To change the world at his decree,
Can never turn the prosperous gale
That swells thy potent sovereignty.—
Of thee alone a race is born,
The first to blaze in glorious fight,
Like spicy ranks of waving corn,
That Ceres marshals, golden-bright.*

* This ode has been sometimes ascribed to Erinna, but is evidently the production of a later age.

FLOWERS.

THE Zephyrs and the Graces wove her garment,
And deck'd it with the sweetest flowers that
Spring,
Exuberant with gentle showers, brings forth;
Such as adorn the hours, the yellow crocus,
The purple hyacinth, violet fresh and moist,
Sweet-scented rose, the lily's fragrant cup,
Narcissus, too, whose odours fill the air.
Venus preserve with never-fading grace
A garment so divinely wrought.

REASON

NOT PROOF AGAINST CUPID AND BACCHUS UNITED.

WITH Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;
Thus fighting his Godship, I'll ne'er be dismay'd;
But if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
Alas! then, unable to combat the two,
Unfortunate warrior, what should I do?

FOREKNOWLEDGE.

LIFE's ills, could man by knowing,
Be spared from undergoing,
There would be sense in knowing;
But since, with all our knowing,
We must still be undergoing,
Why, what's the use of knowing?

THE DEAD.

THE phantom of a substance fled,
The echo of a sound,
Where darkness all above is spread,
And silence all around,—
These—these alone, when we are dead,
In Ades will be found.
Down through that yawning gulf, the grave,
When life's brief fit is o'er,
Shall sink the great, the good, the brave,
Down to the sunless shore,
Where, by the hush of sullen wave,
They sleep for evermore.

DEATH THE UNIVERSAL LOT.

STRAIGHT is our passage to the grave,
Whether from Meroe's burning wave,
Or Attic groves we roam.
Grieve not in distant lands to die!
Our vessels seek, from every sky,
Death's universal home.

FRAGMENT.

THE ever-smiling Venus, and the Nymphs
That form her happy train, their foreheads bind
With garlands of the choicest flowers that grow
On the sweet-smelling bosom of the earth,
Breathing and dropping odours—as they move,
The Graces join in mirthful song, the while
Old Ida's lofty summit, crown'd with springs,
In quick vibration echoes back the strain.

THE LOVER'S WISH.

Oh, that I were some gentle air,
That when the heats of summer glow,
And lay thy panting bosom bare,
I might upon that bosom blow!—
Oh, that I were yon blushing flower,
Which, even now thy hands have prest,
To live, though but for one short-hour,
Upon the Elysium of thy breast.

EXCLAMATION OF VENUS,

ON SEEING HER STATUE BY PRAXITELES.

My naked charms! The Phrygian swain,
And Dardan boy—to those I've shown them,
And only those of mortal strain:—
How should Praxiteles have known them?

ON A STATUE OF ENVY.

Moulded with envied skill, black Envy see,
A living mass of prostrate misery.
Grieved at another's good, the wretch has thrown
His aged limbs down on the hard rough stone:
And there the shrivell'd form in squalor lies,
Heaving with ill-repress, soul-maddening sighs.
With one old hand, which props those hoary hairs,
His pale, thin temples, see! the madman tears;
While, in the other hand, a staff is found,
Wherewith he smites, with furious grins, the
ground.
Gnashing in double row, those teeth declare
How much his neighbour's weal o'erwhelms him
with despair.

ON AN INFANT.

Relentless Ades, why of life bereave
The child Callæschrus?—if a toy he be
In her dark home to thy Persephone,
Still with what sorrow must his parents grieve?

THE INVITATION.

Come, sit by yon shadowy pine,
That covers my sylvan retreat,
And see how its branches incline
The breathing of Zephyr to meet.
See the fountain that, gurgling, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray,
By the brink, as the traveller muses,
I soothe him to sleep with my lay.

THE TRYSTING TREE.

See a meet spot for longing lovers' vows,
Beneath this platane's over-arching boughs,
Where the ripe clusters of the clasping vine
Well-pleased amid the greenery recline.
Grow on, thou platane! may thy sheltering boughs
Conceal fond lovers breathing tender vows.

THE MIND OF MAN.

Of things on earth least understood, there can
Be found none less so, than the Mind of Man.

PAN'S RETREAT.

Rest here, beneath these shady groves reclin'd,
Whose tall tops gently murmur to the wind;
Here, where the brook mellifluous flows along,
And woos me with her ever-gurgling song;
Whilst on my solitary pipe I play,
Or sweetly sleep the noontide hours away.

ON A FOUNTAIN SACRED TO PAN.

These elms and willows, with long pointed
leaves,
This plane, where bough with bough its foliage
weaves,
This fountain, with its water trickling clear;
These rustic drinking-cups, for ever near—
To Pan are sacred all: drink, passer-by!
Thou'lt find it medicine—if thy throat be dry.

ON A LAUREL,

CUT DOWN WITH A HATCHET.

Ah! where was Phœbus, when the God of arms
Dared to profane his Daphne's virgin charms!

ON ERINNA.

See, how the maid her distaff plies,
And at the web her task pursues,
Fearing her mother's watchful eyes,
But all her thoughts are on the Muse.

ON IBYCUS.

Rhegium, whose feet Trinacria's straiten'd sea
Laves ever, verge extreme of Italy,
Honour'd be thou in song for having laid
Under thy leafy elms' embowering shade
The dust of Ibycus, the bard beloved,
The bard of Love, who all its joys had proved—
Mantle his grave with ivy—round it plant
Reeds, to send forth the shepherd's rural chant.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SUITOR AND
HIS MISTRESS'S MAID.

"Good day, my love!"—"The same to you."
"That lovely lady,—tell me who?"—"—"
"What's that to thee?"—"I wish to know."
"My mistress, then; now let me go."
"Stay—may I hope?"—"Hope! what?"—"At
night?"
"Perhaps."—"Here's money."—"Well—that's
right."
"I've only silver."—"What? No gold?"
No sir—my mistress can't be sold."

EPITAPH.

The sod so lately stir'd, the wreaths that shed
On this sepulchral stone their waning bloom,
And these sad words—the story of the dead—
Tell whose the bones that moulder in this tomb.
I, Aretemias, in Cnidos born,
In pangs of child-birth, twins to Euphron gave;
One lives to prop his father's age forlorn—
One with his mother sleeps within the grave.

PART II.

FROM THE ROMAN POETS.



ENNIUS.

[Born 239--Died 169, B. C.]

THIS father of Roman song, as he has been called by the Latin writers, was born at Rudiae, a town of Calabria, in the year of Rome 515. Like Æschylus, the great father of the Grecian stage, he was a soldier before he became an author, having followed Titus Manlius to the war waged in Sardinia against the allies of Carthage. There he continued to reside until the age of thirty-five, when he was brought to Rome by the elder Cato, and supported himself by instructing the patrician youth in Greek. In this humble, though honourable employment, he acquired for himself not only the freedom of the city, but the friendship of many of its most illustrious men,

more particularly of that great ornament of his age and nation, the elder Africanus. Ennius died at the age of seventy, when a bust was erected to him in the tomb of the Scipios, who, until the time of Sylla, had continued the practice of burying, instead of burning, their dead. This bust, together with the statues of Africanus and Asiaticus, was remaining in the days of Livy, and is supposed, by many, to be the same which now stands on the sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus, in the Vatican. Of the numerous compositions of Ennius, translated or original,—of all his dramas, satires, and annals or metrical chronicles,—the scantiest fragments alone remain.*

FRAGMENTS.

I. TELAMON ON HEARING THE DEATH OF HIS SON AJAX.

I KNEW, when I begat him, he must die,
And train'd him to no other destiny,—
Knew, when I sent him to the Trojan shore,
'Twas not to halls of feast, but fields of gore.

II. ANSWER OF PYRRHUS TO THE ROMAN AMBASSADORS, WHO CAME TO RANSOM THE PRISONERS TAKEN FROM THEM BY THAT PRINCE IN BATTLE.

Your gold I ask not; take your ransoms home;
Warriors, not traffickers in war, we come;
Not gold, but steel, our strife should arbitrate,
And valour prove which is the choice of fate.
The brave, whose lives the battle spar'd, with
me
Shall never mourn the loss of liberty.
Unransom'd then your comrades hence remove,
And may the mighty gods the boon approve.†

III. FABIUS.

HEEDLESS of what a censuring world might
say,
One man restor'd the state by wise delay;

* For some account of Ennius's works, particularly his Annals, see Cicero's *Tusc. Disput.* Brutus, &c. &c.; Schlegel's *Lectures on Literature*; Niebuhr's *Römische Geschichte*; and Dunlop's *Roman Literature*, &c. &c.

† "Regis sene" says Cicero "et digna Mædianum genere sententia."

Hence time has hallow'd his immortal name,
And, with increasing years, increas'd his fame.

IV. A ROMAN TRIBUNE WITHSTANDING THE ATTACK OF A WHOLE HOST.

FORTH on the tribune, like a shower,
The gathering javelins spring,
His buckler pierce—or on its boss
The quivering lances ring—
Or rattle on his brazen helm;
But vain the utmost might
Of foes, that press on every side,—
None can the tribune smite.
And many a spear he shivers then,
And many a stroke bestows,
While with many a jet of reeking sweat
His labouring body flows.
No breathing time the tribune has—
No pause—the winged iron,
The Istrien darts, in ceaseless showers,
Provoke him and environ:
And lance and sling destruction bring
On many heroes stout,
Who tumble headlong from the wall,
Within it, or without.

V. SOOTHSAYERS.

For no Marsian augur (whom fools view with
awe)
Nor diviner, nor soothsayer, can I stray;
The Egyptian quæst, an expounder of dreams,
Is neither in science nor art what he seems;
Superstitions blind and senseless, they prevail through
out streets,
Some hungry, some crazy, but a lot of them cheats.

Impostors! who vaunt that to others they'll show
A path, which themselves neither travel nor
know.

Since they promise us wealth if we pay for their
pains,

Let them take from that wealth, and bestow
what remains.

VI. ARE THERE GODS?

Yes! there are gods; but they no thought bestow
On human deeds,—on mortal bliss or woe,—
Else would such ills our wretched race assail?
Would the Good suffer?—would the Bad prevail?

VII. THE IDLE SOLDIER.

Who know not leisure to employ,
Toil more than those whom toils employ;
For they, who toil with purpos'd mind,
In all their labours pleasure find;
But they, whose time no labours fill,
Have in their minds nor wish nor will.
—So 'tis with us, call'd far from home,
Nor yet to fields of battle come,
We hither march, we thither sail,
Our minds as veering as the gale.

VIII. THE CALM OF EVENING.

The heaven's vast world stood silent; Neptune
gave

A hushful pause to ocean's roughening wave;
The sun curb'd his swift steeds; th' eternal floods
Stood still; and not a breath was on the woods.

IX. THE SAME SUBJECT.

SWEET smil'd the Olympian Father from above,
And the hush'd storms return'd his smile of
love!

X. ON THE REVIVAL OF ILIUM IN ROME.

SACK'd, but not captive,—burn'd, but not con-
sum'd,—

Nor yet, on Dardan plains, to perish doom'd.

XI. THE CHARACTER OF AN ADVISER AND FRIEND.

[Supposed by many to be a portrait of the poet himself.]

His friend he call'd,—who at his table far'd,
And all his counsels and his converse shar'd;
With whom he oft consum'd the day's decline
In talk of petty schemes or great design,—
To him, with ease and freedom uncontroll'd,
His jests and thoughts, or good or ill, were
told;

Whate'er concern'd his fortunes was disclos'd,
And safely in that faithful breast repos'd.
This chosen friend possess'd a steadfast mind,
Where no base purpose could its harbour find;
Mild, courteous, learn'd, with knowledge blest
and sense,

A soul serene, contentment, eloquence;
Fluent in words or sparing, well he knew
All things to speak in place and season due;
His mind was amply graced with ancient lore,
Nor less enrich'd with modern wisdom's store:
Him, while the tide of battle onward press'd
Servilius call'd.

PLAUTUS.

[Born 229—Died 184, B. C.]

PLAUTUS, so named from his splay feet, was a native of Sarsina, a town in Umbria. From his father, a freedman, he is said to have received a good education, and, turning his attention early to the stage, soon realized a considerable fortune by the popularity of his dramas. This, however, he afterwards lost,—by ill success in trade, according to some,—or by spending it, as others say, on theatrical ornaments and dresses, as an actor, at a time when, owing to the great famine then prevalent at Rome, theatrical amusements were little resorted to. To such necessity was he reduced, as to labour in a mill for his daily support. Many of his plays were written in these unfavourable circumstances, and may, therefore, claim from the critic an indulgence to which they could not otherwise pretend. Plautus has left nineteen comedies, almost all of them, more or less, borrowed from the ancients, and imitated by the moderns. Amongst these may be enumerated the *Amphitryon*, taken from a

play of Epicharmus, and imitated by Ludovico Dolce, Moliere, and Dryden; the *Menæchmi*, borrowed, it is supposed, from some lost play of Menander or Epicharmus, and known on the English stage, as the origin of Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*; the *Aulularia*, or little pot of money, supposed likewise to have been borrowed from the Greek, and freely drawn on by Moliere, Fielding, and Goldoni, in their respective comedies of *L'Avare*, *Miser*, and *Vero Amico*;—The *Casina*, translated from Diphilus, a Greek writer of the new comedy and a contemporary of Menander, and imitated by Machiaval in his *Clitia*, and Beaumarchais in his *Marriage de Figaro*.—Plautus, writing for his bread, and consulting rather the humours of the many, than the tastes of the few, has frequently exposed himself to the lash of censure; yet, with all his irregularities and defects, he is absolutely pure as compared with Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Dryden, Wycherly, and other of our dramatic writers in the days of the Stuarts.

AMPHITRYON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER.	BLEPHARO.
MERCURY.	SOSIA.
AMPHITRYON.	BROMIA.
ALCMEANA.	THESSALA.

SCENE.—*Thebes, before AMPHITRYON'S house.*

PROLOGUE.

MERCURY *disguised like SOSIA.*

* * * * *

NOW lend attention, whilst that I unfold
The argument of this our comedy.
This city here is Thebes, and in that house
Amphitryon dwells, an Argive by his birth,
And husband of Alcmena. Which Amphitryon
Commands the Theban forces; for there's war
Betwixt the Thebans and the Teleboans.
Ere his departure hence to join the troops,
His wife was pregnant by him. Verily
Ye know my father, how he is inclin'd,
How freely he indulges in love matters,
With what excess he doats, where once he loves.
He for Alcmena entertain'd a passion,
And now is with her, in Amphitryon's form,
While I take that of Sosia, his servant,
That in this guise my father I may serve,
And none about the house ask who I am.
Meantime he is within, recounting to
His love what was transacted in the army,
She, all the while, mistaking him for her husband.
He tells her how he put the enemy's troops
To flight, and that they gave him many gifts.
These gifts, bestow'd upon Amphitryon, we
Have stolen; for my father can with ease
Do what he will.—Now, on this very day,
Amphitryon will arrive here from the army,
Together with his slave, whose form I bear.
That ye may then distinguish us more readily,
I, on my hat, these little wings shall wear;
My father, he will bear a golden tuft;
Which mark the right Amphitryon will not have,
And no one of the family will be able
To see these marks; ye only shall discern them.—
But Sosia yonder comes, and bears him hither-
ward

A lantern in his hand:—He makes for home,
But I shall drive him thence.—So—here he is.
It will be worth your while to mark how Jove
And Mercury will play the part of actors.

[MERCURY *places himself before*
AMPHITRYON'S door.]

ACT I. SCENE I.

SOSIA *advances with a lantern.*

Sos. Is there a bolder fellow? Is there any one
More stout of heart than I am? I, who know
The humours of our wild young sparks, yet dare
Walk by myself at this late hour of night.
What shall I do now, if the watch should seize
And thrust me in a prison?—Why, to-morrow
I shall be serv'd up from that dainty larder,
And well dress'd with a whipping;—not a word

Allow'd me in my own defence;—no master
To take my part;—and ev'ry soul will think
I've my deserts:—so shall eight sturdy fellows
Bethump me like an anvil.—In this sort
They'll greet me on my coming, thus receive
And entertain me at the public charge!
These honours has my master forc'd upon me,
Who sent me from the port, so late at night,
Against my inclination.—Could he not
Have waited till 'twas day-light to despatch me?
This is the hardship of a great man's service,
Wherefore his servant leads a plaguy life on't:
By day, by night, there's work enough, and more,
That will not let him rest. The master, he
Being free himself from labour, thinks his slave
Can drudge and drudge still on, whate'er befalls
him;

Nay, thinks it just, and never counts the toil,
Nor once considers, whether his commands
Are right or wrong. Wherefore in servitude
We suffer much oppression: yet the burthen
Must be endured with pain.

Merc. (aside.) On this account
I have more reason surely to complain
Of servitude,—I, who before was free,
Though now my father has me for his slave:
This fellow, who was born a slave, complains!
But hold—I only am a slave in name.

Sos. Stay,—now I think on't. I should thank
the gods

For my arrival. Would they recompense me,
As I deserve, they should commission some one
To welcome me with douses on the chaps:
For all their goodness has been thrown away
On an ungrateful rascal.

Merc. His deserts
He knows then, which such fellows seldom do.

Sos. Well,—to come home in a whole skin!—
'twas what

I never thought, or any of our people.
The foes subdued, our troops are marching home-
ward—

The war extinguish'd, and the enemy slain,
That wrought such bitter troubles to our Thebans;
Their town was storm'd and taken, by the strength
And valour of our men, but chief of all
By the command and conduct of Amphitryon,
My master, who has since distributed
The booty, lands, and corn among the soldiery,
And firmly fix'd King Creon in his throne.
He has sent me on before him, to acquaint
His lady with the news,—with what command
And conduct he discharg'd his public trust.
Now let me study how to frame my story:—
What if I tell her lies? I act in character:
For when the armies fought with all their might,
With all my might I ran away: however,
I'll make pretence that I was in the action,
And speak from hearsay.

Merc. Ah, ha, he's coming hither;
I'll meet him then; I must not let him enter
Within the doors to-day: but since I bear
His semblance, I'm resolved to play him off.
As I've assum'd his form and garb, 'twere fit
I should resemble too his deeds and manners:
I must be a sly, a cunning knave, and fight him

With his own weapons, drive him from the door
By villainous craft.—But, how now, what's the
matter?

He's staring at the sky.—I'll watch his motions.

Sos. As I have faith in any thing, as sure
As I know any thing, I think and know
That Night, this night, went drunk to bed: for
see!

The seven stars are motionless, the Moon
Has stirr'd not, since she rose; nor is Orion,
The evening star, or Pleiades yet set:
The signs stand stock still; and the night don't
budge

A jot for day.

Merc. Good Night, as you've begun,
Go on, obsequious to my father's pleasure:
'Tis the best service, for the best of beings,
Best done; and you will find your interest in it.

Sos. I think I never saw a longer night
Than this, except one night, when I was drubb'd
And hung up by the heels: yet this, methinks,
Exceeds e'en that in length.—Faith, I believe
The sun has drunk too much, and dropp'd asleep.

Merc. Say you so, varlet? Do you think the gods
Are like yourself?—You hang-dog!—but I'll pay
you

For your vile deeds and speeches.

Sos. What do I see?
A man before the house? and at so late
An hour of night? I like him not.

Merc. The rogue
Has not his equal for rank cowardice.—
He's frightened; I'll have sport with him.

Sos. I'm ruined.
How my teeth chatter! Sure he's posted here
To give me a reception with his fists.
I'm lost forever;—what a swinging rogue!
How brawny!

Merc. I'll draw nearer, raise my voice
That he may hear me, and from thence conceive
More terrible fears within him. (*aloud.*) Come, my
fists,

To action; stir ye; quick!—'tis a long while
Since ye have made provision for my belly.
Methinks it is an age since, yesterday,
Ye stripp'd four men, and laid them dead asleep.

Sos. Four men: I fear I shall augment the
number.

Merc. (*throwing about his arms.*) There I could
have him.

Sos. Who?

Merc. Whoever comes
This way, shall eat my fists.

Sos. Pshaw!
I don't like to eat so late at night;
I suppd just now; so pray, bestow your supper
On them that have more appetite.

Merc. This fist
Is not of trifling weight.

Sos. I'm a dead man:
He's weighing of his fists.

Merc. What if I stroke him
Gently to sleep?

Sos. You'll do me a great service;
For I have watch'd these three whole nights to-
gether.

Merc. A mercy on his bones!

Sos. Why sure he means
To bone me like an eel. I wish him further
With these his boning tricks.—I'm a dead man
If he should see me now.

Merc. Some fellow stinks.

Sos. What! do I smell?

Merc. Nor can he be far off.

Sos. Sure he's a conjuror.

Merc. Oh, how my fists

Itch to be at him.

Sos. If you mean on me
To exercise them, prithee cool them first
Against the wall.

Merc. The wretch! he calls for it;
He claims it of me, a most heavy lading
On his beast's back.

Sos. Not I;—I am no beast
Of burthen, truly.

Merc. Yes, he shall be loaded
Well with these fists.

Sos. In troth, I am fatigued
With coming from on shipboard, and e'en now
I am so crop-sick, I can scarcely crawl,
Even without a lading. Do not think then,
That I can carry burthens.

Merc. Certainly

There's some one speaks.

Sos. He says, there's some one speaks.
Merc. The voice was on the right! Ho! who
goes there?

Sos. I cannot budge a foot, I am so fright-
ened.

All's over with me.—Yet am I resolv'd
To face the fellow, and bespeak him boldly.
I'll seem as valiant as I can, that he
May keep hands off me.

Merc. You, sir, whither go you?
You there, that carry Vulcan in your horn.

Sos. Who made you an examiner? you, who
bone

Men with your fists?

Merc. Are you a slave, or free?
Sos. Whichever likes me.

Merc. Say'st thou—
Sos. Ay, I say it.

Merc. You want a drubbing.
Sos. Now you lie, I don't.

Merc. I'll make you own it.
Sos. Wherefore?

Merc. I must know
Whose you are, where you're going, what's your
errand.

Sos. My way lies here: I am my master's
servant:

What are you now the wiser?
Merc. I shall make you

Hold that foul tongue of yours.
Sos. You cannot do it:

I keep it pure and clean.
Merc. How! prating still?

What business have you at this house?
Sos. And pray

What business have you here?
Merc. King Creon sets

A watch here ev'ry night.

Sos. 'Tis gracious in him
To guard our house the while we are abroad.
But prithee now go in, and tell the family,
Some of their fellow-servants have arrived.

Merc. Whose fellow you may be I know not;
but if

You don't begone this instant, I shall give you
Such a reception, fellow, as you will not
Take in good fellowship.

Sos. I tell you, I
Live here, and am a servant of this house.

Merc. D'ye mind? unless you take yourself
away,

I shall exalt you.

Sos. How?

Merc. You shall be carried;
If I but take a cudgel, you'll not walk,
I promise you.

Sos. Nay, but I do affirm
That I'm a servant in this family.

Merc. Look to't—you'll have a drubbing, if
you don't
Begone this instant.

Sos. Would you then desire
To drive me from my home, when I am just
Arriv'd here from abroad?

Merc. Is this your home?

Sos. It is I say.

Merc. Who is your master then?

Sos. Amphitryon, general of the Theban troops,
The husband of Alcmena.

Merc. Ha! what say you?
What is your name?

Sos. Our Thebans call me Sosia,
The son of Davus.

Merc. To thy sore mishap
Art thou arriv'd, thou monster of effrontery!—
With made-up lies and patched-up knaveries.

Sos. I'm come with patch'd-up clothes, 'tis
true, but not

With knaveries.

Merc. 'Twas with your feet you came.

Sos. Ay, verily—

Merc. Ay, verily; then take
This drubbing for your lie.

Sos. Indeed, forsooth

I don't desire it, I—

Merc. Indeed, forsooth,
But you shall have it, though you don't: indeed
'Tis so resolv'd, and 'tis not in your choice.

(Striking him.)

Sos. I cry you mercy!

Merc. Dost thou dare affirm
That thou art Sosia, when myself am he?

Sos. Murder! (Still striking him.)

Merc. This is but little in respect
Of what you'll have in future. Now whose are
you?

Sos. Your's: for your fists have mark'd me for
your own.

(Mercury continues to strike him.)

Help, help, good citizens!

Merc. Still bawling, sirrah?
Speak, wherefore came you here?

Sos. That you might have
Somebody to belabour with your fists.

Merc. Whose are you then?

Sos. I say, Amphitryon's Sosia.

Merc. You shall be drubb'd more heartily for
this;

You talk so idly.—I myself am Sosia,
Not you.

Sos. (Aside.) I would to heav'n your were indeed,
That I were beating you!

Merc. What! muttering.

Sos. I'll

Be dumb now.

Merc. Who's your master?

Sos. Whom you will.

Merc. Come prithee, what's your name?

Sos. I have no name

But what you shall command.

Merc. You said you were

Amphitryon's Sosia.

Sos. I mistook: I meant

To say I was Amphitryon's associate.*

Merc. I knew we had no servant of the name
Of Sosia but myself.—You've lost the use
Sure of your reason.

Sos. (Aside.) Would that you had lost
The use too of your fists!

Merc. I am that Sosia,

You said you were.

Sos. Let us discourse in peace,

I pray you,—without hazard of a beating.

Merc. Well, for a while then, we will hold a
truce,

If you have ought to say.

Sos. I will not speak

Till peace is ratified, for you are mightier
In fists than I.

Merc. If you have ought to offer,
Speak; I'll not hurt you.

Sos. May I trust your honour?

Merc. You may.

Sos. But what if you deceive me?

Merc. Then

May Mercury's displeasure light on Sosia!

Sos. Mark.—Now I am allowed to speak with
freedom,

I am Amphitryon's Sosia.

Merc. What, again?

(Offering to strike.)

Sos. The peace is made, the covenant is
ratified:

I speak the truth.

Merc. Beware thee of a beating.

(Threatening.)

Sos. Do as you please, and what you please;
—'tis true.

In fists you are the mightier,—yet I'll not
Be silent on this point, do what you may.

Merc. Nay, you shall never make me, while
you live

Other than Sosia.

Sos. Nor shall you make me

An alien here.—We have no other Sosia

But me, who went to th' army with Amphitryon.

Merc. The fellow's mad.

* This pun in the *Latin*, depends upon the similitude
of sound in the pronunciation of *Sosium* and *socium*.

Sos. 'Tis you that are distempered.
Why, what a plague! am I not Sosia,
Amphitryon's slave? Did not the ship, that
brought me,

Arrive this night here from the Persian port? *
Did not my master send me? Do not I
Stand here before our house now? Have I not
A lantern in my hand? Do I not speak?
Am I not broad awake? Did not this man
Bethump me with his fists?—In troth he did;
My cheeks smart to my sorrow still.—Then why,
Why do I doubt? Why don't I go directly
Into our house? (*Makes up to the door.*)

Merc. (*stepping between.*) What! your house?

Sos. 'Tis so truly.

Merc. 'Tis all a lie, all, ev'ry syllable
That you have said. I am Amphitryon's Sosia:
This night our vessel left the Persian port:
The city we besieg'd, where Pterelas reign'd;
The Teleboan forces we o'erthrew
By dint of arms: Amphitryon's self cut off
King Pterelas' head in battle.

Sos. (*Aside.*) I can scarce
Believe myself, when I thus hear him talk:
He tells off hand, as it were without book,
What was transacted in the war.—But hark ye,
What present from the Teleboan spoils
Was given to Amphitryon.

Merc. A gold cup
King Pterelas used to drink from.

Sos. He has said.—
But where is now the cup?

Merc. 'Tis in a casket,
Seal'd with Amphitryon's seal.

Sos. What's the impression.
Merc. Sol rising in his chariot.—What, you
rascal,

Are you upon the catch?

Sos. His arguments
Have overcome me: I must e'en go seek
Another name.—'Tis strange, where he could see
All this. But I shall trap him now most rarely,
For what I did alone, when no one else
Was in the tent?—Tell that, and I knock under.

Merc. There was a cask of wine—I fill'd a
cup—

Sos. He has hit it.

Merc. Suck'd it down unmix'd, and pure
As from the mother it was born.

Sos. O wonderful!
He must have hid him in the cup.—'Tis fact:
I drank a cup-full of sheer wine.

Merc. What now?
Have I convinc'd thee that thou art not Sosia.

Sos. Do you deny it?

Merc. Can I but deny it,
When I am he?

Sos. By Jupiter I swear
I am, nor do I lie.

Merc. I swear by Mercury,
Jupiter won't believe thee; for I know
He'll sooner credit me without an oath
Than with one he will thee.

Sos. Tell me at least

Who am I, if so be I am not Sosia?

I ask you that.

Merc. My pleasure when it is
No longer to be Sosia, then be thou
Sosia, and welcome. Now that I am he,
Begone, as thou would'st 'scape a drubbing.—
Hence,

Thou fellow!

Sos. Now I view him well, by heav'n's
I see my very figure, such as I
Have often seen it in a glass.—'Tis certain,
He's very like me.—The same hat, same coat—
He is as like me as I'm like myself.—
The shanks, feet, stature, shorn pate, eyes, nose,
teeth,

Lips, cheeks, chin, beard, neck—'tis myself all
over!

Need I say more to't?—If his back be scarr'd
There's nothing can be liker than this likeness.
—Yet surely, when I think on't, I'm the same
I ever was: I know my master, know
Our house: and verily I have not lost
My wits nor senses.—I'll not heed this fellow,
Say what he chooses, but knock at the door.

Merc. Whither so fast?

Sos. Why, home.

Merc. Though thou wert now
To mount the car of Jove, and fly from hence,
Scarce should'st thou 'scape destruction.

Sos. May I not
Deliver my master's message to my mistress?

Merc. To thine deliver what thou wilt, I care not;
But I'll not suffer thee t'approach our lady—
And now, if once thou dost provoke me, fellow,
Depart thou shalt not without broken bones.

Sos. I'll be gone rather—Heav'n's have mercy
on me!

Where did I lose my form? or was I haply
So thoughtless as to leave myself behind here?
For certainly this fellow is possess'd
Of my whole image, which was mine before.
My statue is erected in my stead:
What never will be done when I am dead,
Is done, while now I'm living.—I'll return
Back to the port, and tell this to my master.—
But if he likewise know me not! O Jupiter,
Grant that he may not—so shall I directly
Cover my shorn crown with the cap of freedom.

[*Exit SOSIA.*]

* * * * *

SCENE III.

Enter JUPITER and ALCMENA.

Jup. Farewell, my Alcmena:
Take care of that, in which we both have interest;
And O! be sparing of yourself, I pray you:
You're gone, you know, the full time of your
reckoning.

I must away hence of necessity.—

Whatever child is born, you'll bring it up.*

Alc. My lord, what business can it be, that you
Should quit your home so sudden?

* Portus Persicus, in the Eubæan sea, so called from
the Persian fleet that rode there, not far from Thebes.

* The Latin word is "tollito." According to custom
among the ancients, as soon as a child was born, it was
laid on the ground, and, if not taken up by the father, was
disowned and exposed.

Jup. By my faith,
It is not that I am wearied or of you,
Or of my home : but when the chief commander
Is absent from his army, 'tis more like y
Things will be done, which help not, than which
ought.

Merc. (behind.) A crafty cozeners he, this sire
of mine!

Mind ye, how sweetly does he smooth her
over!

Alc. Ah! I do find indeed now by experience,
How much you prize your wife!

Jup. Is't not enough
I love her more than any of her sex?

Merc. Faith, if your wife but knew your tricks,
I warrant

You'd rather be Amphitryon than high Jove.

Alc. 'Twould please me more to find it, than
be told so.

You leave me ere the bed, in which you lay,
Could well grow warm : you came at midnight
to me ;

And now you're gone again.—Say, is this kind?

Merc. I will approach and speak to her, and
second

My father in his wheedling. (*to Alc.*) Never sure
Did mortal man so doat upon a wife!

He loves you to distraction.

Jup. Rogue! I know you.
Out of my sight.—What business is't of your's?
Hang-dog!—how dare you chatter?—If I take
A stick in hand—

Alc. O don't be in a rage.

Jup. Dost mutter, sirrah?

Merc. (aside.) This, my first attempt
At wheedling has, I find, but ill succeeded.

Jup. Sweet wife, you ought not be angry with
me

For that which you complain of.—I withdrew
In secret from the army, stole this interview,
That you might be the first to learn from me,
How I succeeded. I have told you all.
This, if I had not lov'd you to th' extreme,
I had not done.

Merc. (aside.) So—is't not as I said?
See how this stroking cheers her!

Jup. I must now
Return from hence in secret, lest the troops
Should scent my absence, when they'll say, that I
Preferred my wife before the public good.

Alc. I cannot choose, but weep for your de-
parture.

Jup. Come, come, no more bewailings : do not
spoil

Those pretty eyes : I shortly shall return.

Alc. Ah me! that shortly will be all too long.

Jup. 'Tis with reluctance I must leave you here,
And part thus from you.

Alc. Ay, I do perceive it :

For on the very night you came to me,
On that same you depart.

(*Hangs about Jupiter.*)

Jup. Why do you hold me?

'Tis time ; and I would leave the city ere
It waxes light.—Alcmena, with this cup
I now present you, given me for my valour,

The same King Pterelas drank from, whom I slew
With my own hand.

Alc. (taking the cup.) Done like all your other
actions :

As you are always wont to do.—By heavens
A noble gift, and worthy him that gave it!

Merc. A noble gift indeed, and worthy her
To whom 'tis giv'n!

Jup. You rascal! what, again?
Why don't I put an end to you at once,
And your impertinence?

Alc. Nay prithee, love,
Do not be angry with him for my sake.

Jup. Sweet, you shall be obey'd.

Merc. (aside.) How plaguy cross
His wenching makes him!

Jup. (going.) Would you aught else?

Alc. This ;—that you'd love me, though I am
away ;

Me that am your's still, though you're absent
from me.

Merc. 'Tis almost day, sir : come, sir, let's be
going.

Jup. Go you before : I'll follow you this in-
stant. [*Exit MERCURY.*]

Would you aught else?

Alc. Yes, one thing,—that you would
Return, and presently.

Jup. It shall be so :
My presence shall foretell your expectation.
Be of good heart, my love.*

SCENE IV.

JUPITER ALONE.

Now gentle Night,
Who long for me hast tarried, I dismiss thee ;
Yield thee to Day, that he at length may break
On mortals with a clear unclouded light :
And in proportion, Night, as thou wast lengthen'd
Beyond thy next career, by so much Day
Shall shorten his, that the disparity
Betwixt you may be squared, and Day to Night
Duly succeed.—I'll go and follow Mercury.

[*Exit JUPITER.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter AMPHITRYON and SOSIA at the farther end
of the stage.

Amph. Come, follow me.

Sos. I do, I'm after you,
Close at your heels.

Amph. Thou art the veriest rogue.

Sos. For why?

Amph. Because you tell me what is not,
Nor was, nor will be.

Sos. Look ye now,—'tis like you ;

You ne'er believe your servants.

Amph. What!—how's that?
By heavens, thou villain, I'll at once cut out
That villainous tongue of thine.

* The impatience of Jupiter (the false Amphitryon) to be gone, and the reluctance of the fond, simple, unsuspecting Alcmena, at parting from him, are well marked in this scene.

Sos. I'm your's, and you
May use me as you please, and as it suits you;
But as I've told you the plain fact, you cannot
Make me recant my story.

Amph. Why you villain?—
Dare you affirm, that you are now at home,
And here too, at this very time?

Sos. 'Tis true though.

Amph. Confound you!

Sos. I'm your's, and in your power.

Amph. Slave! dare you put your tricks upon
your master?

Dar'st thou affirm what never was, nor is,
Nor ever can be?—that the self-same person
Should at one time be in two different places?

Sos. Indeed, 'tis fact I tell you.

Amph. Jove confound you!

Sos. In what have I deserved ill at your
hands?

Amph. Villain, d'ye ask, who make me thus
your sport?

Sos. With reason you might curse me, wer't
not so:

I do not lie, but tell you the plain fact.

Amph. The fellow's drunk, I think.

Sos. I would I were!

Amph. You have your wish already.

Sos. I?

Amph. Yes, you.—

Say, where have you been drinking?

Sos. No where, truly.

Amph. What sort of fellow is it?

Sos. I have told you
Ten times already.—I'm at home, I say;

And I—d'ye mark me? I, that self-same Sosia
Am here with you—What think you? do I speak
Plain enough now, and to the purpose?

Amph. Hence,

Avaunt; go get thee from me.

Sos. What's the matter?

Amph. The plague has seiz'd you.

Sos. Why d'ye say so?—Faith

I feel, sir, very well.

Amph. But I shall make you

Feel very ill, and very miserable.

As you deserve, when I get home.—Come, follow
me;

You, who abuse your master's easy nature
With vain and frantic stories; who, because
You have neglected to perform his orders,
Come to deride him.—You relate such gross
Impossibilities, such as before
Were never heard of—knave!—But every lie
Your back shall answer.

Sos. Of all grievances

This is most grievous to a trusty servant;
That, though he tell his master truth, the truth
He is beat out of by authority.

Amph. How this can be, convince me, thou
vile plague,

With arguments.—I fain would have explain'd,
How can you be at home, and yet be here.

Sos. Troth I'm both here and there.—Well
may one wonder.

Nor can it seem more strange to you than me.

Amph. As how?

Sos. I say it cannot seem more strange
To you than me; nor, as I hope for mercy,
Did I at first believe me-myself, Sosia,
Till Sosia, t'other I-myself, convinc'd me.

He told distinctly ev'ry thing that past
During our sojourn with the enemy:—
Then he has robbed me of my very figure
Together with my name.—One drop of milk
Is not more like another than that I,
Is like to me: for when you sent me home,
Before 'twas day-break, from the port—

Amph. What then?

Sos. I at the door was standing long before
I came there.

Amph. Plague! what trifling stuff is this?
Have you your senses?

Sos. I am as you see me.

Amph. Sure, since he left me, he has been be-
witch'd

And work'd on by ill hands.

Sos. Ill hands, I own;

For he has maul'd me with his fists most sadly.

Amph. Who beat you?

Sos. I-myself beat me-myself
I, that am now at home.

Amph. Be sure you answer

Nothing but what I ask you.—First of all

I willingly would learn, who is that Sosia?

Sos. Your servant.

Amph. In good sooth, I've one more
By you, than I could wish; nor ever had I,
Since I was born, another servant Sosia
Besides yourself.

Sos. But I do tell you now,
You'll find, when you go home, another Sosia
Besides myself; the son of Davus; sprung
From the same father as myself; in form,
And age, the same too with myself. In short
You've here a double Sosia.

Amph. Your account

Is wondrous strange!—But have you seen my
wife?

Sos. He would not let me come within the
door.

Amph. Who hinder'd you?

Sos. That Sosia; he I spoke of,
Who maul'd me with his fists.

Amph. Who is that Sosia?

Sos. Myself, I say:—how often must I tell you?

Amph. But what is't you are talking of?—Have
you not

Been sleeping all the while?

Sos. No, not the least.

Amph. Haply you saw, if any such you saw,
That Sosia in a dream.

Sos. I am not wont

To dream o'er your commands—awake I saw
him;

Awake I see you now; awake I'm talking;
And with his fists just now did He awake
Maul Me awake.

Amph. What He?

Sos. I tell you, Sosia.

That I-He.—Prithee don't you understand?

Amph. How is it possible, that any one
Should understand such jargon as you jabber?

Sos. But you will know him quickly.—

Amph. Who?

Sos. You'll know

That other Sosia.

Amph. Follow me.—'Tis needful

I should first sift this matter.—See that all things
Be brought from ship-board, as I order'd.

Sos. I am

Mindful and diligent to obey your orders.

I have not drank up your authority

Together with my wine.

Amph. Now, would to heaven,

The fact may turn out different from your story.

[*They keep aloof.**]

SCENE II.

Enter ALCMENA attended by THESSALA.

Alc. How scanty are the pleasures in life's
course,

If plac'd in opposition to its troubles!

For in the life of man, to every one

'Tis thus allotted, thus it pleases heaven,

That Sorrow, her companion, still should tread

Upon the heels of Pleasure; and if aught

Of good befall us, forthwith there should follow

Of ill a larger portion.—This I feel,

And know it of myself now, unto whom

A little spice of pleasure was imparted,

In that it was permitted me to see

My husband but one night: he left me, and

Departed on a sudden, ere 'twas day.—

Here seem I now deserted and forlorn,

Since he I doat on, prizing above all,

Is absent from me.—I have ta'en my grief

From the departure of my husband, more

Than I receiv'd of pleasure from his coming.

In this, however, am I blest at least,

That he has conquer'd, and is home return'd,

With honours heap'd upon him:—that's a comfort.

Let him be absent; so that he return,

Crown'd with the acquisition of bright fame,

I'll bear it, his departure, with a mind

Resolv'd and steadfast.—If this recompense

Be giv'n me, that my husband shall be styled

A conqueror in battle, I shall think

I have enough.—Valour's the best reward:

'Tis Valour that surpasses all things else:

Our liberty, our safety, life, estate,

Our parents, children, country, are by this

Preserv'd, protected; Valour every thing

Comprises in itself; and ev'ry good

Awaits the man, who is possess'd of valour.

Amph. I am persuaded, that my coming home

Most eagerly is wish'd for by my wife,

Who loves me, and by me no less is lov'd;—

But more especially, seeing success

Has crown'd our enterprise. In truth, I know

She much expects, and longs for my return.

Sos. And don't you think my dear expects me too?

[*AMPHITRYON advances with SOSIA.*]

* The Roman stage was of prodigious extent and breadth, being (according to some) not less than one hundred and eighty feet in front. This will account for many things in the representation, which would be impracticable on our modern narrow stages.

Alc. Sure, 'tis my husband!

Amph. Follow me this way.

Alc. Wherefore returns he, when he said just
now

He was in a hurry to be gone?—And is it

His purpose then to try me?—Would he prove

How I affect his parting?—By my faith

To me he's always welcome.

(*advancing.*) I shall show

My duty more, if I approach and meet him.

[*AMPHITRYON and ALCMENA meet.*]

Amph. With joy Amphitryon greets his wish'd-
for spouse,

Whom he accounts the best of all in Thebes,

Whom all our Thebans so extol for virtue!

How have you fared this age since?—Did you
long

For my return?

Sos. (*ironically.*) O yes, extremely long'd!—

One could not take less notice of a dog.

Amph. It joys me that I see you burthen'd thus,
Bearing your load so well.

Alc. Prithée, my lord,

Why do you thus salute me in the way

Of mockery? Why address me all so strange

As though you had not seen me very lately,

As though it were the first time you return'd

Home hither from the conquest of your foes?

Why, why do you accost me now, as though

You had not seen me for a long time past?

Amph. By all that's sacred, never till this hour
Have I beheld you.

Alc. Why will you deny it?

Amph. Because that I have learn'd to speak the
truth.

Alc. He who unlearns what he has learn'd,
does wrong.—

You'd try my disposition!—But what makes you

Return so soon?—Has any ominous thing

Retarded, or the weather kept you back?—

How comes it to the army you're not gone,

As lately you declared that you were going?

Amph. Lately! how lately was it?

Alc. Do you try me?

A while ago, just now, this very instant.

Amph. How can that be, I pray you, as you say

A while ago, just now?

Alc. And can you think

I'd play the fool as you do, who maintain

This is your first arrival, when e'en now

You parted hence?

Amph. How wild she talks!

Sos. Have patience,

Until she has slept out her dream.

Amph. She dreams

With her eyes open.

Alc. No, I do not dream;

But am awake, and waking I relate

That which is true: for now—ere break of day

I saw both him and you.

Amph. Where? in what place?

Alc. Here, in your own house.

Amph. No, it could not be.

Sos. Hold, sir—who knows but that the vessel
brought us

From the port hither, while we were asleep?

Amph. Will you too join in her extravagance?
Sos. What would you have me do, sir? Don't
 you know

If you oppose a Bacchant in her rage,
 You'll make her desperate; she'll strike the
 oft'ner;

But if you humour her, one stroke contents her.

Amph. By heav'n's but I'm resolv'd to rate her,
 since

She will not welcome me.

Sos. Do thrust your hand
 Into a hornet's nest.

Amph. Hold your tongue, sirrah.
 Alcmena, I would ask one question.

Alc. Ask

And welcome.

Amph. Is it frenzy, or is't pride,
 Which thus possess you?

Alc. My lord!—How came it
 Into your thoughts to ask so strange a question?

Amph. You were wont hitherto to welcome me
 On my return, and greet me in such terms
 As virtuous wives use to their husbands—now
 I've found your practice other.

Alc. By my faith,
 My lord, most certainly on yesternight
 I welcom'd you as soon as you arriv'd,
 And ask'd you at the same time of your health,
 And took you by the hand, and gave a kiss.

Sos. How! yesternight you welcom'd him?

Alc. I did;—

And you too, Sosia.

Amph. What! You saw me here
 Last night?

Alc. I did, I say;—must I repeat it
 Ever so often?

Amph. In a dream perhaps.

Alc. No, we were both awake.

Amph. Alas! alas!

Sos. What ails you, sir?

Amph. My wife is gone distracted.

Sos. She's troubled with black bile, and nothing
 sooner

Works men to madness.*

Amph. (to Alc.) When did you perceive
 Yourself first seiz'd.

Alc. By heaven there's nothing ails me.

Amph. Why then d'ye say you saw me, when
 we came

But last night into port; and there I supp'd,
 There rested the whole night, on board the ship;
 Nor have I set my foot here in the house,
 Since with the army I march'd hence against
 Our foes the Teleboans, and o'ercame them.

Alc. With me you supp'd, with me you pass'd
 the night.

Amph. How! What's all this you're saying?

Alc. You departed

Back to the army at the dawn of day.

Amph. How could that be?

Sos. She's very right: she's telling you
 Her dream, while now 'tis fresh upon her
 memory.

Indeed good dreaming madam, when you wak'd,

* *Atrâ bili percita est.* Madness by the ancients was
 attributed to the bile.

You should have offered a salt cake or frankin-
 cense

To Jove, disposer of strange prodigies.*

Alc. A mischief on your head!

Sos. On your's, unless

You have a care.

Alc. This fellow dares again

Speak rudely to me with impunity.

Amph. Hold your tongue, sirrah.

(*To Alc.*) Tell me, did I leave you
 At break of day this morning?

Alc. Who but you
 Recounted to me, how the battle went?

Amph. And know you that too?

Alc. Surely, since from you

I heard it; how you took their capital city,
 And slew King Pterelas yourself.

Amph. Did I,

I tell you this?

Alc. Yes, you; and Sosia here

Was by too.

Amph. (to Sos.) Did you hear me tell her this?

Sos. Where should I hear you?

Amph. Ask herself.

Sos. In troth,

No, never in my presence, that I know of.

Alc. Ay to be sure,—he'll contradict you doubt-
 less!

Amph. Come hither, sirrah:—look me in the face.

Sos. I do sir.

Amph. I would have you speak the truth,

Without or favour or affection to me.—

Say did you hear me give her such account
 As she affirms?

Sos. Prithee art thou too mad,

To ask me such a question? When it is
 The first time I have seen, you here together.

Amph. Now madam!—do you hear?

Alc. I hear him utter

That which is false.

Amph. So—then you won't believe
 Or him or me, your husband?

Alc. I believe

Myself, and know what I have said is true.

Amph. Will you affirm I came here yester-
 day?

Alc. Will you deny you went from hence to-
 day?

Amph. I do; and do affirm, that this is now
 My first arrival.

Alc. And will you deny too

That you presented me with a gold cup,
 You told me had been giv'n to you?

Amph. By heaven
 I neither gave it you, nor told you of it;—

Though I was so dispos'd, and am so now,
 That cup to give you. But who told you of it?

Alc. I heard it from yourself,—from your own
 hands

Receiv'd the cup.

Amph. Hold, hold, I do beseech you.—

Sosia, I marvel much how she should know
 I was presented with a golden cup;—
 Unless yourself have lately been with her,
 And told her all.

* A custom among the ancients.

Sos. Not I;—I never told her
Nor saw her, till with you, now.

Alc. What a knave!
Would you that I produce the cup?

Amph. Produce it.
Alc. It shall be done—Go, Thessala, and bring
The cup here, which my husband this day gave
me.

[THESSALA goes in and AMPHITRYON
and SOSIA walk on one side.

Amph. Step hither Sosia—of all wonders I
Should wonder most, if she should have the cup.

Sos. Can you suppose that possible, when here
It's in the casket, (*showing it*) seal'd with your
own seal?

Amph. Is the seal whole?

Sos. Look at it.

Amph. 'Tis secure,—
Just as I seal'd it.

Sos. Should she not be treated
Like a mad person?

Amph. On my troth there's need on't;
For sure she is possess'd.

[THESSALA returns with a gold cup.

Alc. Need there more words?
See here's the cup.

Amph. O give it to me.

Alc. There,—

Look at it well, you that deny your deeds:
But this will openly convince you.—Say,
Is't not the same with which you were pre-
sented?

Amph. O Jupiter! What do I see? It is
The very cup—Sosia, undone for ever!

Sos. Sure, she's the greatest juggler that e'er
breath'd,

Or else the cup must be in here.

Amph. Despatch,—
Open the casket,—quick.

Sos. Why need I open it?
'Tis seal'd securely:—so far all is well.—

You have brought forth, sir, an Amphitryon; I
A Sosia:—If the cup bring forth a cup,
Then shall we all have doubled one another.

Amph. I am resolved to open, and inspect.

Sos. Look if the seal be right,—that afterwards
You may not lay the blame on me.

Amph. Come, open it
This instant; for she means to drive us mad.

Alc. Whence could I have this present but
from you?

Amph. That must I find.

Sos. (*opening the casket.*) O Jupiter! O Jupiter!

Amph. What ails you?

Sos. There's no cup here in the casket!

Amph. What do I hear?

Sos. The truth.

Amph. Sad truth for you,
Unless the cup appear.

Alc. (*showing it.*) It doth appear.

Amph. Who gave it to you?

Alc. He that asks the question.

Sos. You're on the catch, good master!—You
have stolen

Some other way, in private from the ship
Before me, taken the cup out, given it her,

And seal'd the casket up again.

Amph. Ah me!

You help her frenzy too.—(*To Alc.*) You say
we came

Last night here?

Alc. So I say, and on your coming
Straight you saluted me, as I did you,
And met you with a kiss.

Amph. (*aside.*) I do not like
That kiss in the beginning. Well—go on.

Alc. You bath'd.

Amph. What after bathing.

Alc. You sat down
To table.

Sos. Bravo! excellent! examine her.

Amph. (*to Sos.*) Don't interrupt—(*to Alc.*) Pro-
ceed you in your story.

Alc. The supper being serv'd, we supp'd to-
gether;

I sat me down—

Amph. On the same couch?

Alc. The same.
Sos. So then!—methinks this banquet is not
relished.

Amph. Let her go on—(*to Alc.*) What after we
had supped?

Alc. You said you found yourself inclin'd to
sleep:

The table was remov'd: we went to bed.

Amph. Where did you lie?

Alc. With you in the same chamber,
In the same bed.

Amph. You've utterly destroy'd me!

Sos. What ails you.

Amph. She has giv'n me my death's wound!

Alc. What have I done, I pray?

Amph. O I am a lost, lost wretch,
Since foul dishonour, while I was away,
Has stain'd her chastity.

Alc. My lord!—I pray you,
Why do I hear such language from your tongue?

Amph. Am I your lord?—Thou false one! do
not call me

By that false name.

Sos. A pretty business truly.

Alc. What have I done, that you should talk to
me

In terms like these?

Amph. When you yourself proclaim
What you have done, why ask of me in what
You have offended?

Alc. Is my being with you,
Who are my husband, an offence to you?

Amph. With me? was you with me?—O im-
pudence

Unparallel'd!—If you are void of shame,
You might at least have borrow'd the appear-
ance.

Alc. The crime, with which you charge me,
ne'er disgraced

Our family; and though you mean to fix
The imputation on me of incontinence

You cannot trap me.

Amph. O immortal gods!—

At least you know me, Sosia?

Sos. Pretty well.

Amph. Did I not sup last night on board our ship

In the Eubœan port?

Alc. I have at hand

Witnesses likewise, ready to confirm

All that I say.

Amph. How! witnesses?

Alc. Yes, witnesses.

Amph. You produce witnesses?

Alc. Yet one's sufficient:

For nobody was by besides ourselves,

But Sosia.

Sos. Troth I know not what to say

In this affair—haply there is some other

Amphitryon, who takes care, sir, of your business,

And does your office here, while you're away.

'Tis very wonderful, that other Sosia,—

But this Amphitryon is a greater wonder!

Alc. Now by the kingdom of the Pow'r supreme,

By Juno, matron goddess, whom to fear

And reverence is most fitting, here I swear,

That never mortal man, save you alone,

Has had my love,—none wooed me to dishonour.

Amph. Would this were true!

Alc. I speak the very truth;

But all in vain, since you will not believe.

Amph. You are a woman, and can boldly swear.

Alc. Bold may she be, who no offence has wrought,

And, with a confident and haughty spirit,

Plead her own cause.

Amph. You're bold enough.

Alc. No more

Than does become a modest, virtuous woman.

Amph. As far as words can make you, you are honest.

Alc. I hold not that my portion, which is call'd so;

But honour, modesty, subdued desires,

Fear of the gods, affection for my parents,

And friendship with my kindred,—that to you

I am obedient, bounteous to the good,

And ever ready to assist the virtuous.

Sos. Now by my soul, if what she says is true, She is the very model of perfection.

Amph. I scarce know who I am, I'm so bewildered.

Sos. You are Amphitryon, doubtless: but beware,

You do not lose yourself; for men, you find,

Are strangely metamorphos'd since our coming.

Amph. I am resolv'd to search into this matter.

Alc. With all my heart.

Amph. How say you? answer me,

What if I bring your kinsman Naucrates,

Who in the same ship bore me company:—

If he deny all you assert for fact,

What treatment is your due?—Can you show cause,

Why you should not be punish'd with divorce?

Alc. Prove me delinquent.

Amph. I'll to the port

To find out Naucrates, and bring him hither.

[*Exit AMPHITRYON.*]

Sos. (to Alc.) Now there is no one here besides ourselves,

Tell me, in sober sadness, is there not

Within another Sosia, like to me?

Alc. Go, fellow—a fit slave for such a master!

Sos. I will be gone for good, if you command.

[*Exit SOSIA.*]

ALCMEANA alone.

'Tis wondrous strange, my husband should be pleas'd

Thus to accuse me of so foul a crime,

So wrongfully.—But I shall learn it soon

Whate'er the cause be, from my kinsman Naucrates. [*ALCMEANA goes in.*]

ACT III.

* * * * *

SCENE II.

Enter ALCMEANA.

I cannot bear to stay here in the house.—

O that my husband should accuse me thus

Of wanton prostitution and dishonour!

Facts he avers on facts, and loudly clamours,

Whilst to my charge he lays things never done,

Never by me admitted or allowed.

He thinks, too, I shall bear it with indifference:—

No, by the gods, I will not: I'll not suffer

The imputation of dishonesty

To lie against me without cause; for I

Will either leave him, or from him receive

Due satisfaction: further, he shall swear

That he repents him it had e'er been said,

What he alleged against me innocent.

JUPITER comes forward as AMPHITRYON.

Jup. I must consent to do what she requires,

If I would meet reception as a lover.

Alc. But lo! behold him here,—see, see the man,—

That charges me, unhappy as I am,

With shameless prostitution and dishonour.

Jup. Wife, I would hold discourse with you—ah why,

Why do you turn away your face thus from me?

Alc. It is my nature.—I have always loath'd

To look upon my foes.

Jup.

Your foes!

Alc.

So is it;

I speak the truth,—although you will pretend,

This too is false.

Jup. (offering to embrace her.) Nay, now you are too angry.

Alc. Keep your hands off:—for sure, if you are wise,

Or in your senses, you would never hold

Parley with her, in earnest or in mirth,

Whom you imagine and pronounce a strumpet.

No, no—unless of all the fools that are,

You are the veriest dolt.

Jup.

It does not make you

A whit the more so for because I said it:—

Nor do I think you such: and therefore am I

Hither return'd, to clear myself before you.

For nothing did I ever lay to heart

So sore as the report of your displeasure.
Why did you mention it? Yourself shall say
I can acquit me of design.—I did it
To try your temper, see what you would do,
And with what ease you would be brought to
bear it

Only for sport: do but ask Sosia else.

Alc. But why not bring my kinsman, Naucrates
To testify you was not here before?

Jup. It is not fair to turn in earnest what
Was only spoke in jest.

Alc. But yet I know
And feel, how much it pains me to the heart!

Jup. By your right hand, Alcmena, I entreat,
Implore, beseech, you'd grant me this request:—
Forgive me, and be angry now no longer.

Alc. I by my virtue, render your reproaches
Vain, and of no effect; and though you now
Acquit me of dishonour, I'd avoid
The very imputation.—Fare you well;*
Keep your own things, and give me mine. You'll
suffer

My women to attend me?

Jup. Are you mad?

Alc. Or if you will not, I will go without them,
Bearing my virtue with me for companion. (*going.*)

Jup. Stay!—I submit this oath to your dis-
cretion:

"I do believe my wife is truly virtuous."

If I deceive in this, then, highest Jove,
I do beseech you, let your anger fall

With unremitted vengeance on Amphitryon.

Alc. Ah! may he rather be propitious to him!

Jup. Trust that he will: the oath, that I have
taken,

Is a sincere and true one.—Now, I hope
You're no more angry.

Alc. I am not.

Jup. 'Tis well:

For in the life of man, full many a chance
Befalls them in this wise: and now they take
Their fill of pleasure, then again of misery:
Now quarrels intervene, and now again
They're reconcil'd:—but when these kind of
quarrels

Haply arise betwixt two loving souls,
When reconciliation's made again,
Their friendship doubles that they held before.

Alc. You ought not to have said what late you
did:

But as you clear yourself, I am content.

Jup. See that the sacred vessels be prepar'd,
To pay the vows I promis'd to perform,
If I return'd in safety.

Alc. I'll take care

Jup. Call Sosia hither. He shall go to Blepharo,
The master of our vessel, and invite him
To come and dine with us.—As for himself (*aside*)
He shall be fool'd so as to lose his dinner:
And when unwittingly Amphitryon comes,
I'll drag him by the throat from hence.

Alc. I wonder
What he is talking to himself about!

But the door opens—Oh, 'tis Sosia comes.

SCENE III.

Enter SOSIA.

I'm here.—Command me if you want my service:
I will obey your orders.

Jup. You are come
Most opportunely.

Sos. Is it peace betwixt you?
I am rejoic'd to see you in good humour.

A trusty servant still should fashion him
So as to be himself as is his master,
To set his face by his face, to be grave

If he is grave, and merry if he is merry:—
But come now, tell me, are you reconciled?

Jup. You jeer me now, as if you did not know
That what I said before, was but in jest.

Sos. In jest you said it? By my oath, I thought
You spoke it seriously, in sober sadness.

Jup. I've clear'd myself: we've made peace.
Sos. Best of all.

Jup. I have a solemn business to transact,
Within, which I have vow'd.

Sos. Ay, I suppose so.

Jup. Go to the vessel, in my name, invite
The master, Blepharo, to dine with me
After the sacrifice.

Sos. I shall be here,
Ere you can think me there.

Jup. Return with speed.
[Exit SOSIA.]

Alc. Would you ought else? or shall I now
go in,

That what is needful be prepar'd.

Jup. Pray, go,
And to your best see ev'ry thing be ready.

Alc. Come in, what time you will: I'll take
due care

That nothing shall be wanting.

Jup. 'Tis well spoken,
Like an observant wife. [ALCMEANA goes in.]

SCENE IV.

JUPITER alone.

So, both of these,
The servant and the mistress, are deceiv'd
In thinking me Amphitryon.—Now Mercury,
Now my immortal Sosia, be at hand.
(You hear me, though not present:)—You must
bar

Amphitryon's entrance, and contrive to fool him,
While I indulge me with this borrowed wife.
Look to it,—you know my pleasure,—and assist
me.

While to myself I offer sacrifice.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter MERCURY running, at the further end of the
stage.

Stand by, make room, all clear the way before me,
Nor any be so bold to stop my speed.

(To the Spectators.)

I am Jove's messenger, and hither now
Have hied me at his bidding: therefore is it
More fitting, they should clear the way for me.
My father calls, I follow him, and pay
Attention to his orders: I'm to him

* *Valeas, tibi habetas res tuas, reddas meas.* This was
the formulary used in divorce.

Such as a good son should be to his father.
 I second his amburs, encourage him,
 Assist him, counsel him, rejoice with him:
 If any thing's a pleasure to my father,
 The pleasure is to me the greater far.
 Now would he have Amphitryon play'd upon:—
 I'll do it rarely,—here before your eyes,
 E'en now—I'll place a chaplet on my head,*
 And sham the drunkard, get me up above,
 And drive him hence, this husband, with a ven-
 geance.

As soon as he approaches, from above
 I'll give him such a sluicing, ye shall say
 He's sober, yet in liquor. Sosia then
 Will suffer for't, accus'd of having done
 What I shall do.—But what is that to me?
 It is my duty to obey my father,
 And be subservient to his will and pleasure.—
 But lo! Amphitryon comes.—Now, if you'll lend
 Attention, ye shall see him bravely fool'd.—
 I'll in, and straight equip me for my part,
 Then to the house-top, and thence drive him off.
 [MERCURY goes in.]

SCENE II.

Enter AMPHITRYON.

This Naucrates, whom I did wish to meet,
 Was not on board; nor found I any one,
 At home, or in the city, that had seen him.
 I've travers'd every street, been at the riding
 house,

At the perfumer's, the exchange, the market,
 The wrestling ring, the forum, at the barber's,
 Th' apothecaries' shops, at all the temples.—
 I'm tired with searching;—no where can I find
 him.—

I'll now go home, and of my wife proceed
 To make inquiry,—who 'twas, for whose sake
 She gave her body up to prostitution?
 For it were better I were dead, than leave
 This search unfinished.
 (finds the door shut.) They have barr'd the door!
 'Tis very fine!—just like their other doings!
 But I'll make bold to knock, and soundly too.
 (knocks.)

Open the door—holloa there—who's within?
 Open the door, I say,—will no one open?

SCENE III.

MERCURY appears above, with a chaplet on his head,
 pretending to be drunk.

Merc. Who's at the door?

Amph. 'Tis I.

Merc. I? Who is I?

Amph. 'Tis I, I tell you.

Merc. Jove and all the gods

Owe you a spite, you bang so at the door.

Amph. How?

Merc. How? that you may live a wretch for
 ever.

Amph. Sosia.

Merc. Ay, I am Sosia:—you don't think
 That I've forgot my name?—What is't you want?

Amph. Ask what I want, villain?

Merc.

Yes, you fool;

You've almost torn our door here off its hinges:
 Think you we're furnish'd at the public charge
 With doors?—You numskull! Why do ye stare
 so at me?

What would you have?—Who are you?

Amph.

You whipp'd knave:

D'ye ask who I am?—You hell of elm-rods!*

Slave! I will have you tortur'd for this language.

Merc. I sacrifice to you.

Amph.

How?—what d'ye mean?

Merc. I offer a libation of ill luck. (throwing
 water.)(What follows is supplied by another hand, the ori-
 ginal being lost.)

Amph. Is this your off'ring, rascal?—If the gods

Preserve me what I am, your back shall bend

With many a leathern thong, laid heavy on it;

Victim of Saturn! Yes—I'll sacrifice you—

With torture on the gallows.—Come you out,

You hang-dog.

Merc.

Apparition! What, you think

To fright me with your threats? But if you don't

Take to your heels, if you dare knock, or touch

Our door here even with your little finger,

I'll beat about your pate so with this tile,

You'll sputter tongue and teeth out all together.

Amph. You rascal! won't you suffer me to come

Into my own house? knock at my own door?—

I'll pluck it off the hinges. (beating vehemently.)

Merc.

You persist?

Amph. I do.

Merc.

Take this then. (throwing a tile.)

Amph. Villain! at your master?

If I but catch you, to such misery

I will reduce you, you shall live a wretch

For evermore.

Merc.

You've play'd the Bacchanalian,

Old grey-beard.

Amph.

Why?

Merc.

To think I am your slave.

Amph. Not think it?

Merc.

Plague confound you! for I own

No master but Amphitryon.

Amph.

Have I lost

My form?—'Tis strange that Sosia should not
 know me.

I'll make a further trial.—Holloa! tell me

Whom do I seem? is't plain I am Amphitryon?

Merc. Amphitryon? Are you mad? I told you,
 dotard,

That you had play'd the Bacchanalian,

To ask another, who you are!—But go,

Go, I advise you, and make no disturbance:—

Amphitryon has returned, and is at rest,

A-bed now with his wife.

Amph.

What wife.

Merc.

Alcmena

Amph. Who is?

Merc. How often would you have me tell you?
 Amphitryon my master. Don't be troublesome.

Amph. Who is he with?

* It was a custom among the ancients to wear chaplets
 at their carousals.

* *Ulmorum Achernus*. That is, one whose back devours
 as many elm-rods as Acheron does souls.

Merc. Beware you do not seek
Your own mischance in trifling with me thus.

Amph. Nay, prithee tell me, my good Sosia, do.

Merc. Now you bespeak me fairly!—with
Alcmena.

Amph. In the same chamber.

Merc. The same chamber,—yes,
And the same bed too.

Amph. O, I am most wretched.
—Sosia!

Merc. Well—what a plague now would you
have

With Sosia,—Sosia?

Amph. Don't you know me, sirrah?

Merc. I know you for a wrangling saucy fellow.

Amph. Yet once more, tell me, am I not Am-
phitryon,

Your master?

Merc. You are Bacchus, not Amphitryon.
How often would you have me tell it you?
Must I repeat it? Our Amphitryon's here,
And hugging his sweet spouse. If you persist
I'll bring him hither,—to your cost I warrant you.

Amph. I would that you could call him here.—
(*aside.*) Pray heav'n,

I may not lose for my good services

My country, house, wife, family, and myself!

Merc. I'll call him! But meanwhile get from
the door.

The sacrifice is ended, I suppose,
And now to dinner. Prithee don't disturb us
Or I will make a sacrifice of you.

[*MERCURY withdraws.*]

Amph. Ye gods! what madness has possess'd
our house!

What wonders have I seen since my arrival!—
Now do I hold those fabulous tales for true
Which I have heard of old, that Attic men
Were in Arcadia turn'd to savage beasts,
So that their friends could never know them
after.

SCENE IV.

Enter BLEPHARO and SOSIA at a distance.

Bleph. How Sosia;—'Tis most strange what
you relate,

You found at home another Sosia, say you,
Resembling you?

Sos. I did I say.—But hark ye,
Since I myself have spawn'd another Sosia,
Amphitryon an Amphitryon, how d'ye know
But you too peradventure may engender
Another Blepharo? Would to heav'n, that you
Were thump'd and bruise'd, your teeth knock'd
out, and kept

Without a dinner; then you might believe me:
For I, that other Sosia, who am yonder,
Maul'd me most grievously.

Bleph. 'Tis wondrous strange!
But we must mend our pace; for as I see,
Amphitryon's waiting, and my empty stinach
Begins to grumble.

Amph. (*to himself.*) Wherefore should I talk
Of foreign legends, when they tales recount
More wondrous of the founder of our Thebes?

This mighty searcher of Europa lost,
Having subdued the Mars-engender'd beast,
Rais'd on the spot a troop of armed men
By sowing of the serpent's teeth:—these parted,
And 'twixt the two bands a dread fight ensued;
With spear and helmet brother press'd on brother.
Nor is this all. Epirus has beheld
The author of our race, together with
His spouse Hermione, fair Venus's daughter,
Creep in the form of serpents. Jove supreme
Did thus ordain from high, thus will'd the Fates.
All, all the noblest chieftains of our house
Have for their bright achievements been pursued
With dire afflictions; and the same sad fate
Now presses me:—yet could I stand its force,
And suffer miseries scarce to be endur'd,
Were but Alcmena honest.

Sos. Blepharo!

Bleph. What?

Sos. I fear there's some mischance or other.

Bleph. Why?

Sos. Look you,—our door is shut, and there's
my master

Sauntering before it, like a humble courtier,
Waiting to bid good-morrow.

Bleph. Poh! that's nothing,

He's walking only for an appetite.

Sos. A curious thought indeed!—to shut the
door

Lest it should come too early.

Bleph. Cease your yelping,
You puppy you.

Sos. I neither yelp nor bark.

If you'll be rul'd by me, pray let's observe him:
Something he's musing on, I know not what:
He's reckoning some account methinks: I here
Can overhear him. Don't be in a hurry.

Amph. O how I fear me, lest the gods should
raze

The glory I have gain'd in vanquishing
Our foes the Teleboans! All our family
I find in strange confusion and disorder:
My wife too! O she kills me, she's so full
Of stain, of prostitution, and dishonour.—
But I do marvel much about the cup;
For yet the seal was whole. What shall I say?
She told me the particulars of the fight,
And how King Pterelas I bravely slew
With my own hand. Oh, now I know the trick!
'Tis Sosia's doing, who has had the impudence
To get before me here.

Sos. He talks of me,
And little to my liking.—I beseech you
Don't let us face him, till he has discover'd
What 'tis broils in his stomach.

Bleph. As you will.

Amph. If I but lay hold on him,—a whipp'd
slave!

I'll teach him what it is with tricks and threats
To put upon a master.

Sos. Do you hear him?

Bleph. Yes, very plain.

Sos. The burthen on't will light
Upon my shoulders.—Prithee let's accost him.—
Do you not know the saying?

Bleph. Troth I know not

What you'll be saying, but I shrewdly guess
What you'll be suffering.

Sos. An old proverb—"Hunger
And a slack guest breed anger."

Bleph. By my faith
A true one. Let's accost him then directly.
Amphitryon!

Amph. Sure 'tis Blepharo's voice I hear.
I wonder wherefore he should come to me!
He comes though opportunely to assist
In proving my wife's baseness.—*Blepharo,*
What brings you hither?

Bleph. How! have you forgot
So soon your sending *Sosia* to the ship
This morning to invite me here to dinner?

Amph. I never did. May I perish, *Blepharo,*
If I have been within yet, or e'er sent him.
Where did you leave me? Speak.

Sos. At your own house,
And with my lady,—when I parted from you
I flew to the port, and in your name invited
Blepharo herè to dinner. We are come;—
I never saw you after till this instant.

Amph. How villain, with my wife? You shall
not hence

Without a drubbing. (*strikes him.*)

Sos. *Blepharo!*
Bleph. (interposing.) Good *Amphitryon*
Let him alone now for my sake, and hear me.

Amph. Well—speak your pleasure.
Bleph. He has lately told me
Of things most strange. Some juggler, perad-
venture,

Or sorcerer, has enchanted all your family.
Inquire into it, see what it can be,
And do not torture this poor wretch, until
You've learn'd the truth.

Amph. You counsel me aright.
Let's in: I'd have you for an advocate
Against my wife. (*they move towards the door.*)

SCENE V.

Enter JUPITER.

Who is it with such vast
And vehement bangs hath almost shook our door
From off it's hinges? Who is it hath rais'd
Such foul disturbance for so long a time
Before the house? Whom if I once can find,
By Jove, I'll sacrifice him to the souls
Of slaughter'd Teleboans.—Nothing now
Speeds, as they say, right with me. I left
Blepharo

And *Sosia*, to go seek my kinsman *Naucrates*:
Them I have lost, and him I have not found.

Sos. *Blepharo!* That's my master, just come out;
But this here is the sorcerer.

Bleph. O *Jupiter,*
What do I see? This is not, but that is
Amphitryon; or, if this be he, that cannot;
Except indeed he's double.

Jup. See—here's *Sosia*
And *Blepharo* with him: I'll accost them first.
So, are you come at last? I die with hunger.

Sos. Did not I say, this other was the sorcerer?
(*pointing to Amphitryon.*)

Amph. That is the sorcerer, my fellow *The-
bans,*

Who has seduc'd my wife, and stor'd my house
With shame and prostitution.

Sos. (to Jup.) My good master,
You may be hungry; for my part I've had
My belly-full of cuffs.

Amph. Still prating, rascal?

Sos. Hie thee to *Acheion*, thou damned sorcerer!

Amph. Ha!—dost thou call me sorcerer?—
Then have at thee. (*strikes him.*)

Jup. Stranger! what wild distemperature is
this,

That you should strike my servant?

Amph. Thine.

Jup. Yes, mine.

Amph. Thou liest.

Jup. *Sosia* go in, and see the dinner
Got ready, whilst I sacrifice this fellow.

Sos. I'll go—*Amphitryon* will, as I suppose,
Receive *Amphitryon* with like courtesy
As I, the other *Sosia*, did receive
Me *Sosia*.—In the meantime, while they're squab-
bling,

I'll to the kitchen, there lick all the platters,
And empty all the cups. [*Exit SOSIA.*]

SCENE VI.

Remain *JUPITER, AMPHITRYON, and BLEPHARO.*

Jup. Say'st thou I lie?

Amph. Thou liest, I say,—corrupter of my
family.

Jup. Now for these scurvy terms I'll throttle
thee. (*takes him by the collar.*)

Amph. Oh, oh!

Jup. You should have look'd to this before.

Amph. Help, *Blepharo.*

Bleph. They are both so like each other,
I know not which to side with; but I'll try
To finish their contention, if I can.
Amphitryon do not kill *Amphitryon*: pray
Let go his collar.

Jup. Call'st thou him *Amphitryon*?

Bleph. Why not? He was but one, but now
he's double,

What though you say you are, the other too
Is still *Amphitryon* in his form. Then pray
Let go his collar.

Jup. Well; but tell me truly,
Does he appear to you to be *Amphitryon*?

Bleph. Both verily.

Amph. O highest *Jupiter!*

When did you take away this form of mine?—
But I'll examine him.—Art thou *Amphitryon*?

Jup. Dost thou deny it?

Amph. Surely, since there is
No other of that name in *Thebes* but I.

Jup. No none but I:—then *Blepharo*, be thou
judge

Betwixt us.

Bleph. I will make this matter clear
By tokens if I can. (*to Amph.*) You answer first.

Amph. Most willingly.

Bleph. What orders did you give me
Ere you began the battle with the *Taphians*?

Amph. To hold the ship in readiness, and stick Close to the rudder.

Jup. That in case our troops Were routed, I might find a safe retreat.

Amph. And for another reason:—to secure The bag, well loaded with a store of treasure.

Jup. What money was there?

Bleph. Hold, you:—'tis for me To put the question. (*to Jup.*) Do you know the sum?

Jup. Yes, fifty Attic talents.

Bleph. To a jot.

And you—(*to Amph.*) how many Philippeans were there?

Amph. Two thousand.

Jup. And of Oboli twice as many.

Bleph. Both hit the mark so truly, one of them Must needs have hid him in the bag.

Jup. Attend.

With this right arm, (as you are not to learn) I slew King Pterelas; seized on the spoils, And in a casket brought the golden cup, Which he was wont to drink from. This I gave A present to my wife, with whom to-day I bath'd, I sacrific'd, I lay.

Amph. Ah me!

What do I hear? I scarcely am myself! Awake I sleep; awake I dream; alive, In health, and in perfect mind, I perish. I am Amphitryon, nephew of Gorgophone Commander of the Thebans, favourite Of Creon, conqueror of the Teleboans, Who vanquish'd with his might the Arcanians And Taphians, by his warlike prowess slew Their monarch, and appointed Cephalus Their governor, son of Dioneus.

Jup. I by my bravery in the battle crush'd Those hostile ravagers, that had destroy'd Electryon, and the brothers of our wife, These wand'ring through th' Ionian, the Ægean, And Cretan seas, with pow'r piratical Laid waste Achaia, Phocis, and Ætolia.

Amph. O, ye immortal gods! I scarce can have Faith in myself, so just is his relation. What say you, Blepharo?

Bleph. One thing yet remains: If that appear, be double, both—Amphitryons.

Jup. I know what you would say; that scar you mean

Upon my right arm from the wound by Pterelas, Deeply intrench'd.

Bleph. The same.

Amph. Well thought on.

Jup. See you?

Lo! look!

Bleph. Uncover, and I'll look.

Jup. We have

Uncover'd: look!

(*they both show their arms.*)

Bleph. O Jupiter supreme!

What do I see?—On both of you most plainly, Upon the right arm, in the self-same place, The self-same token does appear,—a scar, New-closing, of a reddish wannish hue! All reasoning fails, and judgment is struck dumb. I know not what to do.

(*Here ends the suppositious part.*)

Between yourselves

You must decide it: I must hence away I've business calls me.—Never did I see Such wonders!

Amph. I beseech you, Blepharo, stay And be my advocate; pray do not go.

Bleph. Farewell.—An advocate how can I be Who know not which to side with?

Jup. I'll go in: Alcmena is in labour.

[BLEPHARO goes off, and JUPITER goes into the house.]

SCENE VII.

AMPHITRYON alone.

Woe is me!

What shall I do, abandon'd by my friends, And now without an advocate to help me? Yet shall he ne'er abuse me unreveng'd, Whoe'er he is.—I'll straight unto the king And lay the whole before him.—I'll have vengeance On this damn'd sorcerer, who has strangely turn'd

The minds of all our family.—But where is he?—I doubt not, but he's gone in to my wife. Lives there in Thebes a greater wretch than I?—What shall I do now, since all men deny me, And fool me at their pleasure?—'Tis resolv'd, I'll burst into the house, and whomso'er I set my eyes on, servant male or female, Wife or gallant, father or grandfather, I'll cut them into pieces:—Nor shall Jove, Nor all the gods, prevent it, if they would; But I will do what I've resolv'd.—I'll in now.

[*As he advances towards the door, it thunders and he falls down.—(Thunder and lightning.)*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter BROMIA.

(*AMPHITRYON continuing in a swoon.*)

Brom. I have no means of safety left; my hopes

Lie in my breast extinct and buried; I Have lost all confidence of heart and spirit; Since all things seem combin'd, sea, earth, and heaven,

To oppress and to destroy me.—I am wretched!—I know not what to do, such prodigies Have been display'd within!—Ah, woe is me! I'm sick at heart now,—would I had some water, I faint, my head aches.—I don't hear, nor see Well with my eyes.—Ah me! no woman sure Was e'er so wretched, an event so strange Has happen'd to my mistress!—When she found Herself in labour, she invoc'd the gods:—Then what a rumbling, grumbling, flashing, clashing,

Straitway ensued! how suddenly, how quick, How terribly it thunder'd! All that stood Fell flat down at the noise: and then we heard Some one, I know not who, with mighty voice Cry out—"Alcmena, succour is at hand: Be not dismay'd: the heaven's high ruler comes To you propitious and to yours. Arise,"

Says he, "ye who have fallen through the terror
And dread of me." I arose from where I lay,
And such a brightness stream'd through all the
house,

Methought it was in flames. Then presently
Alcmena call'd:—I ran to her, in haste,
To know what she might want, and (bless my
eyes!)

Saw she had been deliver'd of two boys;
Nor any of us knew, or did suspect,
When she was thus deliver'd.—But what's this?
Who is this old man, stretch'd before our house?
Has he been thunder-stricken? I believe so:
For he is laid out as if dead: I'll go,
And learn who 'tis.—'Tis certainly Amphitryon,
My master.—Hoa, Amphitryon!

Amph. I am dead.

Brom. Come, rise, sir.

Amph. I'm quite dead.

Brom. Give me your hand.

Amph. Who is it holds me?

Brom. I your maid, sir, Bromia.

Amph. I tremble every joint, with such amaze
Has Jupiter appall'd me! and I seem
As though I were just risen from the dead.
But wherefore came you forth?

Brom. The same dread fear
Fill'd us poor souls with horror. I have seen,
Ah me! such wondrous prodigies within,
I scarce am in my senses.

Amph. Prithee tell me;
D'ye know me for your master, for Amphitryon?

Brom. Yes, surely.

Amph. Look again now.

Brom. I well know you.

Amph. She is the only person of our family
That is not mad.

Brom. Nay, verily they all
Are in their perfect senses.

Amph. But my wife
By her foul deeds has driv'n me to distraction.

Brom. But I shall make you change your lan-
guage, sir,

And own your wife a chaste one; on which point
I will convince you in few words. Know first,
Alcmena is deliver'd of two boys.

Amph. How say you, two?

Brom. Yes, two.

Amph. The gods preserve me.

Brom. Permit me to go on, that you may know
How all the gods to you are most propitious
And to your wife.

Amph. Speak.

Brom. When your spouse began
To be in labour, and the wonted pangs
Of child-birth came upon her, she invok'd
Th' immortal gods to aid her, with wash'd hands
And cover'd head;* then presently it thunder'd,
And with a crack so loud, we thought at first
The house itself was tumbling, and it shone
As bright throughout, as if it were of gold.

Amph. Prithee relieve me quickly, since you
have
Perplex'd me full enough.—What follow'd after?

Brom. Meantime, while this was done, not one
of us

Or heard your wife once groan, or once com-
plain;

She was deliver'd e'en without a pang.

Amph. That joys me, I confess, however little
She merits at my hands.

Brom. Leave that, and hear

What more I have to say. After delivery,
She bade us wash the boys: we set about it,
But he that I wash'd, O how sturdy is he!
So strong and stout withal, not one of us
Could bind him in his swaddling-clothes.

Amph. 'Tis wondrous

What you relate: if your account be true,
I doubt not but Alcmena has been favour'd
With large assistance and support from heaven.

Brom. You'll say what follows is more won-
drous still.

After the boy was in his cradle laid
Two monstrous serpents with high-lifted crests
Slid down the sky-light! in an instant both
Rear'd up their heads.

Amph. Ah me!

Brom. Be not dismay'd:
The serpents cast their eyes around on all;
And after they had spied the children out,
With quickest motion made towards the cradle.
I, fearing for the boys, and for myself,
Drew back the cradle, stirr'd it to and fro,
Backwards and forwards, on one side and
to other;

The more I work'd it, by so much the more
These serpents fierce pursued. That other boy,
Soon as he spied the monsters, in an instant,
Leaps him from out the cradle, straight darts at
them,

And suddenly he seizes upon both,
In each hand grasping one.

Amph. The tale you tell
Is fraught with many wonders, and the deed
That you relate is all too terrible;
For horror at your words creeps through my
limbs.—

What happen'd next? Proceed now in your
story.

Brom. The child kill'd both the serpents.—
During this

A loud voice calls upon your wife.—

Amph. Who calls?

Brom. Jove, supreme sovereign of gods and
men,

He own'd that he had secretly enjoy'd
Alcmena, that the boy, who slew the serpents,
Was his; the other, he declar'd, was yours.

Amph. I now repent me, an' it pleases him,
To share a part with Jove in any good.
Go home, and see the vessels be prepar'd
For sacrifice forthwith, that I may make
My peace with Jove by offering many victims.

[BROMIA goes in.

I'll to the soothsayer Tiresias, and
Consult with him what's fittest to be done:
I'll tell him what has happened—but what's
this?

How dreadfully it thunders!—Mercy on us!

* Agreeably to the religious ceremonies of the ancients.

SCENE II.

JUPITER appears above—thunder and lightning.

Be of good cheer, Amphitryon; I am come
To comfort and assist you and your family.
Nothing you have to fear; then let alone
All soothsayers and diviners: I'll inform you
Of what is past, and what is yet to come,
Much better than they can, since I am Jove.
Know first of all, I have enjoy'd Alcmena,
Whence she was pregnant by me with a son:
You likewise left her pregnant, when you went
To th' army. At one birth, two boys together
She has brought forth: the one, sprung from my
loins,

Shall gain immortal glory by his deeds.
Restore Alcmena to your ancient love:

In nothing does she merit your reproaches:
She was compell'd, by my resistless power,
To what she did.—I now return to heaven.

[**JUPITER** ascends.]

SCENE the Last.

AMPHITRYON alone.

I'll do as you command; and I beseech you
That you would keep your promises.—I'll in
Unto my wife, and think no more of old
Tiresias.—Now, spectators, for the sake
Of highest Jove, give us your loud applause.*

THE CAPTIVES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HEGIO.	PHILOPOLEMUS.
PHILOCRATES.	ERGASILUS.
TYNDARUS.	STALAGMUS.
ARISTOPHONTES.	SERVANTS.

SCENE.—*Calydon in Ætolia, before HEGIO's house.*

FROM THE PROLOGUE.

* * * * *

Our play is not in the common style, nor yet
Like other plays:—here are no ribald lines

* The Romans believed that this play made much for the honour of Jupiter; therefore, afterwards, it was commonly acted in times of public troubles and calamities, to appease his anger.

There is no doubt but that this play ends happily and seriously in our author, with the vindication of Alcmena's honour, entirely to the satisfaction of Amphitryon. Molière, to accommodate his piece more to the modern taste, humourously enough makes Sosia conclude it with saying (when the company present were for congratulating Amphitryon upon the honour done him by Jupiter,)

Sur telles affaires toujours
Le meilleur est de ne rien dire.

Dryden copies him exactly in this speech; but he gives it (though not nearly so much in character) to Mercury, who had already declared his godship.

"All. We all congratulate Amphitryon.

Merc. Keep your congratulations to yourselves, gentlemen.—'Tis a nice point, let me tell you that; and the less that is said of it the better."

Unfit to be remembered; here you'll find
No infamous, abandon'd courtesan,
No rascal pimp, no braggard captain here.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter ERGASILUS.

Because I usually attend at feasts,
An invocated guest, our sparks forsooth
Nickname me mistress.* This, I know, the
jeerers

Say is absurd.—I say, 'tis right.—The lover
At a carousal, when he throws the dice,
Invokes his mistress. Is she invocated,
Or is she not? Most plain, she is.—But yet
To say the truth, we are termed Parasites
For a much plainer reason.—For, like mice,†
Ask'd or not ask'd, we always live upon
Provisions not our own.—In the vacation
When to the country men retire, 'tis also
Vacation with my teeth.—As in hot weather
Snails hide them in their shells, and, if no dew
Should chance to fall, live on their proper mois-
ture,

We Parasites, in times of the vacation,
Keep ourselves snug; and while into the country
Those are retired, on whom we us'd to feed,
Poor we support our natural call of appetite
From our own juices.—We in the vacation
Are thin as hounds;—but when men come to
town,

We are as plump as mastiffs, full as troublesome,
And as detested. What is worst of all,
Except we patiently endure a drubbing,
And let them break their pots upon our heads,
We must submit to sit among the beggars
Without the city gate.—That this will be
My lot, there's not a little danger, since
My patron is a captive with the enemy.
Th' Ætoliens and the Ælians are at war:
We now are in Ætolia. Philopolemus,
Old Hegio's son, whose house is here hard by,
Is prisoner now in Ælis.—Sad indeed
This house to me! which, often as I see it,
Brings tears into my eyes. The good old father,
Upon his son's account, not in compliance
With his own inclination, has engaged
In an illiberal traffic,‡ and by purchasing
Of captives hopes, that in some lucky hour
He may find one to barter for his son.—
But the door opens, whence I've sallied forth
Full many a time, drunk with excess of cheer.

* Parasites are by our author often called *Mistresses*. This humour of calling parasites by droll names, we may suppose was common, as we find it again in the *Menæchmi* or *Twins*, where the parasite is made to say—

"Our young men call me *Dishelout*,—for this reason,
Whene'er I dine, I wipe the tables clean.

† Diogenes, the Cynic, when he saw mice creeping under a table, used to say, "See there Diogenes' parasites!"—The same allusion we meet with again in the *Persa*, act i., scene ii.

Quasi mures semper edere alienum cibum.

Like mice, they lived on victuals not their own.

‡ *Quæstum inhonestum.* So in another place it is called *quæstum carcerarium*. Whence it is plain, that dealing in slaves was accounted irreputable.

SCENE II.

Enter HEGIO and a Slave.

Heg. Mind what I say:—from those two captives there,

Whom yesterday I purchased from the Quæstors,

Take off the heavy chains with which they're bound,

And put on lighter: let them walk about

Within doors, or abroad, as likes them best:—

Yet watch them well.—A free man, made a captive,

Is like a bird that's wi'd: it is enough,

If once you give it opportunity

To fly away;—you'll never catch it after.

Slave. Freedom to slavery we all prefer.—

Heg. You do not think so, or you'd find the means.

Slave. If I have nought to offer else, permit me

To give you for it a fair pair of heels.

Heg. And if you do, I presently shall find

What to bestow on you.

Slave. I'm like the bird

You talk'd of even now.—I'll fly away.

Heg. Indeed! Beware the cage then, if you do.—

No more; mind what I order'd, and begone.—

Erg. (*aside*.) May he succeed in his design!—
If not.

And he should miss redeeming of his son,

I have no house to put my head into.—

Young fellows of this age are all self-lovers;

I have no hopes of 'em;—but Philopolemus,

He is a youth keeps up our ancient manners:—

I never rais'd in him a single smile,

But I was paid for't;—and old Hegio here

Is just the same.—

Heg. I'll now unto my brother's,

Visit my other captives there, and see

If ought has been amiss last night among them;

Thence will I take me home again forthwith.

Erg. It grieves me much, that this unhappy man

Should act so meanly as to trade in slaves,

On the account of his unhappy son;

But, if by this, or any means like this,

He can redeem him, let him deal in men's flesh,

I can endure it.

Heg. Who is it that speaks there?

Erg. 'Tis I, sir—I, that pine at your distress,

Grow thin with it, wax old, and waste away;

Nay, I'm so lean withal, that I am nothing

But skin and bone:—whate'er I eat at home

Does me no good; but be it e'er so little

I taste abroad, that relishes, that cheers me.

Heg. Ergasilus!—Good day.

Erg. (*crying*.) Heav'n's bless you, Hegio!

Heg. Nay, do not weep.

Erg. Must I not weep for him?

For such a youth not weep?

Heg. My son and you,

I know, were ever friends.

Erg. 'Tis then at length

Men come to know their good, when they have lost it;—*

I, since the foe has made your son a captive,
Find his true value, and now feel his want.

Heg. If you, who stand in no relation to him,
So ill can bear his sufferings, what should I,
Who am his father,—he my darling child?

Erg. I stand in no relation to him?—he
In none to me?—Ah, Hegio! say not that,—

And do not think so:—if he is to you

A darling child, to me he's more than darling.

Heg. I cannot but commend you, that you hold
Your friend's mishap your own.—Be comforted.

Erg. Ah me!

Heg. (*half aside*.) 'Tis this afflicts him, that the
army,

Rais'd to make entertainments, is disbanded.

Could you get no one all this while, again

To put it in commission?

Erg. Would you think it?

Since Philopolemus has been a captive,

They all decline the office.

Heg. And no wonder,

That they avoid it.—You will stand in need

Of many soldiers, and of various kinds:—

Bakerians, Pastry-cookians, Poultererians,—

Besides whole companies of Fishmongerians.

Erg. How greatest geniusses oft lie conceal'd!

O what a general, now a private soldier!

Heg. Have a good heart.—I trust, within these
few days

My son will be at home again: for lo!

Among my captives I've an Æolian youth

Of noble family and ample state.—

I trust, I shall exchange him for my son.

Erg. Heav'n's grant it may be so!

Heg. But are you ask'd

Abroad to supper?

Erg. No where that I know.—

But why that question?

Heg. As it is my birth day,

I thought of asking you to sup with me.—

Erg. Oh! good, sir, good—

Heg. If you can be content

With little.

Erg. Oh, sir! very, very little:—

I love it,—'tis my constant fare at home.

Heg. Come, set yourself to sale.

Erg. (*loud*.) Who'll buy me?

Heg. I,—

If no one will bid more.

* Very like this is a sentiment in Horace, book ii,
ode 21.

———*Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.*

Tho' living virtue we despise,
We follow her, when dead, with envious eyes.

Francis.

And the same sentiment is finely touched by Shak-
speare.—*Much Ado about Nothing*, act iv., scene i.

———For it so falls out,

That what we have, we prize not to the value,
Whilst we enjoy it! but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us,
Whilst it was ours.———

Erg. Can I expect,
I or my friends, a better offer!—So
I bind me to the bargain, all the same
As though I sold you terra firma.

Heg. Say,
A quicksand rather, that will swallow all.—
But if you come, you'll come in time.

Erg. Nay, now
I am at leisure.

Heg. Go, and hunt a hare:—
I've nothing but an hedge-hog:—you will meet
With rugged fare.

Erg. Don't think to get the better
Of me by that:—I'll come with teeth well shod.

Heg. To say the truth, my viands are full hard.
Erg. You don't champ brambles?

Heg. Mine's an earthly supper.
Erg. A fine fat sow, why that's an earthly
animal.

Heg. Plenty of vegetables.
Erg. The best thing
To cure your sick with.—Have you more to say?
Heg. You'll come in time.

Erg. You need not put in mind,
Whose memory never fails him.

[*ERGASILUS goes off.*]
Heg. I will in,
Look over my accounts, and see what cash
I have remaining in my banker's hands;
Then to my brother's, where I said I'd go. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Slaves of HEGIO, with PHILOCRATES and
TYNDARUS.*

A Slave. If the immortal gods have so decreed,
That this affliction you should undergo,
It is your duty patiently to bear it;
Which if you do, the trouble will be lighter.
When at your home, you I presume, were free:
But since captivity is now your lot,
Submission would become you, and to make
Your master's rule a mild and gentle one
By your good dispositions.—Should a master
Commit unworthy actions, yet his slaves
Must think them worthy ones.

Phil. and Tynd. Alas! alas!
Slave. Why this bewailing?—tears but hurt
your eyes:—

Our best support and succour in distress
Is fortitude of mind.

Phil. But oh! it shames us,
That we are thus in chains.

Slave. Yet might it grieve
Our master more, were he to loose your chains,
And let you be at large, when he has bought you.

Phil. What can he fear from us?—We know
our duty,
Were we at large.

Slave. You meditate escape:
I know what you'd be at.

Phil. We run away!
Ah! whither should we run?

Slave. To your own country.

Phil. Prithee no more: it would but ill become us
To imitate the part of fugitives.

Slave. Yet, by my troth! was there an oppor-
tunity,

I would not be the man that should dissuade you.

Phil. Permit us then to ask one favour of you.

Slave. What is it!

Phil. That you'd give us opportunity
To talk together, so that you yourselves,
Nor any of these captives overhear us.

Slave. Agreed.—(to the slaves.) Move further
off.—

(to his companions.) We'll too retire,
But let your talk be short.

Phil. 'Twas my intention
It should be so.—A little this way, Tyndarus—
(to the other captives, and retires with them.)

Slave. Go farther from them.

Tynd. We on this account

Are both your debtors.

Phil. Farther off, so please you. (to Tynd.)
A little off, that these may not be witnesses
Of what we have to say, and that our plot
Be not discovered.—For not plann'd with art,
Deceit is no deceit, but if discovered,
It brings the greatest ill to the contrivers.
If you, my Tyndarus, are to pass for me,
And I for you,—my master you, and I
Your servant,—we have need of foresight, cau-
tion,

Wisdom and secrecy,—and we must act
With prudence, care, and diligence.—It is
A business of great moment, and we must not
Sleep, or be idle in the execution.

Tynd. I'll be what you would have me.

Phil. So I trust.

Tynd. Now for your precious life you see me
stake

My own, that's no less dear to me.

Phil. I know it.

Tynd. But when you shall have gained the
point you aim at,

Forget not then!—It is too oft the way
With most men;—when they're suing for a
favour,

While their obtaining it is yet in doubt,
They are most courteous, but when once they've
got it,

They change their manners, and from just become
Dishonest and deceitful.—I now think you
All that I wish, and what I do advise
I would advise the same unto my father.

Phil. And verily, if I durst, I'd call you father;
For next my father you are nearest to me.

Tynd. I understand.

Phil. Then what I oft have urg'd,
Remember.—I no longer am your master,
But now your servant.—This I beg then of you,—
Since the immortal gods will have it so,
That I, from being once your master, now
Should be your fellow-slave, I do entreat,
By Prayer,* a favour which I could command,
Once as my right.—By our uncertain state,
By all my father's kindness shown unto you
By our joint fellowship in slavery,
Th' event of war, bear me the same regard,

* *Per Preem.* According to Homer, who makes Prayer
a goddess, and one of the daughters of Jupiter.

As once I bore you, when I was your master,
And you my slave; forget not to remember,
What once you have been, and who now you are.

Tynd. I know—I now am you, and you are I.

Phil. Forget not,—and there's hope our scheme
will prosper.

SCENE II.

Enter HEGIO speaking to those within.

When I'm inform'd of what I want to know,
I shall come in again.—Where are those captives,
I ordered to be brought before the house?

Phil. Chain'd as we are, and wall'd in by our
keepers,

You have provided, that we shall not fail
To answer to your call.

Heg. The greatest care
Is scarce enough to guard against deceit;
And the most cautious, even when he thinks
He's most upon his guard, is often trick'd.—
But have I not just cause to watch you well,
When I have bought you with so large a sum?

Phil. 'Twould not be right in us to blame you
for it;

Nor, should occasion offer to escape,
Would it be right in you to censure us,
That we made use of it.

Heg. As you are here,
So in your country is my son confin'd.

Phil. What! Is your son a captive?—

Heg. Yes, he is.
Phil. We are not then, it seems, the only
cowards.

Heg. (to *Phil.* supposing him servant to *Tynd.*)
Come nearer this way—something I would know
In private of you,—and in which affair
You must adhere to truth.

Phil. In what I know
I'll do it, sir; and, should you ask me aught
I do not know, I'll own my ignorance.

Tynd. (aside.) Now is the old man in the bar-
ber's shop,

Philocrates holds in his hand the razor,
Nor has he put a cloth on, to prevent
Fouling his clothes; but whether he's about
To shave him close, or trim him through a comb,
I know not: if he rightly play his part,
He'll take off skin and all.

Heg. Which would you choose?
To be a slave, or have your freedom? tell me.

Phil. That I prefer, which nearest is to good,
And farthest off from evil:—though, I own,
My servitude was little grievous to me;—
They treated me the same as their own child.

Tynd. (aside.) Bravo!—I would not give a
talent now

To purchase even Thales the Milesian;—
A very oaf in wisdom match'd with this man:
How cleverly does he adapt his phrase
To suit a slave's condition.

Heg. Of what family
Is this Philocrates?

Phil. The Polyphusian,
A potent and most honourable house!

Heg. What honours held he in his country?

Phil. High ones,
Such as the chief men can alone attain to.

Heg. Seeing his rank's so noble, as you say,
What is his substance?

Phil. As to that, the old one
Is very warm.

Heg. His father's living then?

Phil. We left him so, when we departed
thence;

But whether he is now alive or no,
You must ask further of the nether regions.

Tynd. (aside.) So—all is right,—he's not con-
tent with lying,

But reasons like a wise man.

Heg. What's his name?

Phil. Thesaurochrysonicochrysidēs.

Heg. A name bestowed upon him for his
wealth?

Phil. Nay, rather for his avarice and extor-
tion.—

His real name was Theodoromedes.

Heg. How say you?—Is his father covetous?

Phil. Very.—To let you more into his charac-
ter,—

In sacrificing to his household genius
He uses nothing but vile Samian vessels,
For fear the god should steal them:—mark by
this,

What trust he puts in others.

Heg. Come you this way.—
(aside.) What further information I require,
I'll learn from him.

(addressing *Tyndarus* as *Philocrates*.)

Philocrates, your servant

Has acted as behoves an honest fellow.—

I've learn'd of him your family:—he has own'd
it:—

Do you the same; 'twill turn to your advantage,—
If you confess what, be assur'd, I know
From him already.

Tynd. Sir, he did his duty,
When he confess'd the truth to you,—although
I would have fain conceal'd from you my state,
My family, and my means.—But now alas!
Since I have lost my country and my freedom,
Can I suppose it right, that he should dread
Me before you? The power of war has sunk
My fortunes to a level with his own.—
Time was, he dar'd not to offend in word,
Though now he may in deed.—Do you not mark,
How Fortune moulds and fashions human beings,
Just as she pleases? Me, who once was free,
She has made a slave, from highest thrown me
down

To lowest state:—Accustom'd to command,
I now abide the bidding of another.—

Yet if my master bear him with like sway,
As when myself did lord it over mine,
I have no dread, that his authority
Will deal or harshly or unjustly with me.—
So far I wished you to be made acquainted,
If peradventure you dislike it not.

Heg. Speak on, and boldly.

Tynd. I ere this was free
As your own son.—Him has the power of war
Depriv'd of liberty, as it has me.

He in my country is a slave,—as now
I am a slave in this.—There is indeed
A God, that hears and sees whate'er we do :—
As you respect me, so will He respect
Your lost son.—To the well-deserving, good
Will happen, to the ill-deserving, ill.—
Think, that my father feels the want of me,
As much as you do of your son.

Heg. I know it.—
But say, will you subscribe to the account
Your servant gave?

Tynd. My father's rich, I own,
My family is noble;—but, I pray you,
Let not the thought of these my riches bend
Your mind to sordid avarice, lest my father,
Though I'm his only child, should deem it fitter
I were your slave, clothed, pamper'd at your cost,
Than beg my bread in my own country, where
It were a foul disgrace.

Heg. Thanks to the gods,
And to my ancestors, I'm rich enough.—
Nor do I hold, that every kind of gain
Is always serviceable.—Gain, I know,
Has render'd many great.—But there are times,
When loss should be preferr'd to gain.—I hate it,
'Tis my aversion, money :—many a man
Has it enticed oft-times to wrong.—But now
Attend to me, that you may know my mind.
My son's a captive and a slave of Ælis :—
If you restore him to me, I require
No other recompense ;—I'll send you back,
You and your servant :—on no other terms
Can you go hence.

Tynd. You ask what's right and just,—
Thou best of men !—But is your son a servant
Of the public, or some private person?

Heg. A private—of Menarchus, a physician.

Phil. O 'tis his father's client ;—and success
Pours down upon you, like a hasty shower.

Heg. Find means then to redeem my son.

Tynd. I'll find them.—
But I must ask you—

Heg. Ask me what you will,
I'll do't,—if to that purpose.

Tynd. Hear, and judge.—
I do not ask you, till your son's return
To grant me a dismission; but, I pray you,
Give me my slave, a price set on his head,
That I may send him forthwith to my father,
To work your son's redemption.

Heg. I'd despatch
Some other rather, when there is a truce,
Your father to confer with, who may bear
Any commands you shall intrust him with.

Tynd. 'Twould be in vain to send a stranger
to him :—

You'd lose your labour :—Send my servant :—he'll
Complete the whole, as soon as he arrives.
A man more faithful you can never send,
Nor one my father sooner would rely on,
More to his mind, nor to whose care and confi-
dence

He'd sooner trust your son.—Then never fear :
At my own peril will I prove his faith,
Relying on his nature, since he knows
I've borne me with benevolence towards him.

Heg. Well—I'll despatch him, if you will,—
your word

Pawn'd for his valuation.

Tynd. Prithee do,
And let him be dismiss'd without delay.

Heg. Can you show reason, if he don't return,
Why you should not pay twenty minæ for him?*

Tynd. No surely: I agree.

Heg. Take off his chains,—
And take them off from both.

Tynd. May all the gods
Grant all your wishes! Since that you have
deign'd

To treat me with such favour, and releas'd me
From my vile bonds :—I scarce can think it irk-
some

To have my neck free from this galling collar.

Heg. The favours we confer on honest souls
Teem with returns of service to the giver.—
But now, if you'd despatch him hence, acquaint
him,

Give him your orders, and forthwith instruct him
What you would have him say unto your father.—
Shall I then call him to you?

Tynd. Do, sir,—call him.
(*Hegio calls Philocrates, who advances.*)

SCENE III.

PHILOCRATES joins HEGIO and TYNDARUS.

Heg. Heav'n's grant, that this affair may turn
out happily

To me, and to my son, and to you both !—
(*to Phil.*) 'Tis your new master's order, that you
serve

Your old one faithfully: I have giv'n you to him,
Rated at twenty minæ: he desires
To send you back to Ælis to his father,
Thence to redeem my child, that so there may be
Mutual exchange betwixt us of our sons.

Phil. I'm of a pliant nature, and will bend
To either.—You may use me like a wheel ;—
This way or that way will I turn and twirl,
As you shall please to order.

Heg. It is much
To your advantage truly, that you own
This easy nature, which enables you
To bear your state of slavery as you ought.—
Follow me this way.—(*to Tynd.*) Here now is
the man.

Tynd. I thank you for the liberty you give me
To send this messenger to my relations,
That he may tell my father all about me,
And how I fare, and what I would have done.—
We have agreed betwixt us, Tyndarus,
To send you unto Ælis to my father;
And, if that you return not, I have bargain'd
To forfeit for your trespass twenty minæ.

Phil. Rightly agreed :—for the old gentleman
Expects me, or some other messenger,
To come to him from hence.

Tynd. Then mind me now,
What I would have you say unto my father.

* According to Cook's tables, about 64*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* of our money.

Phil. O master, as I've hitherto behav'd,
My best endeavours I'll exert; what most
Will turn to your advantage, I'll pursue
With all my heart, my soul, with all my power.

Tynd. You act, as it behoves you.—Now attend.—

First, to my dearest mother and my father
Bear my respects, and next to my relations,—
Then to whatever other friend you see.
Inform them of my health; and tell them likewise,

That I am slave here to this best of men,
Who ever has, and still goes on to treat me
With honourable usage.—

Phil. Don't instruct me;
This I shall think of readily.—

Tynd. For indeed,
Save that I have a guard plac'd over me,
I should conceive I had my liberty.—
Acquaint my father with th' agreement made
'Twixt me and Hegio, touching Hegio's son.—

Phil. This is mere hindrance, to recount and dwell on

What I already am so well apprised of.—

Tynd. 'Tis to redeem the youth, and send him
hither

Exchang'd for you and me.—

Phil. I shall remember.—

Heg. And soon too as he can, for both our sakes.

Phil. You long not more to see your son return'd,

Than he does his.

Heg. My son to me is dear;

Dear is his own to every one.

Phil. (to Tynd.) Aught else
To bear unto your father?

Tynd. Say, I'm well;
And tell him, boldly tell him, that our souls
Were link'd in perfect harmony together;
That nothing you have ever done amiss,
Nor have I ever been your enemy;
That in our sore affliction you maintain'd
Your duty to your master, nor once swerv'd
From your fidelity, in no one deed
Deserted me in time of my distress.
When that my father is informed of this,
And learns, how well your heart has been inclin'd

Both to his son and to himself, he'll never
Prove such a niggard, but in gratitude
He will reward you with your liberty;
And I, if I return, with all my power
Will urge him the more readily to do it.
For by your aid, your courtesy, your courage,
Wisdom and prudence, you have been the means
Of my return to Ælis, since you own'd
To Hegio here my family and fortune,
By which you've freed your master from his chains.

Phil. True, I have acted as you say;—and much

It pleases me you bear it in remembrance.
What I have done was due to your deserts:
For were I in my count to tell the sum
Of all your friendly offices towards me,

Night would bear off the day ere I had done.
You've been obliging, been obsequious to me,
As though you were my servant.

Heg. O ye gods!—

Behold the honest nature of these men!—
They draw tears from me.—Mark, how cordially
Thy love each other! and what praise the servant

Heaps on his master!

Phil. He deserves from me
An hundred times more praise, than he was pleased

To lavish on me.

Heg. (to Phil.) Then, since hitherto
You've acted worthily, occasion now
Presents itself to add to your good deeds,
That you may prove your faithfulness towards him

In this affair.

Phil. My wish to compass it
Cannot exceed th' endeavours I will use
To get it perfected.—And to convince you,
Here do I call high Jove to witness, Hegio,
I will not prove unfaithful to Philocrates.—

Heg. Thou art an honest fellow.—

Phil. Nor will I

Act otherwise to Him, than I myself

Would act to Me.

Tynd. Would you might make your words
True by your actions!—Bear it in your mind,
That I have said less of you than I would,
And prithee be not angry with my words.
Think, I beseech you, that my honour's staked
For your dismissal, and my life is here
A pledge for your return. When out of sight,
As shortly you will be, deny not then
All knowledge of me: when you shall have left me

Here as a pawn in slavery for you,
Yourself at liberty, desert not then
Your hostage, then neglect not to procure
His son's redemption in exchange for me.
Remember, you are sent on this affair,
Rated at twenty minæ. See, that you
Be trusty to the trusty:—O beware,
You are not of a frail and fickle faith.—
My father will, I know, do all he ought:
Preserve me then your friend for evermore,
And still find Hegio your's, as you have found him.

By your right hand, which here I hold in mine,
I pray you, be not you less true to me,
Than I am unto you.—About it then;
Be careful of this business;—you are now
My master, you my patron, you my father:
To you I do commend all hopes, my all.

Phil. If I accomplish all that you command,
Will that content you?

Tynd. I shall be content.

Phil. I will return furnish'd to both your wishes.—

Would you aught else?

Tynd. Back with what speed you may.

Phil. Of that the business of itself reminds me.

Heg. (to Phil.) Follow me now.—I will give you from my banker

What you may want to answer your expenses
Upon your voyage, at the same time take
A passport from the Prætor.

Tynd. Why a passport?

Heg. Which he may carry with him to the army,

That he may have permission without let

To return home to Ælis. *(to Tynd.)* Go you in.

Tynd. Now speed you well, my Tyndarus!

Phil. Adieu!

Heg. (aside.) I've compass'd my design by purchasing

These captives of the Quæstors from the spoil:—
So please the gods! I've freed my son from bondage.—

Within, ho!—Keep a strict watch o'er this captive:

Let him not budge a foot without a guard.—

I soon shall be at home.—Now to my brother's:

I'll go and visit there my other captives,

At the same time inquire, if any know

This youth here.—*(to Phil.)* Do you follow, that I may

Despatch you straight;—for that's my first concern.

[*HEGIO goes off with PHILOCRATES, and TYNDARUS goes in with the slaves.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ERGASILUS.

It's a sad case for a poor wretch to prowl
In quest of a meal's meat, and at the last
With much ado to find one; sadder is it,
With much ado to hunt upon the trail,
And at the last find nothing; but most sad,
To have a keen and craving appetite.
Without a morsel to appease it's longing—
A plague upon this day!—I'd dig it's eyes out,
Had I the pow'r, it has so fill'd mankind
With enmity towards me.—Never sure
Was there a wretch so starv'd, so cramm'd with hunger,

Or one, whose projects have so little prosper'd.—
I fear, my belly will keep holiday.
Would it were hang'd for me, this scurvy trade,
This parasite's profession!—Our young sparks
Consort not now a-days with us poor drolls;
They care not for us humble han'ers-on,
Who are content to take the lowest seat
At table, who bear buffers like a Spartan,
And have no other fortune but our jests.—
Their choice is to associate with their equals,
Who, having ate with them, return the favour
At their own houses.—For themselves they cater,
Which was the province heretofore of parasites.—
Shame on them! they will go into a brothel
Barefaced, not muffled up, but all as publicly
As magistrates pass sentence on the guilty,
Unveil'd, in open court.—Buffoons they now
Count nothing worth; but they are all self-lovers.
For when I went from hence awhile ago,
I met some of these young men at the Forum.
Good day, said I!—Where shall we dine together?
No answer.—What! will no one speak? says I,
None promise me a dinner?—Silent all,

As they were dumb.—Nay, not a single smile.
Where shall we sup then?—Still no invitation.
One of my best jests, such as heretofore
Have got me suppers for a month, I then
Repeat them.—Not a soul vouchsafed to smile.
I then found out, 'twas a concerted matter:
Not one would deign to imitate a dog,
When he's provok'd:—But if they did not choose
To laugh outright, at least they might have shown
Their teeth, as though they smiled.—Finding myself

The scoff and mockery of these sparks, I leave them,

March up to others, others still, and others;

All the same thing! all in confederacy,

Like the oil merchants in the market.—Well then,

Seeing myself thus fool'd, I came back hither.—

More parasites were sauntering at the Forum,

And to as little purpose as myself.—

I am determin'd, that the law shall right me

Against all those, who join in combination

To have me starv'd.—I will appoint a day

For them to give their answer.—I will have

Large satisfaction.—Dear as are provisions,

They shall be fined at least ten entertainments.—

Now to the port, where I have yet one hope

Of feasting:—if that fail me, I'll return

To this old Hegio, and his scurvy supper.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter HEGIO with ARISTOPHONTES behind.

What can be more delightful than promoting
The public good, as yesterday I did
By purchasing these captives? Every one,
Soon as he sees me, straight makes up to me,
Congratulates me on it:—they have tired me
Quite out, by stopping and detaining me:—
Scarce have I escap'd alive from their civilities.
At length I got me to the Prætor;—there
Scarce rested me:—I ask'd a passport of him:
'Twas granted; and I gave it straight to Tyndarus.

Who is set off:—from thence I hurried home:

Then to my brother's, to my other captives.

I ask'd, if any one among them knew

Philocrates of Ælis, when this man

Cried out, he was his friend and intimate.

On telling him he now was at my house,

He begg'd me, I would give him leave to see him:

On which I order'd off his chains that instant.—

(to Arist.) Follow me now, that you may have your wish.

And meet the person you desire to see.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter TYNDARUS.

Would I were dead now rather than alive,
As things turn out!—Hope has deserted me,
No succour will come near me.—See the day,
In which there is no chance to save my life!
Destruction's unavoidable.—no hope.
That can dispel my fear,—no cloak to screen
My subtle lies, false dealings, and pretences:

No deprecation can excuse my perfidy,
 No subterfuge can palliate my offence :
 No room for confidence, no place for cunning.—
 What hitherto was hid is brought to light,
 My tricks laid open, and the whole discover'd :
 Nor have I aught to do but meet my fate,
 And die at once for me and for my master.—
 Aristophontes, who is just gone in,
 Has been my utter ruin; for he knows me :
 He is a friend and kinsman to Philocrates.
 Salvation could not save me, if she would : *
 Nor can I 'scape,—except that I contrive
 Some cunning trick, some artifice. (*meditating.*)

A plague on't !

What can I think of?—what devise?—my
 thoughts

Are foolish, and my wit quite at a stand.

(*Retires aside.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter HEGIO, ARISTOPHONTES, and slaves.

Heg. Where can he now have stole him out
 of doors?

Tynd. (*aside.*) 'Tis over with me!—Tyndarus,
 your foes

Are making their advances straight towards you.
 What shall I say? what talk off? what deny,
 Or what confess?—'Tis all uncertainty;
 Nor know I what to think of or confide in.—
 Would that the gods had utterly destroyed you,
 Aristophontes, ere you lost your country,
 To disconcert a scheme so well contrived.
 Our state is desperate, if I don't devise
 Some cunning trick.

Heg. (*to Arist.*) Follow me.—Here he is:—
 Approach, and speak to him.

Tynd. (*aside, and turning away.*) Can there
 exist

A greater wretch than I am?

Arist. Why is this,

That you avoid my eyes, and slight me, Tyndarus,
 As though I were a stranger, and you ne'er
 Had known me.—It is true, I am a slave
 As you are:—though in Ælis I was free;
 You from your youth have ever been a slave.

* *Neque jam Salus servare, si volet, me potest,*

By *Salus*, which I have rendered *Salvation*, is meant the
 goddess that was worshipped by the Romans under that
 appellation. There is no doubt, but that this passage was
 proverbial, since we meet with it several times in our
 author in so many words,—as in his *Mostellaria*, act ii.
 scene i., *Cistellaria*, act iv. scene ii. Terence likewise
 introduces it in *The Brothers*, act iv. scene vii, where
 the word *Salus* is, in Mr Colman's translation, properly
 rendered *Providence*, though it would not be so fit here.

Ipsa si cupiat salus

Servare prorsus non potest hanc familiam.

'Tis not in the power

Of Providence herself, where she desirous,

To save from ruin such a family.

We meet with the same expression also in Cicero, in one
 of his orations against Verres—*Equod judicium Romæ
 tam dissolutum, tam perditum, tam nummarium fore putasti,
 quo ex judicio te ulla SALUS SERVARE posset?* Is there,
 thinkest thou, in Rome, an opinion so dissolute, so aban-
 doned, so corrupted, as to imagine that *Salvation* can at
 all save you from the sentence you deserve?

Heg. In troth I am not in the least amazed,
 That he should shun you, and avoid your sight,
 Or hold you in despite and detestation,
 When for Philocrates you call him Tyndarus.

Tynd. Hegio, this fellow was at Ælis deem'd
 A madman:—give no ear to what he says.
 'Tis there notorious, that he sought to kill
 His father and his mother, and has often
 Fits of the falling sickness come upon him,
 Which makes him foam at mouth.—Pray get you
 from him.

Heg. Here—bear him further off. (*to the slaves.*)

Arist. How say you, rascal!

That I am mad? and that I sought to kill
 My father and my mother? and have often
 Fits of the falling sickness come upon me,
 Which makes me foam at mouth?

Heg. Be not dismay'd.

Many have labour'd under this disease,
 And spitting has restor'd them to their health.

Tynd. I know, to some at Ælis it has prov'd
 Of special use.

Arist. And will you credit him?

Heg. I credit him!—in what?

Arist. That I am mad.

Tynd. See how he eyes you with a furious
 aspect!—

'Twere best retire.—'Tis, Hegio, as I said:—
 His frenzy grows upon him,—have a care.

Heg. True,—when he call'd you Tyndarus, I
 thought,

That he indeed was mad.

Tynd. Nay, but sometimes

He knows not his own name, nor who he is.

Heg. He said, you was his friend.

Tynd. I never saw him.

Alcæon, and Orestes, and Lycærus,*

Are just as much my friends, as he is, Hegio.

Arist. How, rascal! do you dare bespeak me ill?
 Do I not know you?

Heg. By my troth 'tis plain

You know him not, when for Philocrates
 You call him Tyndarus:—you are a stranger
 To him you see, and name him whom you see not.
 Arist. 'Tis he pretends himself the man he is not,
 Denies himself to be the man he is.

Tynd. O to be sure, you'll get the better of me
 In reputation for veracity!

Arist. You, as it seems, my truth will over-
 power

With falsehood.—Prithee, look me in the face.

Tynd. Well.

Arist. Speak.—Do you deny, that you are Tyn-
 darus?

Tynd. I tell you, I deny it.

Arist. Will you say,

You are Philocrates?

Tynd. I say, I am.

Arist. (*to Phil.*) And you,—do you believe him?

Heg. More than you,

Or than myself.—The man, you say he is,

Set out this day for Ælis to his father.

* Three celebrated madmen of antiquity: the two first
 of whom became so from having killed their mother, and
 the other from having held in contempt the worship of
 the god Bacchus.

Arist. What father?—He's a slave.—

Tynd. And so are you,
Once free as I was,—as I trust I shall be,
When I have gain'd this old man's son his
liberty.

Arist. How, rascal! dare you call yourself a
freeman?

Tynd. Not Freeman, but I say, I am Philo-
crates.

Arist. See, Hegio, how the rogue makes sport
with you!

For he's a slave, and never own'd a slave
Besides himself.

Tynd. So then,—because you liv'd
A beggar in your country, without means
For your support, you would have ev'ry one
Plac'd on the self-same footing with yourself.—
No wonder:—'tis the nature of the poor
To hate and envy men of property.

Arist. Have a care, Hegio, how you rashly
credit him.

As far as I can see, he means to trick you:—
Nor do I like at all his talking to you
Of the redemption of your son.

Tynd. I know,
You wish it not: but with the help of heav'n
I shall accomplish it:—I shall restore
His son to him, and he will send me back
To Ælis to my father; for which purpose
Have I sent Tyndarus.

Arist. Why you are he;
Nor is there any other slave at Ælis
Of that name but yourself.

Tynd. And will you still
Reproach me with my state of servitude,
Brought on me by the chance of hapless war?

Arist. I can't contain myself.

Tynd. Ha! do you hear him?—
Will you not fly?—He'll pelt us now with stones,
Unless you have him seiz'd.

Arist. I'm vex'd to death.

Tynd. Look, how his eyes strike fire!—A cord,
a cord,

Good Hegio. Don't you see his body's charged
With livid spots all over?—The black bile
Disorders him, poor fellow!

Arist. The black pitch*
Disorder you beneath the hangman's hand,
And (if this old man would but serve you right,)
Illuminate your head!

Tynd. How wild he talks!
He is possess'd by evil spirits.

Heg. Suppose
I order him to be seiz'd.

* *Plantus* here alludes to a punishment inflicted on
malefactors, by wrapping up their bodies, when they
were to be burned, in a garment smeared over with pitch,
wax, and other combustibles.

Juvenal alludes to the same, in his first Satire, v. 155.

*Pone Tyrellinum, teid lucibis in illis,
Quæ stantes ardent, qui firo gutture fumant,
Et latum mediâ sulcum deducit arendâ.*

Death is your doom, impal'd upon a stake,
Smeard o'er with wax, and set on fire, to light
The streets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.

Dryden.

Tynd. 'Twere the best way.

Arist. It vexes me I cannot find a stone
To dash the villain's brains out, who insists
That I am mad.

Tynd. There—do you hear him, sir?
He's looking for a stone.

Arist. Shall I beg, Hegio,
A word with you alone?

Heg. Speak where you are,—
What would you?—I can hear you at a distance.

Tynd. If you permit him to approach you
nearer.

He'll bite your nose off.

Arist. Hegio, do not you
Believe that I am mad, or ever was;
Nor have I the disorder he pretends.

If any outrage you do fear from me,
Command me to be bound: 'tis my desire,
So at the same time he be bound with me.

Tynd. Let him be bound, that chooses it.

Arist. No more:—
I warrant I shall make you, false Philocrates,
To be found out the real Tyndarus.—

Why do you nod at me?

Tynd. I nod at you?
(to *Heg.*) What would he do, if you were further
off?

Heg. How say you? What if I approach this
madman?

Tynd. He'll tease you with his fooleries, and
jabber

Stuff without head or tail.—He only wants
The habit, else he is a perfect Ajax.

Heg. No matter—I'll go to him. (*advances to*
Arist.)

Tynd. I'm undone.—
Now do I stand between the stone and victim,
Nor know I what to do.

Heg. Aristophontes,
If you would aught with me, I lend attention.

Arist. Sir, you shall hear the real truth from me,
Which now you deem a falsehood.—But I first
Would clear me to you from this charge of mad-
ness.—

Believe me, Hegio, I'm not mad, nor have I
Any complaint but this,—that I'm a slave.—

No never may the king of gods and men
My native country suffer me to see,
If this is any more Philocrates

Than you or I.

Heg. Tell me, who is he then?

Arist. The same, I said he was from the be-
ginning.

If you shall find it other, I can show
No cause, no reason, why I should not suffer
A lack of liberty, your slave for ever.

Heg. (to *Tynd.*) And what do you say?

Tynd. That I am your slave,
And you my master.

Heg. I don't ask you that.—
Was you a free man?

Tynd. Yes, I was.

Arist. Indeed
He never was: he trifles with you, Hegio.

Tynd. How do you know? or was you perad-
venture

My mother's midwife, that you dare affirm
What you advance with so much confidence?

Arist. A boy I saw you when a boy.

Tynd. I see you now a man.—So—there's an answer.—
A man
I see you now a man.—So—there's an answer.—
If your behaviour was as would become you,
You would not interfere in my concerns.—
Do I in yours?

Heg. (to *Arist.*) Say, was his father's name
Thesaurorchrysonicochrysidēs?

Arist. 'Twas not,—nor did I ever hear the name
Before to-day:—Philocrates' father
Was called Theodoromedes.

Tynd. I'm ruin'd!
Be still my heart!—prithee go hang yourself—
Still, still will you be throbbing.—Woe is me!
I scarce can stand upon my legs for fear.

Heg. Can I be sure this fellow was a slave
In Ælis, and is not Philocrates?

Arist. So certain, that you'll never find it other.
But where is he now?

Heg. Where I least could wish him,
And where he wishes most himself to be.
Ah me! I am disjointed, sawn asunder,
By the intrigues of this vile rascal, who
Has led me by the nose just at his pleasure.—
But have a care you err not.

Arist. What I say,
Is as a thing assur'd, a truth establish'd.

Heg. And is it certain?

Arist. Yes,—so very certain,
That you can never find any thing that's more so.
I and Philocrates have been friends from boys.

Heg. What sort of person was Philocrates?

Arist. His hair inclin'd to red, frizzled and
curl'd,
A lentin jaw, sharp nose, a fair complexion,
And black eyes.—

Heg. The description's very like him.

Tynd. Now by my troth it was a sore mis-
chance,

My coming here:—woe to the hapless twigs,
Will die upon my back.

Heg. I plainly see,
I have been cheated.

Tynd. Why do ye delay?

Haste, haste, ye chains, come and embrace my legs,
That I may have you in my custody.—

Heg. These villainous captives, how they have
deceiv'd me!

He, that is gone off, feign'd himself a slave,
And this a free man.—I have lost the kernel,
And for security the shell is left me.—
Fool that I am! they have impos'd upon me
In ev'ry shape.—But he shall never more
Make me his sport.—Hœa, Colapho, Cordalio,
Corax, go in and bring me out the thongs.

Slave. What, is he sending us to bind up faggots?
(the slaves go in, and return with thongs.)

SCENE V.

HEGIO, ARISTOPHONTES, and slaves.

Heg. This instant manacle that rascal there.

(to his slaves.)

Tynd. Ah! why is this? in what have I of-
fended?

Heg. What, do you ask? you that have been
the sower,

The weeder, and the reaper of these villainies.—

Tynd. Why, first of all, did you not call me
harrower?

Husbandmen always harrow first the ground,
Before they weed it.—

Heg. See, with what assurance
He stands before me!

Tynd. It becomes a slave,

That's innocent, unconscious of a crime,
To bear him with such confidence, especially
Before his master.—

Heg. See you bind his hands,
And hard too.

Tynd. I am yours, my hands are yours;—
If 'tis your pleasure, bid them be cut off.—

But what's the matter?—why thus angry with
me?

Heg. Because that by your knavish lying
schemes

You have destroy'd, as far as in your power,
Me and my hopes, distracted my affairs,
And by your tricks have chous'd me of Philo-
crates.

I thought he was a slave, and you a free man,
For so you said you were, and for that purpose
You chang'd your names.

Tynd. I own that I have acted
E'en as you say,—that he has found the means
For his escaping, and through my assistance.—
Is it for this then you are angry with me?

Heg. What you have done, you'll find will
cost you dear?

Tynd. Death I esteem a trifle, when not
merited

By evil actions.—If I perish here,
And he return not, as he gave his word,

This act will be remember'd to my honour,
After I'm dead;—that I contriv'd to free
My master, when a captive, from his state
Of slavery and oppression with the foe;
Restor'd him to his country and his father,
Preferring rather to expose my life

To danger for him, than that he should suffer.

Heg. Enjoy that fame then in the other world.

Tynd. He dies to live, who dies in Virtue's
cause.

Heg. When I have put you to severest torture,
And for your tricks have ta'en away your life,
Let them extol you, that you are no more,
Let them extol you, that you've lost your life,
Nay, let them say, that you are still alive,
It matters not to me, so you but die.

Tynd. Do,—put your threats in force,—you'll
suffer for it,

If he return here, as I trust he will.

Arist. (aside.) O ye immortal gods!—I know
it now,

I understand it all.—My friend Philocrates
Enjoys his liberty, is with his father
At large in his own country.—That is well.—
There's not a man whom I wish better to.—
But O! it grieves me, I have done for him
So ill an office, who alas! is chain'd
On my account for what I happ'd to say.

Heg. Did I not charge you not to tell me false?

Tynd. You did.

Heg. Then wherefore have you dared to do it?

Tynd. Truth would have done him hurt I wish'd to serve:

Falsehood has done him good.

Heg. But hurt to you.

Tynd. 'Tis best.—I've serv'd my master, and I joy in't:—

My good old master gave him to my care.—

And do you think this wrongly done in me?

Heg. Most wrongly.

Tynd. I, who can't but differ from you, Say rightly.—Only think,—if any slave

Of your's had done the same thing for your son, How, how would you have thank'd him! would

you not

Have given him freedom? would you not have held him

In your esteem high above all his fellows?—

I prithee answer me.

Heg. I think I should.

Tynd. Why are you angry then with me?

Heg. Because

You were to him more faithful than to me.

Tynd. What! could you have expected, that a man,

Newly a captive, and just made your slave,

Should in one night and day be taught by you

More to consult your interest than the good

Of one, whom he had liv'd with from a boy?

Heg. Seek your reward then of that one.—

(to the slaves.) Go bear him,

Where he may put on large and ponderous chains.—

To the stone-quarries after shalt thou go:

There, in the time, that others dig out eight,

If ev'ry day thou dost not dig twelve stones,

Thou shalt be dubb'd with stripes, Sexcento-plagus.*

Arist. By gods and men I do conjure you,

Hegio,

O let him not be lost.

Heg. I'll look to that:

At night he shall be guarded, bound with thongs,

And in the day shall labour in the quarries.

I'll keep him in continual exercise,

Nor shall he know the respite of one day.

Arist. Is that your resolution?

Heg. Sure as death.—

Bear him directly to Hippolytus

The smith, and bid him clap upon his legs

Huge massy irons; then without the gate

Go, carry him to Cordalus my freedman,

* *Sexcentoplago nomen indetur tibi.* The meaning of this is,—*thou shalt be called Sexcentoplagus, from having six hundred stripes given thee.* This kind of pleasantry is not uncommon in modern as well as ancient writers. The nickname of *Don Cholerick-Snap-Shorto-de-Testy*, in *Cibber's Fop's Fortune*, never fails to produce a laugh; and M. Coste has pointed out a similar piece of humour in *Moliere's Cuckold in Conceit*, act i. scene vi.

Sganarelle est un nom. Qu'on ne me dira plus, Et l'on va m'appeller, Seigneur Cornélius.

That is,—I shall no longer be known by the name of *Sganarelle*, they will now call me *Mr. Cornélius*, i. e. *Cuck-old*.

That he may make him labour in the quarries; And tell him, 'tis my pleasure he be used No better than the vilest slave I have.

Tynd. Against your will why should I wish to live?

My loss of life will be a loss to you.

There is no evil I need dread in death,

When death is over. Were I to survive

To th' utmost age of man, my space of time

To bear the hardships, which you threat me with,

Would yet be short.—Then fare you well,—be happy,—

Though you deserve another language from me.

And you, Aristophontes, take from me

As good a farewell, as you've merited:

For you have been the cause of this.

Heg. Hence with him.

Tynd. One thing I yet request,—that, if Philocrates

Come back again, I may have leave to see him.

Heg. Bear him this instant from my sight, ye slaves,

Or you yourselves shall suffer.

(The slaves lay hold on Tyndarus and push him along.)

Tynd. This indeed

Is downright violence,—to be dragg'd and driven.

(He is borne off by the slaves.)

SCENE VI.

Enter HEGIO and ARISTOPHONTES.

Heg. So—he is carried off to limbo.—Well,—

I'll teach my other captives, how to dare

Attempt another such-like enterprise!

Had it not been for him, who made discovery

Of this device, they all with knavish arts

Had led me by the bridle.—I'm resolv'd

Henceforth I will have faith in none of them.—

I have been once impos'd on full enough.—

Ah me! I hop'd to have redeem'd my son

From slavery.—That hope is vanish'd quite!—

One son I lost at four years old;—a slave

Then stole him from me; nor have I once heard

From that time of the slave or of my son.—

My eldest is a captive with the foe.—

Ha! how is this? as though I had begot

My children only to be childless.—Follow me; (to Arist.)

And I'll conduct you to your former station.

I am resolv'd, to no one will I show

Pity henceforth,—since no one pities me.

Arist. With an ill omen freed from chains I came,

With an ill omen I to chains return. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ERGASILUS at a distance.

O Jove supreme! how has thy providence

Preserv'd me! how hast thou increas'd my means,

And thrown most ample plenty in my way!

What store of honours and emolument,

Celebrity, sport, pastime, holidays,

With ev'ry choice provision for good cheer,

Potations deep, and feastings in abundance,

Till the gorg'd appetite shall cry, Enough!—

'Tis fix'd, in future I will cringe and crouch
To no man, I: for now I am possess'd
Of means to help a friend, or hurt an enemy.
O this delightful day has heap'd upon me
Delights the most delightful:—I am master
Of an inheritance without encumbrance.—
Now will I shape my course to Hegio here,
And bring him as much happiness, as himself
Could wish for from the gods, and even more.
Well—I will throw my cloak then o'er my
shoulder,

Like slaves in comedies, for expedition,
That I may be the first to tell it him:
And for my tidings I have hopes to get
Good eating with him to eternity.

SCENE II.

Enter HEGIO.

The more I think on this affair, the more
Is my uneasiness of mind increas'd.—
That they should gull me in this sort!—and I
Never perceive it!—When this once is known,
I shall be made the jest of the whole town;
And soon as e'er I come into the Forum,
"That's the old fellow there," they all will cry,
"Who has been trick'd."—But is not this Erga-
silus,

I see at distance?—Sure it is,—his cloak
Thrown o'er his shoulder.—What is he about?

Erg. (advancing.) Haste, haste, Ergasilus,—
look to thy business.

(*loud.*) Hence,—have a care,—I warn you, and
forewarn you,—

Let no man stop me in my way, unless
He thinks that he has had enough of life;—
Whoever stops me, he shall kiss the ground.

Heg. He puts himself in posture as for box-
ing.—

Erg. I'll do't,—by heav'n's I'll do't.—Let every
one

Pursue his own track, nor by any business
Clog up the street.—My fist is a balista,
My arm a catapulta, and my shoulder
A battering-ram.—On whomsoever once
I dart my knee, I'll give him to the ground.—
Whatever mortal I shall light upon,
I'll knock his teeth out, and employ the wretch
To pick them up again.

Heg. What mighty menaces!
They quite astonish me.

Erg. If any dare
Oppose my course, I'll make him to remember
The day, the place for evermore, and me:
Who stops me, puts a stop to his existence.

Heg. What would the man be at with all his
swaggering?

Erg. I give you notice, caution you before-
hand,

That it may be your own fault, if you're caught.—
Keep home then, guard you from assault.

Heg. 'Twere strange this,
Had not his belly got him this assurance.
I pity the poor wretch, whose cheer has swol'n
him

To all this insolence.

Erg. Then for your bakers,
Breeders of swine, rascals who feed their hogs
With refuse bran, that no one can pass by
Their bake-house for the stench;—let me but see
One of their swine here in the public way,
My fists shall give the owner such a dusting,
As shall beat out his bran about his ears.

Heg. He issues royal and imperial edicts!
His belly's full: his belly gives him impudence.

Erg. Then for your fishmongers, who hawk
about

Upon a four legg'd dull provoking jade
Their stale commodities, whose very stench
Drives off our saunterers in the Forum;—trōth,
I'll beat their filthy baskets 'bout their chaps,
That they may know how much offence they
give

To others' noses.—Then too for the butchers,
Who under the pretence of selling lamb
Will put off ewe upon you, fob you off
With ram for wether mutton;—in my way
If I should chance to meet a ram of theirs,
Woe to the ram, and woe too to it's owner!

Heg. Heyday! this swaggering fellow issues
out

His edicts and commands, as though he were
Comptroller of the victualling:—Our Ætolians
Have made him, sure, inspector of the market.

Erg. No more a parasite, but I'm a king,—
More kingly than a king,—a king of kings;
In port I have it, such an ample store!

Provision for the belly.—Why do I
Delay to load old Hegio here with transport,
Who is in truth the happiest man alive.

Heg. What transport is it, that himself, it
seems,

Is in a transport to impart to me?

Erg. (knocking at Hegio's door.)

Hoa there—where are ye? some one, ope the
door.

Heg. He's come to sup with me.

Erg. Ope both the doors,
Ere piece-meal I demolish them with knocking.

Heg. I have a mind to speak to him.—Ergasilus!

Erg. Who calls Ergasilus?

Heg. Turn your head—look on me.

Erg. Look on you?—That's what Fortune
never does,

Nor ever will.—Who is it?

Heg. Look.—I'm Hegio.

Erg. (turning.) Best of best men, most oppor-
tunately met.

Heg. You have got some one at the port to sup
with,

And therefore do you treat me with this scorn.

Erg. Give me thy hand.

Heg. My hand?

Erg. Thy hand, I say.

Give it this instant.

Heg. There it is. (*giving his hand.*)

Erg. Be joyous.

Heg. Joyous! for what?

Erg. Because it is my order.—

Come, come, be joyous.

Heg. Joy alas! with me

By sorrow is prevented.

Erg. Do not grieve :
I'll wipe away, this instant, ev'ry stain
Of sorrow from your soul.—Pluck up,—be joyous.

Heg. Well,—though I know no reason to rejoice.

Erg. That's bravely done.—Now order—

Heg. Order what?

Erg. A monstrous fire.

Heg. A monstrous fire?

Erg. I say it:

A huge one let it be.

Heg. Why how now, Vulture?
Think you, that I will fire my house to please you?

Erg. Nay, prithee don't be angry.—Will you order,

Or will you not, the pots to be put on?

The dishes to be wash'd? the larded meats,

And kickshaws to be set upon the stoves?

Won't you send some one to buy fish?

Heg. He dreams
With his eyes open!

Erg. Bid another go

For pork, lamb, pullets?

Heg. Yes, you understand

Good living, had you wherewithal to get it.

Erg. For hams, for turbot, salmon, mackerel,
cod,

A fat cheese?

Heg. Easier 'tis for you to talk

Of all those dainties, than with me to eat them.

Erg. Think you, I speak this on my own account?

Heg. You will have nothing, don't deceive yourself,

Like what you talk off.—Prithee bring with you
A stomach suited to such common fare,

As you may meet with ev'ry day,—no nice one.

Erg. But let me tell you, I shall be the author
Of your providing a most sumptuous treat,
E'en though I should forbid it.

Heg. I?
Erg. Yes, you.

Heg. Hey! you are then my master.

Erg. I'm your friend.—
Say, shall I make thee happy?

Heg. Certainly;

I'd rather so, than you should make me wretched.

Erg. Give me thy hand.

Heg. There,—there's my hand.

Erg. The gods,

The gods are all your friends.

Heg. I feel it not.

Erg. You are not in a thorn-bush, else you'd feel.—

But let your sacred vessels be prepar'd,

And bid them bring forthwith a fatted lamb.

Heg. For what?

Erg. To make a sacrifice.

Heg. To whom?

Which of the gods?

Erg. To me.—For I am now

Thy Jupiter supreme,—I thy Salvation,

Thy Life, thy Fortune, thy Delight, thy Joy.—

To make this god propitious, cram him well.

Heg. May Jupiter and all the gods confound you.

Erg. Nay, you should rather thank me for the news

I bring you from the port, such gladsome news.—
Your supper likes me now.

Heg. Begone, you fool,—
You're come too late.

Erg. Your words had been more true,
Had I come sooner.—Now receive from me
The transport that I bring you.—At the port
Just now I saw your son, your Philopolemus,
Alive and hearty,—in the packet-boat
I saw him,—with him too that other spark,
Your captive, he of Ælis,—and besides,
Your slave Stalagmus, he that run away,
And stole your little boy at four years old.

Heg. Away,—you joke with me.

Erg. Holy Gluttony
So help me,—as I wish for evermore

By her high title to be dignified,—

I saw—

Heg. My son?

Erg. Your son, my genius.

Heg. With him

The captive youth of Ælis?

Erg. By Apollo.

Heg. Stalagmus too, who stole my child—

Erg. By Sora.

Heg. Long ago,—

Erg. By Præneste.

Heg. Come?

Erg. By Signia.

Heg. Art sure?

Erg. By Phrysinone.

Heg. Have a care,

You do not tell a falsehood.

Erg. By Alatrium.

Heg. Why do you swear thus by these barbarous cities

With uncouth names?

Erg. Because they are as hard
As is the supper which, you said, you'd give me.

Heg. A plague confound you!

Erg. Why? because you won't
Believe me, though I speak in sober sadness.—

But of what country was Stalagmus, when
He ran away?

Heg. Of Sicily.

Erg. But now

He's no Sicilian: he is a Slave-onian,

To a Slave-onian yoke-mate tied for life.

A fit match for him to keep up the family.

Heg. And may I then rely on what you've said?

Erg. You may rely.

Heg. O ye immortal gods!

If he speak truth, I shall seem born again.

Erg. And can you doubt me, when I swore so solemnly?

If you have little faith then in my oaths,

Go to the port yourself.

Heg. And so I will.—

Take thou the necessary care within:*

* Our author's parasites have been imitated by modern dramatic poets, particularly by Fletcher in the character of Lazzarillo in his *Woman Hater*, and by Massinger in that of Justice Greedy, in *A New Way to pay Old Debts*. Sir Giles Over-reach, in the latter, giving the Justice the

Use, and demand, broach any cask you like,
I make you cellar-man.

Erg. And if you find me
Not a true prophet, curry me with your cudgel.

Heg. If your intelligence should turn out true,
I will insure you everlasting eating.

Erg. From whence?

Heg. From me and from my son.

Erg. You promise?

Heg. I do.

Erg. And I too, that your son is come.

Heg. You'll manage for the best.

Erg. All good attend you.

[*Exit HEGIO.*]

SCENE III.

ERGASILUS alone.

He's gone,—and has intrusted to my care,
The high and grand concern of catering.—
Immortal gods! how I shall cut and quarter!
How I shall chop the crags from off the chines!
What devastation will befall the hams!
What a consumption rage among the bacon!
What massacre of fat sows' paps! of brawn
What havoc will arise!—Then what fatigue
Awaits the butchers! what the hog-killers!
But to say more of what concerns good eating,
Is loss of time, and hindrance.—I will now
Go enter on my government, and sit
In judgment o'er the bacon,—set at liberty
Hams that have hung untried and uncondemned.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter, from HEGIO's house, a LAD, servant to HEGIO.

May Jove and all the gods, Ergasilus,
Confound thee and thy belly, with all parasites,
And all who shall hereafter entertain them!
Storm, tempest, devastation, have just broke
Their way into our house!—I was afraid,
He would have seiz'd me, like a hungry wolf:
I was indeed in a most piteous fright,
He made such horrid grinding with his teeth.—
Soon as he came, he knock'd down the whole
larder

With all the meat in't:—then he snatch'd a knife
And stuck three pigs directly in the throat;—
Broke all the pots and cups that were not mea-
sure,

And ask'd the cook, whether the salting-pans
With their contents might not be clapp'd upon
The fire together all at once:—He has broke
The cellar door down, laid the store-room open.—
Secure him, I beseech you, fellow-servants:—
I'll to my master, tell him he must order
Some more provisions, if he means to have
Any himself:—for, as this fellow manages,
There's nothing left, or nothing will be shortly.

command of the kitchen, and absolute authority there in
respect to the entertainment. (act iii., scene ii.) seems
more particularly to have had its original from this pas-
sage; and Lazarillo's drawing his sword, and demanding
the way, (*Woman-Hater*, act iii., scene iv.) seems not
unlikely to have been a hint from the behaviour of Er-
gasilus in the beginning of this scene. There is also a
character in many respects like it in a comedy, called
The Canterbury Guests, by Ravenscroft.

SCENE II.

Enter HEGIO, PHILOPOLEMUS, and PHILOCRATES.
STALAGMUS at a distance.

Heg. (to his son, advancing.) O my dear boy!—
To Jove and to the gods,

In duty bound, I pay my utmost thanks;—
That they have thus restor'd you to your father;—
That they have freed me from the load of sorrow
I've labour'd under, since depriv'd of you;—
That I behold yon villain in my pow'r;—

(*pointing to Stalagmus.*)

And that this youth has kept his word with me.
(*pointing to Philocrates.*)

No more,—enough already I've experienc'd
Of heart-felt anguish.—with disquietude
And tears enough have worn me,—I have heard
Enough too of your troubles, which, my son,
You told me at the port.—Then now to business.

Phil. Well, sir,—what recompense may I ex-
pect,

For keeping of my word, and bringing back
Your son in liberty?

Heg. You've done, Philocrates,
What I can never thank you for enough,—
So much you merit from my son and me.

Philop. Nay, but you can, my father, and you
shall,

And I shall too:—the gods too will enable you
AmPLY to pay a kindness back to one,
Who has deserv'd so highly of us both.—
Indeed, my father, but you must.

Heg. No more,—
(*to Phil.*) I've no tongue to deny whate'er you
ask.

Phil. I ask of you that slave I left behind
An hostage for me, (one, who ever has
Preferr'd my interest to his own,) that so
I may reward him for his services.

Heg. Your services I'll thankfully repay.—
That which you ask, and that and any thing
Which you require, you may at once command.
Don't be offended, that your slave has felt
The marks of my displeasure.

Phil. How displeasure?

Heg. Finding myself impos'd upon, in chains
I had him laid, and sent him to the quarries.

Phil. Ah me! it grieves me, that this best of
fellows

Should undergo these hardships for my sake.

Heg. I will have nothing therefore for his ran-
som:—

Freed, without cost, so take him.

Phil. Kindly done.

But let him, pray, be sent for strait.

Heg. He shall.

(*to attendants.*) Where are you?—Go, bring Tyn-
darus here directly.—

Do you go in.—(*to Phil. and Philop.*) Meantime
will I examine

This whipping-post, to learn what he has done
With my poor younger son.—You'll bathe the
while.

Philop. Philocrates, you'll follow.

Phil. I attend you.

[*Exeunt PHILOPOLEMUS and PHILOCRATES.*]

SCENE III.

HEGIO and STALAGMUS.

Heg. My honest lad!—come hither;—my fine slave!

Stal. What d'ye expect from me, when such a man,

As you are, will tell lies?—An honest lad!
A fine slave! I ne'er was, nor ever shall be;—
Hope not to make me so.

Heg. You see at once
Your situation:—if you speak the truth,
You'll better your bad fortune:—speak it then,—
Be true and just, though you was never so
In all your life before.

Stal. And do you think
I blush to own it, when yourself affirm it?

Heg. But I shall make you blush;—nay, I will
make you
Redden all over.

Stal. So!—you threaten me
As though I were not used to stripes.—Away
then—

Say, what's your pleasure?—'Tis but ask, and
have.

Heg. Fine talking this!—to cut the matter short,
Prithce be brief.

Stal. I'll do as you command.

Heg. O he was ever an obedient lad!—
But to the business.—Now attend, and answer me
To what I ask you:—if you speak the truth,
You'll better your condition.

Stal. That's a joke!—
Can you imagine, that I do not know
What I deserve?

Heg. But yet you may avoid
A part, if not the whole.

Stal. A trifling part:—
Much is my due;—because I ran away,
And stole your son, then sold him.

Heg. Sold! to whom?
Stal. Theodoromedes the Polyplusian
Of Ælis, for six minæ.

Heg. O ye gods!
He is the father of this same Philocrates.

Stal. I know him better than I know yourself,
And I have seen him oft ner.

Heg. Jove supreme
Preserve me and my son!—Hoa there!—Philo-
crates!

I beg you, as you love me, to come forth:—
I have to say to you—

SCENE IV.

Enter PHILOCRATES.

Phil. Behold me here:
Command me what you will: say, what's your
pleasure?

Heg. This fellow tells me, that he sold my son
At Ælis to your father for six minæ.

Phil. (to Stal.) How long was this ago?

Stal. Near twenty years.

Phil. He says what is not true.

Stal. Or you or I do.—
Your father gave you, when a child, a slave
Of four years old, for your own use and service.

Phil. What was his name?—If what you say
is true,

Tell me his name.

Stal. His name was Pægnium
But afterwards you call'd him Tyndarus.

Phil. How came I not to recollect you?

Stal. 'Tis
The usual way with folks not to remember

Or know the man, whose favour is worth nothing.

Phil. Tell me,—that slave, you sold unto my
father,

Who gave him me for my own service, was he
This old man's son?

Heg. Lives he?

Stal. I had the money,
I car'd for nothing more.

Heg. What says Philocrates?

Phil. That he, this very Tyndarus, is your son,
The proofs show.—He was brought up from a boy
With me a boy in modesty and virtue
Even to manhood.

Heg. If ye speak the truth,
I am indeed both happy and unhappy.
I am unhappy, if he is my son,
That I have us'd severity towards him.
Ah me! I've treated him with less affection,
And with more cruelty than it behoved me.
It grieves me, I have wrought him so much
harm:—

Would it had ne'er been done!—But see, he
comes,

Accoutred little suiting to his virtues.

SCENE V.

Enter TYNDARUS.

I've often seen the torments of the damn'd
In pictures represented: but no hell
Can equal that, where I was, in the quarries.
That is a place, where ev'ry limb with toil
And labour must be wearied.—Soon as I
Arriv'd there,—as your brats of quality
Have daws, or ducks, or quails to play with,—me
They gave, t'amuse myself withal, a crow.—
But see, my master's here before his door!
My other master too, return'd from Ælis!

Heg. Save you, my wish'd for son!

Tynd. Ha! what? your son!
Yes, yes, I understand you, why you call
Yourself my father, me your son:—you've done,
As parents do,—caus'd me to see the light.

Phil. Save you, sweet Tyndarus!

Tynd. And you too,—though
On your account I undergo this trouble.

Phil. But through my means you'll now arrive
at wealth

And liberty.—This is your father,—(pointing to
Hegio.)

This (pointing to Stalagmus.)
The slave, that stole you hence at four years old,
And sold you to my father for six minæ,
Who gave you to me, then a little boy
Like to yourself, for my own use and service.
He has confess'd the whole: we've brought him
back

From Ælis hither.

Tynd. Where is Hegio's son?

Phil. Your brother,—he's within.
Tynd. How say you? have you
 Then brought him home?

Phil. I tell you, he's within.
Tynd. 'Twas rightly done in you.

Phil. This is your father,
 And that the thief, who stole you when a boy.

Tynd. And for that theft, now I'm a man as
 he is,

I'll give him to the hangman.

Phil. He's deserving.—

Tynd. And I'll reward him equal to his merits.—
 (to *Hegio*.) But tell me, pray,—are you indeed
 my father?

Heg. I am, my son.

Tynd. At length I recollect,
 And have a dark remembrance, that I've heard
 My father's name was *Hegio*.

Heg. I am he.

Phil. O let your son be lightened of those chains,
 And that slave loaded with them.

Heg. 'Tis my purpose;
 I'll do it the first thing.—Then let us in,
 And strait send for the smith to take the chains
 From off my son, and give them to that rascal.

Stal. 'Tis right to give them me, for I have
 nothing. [Exeunt.]

A Comedian addresses the Spectators.

Gallants, this play is founded on chaste manners;
 No wenching, no intrigues, no child expos'd,
 No close old dotard cheated of his money,
 No youth in love, making his mistress free
 Without his father's knowledge or consent.
 Few of these sort of plays our poets find,
 T' improve our morals, and make good men
 better.

Now if the piece has pleas'd you, with our acting
 If you're content, and we have not incurr'd
 Displeasure by it, give us then this token:
 All who are willing that reward should wait
 On chaste and virtuous manners, give applause.

THE MISER, OR POT OF GOLD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EUCLIO, the Miser.

MEGADORUS.

LYCONIDES.

*STROBILUS, Servant to
 Lyconides.*

*STASIMUS, Servant to
 Megadorus.*

*EUNOMIA, Mother of Ly-
 conides.*

*STAPHILA, Servant to
 Euclio.*

*PHÆDRIA, Daughter to
 Euclio.*

*ANTHRAX, }
 CONGIO, } Cooks.*

SCENE.—*Athens, before the houses of EUCLIO and
 MEGADORUS.*

PROLOGUE.

THE HOUSEHOLD GOD.*

LEST any one should wonder who I am,
 I'll tell you in few words. I am the god

* *Lar Familiaris.* Every house among the ancients had
 its peculiar tutelary deity, which is called *Lar*.

Domestic of this family, from whence
 Ye saw me come. It now is many years,
 Since I've possess'd this house, protecting it
 Both in the grandfather's and father's time
 Of him who now inhabits it. The grandfather,
 Unknown to every one, entrusted me
 With a rare treasure, all of gold: for this
 He dug a hiding-place beneath the hearth,
 Beseeching me with prayers to keep it for him.
 He died, and was withal so covetous,
 He would not even tell it to his son,
 But rather chose to leave him indigent
 Than show him this same treasure. On his
 death

He left his son a bit of ground, from whence
 He might pick up a piteous livelihood
 With industry and labour. Now when he
 Was dead, who with this gold had trusted me,
 I set me to observe, whether the son
 Would hold me in more honour than the father
 Had done before him: but he treated me
 With less regard, less honour'd and rever'd me.
 I did the same with him. He also died
 And left a son, who now inhabits here,
 Of the same close and niggard disposition
 As was his father and his grandfather.
 He has an only daughter: she indeed
 Makes ev'ry day her constant supplications
 With frankincense, or wine, or something else,
 And gives me wreaths of flowers. For her sake
 Have I caus'd *Euclio* to find out this treasure,
 That, if he please, he may more readily
 Dispose of her in marriage.
 But hark!—I hear old *Euclio* now within
 Making an uproar, as he's won't to do.
 He's thrusting his old woman out of doors,
 That she should nothing know. Belike he wants
 To see his treasure, if it be not stolen.

ACT I. SCENE I.

EUCLIO driving out STAPHILA.

Euc. Out of my house I say;—out of my
 house;

Nay, but you must and shall;—out of my doors
 Good gossip *Pry-about*,—poking your eyes
 And peering, here and there, in every corner.

Staph. Why do you beat me, a poor wretch?

Euc. To make you

A poor wretch;—you shall lead a sorry life on't.

Staph. Why have you thrust me out of doors?

Euc. You jade!

Give you a reason? Get you from the door,—
 There, there.—See how she crawls!—Do you
 know what?

If I but take a stick in hand, I'll quicken
 That tortoise-pace of yours.

Staph. Would I were hang'd
 Rather than serve you at this rate.

Euc. The beldam!

See how she grumbles to herself!—You jade,
 I'll tear your eyes out; I'll prevent your watch-
 ing—

Peeping and prying into all I do.

Get farther off there,—farther,—farther still.

Farther,—so,—stand there.—If you dare to budge
 A finger or a nail's breadth from that place,

Or if you turn your head once till I bid you,
I'll send you for a schooling to the gallowes.
(*aside.*) Was ever such a beldam!—I'm afraid
She'll catch me unawares, and smell the place
out

Where I have hid my money.—The curs'd jade!
Why, she has eyes too in her pole—I'll go
And see whether my gold is as I lodg'd it,—
My gold, which gives me so much pain and
trouble. [*Goes in.*]

SCENE II.

STAPHILA alone.

Egad, I can't tell what's come to my master:
He's out of his senses.—Here now, in this
manner,

He turns me out o' doors, ten times a day,
Ever so often.—Troth, I can't imagine
What whim-whams he has got into his head.
He lies awake all night, and then he sits
Purring and poring the whole day at home,
Like a lame cobbler in his stall. And then
My poor young mistress, she's upon the point
Of being brought to bed; and how shall I
Hide her disgrace? The best thing I can do is
To get a rope, and stretch me at full length.

SCENE III.

Re-enter EUCLIO.

Eucl. So, so—my heart's at ease,—all's safe
within.

(*to Staph.*) Come, hussy, get you in now, and be
sure

Take care of all within.

Staph. Take care of what?
Will any one, think you, run away with the
house?

I'm sure there's nothing else to carry off,
Except the cobwebs.—Troth, it's full of empti-
ness.

Eucl. You hag of hags! why Jove, to satisfy
you,

Should make me a King Philip or Darius.—
Harkye, I'd have you to preserve those cob-
webs.

I'm poor, I'm very poor, I do confess;
Yet I'm content: I bear what heaven allots.
Come, get you in: bolt the door after you;—
I shall be back directly; and be sure
Don't let a soul in.

Staph. What if any one
Should beg some fire?

Eucl. I'd have you put it out,
That there may be no plea to ask for any.

If you do leave a spark of fire alive,
I'll put out every spark of life in you.
If any body wants to borrow water,
Tell them, 'tis all run out; and if, as is
The custom among neighbours, they should want
A knife, an axe, a pestle, or a mortar,
Tell them some rogues broke in, and stole them
all.

Be sure let no one in, while I'm away;—
I charge you even if Good Luck should come,
Don't let her in.

Staph. Good Luck, quotha! I warrant you,
She's not in such a hurry: she has never
Come to our house, though she is ne'er so near.

Eucl. Have done,—go in.

Staph. I say no more,—I'm gone.

Eucl. Be sure you bolt the door both top and
bottom.—

I shall be back this instant.

[*Exit STAPHILA.*]

SCENE IV.

EUCLIO alone.

I am vex'd,

Whenever I'm oblig'd to be from home.

I don't care to go out;—but now I must.

The master of our ward has given notice,

He shall distribute money to each family.

If I forego my share, and don't put in for it,

They will suspect I have a hoard at home:

For 'tis not likely a poor man would slight

The smallest sum, and not make application.

Nay now indeed, maugre my utmost pains

To hide it from the knowledge of each soul,

Yet every one seems to be in the secret;

They're so much civiler than they us'd to be;

They come up to me, take me by the hand,

Ask how I do, and what I am upon.

Well,—but I'll go now whither I was going,

And make haste back again as fast as possible.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Enter EUNOMIA and MEGADORUS.

Eun. I'd have you think, my brother, what I
say

Arises purely from my friendship for you,

And a regard for what concerns your interest,

Such as in short becomes a loving sister.

I know we women are accounted troublesome,

Nor without reason look'd on as mere praters.

'Tis true, there never was, in any age,

Such a wonder to be found as a dumb woman.—

But to be serious; do but think, my brother,

That I am near to you, as you to me:

We should consult with and advise each other

In ev'ry thing we think for our advantage;

Nor should we hide from one another aught,

Or hesitate through fear about communicating

Whatever may advantage either party

On this account I've taken you aside

And brought you out here, to discourse with you

Upon a subject that concerns you nearly.

Meg. Give me thy hand, thou best of women.

Eun. Ha!

Where is she? and who is she—that best of
women?

Meg. Yourself.

Eun. What I? a pretty joke 'faith.

Meg. Nay,

If you deny it, I deny it too.

Eun. You should say nothing but the truth,
good brother.

Your best of women you can pick out nowhere:
One is indeed worse, brother, than another.

Meg. In troth I'm of the same opinion, sister,
Nor shall I differ with you on that point.

Eun. Joking apart,—attend to me, I beg you.

Meg. Use and command me, as you will.

Eun. I'm going
To advise you what will be most for your interest,

Meg. 'Tis your way, sister, ever.

Eun. What will bring
Eternal satisfaction. You should have
An heir to your estate.—Heaven grant you may!
What say you?—In a word, my dearest brother,
I'd have you marry.

Meg. Oh! I'm slain.

Eun. How so?

Meg. You've cut me to the brain by what
you've said:

Oh! you speak daggers.

Eun. Poh, now prithee do
As I advise.

Meg. Well—if you'll have it so.

Eun. It is for your advantage.

Meg. Yes, to die
Sooner than marry.—Look ye, my good sister,
If you will have me wiv'd, it shall be only
On this condition:—Let her be brought home
To-morrow, and the next day carried out.*
On these terms you may marry me: I'm ready.

Eun. I can indeed help you to one, my brother,
That's very rich; but then she is not young;
She's middle-aged. What say you? Shall I ask
her

The question for you?

Meg. Come, I'll save you trouble.
Thanks to the gods, and to my ancestors,
I'm rich enough: nor do I value power,
Pomp, honours, acclamations of the people,
Ivory cars, rich robes, and purple vestments,
Which by their cost may bring a man to beggary.

Eun. Tell me, who is she you would take to
wife?

Meg. I'll tell you. Do you know our poor old
neighbour,

Euclio?

Eun. I know him.—a good sort of man.

Meg. His daughter I would marry.—Nay, nay,
sister,
Speak not a word,—I know what you would
say,—

She has no fortune.—What of that?—I like her.

Eun. Well then,—heaven prosper you!

Meg. I hope the same.

Eun. Any commands?

Meg. Your servant.

Eun. Brother, yours.
[*Exit EUNOMIA.*]

Meg. I'll go meet Euclio, if he be at home—
But see he's coming hither, whence I know not.

SCENE VI.

Enter EUCLIO.

Eucl. My mind misgave me, as soon as I
went out,
That I should go on a fool's errand: therefore

* Buried.

I went against the grain. There was not one
Of all our ward there,—no one there, whose
business

'Twas to make distribution of the money.—

So now I'll hie me home as fast as possible,
For though myself am here, my mind's at home.

Meg. May health and happiness attend you,
Euclio!

Eucl. Heaven bless you, Megadorus!

Meg. How is't with you?

Are you as hearty and as well in health

As you could wish to be?

Eucl. (aside.) 'Tis not for nothing,
When a rich man speaks kindly to a poor one.

Now, to be sure, he knows I have got money;

And therefore he's so wondrous complaisant.

Meg. How are you?

Eucl. 'Faith but poorly as to circumstances.

Meg. If you are but content, you have enough
To live upon with comfort.

Eucl. (aside.) The old woman
Has told him of the gold:—yes, all's discover'd:—
The jade! I'll cut her tongue out, tear her eyes
out,

When I get home.

Meg. What is it you are muttering?

Eucl. I was lamenting of my poverty:

I have a great girl unprovided for,
And can't dispose of her without a portion.

Meg. No more;—take courage;—she shall be
dispos'd of;—

I'll stand your friend;—say what you want, com-
mand me.

Eucl. (aside.) He asks and promises both in a
breath:

He's gaping for my treasure, to devour it.—

And so he thinks to entice me, like a dog,

By holding bread in one hand, and a stone,

Ready to knock my brains out, in the other!

I place no confidence in your rich man,

When he's so monstrous civil to a poor one:

If he holds out his hand to you in courtesy,

'Tis with design to gripe you.—Ah, I know 'em;

They are a kind of polype, that hold fast

Whatever they once touch.

Meg.

Attend a while;

I've something, Euclio, to communicate

In common, that concerns both you and me.

Eucl. (aside.) Undone!—my money's stole,—
and now he wants

To enter into composition with me.—

I'll in.

(*going.*)

Meg. Where going?

Eucl.

I'll be back this instant.—

There's something I must look into at home.

[*EUCLIO goes in.*]

Meg. I verily believe, that when I come

To ask him to bestow his daughter on me,

He'll think I only mean to make a jest of him.

Never was man so close and niggardly!

Eucl. (returning.) Well, heaven be prais'd all's
safe: if nothing's lost,

All's right.—But I was terribly afraid;

Before I went in, I was almost dead.—

(*to Meg.*) You see I am come back;—your plea-
sure, sir?

Meg. I thank you.—Prithee now resolve me readily

In what I ask.

Eucl. Provided you don't ask

What I don't choose to answer.

Meg. Tell me then,

What think you of my family?

Eucl. 'Tis good.

Meg. My honour?

Eucl. Strict.

Meg. My actions?

Eucl. Neither bad,

Nor wicked.

Meg. Do you know what age I'm off?

Eucl. I know you are advanc'd in years, as also

Advanc'd in circumstances.

Meg. I have always

Thought you an honest fellow free from guile,
And think so still.

Eucl. Oh ho, he scents the money.—

Would you aught farther? (going.)

Meg. Since we know each other,

And what we are, I you, you me, I ask

Your daughter for a wife; and may it prove

A blessing to us all, to me, to you,

And to your daughter!—Give me your consent.

Eucl. O Megadorus, it but ill becomes

Your character to mock a poor man thus,

Who never gave offence to you or your's,

Or ever merited in word or deed

That you should treat me as you do.

Meg. By heavens,

I come not to deride; I do not mock you,

Nor do I think you merit it.

Eucl. Then why

D'ye ask my daughter for a wife?

Meg. To serve you,

And to promote my good through you and your's.

Eucl. I'm thinking, Megadorus;—you are rich

And powerful; I am of poor men the poorest.

Now if I give my daughter to your worship—

Meg. 'Tis for your interest, the nearer you

Can form affinity with men of worth

And means. Accept my proffer; hearken to me,

And give me your consent.

Eucl. But I can give

No portion with her.

Meg. You need give her none.

She, that has virtue, has sufficient dower.

Eucl. I tell it you, because you may not think

I've found a treasure.

Meg. Say no more; I know it.—

You'll give her to me then?

Eucl. O Jupiter!

I am undone! I'm ruin'd!

Meg. What's the matter?

Eucl. What noise was that there, like the crash
of iron?

[Euclio runs in hastily.

Meg. They're digging in my garden.—Hey!
where is he?

He's gone, and left me in uncertainty.—

He treats me with disdain, because he sees

I court his friendship. 'Tis the way of them:

If a rich man seek favour from a poor one,
The poor man is afraid to treat with him,
And by his awkward fears hurts his own interest;

Then, when the opportunity is lost,

Too late he wishes to recover it.

Eucl. (returning, and speaks to his maid within.)

If I don't tear your tongue out from the root,

I'll give them leave to unman me.

Meg. Oh, I see

You think me a fit object for your sport,

Though at these years; but sure I don't deserve it.

Eucl. Not I indeed;—nor could I, if I would.

Meg. Well, will you now betroth your daughter
to me?

Eucl. Upon the terms I said,—without a portion.

Meg. You do betroth her then?

Eucl. I do betroth her.

Heavens prosper it!

Meg. I say the same.

Eucl. Remember,

'Tis the agreement, that she brings no dowry.

Meg. I shan't forget it.

Eucl. But I know your tricks:

'Tis off or on, 'tis done or not done, with you,

Just as you like.

Meg. We shall have no dispute.

What hinders but the wedding be to-day?

Eucl. 'Tis best.

Meg. I'll go then, and get all things ready.

Would you aught else?

Eucl. Nothing but what you say.

Meg. It shall be done. Your servant.—

(calling at the door of his house.) Stasimus—

(Stasimus enters.)

Here, follow me directly to the market.

[MEGADORUS goes off with STASIMUS.]

SCENE VII.

Euclio alone.

He's gone.—Ye gods, what cannot money do!

He must have heard, that I've a hoard within:

'Tis that he wants; and therefore has he been

So obstinately bent on this alliance.

(calling.) Where are you?—you, that have run
gossiping,

And chitter-chattering to all the neighbours,

That I would give a portion with my daughter?

Hoa, Staphila,—I call you,—don't you hear?

SCENE VIII.

Enter STAPHILA.

Eucl. Make haste, and clean the vessels for a
sacrifice.

I have betroth'd my daughter, and to-day

She marries with our neighbour Megadorus.

Staph. Heavens blessings on't!—but 'faith it
cannot be:

It is too sudden.

Eucl. Silence, and begone:

See that all things be ready by the time

I return home from market; and d'ye hear?

Fasten the door: I shall be back directly.

[Exit Euclio.]

SCENE IX.

STAPHILA alone.

What's to be done now? we are both of us,
I and my mistress, on the brink of ruin.
She's just upon delivery, and her shame
Must come at last to light; what hitherto
We have conceal'd, we can no longer hide.
I'll in, and do what master order'd me
Against his coming. Troth, I'm sore afraid,—
Poor I shall have a bitter pill to swallow.

[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter STASIMUS with ANTHRAX and CONGRIO,
cooks, music-girls, and others carrying provisions.

Stas. After my master had bought these provisions,

And hir'd these cooks and music-girls, he bade me
Divide them equally into two parts.

Cong. In troth you shan't split me, I tell you
bluntly:

If you will have me whole, I'm at your service.

Stas. You put a wrong construction on my
words;—

My master's to be married.

Cong. Ay! to whom?

Stas. The daughter of our neighbour here, old
Euclio;

And therefore, he has bid me give him half
Of these provisions, with one cook, one music-girl.

Anth. So he's to have one-half, and you the
other.

Stas. Just as you say.

Anth. What! could not he himself
Make entertainment at his daughter's wedding?

Stas. Pshaw!

Anth. What's the matter?

Stas. What's the matter, ask you?

A pumice stone is not so dry as he.

Anth. And is it as you say?

Stas. Be judge yourself.—

He's ever crying out on gods and men
That he is ruin'd, absolutely murder'd,
If any smoke comes from his kitchen-chimney.
Nay, when he goes to bed, he ties a bag
Close to his gullet.

Anth. Why?

Stas. That he may'nt lose
The smallest portion of his breath in sleeping.

Do you know further? He will even weep
To throw away the water he has wash'd with.

Anth. Think you, we can persuade the old
curmudgeon

To give us a round sum to buy our freedom?

Stas. Were you to ask for hunger, he'd refuse
you.

When t'other day the barber cut his nails,
He gather'd up and brought away the parings.

Anth. 'Tis a most stingy wretch, as you describe
him.

Stas. A kite once stole his scrap of supper:
straight

Our don went howling to the Prætor, begging him
To make the thief give bail for his appearance.
A thousand other things I could relate,

If I had leisure.—But come, follow me.

(Stasimus goes up to Euclio's house.)

Ho! Staphila!—open the door.

Staph. (within.) Who call's there?

Stas.

Stasimus.

SCENE II.

Enter STAPHILA.

Staph. What is't you want?

Stas. Take in these cooks, this music-girl, and
these

Provisions for the wedding.—Megadorus
Has order'd me to send them in to Euclio.

Staph. This wedding is in honour then of
Ceres?

Stas. Why?

Staph. As I understand, you've brought no
wine.

Stas. But 'twill be brought anon, when sir re-
turns

From market.—Shew them in:—

Staph. Come, follow me.

[STAPHILA, cooks, &c., go into EUCLIO'S house, and
STASIMUS, with the rest, go into MEGADORUS'.

SCENE IV.

Enter EUCLIO.

I would at last have found it in my heart
To have done things handsome at my daughter's
wedding.

I went to th' market, ask'd the price of fish,—
And found it very dear,—lamb dear,—beef
dear,—

Veal dear,—nay, ev'ry thing in short was dear:

What made them dearer still, I had not money.

Seeing that there was nothing I could purchase,

I came away in rage, and bade adieu

To the vile rascals. As I trudg'd along,

I with myself reflected, "Feast to-day,

Makes fast to-morrow:" so I brought my mind

And stomach to this wise resolve,—to marry

My daughter with as little charge as possible.—

But ha! what do I see? The door is open!

And there's a noise within! I'm robb'd, I'm
plunder'd!

Cong. (within.) Go borrow if you can, a larger
pot

Among the neighbourhood: this is too little;

It will not hold enough.

Eucl. O, I'm undone!

They've seiz'd my gold, they're asking for my pot.

I'm a dead man, if I don't run this instant.

Apollo, come to my assistance, kill

These robbers with your arrows: you have help'd
me

Upon a like occasion heretofore.

But why do I delay from running in,

Before I'm ruin'd past recovery?

[Runs in hastily.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ANTHRAX from MEGADORUS' house.

(Speaking to some one within.)

Here, Dromo, scale those fishes,—and do you,
Machærio, split that conger and that lamprey,

As fast as possible,—d'ye hear?—and bone them.

I'm only stepping to next door to borrow A baking-pan of Congrio.—See, you pick That capon clean as a young actor's chin.— How now? what means this uproar at next door?

The cooks are at it, I suppose. I'll in, For fear that ours would make the same disturbance. *[Goes in.]*

SCENE II.

Enter CONGRIO hastily from EUCLIO's house.

Room, room, good citizens, dear countrymen, Inhabitants, and strangers, give me way, Let me have room to run, clear all the streets Before me.—Never did I till this day Go cook for Bacchantes at a Bacchanal's; I and my comrades are so bruised, so cudgelled,* I'm sore all over, I am scarce alive, The old hunks has belaboured me so lustily By way of exercise.—I never saw A man in all my life so generous, So liberal of his wood,† for he has loaded Me and my fellow-cooks with sticks in plenty. Ha! I am ruin'd, I am dead, I'm done for: The Bacchanal now opens,—here he comes, Close after me:—I know what I'm to do,— Take to my heels,—for so my master taught me. *[Going off.]*

SCENE III.

Enter EUCLIO.

Eucl. Come back.—where are you running?— Stop him, stop him.

Cong. You fool, why do you bawl so?

Eucl. I will give Your name in to the magistrate.

Cong. For what?

Eucl. Because you have a knife stuck in your girdle.

Cong. Why so a cook should have. *(brandishing it.)*

Eucl. What! do you threaten me?

Cong. By good rights, I should sheath it in your guts.

Eucl. There's not a greater rascal breathing, one

That I should take so much delight to cudgel.

Cong. You need not tell me so; the thing is manifest;

I know it with a witness: you have made My limbs as soft and pliant as a tumbler's. But prithee, you poor dog, what has provok'd you To treat us in this manner? what's the matter?

Eucl. D'ye ask? What have I not giv'n you enough? *(going to strike him.)*

Cong. Let me alone.—If this head think at all, I'll make you suffer for't.

Eucl. I can't tell what Your head will think; I now know what it feels.

* This alludes to the feasts of Bacchus, at which the Bacchanalian women ran about with frightful gestures, striking every one they met with their thyrsi, or wands.

† This is a joke in the original, alluding to firewood for dressing victuals, and cudgels.

But pray what business had you in my house, When I was absent? Did I send you there? I should be glad to know.

Cong. Don't make a noise then.— We came to dress the wedding supper.

Eucl. Plague!

What is't to you, whether I eat my meat Or dress'd or raw, except you are my guardian?

Cong. I should be glad to know, whether or not

You'll let us dress the supper?

Eucl. And I too, I should be glad to know, whether my house Is safe.

Cong. I wish I had my things again, Which I brought with me; I should hardly meddle With anything of yours.

Eucl. Well, say no more.

Cong. But wherefore won't you let us dress the supper?

Eucl. D'ye ask, you rascal, when ye have been prying

In every nook and corner of my house, Made it a downright thoroughfare!—But had you

Stuck to your fireside as it was your business, You had not had your crown split, as you've merited.

But now, that you may know my mind, I'll tell you;

Come but a step here nearer to the door, Unless I order you, and I will make you The most unhappy of all mortals.—So,—

D'ye know my mind now? Whither are you going?

Come back again. *[Euclio goes in.]*

Cong. Laverna be my friend.*

(holloaing after Euclio.)

Hark ye me now, if you don't give me back The utensils I brought here, I will expose you Before your own door.—What now shall I do? I have been hired for a good round sum, But it will cost me more to pay the surgeon.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter EUCLIO with the pot of money.

Eucl. Well, by my faith, this shall accompany me

Where'er I go, I'll always bear it with me, Nor will I ever trust it in such danger.— *(to Cong. &c.)* Get ye all in, cooks, music-girls, and all;

Nay, you may introduce too a whole tribe Of hirelings, if you will. Fry, stew, bake, boil, Make as much stir and bustle as you please.

Cong. Faith in good time, when you have clef't our skulls.

Eucl. Get you in, sirrah.—You was hired to work,

Not prate.

Cong. Ha! are you there, old gentleman?

* The goddess to whom thieves addressed themselves. So Horace, in his sixteenth epistle, book i.

Pulchra Laverna,

Da mihi fallere, da justo sanctoque videri.

I shall expect you'll pay me for my bruises:
For I was hired to cook, not to be drubb'd.

Euc. The law is open: don't be troublesome.
Go dress the supper, or go hang yourself.

Cong. Nay, prithee go yourself, sir, if you please. [*CONGRIO goes in.*]

SCENE V.

EUCLIO alone.

He's gone.—Good heavens! how rash a thing it is
For a poor man like me to have concern
Or dealings with a rich one. Megadorus
Tries to surprise me every way whatever.
Under pretence, forsooth, to do me honour,
He sent these cooks in to purloin this from me.

(*pointing to his pot.*)
The cock too, which belongs to the old jade,
Had near undone me: he began to scratch
The ground up all about, where this was buried.
It so provok'd me, that I took a stick,
And knock'd him on the head at once;—the thief!
I caught him in the very act.—No doubt
The cooks had promis'd to reward the villain,
If he could make discovery; but I snatch'd
The means out of their hands,—to say no more,
I slew the dunghill knave.—But Megadorus,
My son-in-law, comes hither from the market.
I dare not pass him: I must stop, and speak to him.

SCENE VI.

Enter MEGADORUS at a distance.

Meg. I have communicated my design,
Touching this match, to many of my friends:
They're lavish in their praises of the girl,
And say, 'tis wisely and discreetly done.
Indeed, were other men to do the same,
If men of ample means would take for wives
The daughters of the poorer sort unportioned,
There would be greater concord in the state,
We should have less of envy than we have,
Wives would be more in dread of acting wrong
Than now they stand in, husbands too would live
At less expense than they are at, at present.
The greater part would be advantag'd by it;—
Though a few niggard wretches might object,
Whose greedy and insatiate dispositions
No law can check, no magistrate set bounds to.
But 'twill be said,—suppose this rule should hold
In favour of the poor, how shall the rich,
Those maidens that have portions, get them husbands?

Why let them marry whom they will, provided
Their portion do not go along with them.
Were this the case, our girls would be solicitous
About their manners, rather than their portions.

Euc. (*overhearing.*) Now, by the gods, I hear
him with delight:

I'm sure he loves economy by his talk.

Meg. No wife would then say twittingly,—
"I've brought you

A larger portion than your own estate:
It is but just then I should have fine clothes,
Maidens, mules, and muleteers, lackeys, and lads
To carry how-d'yes,* carriages to ride in."

* *Salutigerulos pueros.*

Euc. How well he knows the fashions of our
ladies!

Would he were made inspector of their morals!

Meg. Go where you will, you'll see more carriages

Than in the country at a country villa.—
But this is light, compar'd to other charges.—
The scourer comes for payment, the embroiderer,

The jeweller, the clothier, tissue-weavers,
Dyers in sundry colours, mantua-makers,
Perfumers, haberdashers, linen-drapers,
Shoemakers, milliners, and many more,
Who gain a livelihood by women's gear.
Well,—these are satisfied: a thousand others
Block up your gates like guards before a prison.
You pay them: these are satisfied: yet still
More come, and more; still one damn'd plague
or other,

To tease and press you evermore for money.
All these, and many other inconveniences
With unsupportable expenses, wait
On ample portions: maidens, that come dower-
less,
Are ever in their husbands' power; but dames
With full-swoln portions, are their plague and
ruin.

But see—my father-in-law before his door.—
(*advancing.*) *Euc.*! how fares it?

Euc. I've been greedily
Devouring your discourse.

Meg. You've overheard me?

Euc. From the beginning, ev'ry word.

Meg. Methinks
You should be somewhat smarter, better dress'd,
Upon your daughter's wedding day.

Euc. Why, ev'ry one
Should cut his coat according to his cloth:
Those, that have wherewithal, should bear in
mind

To act becoming of their birth and station.
My circumstances rank me with the poor,
Nor are they better than opinion speaks them.

Meg. Surely they are, and may the gods still
add

To what you have at present.

Euc. (*aside.*) Have at present!

I don't like that.—He knows what I have got
As well as I myself: th' old jade has told it.

Meg. Why do you talk apart?

Euc. I was considering,
How I should rate you soundly.

Meg. What's the matter?

Euc. D'ye ask me, what's the matter? You've
undone me.

Fill'd every nook and corner of my house
With thieves and pick-locks.

Meg. Come, come, I intend

To take a cup with you.

Euc. I shall not drink.

Meg. I'll bid them bring a cask of good old
wine

From my own cellar.

Euc. I'll not touch a drop,
I am resolv'd to drink nothing but water

Meg. You shall be soak'd with wine, seas over, you

That are resolv'd to knock nothing but wine.

Euc. (*aside.*) I know what he designs: he goes the way

To knock me up with drinking, and transport That which I hold here to another quarter. But I'll prevent him: for I'll hide it somewhere Out of the house: so shall he lose his labour, And wine, too, in the bargain.

Meg. Have you any Further commands with me? I'll go and bathe. So shall I be prepar'd to sacrifice.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

EUCLIO alone.

My dear Pot! thou hast many enemies, So has the gold committed to thy care.— The best that I can do now is to carry thee Straight to the temple of the Goddess Faith, There hide thee.—Faith, thou know'st me, and I thee.

Beware thee, that thou dost not change thy name,

If I intrust thee with this charge.—I come, Good Faith, relying on thy confidence.

[*Goes into the temple of Faith.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter STROBILUS.

'Tis a good servant's duty to believe As I do,—to obey his master's orders Without delay or grumbling: for whoever Seeks to demean him to his master's liking, Ought to be quick in what concerns his master, And slow to serve himself: his very dreams, When sleeping, should remind him what he is. If any serve a master that's in love, (As I do for example) and he find His passion has subdued him, 'tis his duty To keep him back, restrain him for his good, Not push him forward, where his inclinations Hurry him on. As boys that learn to swim, Rest on a kind of raft compos'd of rushes, That they may labour less, and move their hands, And swim more easily; so should a servant Buoy up his master, that is plung'd in love, From sinking like a plummet.—Such a one Will read his master's pleasure in his looks, And what he orders haste to execute, As quick as lightning. Whatsoever servant Acts in this wise, will never feel the lash, Nor make his fetters bright by constant wear. My master is enamour'd with the daughter Of this poor fellow Euclio, and has learn'd She's to be married to our Megadorus. He therefore sent me hither as a spy, To inform him of what passes.—I may seat me Close by this altar here without suspicion; Whence I can learn what's doing on all sides.

(*Sits down by an altar.*)

* The ancients never set about any thing of consequence without making a sacrifice, before which they used to bathe, that they might come pure to the altar.

SCENE II.

Enter EUCLIO from the temple of Faith.

Good Faith, discover not to any one, That here my gold is plac'd: I have no fear, That any one will find it, it is lodg'd So privily.—On my troth, if any one Should find this pot cramm'd full of gold, he'd have

A charming booty on't: but I beseech you Prevent it, Faith!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

STROBILUS from his lurking-place.

What did I hear him say?—Immortal gods! That he had hid a pot, brimfull of gold, Here in this temple.—I beseech you, Faith, Be not to him more faithful than to me. This is the father, if I don't mistake, Of her my master is enamour'd with. I'll in, and rummage the whole temple o'er To find this treasure, now that he's employ'd.

If I do find it, Faith, I'll offer you A gallon full of wine, and faithful measure I'll offer,—but I'll drink it all myself.

[*Goes to the temple of Faith.*]

SCENE IV.

EUCLIO returning.

'Tis not for nothing that I heard the raven On my left hand: and once he scrap'd the ground,

And then he croak'd: it made my heart to jump And flutter in my breast. Why don't I run.

SCENE V.

EUCLIO dragging out STROBILUS.

Out, earthworm, out, who but a moment past Crept under ground, wert no where to be seen; But now thou dost appear, 'tis over with thee. Rascal, I'll be thy death.

Strob. What a plague art'st thou? What business have you, you old wretch, with me?

Why do you lug me so? what makes you beat me? *Euc.* D'ye ask? you whipping-stock! you villainous thief!

Not one alone, but all the thieves together!

Strob. What have I stolen of yours?

Euc. Restore it to me.

Strob. Restore it? what?

Euc. D'ye ask?

Strob. I've taken nothing.

Euc. Come, give me what you've got.

Strob. What are you at?

Euc. What am I at?—You shall not carry it off.

Strob. What is it you would have?

Euc. Come, lay it down.

Strob. Why we have laid no wager, that I know of.

Euc. Come, come, no joking; lay it down, I say.

Strob. What must I lay down? tell me, name it to me:

I have not touch'd, nor taken any thing.

Euc. Show me your hands.

Strob. Here they are.
Euc. Show them me.
Strob. Why here they are.
Euc. I see—show me your third hand.
Strob. (*aside.*) Sure the old fellow's crazy; he's bewitch'd.
 Prithce, now don't you use me very ill?
Euc. Very ill truly, not to have you hang'd,—Which I will do, if now you don't confess.
Strob. Don't confess what?
Euc. What did you take from hence?
Strob. May I be curs'd, if I took any thing Belonging to you, or desired it, I—
Euc. Come, come, pull off your cloak.
Strob. (*pulling it off.*) Just as you please.
Euc. You may have hid it under your clothes.
Strob. Search where you will.
Euc. (*aside.*) The rogue, how civil is he That I may not suspect!—I know his tricks. Once more show me your right hand.

Strob. Here it is.
Euc. Well—now show me your left.
Strob. Here they are both.
Euc. Come,—I will search no further,—give it me.
Strob. What must I give you?
Euc. Pshaw! don't trifle with me. You certainly have got it.
Strob. Got? Got what?
Euc. So,—you would have me name it;—but I will not.

Restore whatever you have got of mine.
Strob. You're mad sure.—You have search'd me at your pleasure,
 And you have found nothing of your's upon me.
Euc. Stay, stay,—who was that other with you yonder?

(*aside.*) I'm ruin'd! he's at work within; and if I let him go, this other will escape.
 I've search'd him, it is true, and he has nothing.
 (*to Strob.*) Go where you will, and may the gods confound you!

Strob. I'm much oblig'd to you for your kind wishes.

Euc. I'll in, and, if I light on your accomplice, I'll strangle him.—Out of my sight—begone.

Strob. I go.

Euc. And never let me see you more.
 [*Euc.* goes into the temple.]

SCENE VI.

STROBILUS alone.

I'd rather die the worst of deaths, than now Not lay an ambush for this old man's money. He will not dare to hide it here, I fancy; But he will bring it out with him, and change Its situation.—Hush, the door is opening, And out he comes, the old hunk, with his treasure.
 I'll draw a little nearer to the gate here.

[*Skulks on one side.*]

SCENE VII.

Euc. returns with his pot of money.

Now.—let me see—where can I find a place, A lonely one, where I may hide this treasure?

(*meditating.*) There is a grove, without the city walls,
 That's sacred to Sylvanus, unfrequented,
 Thick set with willows; on that spot I'll fix.
 Sylvanus will I sooner trust than Faith.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII.

STROBILUS alone.

I'll run before him, climb into a tree,
 And watch where this old fellow hides his money.
 My master bade me wait here,—but no matter;
 I'll risk mishap in quest of such advantage.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IX.

Enter LYCONIDES and EUNOMIA.

Lyc. I've told you all, good mother: you are now

As well acquainted as myself with all Concerning Euclo's daughter. My dear mother I now unask you what I ask'd before:— Impart it to my uncle, I beseech you.

Eun. Your will, you know, is mine, son; and I trust

I shall obtain my brother's approbation; And there is reason good, if, as you say, You us'd her unbecomingly in liquor.

Lyc. You cannot think I'd tell you an untruth.
PHEDRIA within.

My pangs come on—Help, help, nurse! I shall die!

Juno Lucina, save me!*

Lyc. Hark, good mother! This is a further proof: she's crying out, She's now in labour.

Eun. Come then, my dear son, You shall go in here with me to my brother, And I'll persuade him to forego his marriage.

Lyc. I'll follow you this instant.

[*EUNOMIA goes in.*]

SCENE X.

LYCONIDES alone.

I'm amazed
 Where Strobilus can be, when I had order'd him To wait me here. And yet, upon reflection, If he is absent now to do me service, It would be wrong to be offended with him. I'll in then, where they sit in judgment on me.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I

Enter STROBILUS with the pot of money.

The griffins, dwelling on the golden mountains, Are not so rich as I.—Of other kings I speak not, beggarly, poor, abject fellows,— I am King Philip's self.—Fine day for me! Parting from hence I got there long before him,

* The goddess supposed to preside over child-birth. The same circumstance with this occurs twice in Terence, in the *Audrian* and *Brothers*, in both which plays a very humorous use is made of it. This circumstance, (as Mr. Coleman remarks,) "is not easily to be reconciled to modern notions of decency, though certainly considered as no indecorum in those days."

Climb'd up a tree, and waited to observe
Where the old fellow would conceal his treasure.
When he was gone, down slid I from the tree,
And dug his pot up full of gold :—I then
Saw him come back to the same place again ;
But me he saw not, for I turn'd a little
Out of his way.—Ah ! here he is himself.
I'll go, and lay this pot up safe at home.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter EUCLIO.

I'm dead ! kill'd ! murder'd !—Whither shall I run ?
Whither not run ?—Stop thief ! stop thief !—Who ?
what ?

I know not.—I see nothing.—I walk blind,—
I cannot tell for certain where I'm going,
Or where I am, or who I am.

(to the spectators.) * Good people
I pray you, I implore you, I beseech you,
Lend me your help,—show me the man who
took it.

See ! in the garb of innocent white they skulk
And sit as they were honest.

(to one of the spectators.) What say you ?
I will believe you :—You're an honest fellow,—
I read it in your countenance.—How's this ?
What do you laugh at ?—O, I know you all ;
I know that there are many thieves among you.
Hey !—none of you have got it ?—I am slain !
Tell me who has it then ?—You do not know !
Ah me ! ah woe is me ! I'm lost ! I'm ruin'd !
Wholly undone ! in a most vile condition !
Such grief, such groaning, has this day brought
on me,

Hunger and poverty !—I am a wretch,
The vilest wretch on earth !—Oh, what have I
To do with life, depriv'd of such a treasure ?
A treasure that I kept so carefully,
And robb'd myself of comfort !—Others now
Rejoice through my mishap, and make them
merry

At my expense.—Oh ! oh ! I cannot bear it.
(Runs about crying, stamping, &c.)

SCENE III.

LYCONIDES entering.

Who can this be, that moans so bitterly
Before our house ?—Ha ! it is Euclio sure ;
'Tis he I think.—I'm ruin'd, all's discover'd.
He is acquainted with his daughter's labour.—
What shall I do ?—I'm all uncertainty,—
Were't best to go or stay ?—Shall I accost him,
Or shun his sight ?—I know not what to do.

Eucl. Who's that, that speaks there ?

* Moliere, who has imitated this whole soliloquy, has not scrupled to make his master also address himself to the audience in like manner :

"Que de gens assemblez ! Je ne jette mes regards sur personne qui ne me donne des soupçons et tout me semble mon vœu sur. Eh ! de quoi est-ce qu'on parle là ! de celui qui m'a dérobé ? Quel bruit fait-on là-haut ? Est-ce mon vœu qui est ? De grâce, si l'on fait des nouvelles de mon vœu je supplie qu'on m'en dise. N'est-il point caché là parmi vous ? Ils me regardent tous, et se mettent à rire."

Lyc.

I sir,

Eucl.

I, sir, am

A wretch, a ruin'd wretch, such dread calamity,
Such sorrow, has befallen me.

Lyc.

Take courage.

Eucl. Prithee how can I ?

Lyc.

Since the deed, that now

Troubles your mind, I did,—and I confess it.

Lyc.

Eucl.

The truth.

Young man,
In what have I deserv'd such usage from you,
That you should treat me thus, and go the way
To ruin me and my poor child ?

Lyc.

A god

Was my enticer ; he allur'd me.

Eucl.

How ?

Lyc. I own my crime,—I know I am to blame,
And therefore come I to implore your pardon.

Eucl. How durst you lay violent hands on that
You had no right to touch ?*

Lyc.

'Tis past.—What's done
Cannot be undone.—I believe the gods
Would have it so : if not, it had not been.

Eucl. I believe the gods would have me hang
myself

Before your face.

Lyc.

Ah ! say not so.

Eucl.

But why

Would you lay hands, I pray, on what was mine,
Against my inclination ?

Lyc.

Love and wine

Did prompt me.

Eucl.

What consummate impudence !

How dare you come to me with such a speech ?
If this is right, if this excuse will hold,
Why we may strip a lady of her jewels
In open daylight,—then, if we are taken,
Plead in excuse, forsooth, that love and wine
Led us to do it.—Oh, this love and wine
Are of great value, if they can empower
The lover and the drunkard to indulge
In whatsoever likes him with impunity.

Lyc. I come to beg you to forgive my folly.

Eucl. I relish not these fellows, who commit
A misdemeanor, and then dare defend it.

You knew you had no right ; not being yours,
You should have kept hands off.

Lyc.

But as I dar'd

Make the attempt, I shall have no objection

To have and hold.

Eucl.

To have and hold what's mine,
At my disposal ?—and against my will ?

* This whole scene very humourously turns upon Euclio and Lyconides mistaking one another's meaning ; Euclio all the while supposing that Lyconides is taking of the pot, when he is speaking of the old man's daughter. This is happily expressed in the original, on account of the Latin idiom, the word *alta* (which signifies a pot,) having a feminine termination. Moliere, being possessed of the same advantage in the French tongue, has availed himself of it, and has managed the ambiguity of the circumstance with more art and address than our countrymen have done.

It being impossible to preserve the equivocal of the original exactly, I have been obliged to use some latitude in the translation.

Lyc. Against your will I ask not;—but I think
It is my right, and you yourself will find
I have a just claim.*

Euc. If you don't return me—

Lyc. Return you what?

Euc. What you have stolen of mine,
I'll have you 'fore the Prætor and commence
A suit against you.

Lyc. Stolen of your's? how? where?
What is't you mean?

Euc. As if you did not know!

Lyc. Not I, except you tell me what it is.

Euc. The pot of gold, I say, which you confess'd

You stole,—restore it to me.

Lyc. I ne'er said

A syllable about it, nor have taken it.

Euc. Will you deny it?

Lyc. Yes, deny it wholly:
Nor do I know what gold, what pot, you mean.

Euc. That which you stole out of Sylvanus' grove.

Come, give it me:—I'll rather halve it with you.
Though you have robbed me, I'll not trouble you:
Come then, restore it to me.

Lyc. Are you mad,
To call me thief?—I thought that you had got
Scent of another matter, that concerns me:
'Tis of importance, and if leisure serves,
I should be glad to talk with you upon it.

Euc. Tell me, upon your faith: you have not stolen

This gold?

Lyc. Upon my faith.

Euc. And if

You shall discover him, you'll reveal him to me?

Lyc. I'll do't.

Euc. Nor will you take, whoe'er he be,
A portion of the spoil, to hide the thief?

Lyc. I will not.

Euc. What if you deceive me?

Lyc. Then

May Jupiter do with me what he will!

Euc. I'm satisfied.—Now tell me, what's your pleasure?

Lyc. If you're a stranger to my birth and family,

Know, Megadorus yonder, is my uncle,

My father was Antimachus, my name

Lyconides, Eunomia is my mother.

Euc. I know your family.—Then what's your business?

I should be glad to learn.

Lyc. You have a daughter.

Euc. I have; she is within.

Lyc. If I mistake not,

You have betroth'd her to my uncle.

Euc. Right.

You know the whole.

Lyc. He has commanded me

To bring you his refusal.

Euc. How?—refusal,

* According to the Roman laws, whoever had debauched a girl that was free, was obliged either to marry her himself, without a portion, or to give her such a portion as was suitable to her station.

When every thing is ready for the wedding?
May all the gods confound him! for through him,
Wretch that I am! I've lost so great a treasure.

Lyc. Be comforted: don't curse: but let us hope,

That this affair will turn out happily
To you and to your daughter.—Say, heaven grant
It may!

Euc. Heaven grant it may!

Lyc. And to me too.—

Now give me your attention. Never was there
A man so worthless, that had done a fault,
But was asham'd, and sought to clear himself;
I do conjure you, Euclio, to forgive me
If all unwittingly I have offended
You and your daughter: give her me to wife,
According to the laws: for I confess
That, on the night of Ceres' festival,
Heated with liquor, and impell'd by youth,
I injur'd her fair honour.

Euc. Out alas!

What do I hear? O monstrous villainy!

Lyc. Why do you howl thus? It is true, I've made you

A grandsire on your daughter's wedding day:
She's brought to bed, ten months are past, pray reckon.

On this account my uncle Megadorus

Sent a refusal. But go in, inquire

If 'tis not as I say.

Euc. Undone for ever!

So many evils are combin'd to plague me.

I'll in, and know the truth.

Lyc. I'll follow you.

[EucLIO goes in.*]

* As this scene is admirably worked up in Moliere, the reader will not perhaps be displeased with seeing it in an English dress. It is sufficient to premise, that Valere, a young gentleman, who was in love with the miser's daughter, had got into his service in disguise; and when the miser had lost his money, which his son's servant had stolen, Valere was accused by another servant, out of pique, of having taken it.

Enter VALERE to HARPAGON.

Harp. Come, and confess an action the most black,
The foulest and most horrible attempt,
That ever was committed.

Val. What d'ye mean, sir?

Harp. How, traitor! don't you blush at your offence?

Val. At what offence?

Harp. At what offence? you villain!

As if you did not know what I would say.

But 'tis in vain you offer to disguise it:

The affair's discover'd: they have told me all.

How, how could you abuse my kindness thus,

And introduce yourself into my house

On purpose to betray me, to deceive,

And play me such a scurvy trick?

Val. Since all

Has been discover'd, sir, I will not seek

To put a gloss on, or deny the matter.

'Twas my design to speak to you; I waited

But for a fit and favourable time:

But since it thus has happen'd, I conjure you

Don't be pleas'd, but deign to hear my reasons.

Harp. And what fine reasons can you give? vile thief!

Val. I have not merited these names. 'Tis true,

I have committed an offence against you:

But, after all, my fault is pardonable.

SCENE IV.

LYCONIDES *alone*.

So, ev'ry thing is safe, as it should seem.—
But where is Strobilus? I can find him nowhere.

Harp How! pardonable? what! a wilful murder?
A foul assassination of this kind?

Val For heaven's sake, don't put yourself in rage.
When you have heard me, you'll perceive the damage
Is not so great as you imagine.

Harp. Not
So great as I imagine? What! my blood,
My bowels, rogue?

Val. Your blood, sir, is not fall'n
Into bad hands. I'm of a rank as will not
Let it be wrong'd: there's nothing in all this,
For which I cannot make full reparation.

Harp. 'Tis my intention to oblige you to it,
Make you restore what you have ravish'd from me.

Val. Your honour shall be fully satisfied.

Harp. Honour? that's not the question.—But inform me,
What led you to this action?

Val. Can you ask?

Harp. Yes truly, I do ask.

Val. A deity,
That carries his excuse for all he does;
Love.

Harp. Love?

Val. Yes, Love.

Harp. Fine love! fine love, i' faith!
Love of my louis d'ors.

Val. 'Tis not your wealth
Has tempted me,—that has not dazzled me;
And I protest, that I will never make
The least pretence to any of your fortune,
Provided you will let me keep possession
Only of what I have.

Harp. I will not do it,
By all the fiends I will not let you have it.—
Behold! what insolence, to wish to keep
What he has robb'd me of!

Val. A robbery
D'ye call it, sir?

Harp. A robbery do I call it?
A treasure such as this!

Val. True, 'tis a treasure,
And doubtless the most precious that you have:
But 'twill not be to lose it, to permit me
To have and hold. Upon my knees I ask it,
This treasure full of charms; and, to do justice,
You ought to grant it me.

Harp. I will not do it.—
What can this mean?

Val. We've promis'd one another
A mutual faith, and we have ta'en an oath
Not to forsake each other.

Harp. Faith, the oath
Is admirable, and the promise droil!

Val. We are engag'd for ever to each other.

Harp. But I shall break the contract, I assure you.

Val. Nothing but death can part us.

Harp. Yes indeed,
He's devilishly smitten with my money.

Val. I've told you, sir, already, 'twas not interest,
That push'd me on to do what I have done.

My heart was never wrought on by such springs
As you imagine, and a nobler motive
Inspir'd the resolution.

Harp. So,—you'll see
'Tis out of Christian charity forsooth,
He'd have my money.—But I'll find redress;
And justice, you audacious villain, justice
Shall see me righted.

Val. Use me as you will,
I'll suffer ev'ry outrage that you please:

Where can he be?—I'll wait a while here; then
I'll after the old fellow: in the interim
I will allow him time to make inquiry
Of the old maid, his daughter's nurse; she
knows
The whole affair.

SCENE V.

Enter STROBILUS.

Strob. O ye immortal gods!
What joys, what transports have you heap'd upon
me!

To have a pot of gold in my possession,
Of four pounds weight!—Who is so rich as I?
Was ever man so favour'd of the gods?

Lyc. Surely I hear a voice.

But let me beg, you will at least believe,
If any harm is done, 'tis I alone
You should accuse; your daughter in all this
Is no way culpable.

Harp. I do believe it.
It had been strange, if my own child had been
Accomplice in the crime.—But I desire
To have my own again: prithee confess,
Where you have lodg'd—

Val. Lodg'd? Nowhere but within.
Harp. O my dear casket!—Not remov'd, you say,
Out of the house?

Val. No, sir.

Harp. But tell me now,
Ha'n't you been dabbling?

Val. I, sir, dabbling? Ah!
You wrong us both: the flame, with which I burn,
Is pure, full of respect.

Harp. Burn for my casket!

Val. I would have perish'd sooner than have shown
A single thought, that could offend such prudence,
Such honour.

Harp. Hey! the honour of my casket!

Val. All my desires were stunted to the joys
Of sight alone, and nothing criminal
The passion has profan'd, which those fair eyes
Inspir'd me with.

Harp. The fair eyes of my casket!

He talks on't like a lover of his mistress.

Val. Dame Claude, sir, knows the truth of this adventure,

And she can testify,—

Harp. How! is my maid
Accomplice in th' affair?

Val. Yes, she was witness
Of our engagement; when she understood
The honourable purpose of my flame.
She was confederate with me to persuade
Your daughter to exchange her troth with mine.

Harp. Hey! does the fear of justice make him rave?
What mean you by this stuff about my daughter?

Val. Believe me, sir, 'twas with the utmost pains
I won her modesty to give consent
To what my love requested.

Harp. Modesty!

Of whom?

Val. Your daughter. 'Twas but yesterday
She brought her mind to't, that we both should sign
A marriage-contract.

Harp. Has my daughter sign'd
A marriage-contract with you?

Val. Yes, and I

Have on my part sign'd one with her.

Harp. O heaven!

Another vile disgrace! increase of ill!
Accumulation of despair! &c.

Strob. (discovering Lyconides.) Ha! don't I see
Lyconides my master?

Lyc. Don't I see

My servant Strobilus?

Strob. 'Tis he.

Lyc. No other.

Strob. I will accost him.

Lyc. Best to mend my pace,

I fancy he has been with the old woman,

My Phædria's nurse, as I commanded him.

Strob. What if I tell him I have found this booty,
And ask my liberty.—I'll up, and speak to him.

(*advancing.*) Sir!—I have found—

Lyc. What have you found?

Strob. Not that

Which boys in play hunt after in a bean,*

And if they chance to find, cry out for joy.

Lyc. What, at your trick of joking, sirrah?

Strob. Hold,

I'll tell you, do but hear me.

Lyc. Well then, speak.

Strob. I have found riches in abundance.

Lyc. Where?

Strob. A pot brimfull of gold, of four pounds
weight.

Lyc. (with emotion.) What's that you say?

Strob. I stole it from old Euclio.

Lyc. Where is the gold?

Strob. At home, sir, in a chest.—

I should be glad you'd give me now my freedom.

Lyc. Give you your freedom? worst of rogues!

Strob. Go, go,

I know your meaning;—I was only trying you.—

How you snap at it! what would you have done,
If I indeed had found it?

Lyc. This evasion

Shall not avail you.—Give me up the gold.

Strob. Give up the gold?

Lyc. Come, give it me, I say,

That I may render it to the right owner.

Strob. Where should I have it?

Lyc. You confess'd just now,

You had it in a chest.

Strob. Oh, I am used

To talk thus jokingly.

Lyc. (threatening.) But know you what?

Strob. Nay, kill me, if you please, you'll never
get it.

(*The rest of this play is lost. What follows is
added by the translator.*)

Lyc. How, rascal!—I shall find a way.

Strob. You cannot.—

Tie me up neck and heels; break every limb;

Load me with chains, and ram me in a dungeon;

Let thongs and elm-rods be my only food;

You will not get the gold.—There is a way,—

Lyc. Speak, what way?

Strob. Set me free: one stroke will do it.

Lyc. Though you deserve a thousand, I consent
For my dear Phædria's sake. Go, bring the pot here,
And I'll reward you with your liberty.

[*Exit STROBILUS.*]

SCENE VI.

LYCONIDES alone.

What shall I do now? With the loss of this
Already he's distracted, and I fear me,
Now that he knows his daughter was dishonour'd,
He will suspect me partner in the plot
To rob him of his gold, and think I meant
To dig out for myself, against his will,
A portion with his daughter.—Here comes Stro-
bilus.

SCENE VII.

Enter STROBILUS.

Strob. Come, come along, thou muckworm.

Lyc. Whom d'ye speak to?

Strob. Euclio.

Lyc. He's nowhere here, nor any other.

Strob. Nay, but he is.

Lyc. (looking about.) I see him not.—Where
is he?

Strob. He's here.

Lyc. Here? where?

Strob. I've hold of him; he's here. (*pointing to
the pot.*)

All that he has of life and soul, is here,—
Lodg'd in this pot;—the rest is but his shadow,
This is his substance; his heart's blood, his vitals;
'Tis Euclio all, altogether.

Lyc. Peace, you rascal;

Give me the pot.

Strob. Suppose you sacrifice him

Upon his daughter's wedding-day.—

Lyc. No trifling.—

Strob. You will at least invite me to a share.

Lyc. Give it me, this very instant, or I'll make
A sacrifice of you.

Strob. You'll give me then

My freedom, as you promis'd?

Lyc. Never doubt me.

Strob. Here—take it. (*giving the pot.*)

Lyc. I'll restore it to old Euclio,

Who will adore me as his Joy, his Pleasure,

His Jove Protector, his supreme Salvation.—

I'll call him.—Euclio!—Hoe!—Come forth
here.—Euclio!

Eucl. (within.) Who calls a wretch like me?

Strob. Your Joy, your Pleasure,

Your Jove Protector, your supreme Salvation.

Lyc. I bring you tidings of your treasure, Euclio.

SCENE VIII.

Enter EUCLIO.

Eucl. Where is he?—have you found him?—
where's the thief?

Where is my gold?—Speak, is it safe?

Lyc. How is she?

Tell me, how fares my Phædria?

Eucl. Is it whole?

Is it in nought diminished?

Lyc. Has she bath'd?

Is she refresh'd?

Eucl. I'm talking of my gold.

Lyc. I'm talking of your daughter.

Eucl. I've no daughter,

No child, no family, except my gold,—

I've no relationship.

* The commentators explain this to mean a little worm or weevil which is often found in vegetables. Strobilus intends by this passage, that it is no trifling matter he had found.

- Strob.* Before he lost them,
He had a numerous offspring.
- Lyc.* How d'ye mean?
- Strob.* Of yellow boys.
- Lyc.* (to *Euc.*) Lend me your serious ear.
What if I find the thief, who stole your treasure,
And force him to make restitution?
- Strob.* Hold, sir;
Let me impose conditions.
- Lyc.* Speak, what are they?
- Euc.* I will consent to any thing, to have
My gold again.
- Strob.* First you shall give—
- Euc.* Give! what?
- (*aside.*) I smell him, I perceive what he's about:
He means to share it with me.
- Strob.* You shall give
Your daughter to Lyconides in marriage.
- Euc.* With all my heart.
- Strob.* And with her—
- Euc.* The old jade,
Her nurse: let him take her too.
- Strob.* You shall give
A portion.
- Euc.* How! a portion?
- Strob.* From the pot.
- Euc.* I'm dead! I'm slain!—
- Strob.* And then, since Megadorus
At his own cost has furnish'd the repast
In honour of the wedding, in your turn
You shall provide a sumptuous entertainment,
Lamb, pork, veal, pullets, hams,—
- Euc.* Have mercy on us!
The very sound's enough to breed a famine.
- Strob.* All kinds of fish, cod, salmon, turbot,
mackerel—
- Euc.* Would you were chok'd, I say!
- Strob.* A ton at least
Of nardine.*
- Euc.* Peace, you rascal!
- Strob.* You must hire
A dozen cooks, as many music-girls.—
- Euc.* A dozen hangmen.
- Strob.* Your relations, friends,
Must be invited; the whole city ask'd;—
You shall keep open house, sir, for a month.
- Euc.* You shall provide my feral supper first.†
- Strob.* One more condition, and I've done: I'm
sure
- 'Twill please you.
- Euc.* Speak, what is it?
- Strob.* You shall marry.
- Euc.* I'll hang first.
- Lyc.* Prithee now what kind of step-mother
Would you provide me?
- Strob.* A staid, prudent dame,
No mettlesome young flirt, but past the age
Of having children; no cost to be dreaded
On that account;—one that will live on little,
And be a frugal house-wife;—with a portion,—
- Euc.* A portion?
- Strob.* Yes, an ample one.
- Euc.* How much?
- Strob.* As much as all the gold that's in the pot.
- Euc.* (*aside.*) That's something.—
- (to *Strob.*) Old, you say?
- Strob.* Just ripe for Acheron.
- Euc.* (*aside.*) That's well.—
- (to *Strob.*) Will live on little?
- Strob.* Oh, on nothing
But whey and butter-milk.
- Euc.* Her portion—
- Strob.* Paid
Upon the nail.
- Euc.* (*aside.*) That's good.
- Lyc.* (*aside.*) I marvel much
What he can mean.
- Euc.* Agreed:—I'll take her.—Speak,
Who is she?
- Strob.* Staphila.
- Euc.* Confound you!—She
A portion?
- Strob.* Yes.
- Euc.* Who'll give it?
- Strob.* I.
- Euc.* What! you?
- Strob.* Yes, I.
- Euc.* Whence can you have it?
- Strob.* From my own
Peculiar stock.*
- Euc.* What mean you?
- Strob.* From the pot.
- Euc.* Away,—begone.—They fool me to dis-
traction!—
- I'll to the Prætor;—if there's any law,
Or right, I'll have him hang'd,—I'll hang you all,—
Hang all the world,—and then—I'll hang myself.
[*Running off.*]
- Lyc.* (*showing the pot.*) Turn, Euclo, turn, and
see your treasure here.
- Euc.* (*turning.*) O give it me! let me once more
embrace it!
- Villain, wilt hold it from me?
- Lyc.* No, 'tis yours;
And in return you'll give your daughter to me.
- Euc.* Ay, any thing.—I'll give an arm, a leg,
Rather than lose my gold.
- Lyc.* You do betroth
Your daughter then?
- Euc.* I do. Heaven prosper it!
- Lyc.* I say, heaven prosper it!
- Strob.* Suppose you took
The kernel, and gave him the shell: 'tis all
He has occasion for.
- Lyc.* (*giving Euc. the pot.*) Here is your treasure
Whole, undiminish'd.
- Euc.* (*embracing it.*) O my life! my soul!
My joy! my all!—Nothing shall part us more.
- Strob.* He talks of it, as though it were his
mistress!
- Yet he's afraid to touch her.
- Euc.* O my gold!
Where shall I carry thee? where hide thee?—
Never
- Will I lose sight of thee again:—day, night,
I'll have thee near me.—I'll not eat, nor drink,

* A kind of scented wine in high estimation among the ancients.

† A funeral entertainment.

* This alludes to the property which slaves were allowed to have in their own right, and was termed *peculium*.

Nor take my rest without thee :—while one eye
Is closed in sleep, the other shall keep watch.
Rather than lose thee, I will dig a pit,
And bury in't thee and myself together.

[Exit EUCLIO.]

SCENE IX.

STROBILUS and LYCONIDES.

Strob. The wretch!—I wish I could devise some means

To plague him more and more.

Lyc. Impossible.—

Not Tantalus, amidst the reflux flood,
Suffers such keen and cruel punishment :
No tortures of the damn'd can equal what
The miser feels : himself is his own hell.

Strob. Now, sir, my freedom, as you promis'd me.

Lyc. (striking him.) There,—take it.—Go, and call Eunomia hither,

And Megadorus, to the sacrifice.—

I'll in.—Spectators, do not imitate

The old man's nature : grudge not your applause :
Be liberal, and freely clap your hands.

THE SHIPWRECK.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ARCTURUS.	PLEUSIDIPPUS, a young Athenian.
DÆMONES.	TRACHALIO, Servant to Pleusidippus.
LABRAX, a Girl-merchant.	PTOLEMOCRATIA.
CHARMIDES.	PALESTRA.
SCEPARNIO, } Servants	AMPELISCA.
GRIFFUS, } to Dæmones.	Fishermen of Cyrene.
TURBALIO, }	Slaves.
SPARAX.	

SCENE.—near Cyrene.

PROLOGUE.

ARCTURUS.

WITH him, who sways all nations, sea and earth,
I dwell in fellowship, a denizen
Of heaven's high city, the abode of gods.

* The title to this play in the original is *Rudens*, which signifies *The Cable*, and it is so called from the *rope*, by which a fisherman drags his net to shore, in which is contained the *wallet*, or *vidulus*, which contributes to the catastrophe. But as this would sound rather uncouth to the English ear, I have taken the liberty of following the example of Madam Dacier, who has translated this play into French, and called it *L'Heureux Naufrage*.

This play is remarkable for its scenical decorations, which, as it was thought necessary by the ancients to preserve the unity of time inviolably, are presented to the spectator's eye all at once in a most agreeable prospect, and disposed in a very picturesque manner. Madam Dacier has observed, that a want of attention to this particular has induced some to find fault with the conduct of the piece ; and as it is necessary to have a perfect idea of the scenery, in order to understand the business of the fable, it will be proper to give a description of it, partly taken from that lady.

At the further end of the stage is a prospect of the sea, intersected by many rocks and cliffs, which project con-

I'm, as you see, a fair and splendid star,
Keeping my regular and fixed course
On earth here, and in heaven : my name Arcturus.
By night I shine in heaven among the gods,
And in the day-time mix with mortal men,
Passing, with other stars, from heaven to earth.
Jove, supreme sovereign of gods and men,
Spreads us throughout all nations several ways,
To mark the people's actions, learn their manners,
Their piety and faith, that so each man
May find reward according to his virtues.
Those, who suborn false witnesses to gain
A villainous suit in law, who shuffle off
Due payments by false swearing, we return
Their names in writing to high Jove : each day
He is inform'd of those that call for vengeance,
And seek their own perdition by their crimes.
Whoe'er by perjury obtain their cause,
Or bribe the judge to an unfair decision,
The case adjudg'd he judges o'er again,
And does amerce them in a larger fine
Than they were 'vantag'd by the foul decree.
In other registers are noted down
The upright and the good.—Yet wicked men
Fondly imagine they can Jove appease
With gifts and sacrifice ; and thus they lose
Their labour and their cost : for no petition
Is acceptable to him from bad men.

He that is good and just, will sooner find
Grace from above, in praying to the gods,
Than will the wicked. Therefore I advise you,
You that are just and good, who pass your days
In piety and virtue, persevere,
That so you may rejoice from all your doings.

Now will I tell the subject of our play,
Which is my errand hither.—First of all
Know, Diphilus has nam'd this place Cyrene ;
There in a neighbouring villa, on that spot
(pointing.)

Adjoining to the sea, dwells Dæmones,
A good old gentleman, who hither fled
From Athens ; not that any misdemeanor
Forc'd him to leave his country, but himself
By saving others was involv'd in ruin :
By gentle courtesy his means were wasted.
He had a daughter when a little child
Kidnapp'd away, whom a girl-merchant bought,
A villainous knave, and brought her to Cyrene.
A young Athenian spark, now of this city,
Saw her returning from the music-school,
And grew enamour'd of her : straight he comes
To the girl-merchant, bargains for the wench
At thirty minæ, gives him earnest, binds him
Moreover with an oath. The merchant, like
A villain as he is, car'd not a rush
For honour, honesty, or all he swore.
He had a certain guest, like to himself,
A villainous old rascal,—a Sicilian,
From Agrigentum,—of so vile a stamp,

siderably forward upon the stage. On one side of the stage is represented the city of Cyrene at a distance ; on the other, the temple of Venus, with a sort of court before it, surrounded by a wall breast-high, and in the middle of this court is an altar. Adjoining to the temple, on the same side, is Dæmones' house, with some scattered cottages at a distance.

That he was even traitor to his country.
 This rogue extols the beauty of the girl,
 And of the other damsels, which our merchant
 Held in possession, and, in short, persuades him,
 To go with him to Sicily: "There," says he,
 "The men are debauchees; there you may soon
 Grow rich; there damsels bear the best of prices."
 Well,—he prevails. A ship is hired by stealth;
 All that he had our merchant puts on board
 By night; and tells the youth that bought the girl,
 He's going to perform a vow to Venus.—
 (*pointing.*) This is her temple, where he has invited
 The spark to dinner.—Presently he gets
 On board, and carries all his damsels with him.
 The young man was inform'd from other hands,
 How matters were transacted, how the merchant
 Was fairly gone: he hastens to the port;
 But now the vessel was far off at sea.
 I, seeing that the girl was borne away,
 Brought her relief, and ruin to her owner.
 I rais'd a hurricane, and stirr'd the billows:
 For I, Arcturus, am, of all the signs,
 Most turbulent; outrageous, when I rise,
 And at my setting more outrageous.—Now
 The merchant and his comrade are both cast
 Upon a rock, their ship dash'd all in pieces.
 The maid, affrighted, and a damsel with her,
 Have leap'd into the boat, and now the surge
 Drives them aloof off from the rock to land,
 Close to the old man's villa, which the storm
 Has stripp'd of all its tiles, and quite uncover'd it.
 This is the servant, that is coming forth.
 The spark, that bought the damsel of the mer-
 chant,
 Will presently arrive, and you shall see him.
 Now fare ye well, and heartless be your foes!

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SCEPARNIO, with a spade, as going to work.
 Have mercy on us! what a dreadful storm
 Has Neptune sent us over-night!—The wind
 Our whole house has uncover'd.—In a word,
 It was no wind;—but 'twas the rattling peal
 In the Alcmena of Euripides.*
 Troth, it has stripp'd the roof, tore all the tiles
 off,—
 Made our house lighter,—giv'n it store of win-
 dows.

SCENE II.

Enter PLEUSIDIPPUS, talking to three friends at a distance.

I have withdrawn you from your own concerns;—
 Nor has the purpose speeded, for which cause
 I brought you out with me.—I could not find
 This villainous procurer at the port.—
 Yet I'm unwilling to forego all hope
 Through my remissness:—Wherefore I have still,
 My friends, detain'd you for some longer space.—
 To Venus' temple am I now come hither,
 Where, he inform'd me, he design'd to sacrifice.

* This is supposed to allude to a tragedy of Euripides, called *Alcmena*, in which a storm was represented in so lively a manner, that it became afterwards proverbial to signify tempestuous weather.

Scep. (at a distance, falling to work.)
 'Twere best to set about this plaguy clay here,
 Though I am work'd to death by't.

Pleus. Sure I hear
 Some voice or other near me.

SCENE III.

Enter DÆMONES from his house.

Dæm. Ho! Scepharnio!

Scep. Who calls me by my name?

Dæm. Why, he that bought you.

Scep. That is to say, you are my master.—

(*turning.*) Dæmones!

Dæm. Come, dig away; much stuff will be
 requir'd;

For, as I find, the whole house must be cover'd:
 It has as many holes in't as a sieve.

Pleus. (advancing.) Save you good father!—
 Save you both together!

Dæm. Save you!

Scep. (digging.) But are you man or woman, you
 Who call him father?

Pleus. Sure, I am a man.

Dæm. Then seek elsewhere a father.—I had
 once

An only daughter, and I lost that one:—
 I never had a son.

Pleus. Pray heaven may send—

Scep. (still digging.) Send you a mischief, who-
 soe'er you are,

That seeing us employ'd would give us more
 Employment with your chattering.

Pleus. Dwell ye here?

Scep. Why do you ask?—What! you survey
 the premises,

That you may come and plunder by-and-by.

Pleus. That slave should be a trusty and a rich
 one,

Who lets his tongue run in his master's presence,
 And dares in scurvy terms address a free-man.

Scep. And he should be a filthy knave, a foul
 one,

An impudent base fellow, who will come
 Of his own motion to another's house,
 That owes him nothing.

Dæm. Peace, Scepharnio. (*to Pleus.*) Prithee,
 Good youth, what would you?

Pleus. I would ill to him
 For his unmanner'd haste to speak the first,
 When that his master's by.—But, sir, an't please
 you,

I'd ask, in brief, one question.

Dæm. I'll attend you,
 Though I am busied.

Scep. (to Pleus.) Go into the marsh,
 Wilt thou? and cut some reeds to thatch our
 house with,

While it is fair.

Dæm. (to Scep.) Peace. (*to Pleus.*) Tell me
 what's your pleasure?

Pleus. Inform me what I ask you.—Have you
 seen

E'er a grey-headed, frizzle-pated fellow,
 A scurvy, perjurd knave, a fawning cogger?

Dæm. Full many a one:—by reason of such men
 I now alas! live miserable.

Pleus.

He,

I speak of, brought two damsels with him here,—
To-day or yesterday,—to Venus' temple,
In order to prepare a sacrifice.

Dæm. I have seen no one sacrificing there
These many days.—Nor can they sacrifice
Without my knowledge: Here they always come
For water, fire, or vessels, or a knife,
Spit, seething-pot, or something; in a word,
My well, my vessels are for Venus' use
More than my own;—But now, for many days
There has been intermission.

Pleus.

What you say

Tells me I'm ruin'd.

Dæm.

'Tis no fault of mine.

Scep. Harkye me,—you, sir,—you that roam
about

To temples for your belly's sake,—'twere best
Order your dinner to be got at home:

Belike you were invited there to dinner,
And he, who ask'd you, never came.

Pleus. (angrily.)

Most excellent!

Scep. E'en take thee home then with an empty
belly;

There's nothing hinders.—Thou should'st rather
be

A follower of Ceres than of Venus:

Love's her concern, but food is Ceres' care.

Pleus. How scurvily this fellow dares to treat
me!

Dæm. (looking towards the sea.) O ye good gods!

Who are those people yonder

Nigh to the shore, Screpanio?—Look.

Scep.

Methinks

They've been invited to a parting dinner.

Dæm. Why so?

Scep. Because they've bathed them after supper.
Their vessel's gone to pieces.

Dæm.

So it is.

Scep. And so indeed our house too and its tiles
Are shatter'd upon land.

Dæm.

Alas! alas!

What nothings are poor mortal men!—See! see!
They are dash'd overboard! Look, how they
swim!

Pleus. I pray, where are they?

Dæm. (pointing.) This way, to the right,—
D'y'e see them?—near the shore.

Pleus.

I see them.—

(to his companions.) Follow me.

Would it were he I seek, that worst of villains!
Fare ye well.

Scep. Of ourselves we should have look'd
To that without your bidding.

[*Exit PLEUSIDIPPUS and friends.*]

SCENE IV.

SCEPARNIO and DÆMONES.

Scep. (looking towards the sea.) O Palæmon,*
Neptune's associate, (nay, thou'rt call'd his part-
ner,)
What do I see?

* Otherwise called Melicertes, the son of Athamas and
Ino. It is fabled, that his mother, seeing Athamas in his
frenzy about to kill them both, threw herself and son into
the sea, whereupon they became sea-deities.

Dæm.

What do you see?

Scep.

I see

Two women sitting in a boat alone.—

Poor creatures, how they're toss'd!—That's good,—
that's good,—

Well done!—See! the surge drives the boat away
there

Off from the rock towards the shore!—a pilot
Could not have done it.—In my life, I think,
I never saw such billows.—They are safe,
If they can 'scape those waves.—Now, now's the
danger!

One is wash'd overboard,—but she is lighted
Upon a flat;—she'll easily wade through it.—
O bravo! bravo!—See, the surge has thrown her
Upon the land!—She's risen,—makes this way:—
All's safe.—The other too has leap'd on shore!

Ha! through her fright she's fall'n upon her
knees

Into the sea!—Oh,—she is safe,—has got
Out of the water,—and is now on land.—
But she has taken to the right;—poor creature!
She'll wander there all day.

Dæm.

What's that to you?

Scep. If she should topple from yon cliff, which
now

She's making to, she'll briefly put an end
At once to all her rambling.

Dæm.

If you mean

To sup with them this evening, it behoves you
To be concern'd about them; but if me
You think to eat with, you must mind my busi-
ness.

Scep. O to be sure.*Dæm.*

Then follow me.

Scep.

I follow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Enter PALÆSTRA, from among the cliffs, at a
distance.*

The storied miseries of men's mishaps
(How sad soe'er relation sets them forth)
Are far less sharp than those we know and feel
Ourselves from sore experience.—Has it then
Pleas'd heaven to cast me on this stranger shore,
With these drench'd garments, frighted and for-
lorn?—

Were I but conscious that in anything
My parents or myself had done amiss,
It less had griev'd me.—But my owner's crimes
Have wrought this woe; for his impiety
I'm punish'd.—He has lost his ship and all,
Wreck'd in the sea;—And I, the sad remains
Of all that he possess'd:—the damsel, too,—
She that came with me in the boat,—is perish'd.—
At least had she been sav'd, her gentle aid
Had sooth'd and lighten'd my affliction.—Now
What hope, what help, what comfort can I find?
Here am I in this lonely desert; here
Stand rocks;—here roars the sea;—no living
wight

Comes 'cross my way;—the clothes that I have on
Are all my riches; and I'm mainly ignorant
How to get food, or where to find a shelter.—
Have I a hope, that I should wish to live?—

I am a stranger, a new comer hither :—
Would I could meet with some one, that might
show me

A path or road :—my mind is all uncertain
Whither to make, to this way or to that.—
No cultivated land I see before me.—
Ah, my poor parents! little do you know,
I'm now the wretch I am.—By birth I'm free:—
But what avails this freedom? Am I now
Less wretched, than if born a slave?—Ah me!
I never was a comfort or a help
To those who gave me birth and education.

SCENE VI.

*Enter AMPELISCA, coming forward from among
the cliffs, at the other end of the stage.*

Can I do better? were't not for my good
To put an end at once to my existence?
I am so wretched, and so many cares
Distract my breast, that weary out my soul!—
I'm prodigal of life; for I have lost
That hope, which was my comfort.—All around
In quest I've rambled, crawl'd with patient step
Through every covert place, with voice, eyes, ears
Trying to trace her out, my fellow-slave.
Yet nowhere can I find her!—I am puzzled
Which way to take, or where to seek her further.
I cannot meet a soul, that I might question:—
Never was place so desert and forlorn
As these dread wilds!—yet will I not desist
From searching, till at length I've found her out,
If haply she's alive.

Pal. (at a distance.) What voice is that
Sounds near me?

Amp. (overhearing.) I am mightily afraid.—
Who speaks there?

Pal. I beseech you, gentle Hope,
O come to my assistance—

Amp. 'Tis a woman;—
A woman's voice.—

Pal. And free me from my dread.
Amp. (listening.) Sure 'tis a woman's voice, that
strikes my ear.

Pal. Is it Ampeliska?

Amp. Is it you, Palæstra?
Pal. Why don't I call her by her name aloud,
That she may know me? (*calling.*) Ampeliska!

Amp. Ha!
Who's that?

Pal. 'Tis I,—Palæstra.

Amp. Say, where are you?*

Pal. Environ'd with misfortunes.
Amp. I'm your partner;

Nor is my share of sorrow less than yours.—

I long to see you.
Pal. In that wish we're rivals.
Amp. Our voices be our guides.—Where are
you?

Pal. Here.—
Come forward,—here,—come meet me.

Amp. I am coming.
(*they meet.*)

Pal. Give me your hand.

Amp. Here,—take it.
Pal. Prithee tell me,

Are you alive?

Amp. Aye, and would wish to live,
Since 'tis permitted me to feel and touch you:—
(*they embrace.*)

O how you ease me now of all my troubles!

Pal. You are beforehand, have prevented
me

In what I would have said.—But let us go.

Amp. Go? whither, sweet?

Pal. We'll keep along the shore.

Amp. I'll follow where you please.

Pal. And shall we roam
In these wet garments?

Amp. That which is befall'n us
We must perforce endure.—But prithee now
What's that? (*looking.*)

Pal. What?

Amp. Don't you see a temple yonder?

There,—don't you see it?

Pal. Where?

Amp. Upon the right.

Pal. It seems, 'tis deck'd unto some god.

Amp. Then men
Cannot be far off.—(*they advance towards it.*)

And the site so charming!—
I'll pray unto this god, whoe'er he be,
That he would succour us poor, helpless wretches,
And free us from our sorrows.

[*They kneel before the temple.*]

SCENE VII.

*Enter PTOLEMOCRATIA, priestess of Venus, from
the temple.*

Ptol. Who are these,
That lowly bending to my patroness
Solicit her protection? For the voice
Of some poor supplicants has drawn me hither.
Their suit is to a good and gracious goddess,
A patroness most gentle, and most kind.

Pal. Save you, good mother!

Ptol. Save you, my sweet girls!
Whence do you come, so woefully array'd,
In these wet garments?

Pal. Lastly, from a place
Not far from hence, but 'tis a great way off
Whence we were borne at first.

Ptol. Ye came, forsooth,
By sea then.

Pal. You judge right.

Ptol. Ye should have come
Clothed in white, and bringing victims with
you.—

'Tis not the practice to approach our temple
In such habiliments.

Pal. Ah! whence should we
We that were cast away, have got us victims?
In need of succour, destitute of hope,
In a strange land, we now embrace your knees:
O let your roof receive and shelter us;
Have pity on two hapless wanderers,
Who have no place of refuge, no, nor hope,
Nor anything indeed but what you see.

* They were separated by the cliffs, which hindered
them from seeing one another, though they might both
be visible to the spectators.

Ptol. Give me your hands: rise both: no woman
ever

Was more inclin'd to pity; but alas!
My state is poor and mean: hardly indeed
I get support, and for a livelihood
I serve our Venus.

Pal. Is this Venus' temple.

Ptol. The same; and I'm her priestess.—Such
as 'tis,

You shall find here a courteous entertainment,
As far as my scant means will give me power.—
Come then with me.

Pal. You tender us, good mother,
With a most kind affection.

Ptol. 'Tis my duty.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter FISHERMEN, with their lines, nets, &c.

A Fish. We poor folks lead a sorry life, espe-
cially

If we have learn'd no trade, no occupation,
So of necessity must be content
With what we have.—Guess ye, how rich we are
By this our tackle. These poor hooks and rods
Are all we have to live by. From the city
We come here to the sea in quest of forage.
Our sport and exercise is catching lobsters,
Crabs, oysters, cockles, every kind of fish;
Some with our hooks, some get we from the rocks.
We draw all our provisions from the sea:
If we catch nothing, then well sous'd and pickled
We e'en sneak home, and sleep on empty bel-
lies.—

The sea is now so rough, we have no hope
Of sport here; and except we get some shell-fish,
We must go supperless.—We will beseech
Good Venus here to favour and befriend us.

[*They advance towards the temple.*]

SCENE II.

Enter TRACHALIO, at a little distance.

I've used my best endeavours not to slip
My master any where. When he went out,
He said that he was going to the port,
And bade me meet him here at Venus' temple.—
But see, some people stand there opportunely,
Of whom I may inquire. I'll up to them.
Save you, ye sea-thieves, ye starv'd generation!
How fares it with you?

Fish. As with fishermen;
Dying with hunger, thirst, and expectation.

Trach. Have you seen come this way, since
you've been here,
E'er a fresh-colour'd, stout, well-looking youth,
And three companions with him, dress'd like
soldiers?

Fish. We have seen no one answering your
description.

Trach. Or have you met an old bald-pated
fellow,
Hook-nosed, pot-bellied, beetle-browed, squint-
eyed,

A sour-faced knave, the scorn of gods and men,
Full of iniquity and vile dishonour,
With two young likely damsels?

Fish. Such a one

In mind and deed is fitter for the gallows
Than Venus' temple.

Trach. Tell me, have you seen him?

Fish. No,—no one has come hither.—Fare you
well.

Trach. Farewell. [*Exeunt Fishermen.*]

SCENE III.

TRACHALIO alone.

I thought so: 'tis as I suspected:—
My master is deceiv'd; this curs'd procurer
Is run away, has got on board a ship,
And carried off the damsels.—I'm a conjurer.—
My master was invited by the knave
To dinner here: I had best stay his coming:
And if I see the priestess, I'll inquire
If she can give me further information:
She may perhaps know more.

SCENE IV.

Enter AMPELISCA from the temple.

Amp. (to the priestess within.) I understand
Your orders are, to knock here at this house
Next to the temple, and ask for water.

Trach. Whose voice is that?

Amp. Bless me! who's that, that speaks there?
Whom do I see?

Trach. Is not that Ampelisca
Comes from the temple?

Amp. Is not that Trachalio
I see there, Pleusidippus' rogue?

Trach. 'Tis she.

Amp. 'Tis he.—Trachalio! save you.

Trach. Ampelisca!
Save you.—How fares it?

Amp. Very ill.

Trach. Don't say so.

Amp. 'Tis right to speak the truth.—But prithee
now

Where is your master Pleusidippus?

Trach. Pshaw!

As though he weren't within there.

Amp. He is not,

Nor any other man.

Trach. He is not come!

Amp. You say the truth.

Trach. That's not my custom. But
How near is dinner ready?

Amp. Pray, what dinner?

Trach. You're sacrificing here.

Amp. What are you dreaming?

Trach. Why sure your master Labrax did invite
My master Pleusidippus here to dinner.

Amp. No wonder what you say.—If he de-
ceive

Both gods and men, he acts but like a pimp.

Trach. Are you not sacrificing? nor my master?

Amp. You've guess'd it.

Trach. Prithee then what do you here?

Amp. From dire afflictions, from severest
frights,

From hazard of our lives, in want of succour,

The priestess took us in, me and Palæstra.

Trach. Ha! is Palæstra here, my master's love?

Amp. Yes, verily.

Trach. There's pleasure in your news,

My Ampelisca.—But I long to know

The perils you were in.

Amp. Our ship, Trachalio,
Last night was cast away.

Trach. Ship? cast away?
What story's this?

Amp. Have you not heard, forsooth,
How that our master privately design'd

To carry us away to Sicily,
And put on ship-board all that he was worth?
Now all is lost.

Trach. Thanks, gentle Neptune: verily
Thou art a cunning gamester; thou hast giv'n
him

A pleasant cast i' faith: the rogue is done for.*—
But where's the villain now?

Amp. Dead drunk, I fancy;
For Neptune had invited him last night
To deep potations, and, as I suppose,
Gave him a finishing cup.

Trach. O how I love thee,
My Ampelisca! What a dear sweet creature!
There's honey in thy words too!—But inform me,
How 'scap'd you and Palæstra?

Amp. You shall hear.
Seeing the ship borne full upon a rock,

We, sore affrighted, leap'd into the boat:
I hasten'd to untie the rope that held her;
And while the rest were wrapp'd in wild dismay,
Our boat was sever'd from them by the storm,
Which drove us to thè right; and in this wise,
Poor helpless souls, toss'd by the winds and
waves,

We pass'd the livelong night, till on the morn
The wind scarce bore us to the shore quite
spent.—

Trach. I understand;—'tis ever Neptune's
way:—

He's a most dainty Ædile,† and whenever
He finds commodities stark naught, the word
At once is "over with them."

Amp. A plague on you!

Trach. On you, my Ampelisca.—But I knew
The scurvy pimp would do what he has done;—
And I have often said it:—I had best
Let my hair grow, and set up for a conjurer.‡

Amp. A pretty care you took, with all your
foresight,

You and your master, to prevent his going!

Trach. What could he do?

Amp. A lover he, and ask you
What could he do? Day, night, he should have kept

* This is a joke in the original, depending on the double
sense of the phrase *jacere bolum*, as also of the word
perdere.

O Neptune lepide, salve!

Nec te aleator ullus est sapientior: profectò

Nimis lepide jecisti bolum; perjurarum perdulisti.

Jacere bolum signifies the casting a net, as well as casting
of dice; and by *perdere* is understood, to cause to perish,
or to ruin any one in the gamester's sense.

† It was the business of the Ædile, among the Romans,
to inspect and regulate the market. Among the Greeks
there was an officer, whose province was the same, who
was called *Agoranomis*, which appellation our author
himself introduces in his *Captives*.

‡ It was the custom, it seems, for those who were em-
ployed in *divining* to wear their hair very long.

A constant watch, been always upon guard.

Yes truly,—'tis so like them,—his concern
And care about her tallied with his love.

Trach. Do you not know, when a man goes to
bathe,

Let him be e'er so mindful of his clothes,
They yet are stolen: for he can't devise
Whom he should have an eye to; but the thief,
Holds easily his mark of observation
Point blank before him: all the while our spark
Kens not the lurking knave.—But bring me to her.
Where is she, pray?

Amp. Go straight into the temple:
You'll find her sitting there, all drown'd in tears.

Trach. I'm sorry for't!—but wherefore doth
she weep?

Amp. I'll tell you. She is vexed to the soul,
That the procurer should have ta'en her casket,
Where she had lodg'd some trinkets, which, she
hop'd,

Might lead to a discovery of her parents;
And now she fears 'tis lost.

Trach. Where was the casket?

Amp. He lock'd it in his wallet, to prevent
Discovery of her parents.

Trach. What a shame,
To make a slave of one that should be free!

Amp. She thinks it with the ship gone to the
bottom.

All the old fellow's treasure too was with it:
Some one, I hope, has dived, and brought it up:
She is sore grieved for the loss of it.

Trach. 'Tis fit that I should go and comfort her.
But let her not respond; for true it is,
Good oft befalls us, when we least expect it.

Amp. And true it is, that when we trust in hope,
We're often disappointed.

Trach. Patience then
Is the best remedy against affliction.—

I'll in, except you want me further.

Amp.

Go.

[Exit TRACHALIO.]

SCENE V.

AMPELISCA alone.

I'll now do what the priestess order'd me:
I'll beg some water here at the next house.
She told me if I ask'd it in her name,
They'd give it me forthwith. I never saw
A worthier old woman, more deserving
Favour from gods and men. How courteously,
And with what gentle breeding she receiv'd us
Trembling, in want, wet, cast away, half-dead,—
And treated us as though we were her children!
How readily herself did warm us water
For us to wash!—But I must mind her orders,
That I mayn't make her wait.
(knocking at *Dæmones' door*.) Ho! who's within
here?

Open the door.—Will nobody come forth?

SCENE VI.

Enter SCEPARATIO.

Scep. Who's at the door there banging so un-
mercifully?

Amp. 'Tis I.

Scep. What good d'ye bring us?—By my troth, A likely wench.

Amp. Good day to you, young man.

Scep. The same to you, young woman.

Amp. I am come to you,—

Scep. I'll entertain you, if you come anon, As you could wish: at present I have nothing To satisfy your wants.—Ah ha, my pretty one! My smirking, smiling rogue! (*offering to embrace her.*)

Amp. Let me alone:—

Fye,—now you are too rude.

Scep. By heavens, the very Image of Venus! What a sparkling eye The jade has!—what a shape!—what a complexion!—

A walnut,—a nut brown I meant to say!—

What breasts!—what pretty pouting lips!—

(*lays hold of her.*)

Amp. (struggling.) Be quiet!—

I am not for your turn:—d'ye think me common?

What!—can't you keep your hands off?—

Scep. Prithee, sweet,

May I not toy a little?

Amp. By-and-by,—

When I'm at leisure, I'll then trifle with you:—

Now let me have your answer, aye or no,

To that which I was sent to ask.

Scep. What would you?

Amp. Can you not guess by this?

(*pointing to the pitcher.*)

Scep. And can't you guess

What I would have of you?

Amp. The priestess sent me

To beg some water.

Scep. I am proud and lordly:

Unless you sue to me with low petition,

You will not get a drop.—Our well we dug,

At our own hazard, with our proper tools.—

Unless you woo me with much blandishment, You will not get a drop.

Amp. Why should you grudge

To give me water, which an enemy

Will give an enemy?

Scep. Why should you grudge

To grant me that same favour, which a friend

Will give a friend?

Amp. Well, well, my sweet, I'll do

All you desire.

Scep. (aside.) O charming!—I am blest!—

She calls me sweet.—

(*to Amp.*) You shall have water;—No,

You shall not love in vain.—Give me the pitcher.

Amp. Here,—take it.—Prithee, love, make haste, and bring it me.

Scep. Stay:—I'll be here this instant, my sweet charmer! [*Exit SCEPARNIO.*]

SCENE VII.

AMPELISCA alone.

What shall I tell the priestess in excuse

For tarrying here so long?—Oh, how I dread

Even now to look upon the deep!—

(*looking towards the sea.*) Ah me!

What do I see there on the shore?—my master

And his Sicilian guest, whom I believed Both drown'd!—More evil still survives to plague us

Than we imagin'd.—Why do I not run

Into the temple to inform Palæstra,

That we may fly to the altar ere he come

And seize us?—I'll be gone:—the occasion presses,

And suddenly inspires the thought.

[*Runs into the temple.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter SCEPARNIO.

Good heavens!

I ne'er believ'd such pleasure was in water;

I drew it with such heartiness!—The well

Methought too was less deep than heretofore;

With so much ease I drew it!—Verily

I am an oaf, that I should fall in love now

For the first time.—Here, take your water, precious!

I would that you might carry it with that pleasure Which I myself do; so shall I adore you.

Where are you, dainty dear?—Here, take your water.—

Where are you?—Verily I think she loves me:

The wanton plays at bo-peep.—Ho! where are you?

A pleasant joke i'faith:—but come, be serious.

Why won't you take it?—Where in the world are you?

I see her nowhere:—she's upon the fun.—

I'll leave it on the ground.—But softly—what

If some one take the pitcher?—It belongs

To Venus; and 'twould bring me into trouble.

'Gad I'm afraid, the jilt has some design

To trap me by its being found upon me:

The magistrate would have a fair pretence

To clap me into chains, if any one

Should chance to see me with it: for 'tis letter'd,—

Tells of itself whose property it is.

I'll call the priestess out, that she may take it.

I'll to the door then of the temple. (*calling.*) Ho there,

Ptolemocratia!—Come, and take your pitcher.—

I'll carry it in.—Troth I've enough to do,

If I'm to fetch them water, all that ask for't.

[*Goes into the temple.*]

SCENE IX.

Enter LABRAX, followed by CHARMIDES, from among the cliffs at the further end of the stage.

Labr. He that would be a beggar and a wretch, Let him trust Neptune with his life and fortune:

Whoe'er has any dealings with that god,

He'll send him home again in this sweet trim.—

Ah, Liberty, 'twas wisely done of you,

That thou would'st ne'er set foot on board a ship

With Hercules.—But where's this friend of mine,

Who has undone me? (*looking back.*) Oh, see where he crawls.

Charm. What a plague, Labrax, whither in such hurry?

I can't keep up with you, you walk so fast.

Labr. Would thou hadst died in Sicily on a gallows,

E'er I set eyes on thee, on whose account,
Ah me! this vile disaster has befallen us.

Charm. Would thou hadst lain in prison, on
the day

Thou first admitted me within thy doors!
And I beseech the gods, that all thy life
Thou may'st for ever have such guests as I.

Labr. When I let thee in, I let in Misfortune.—
Why did I hearken to thee, thou vile rogue?
Why did I thence depart? why go on ship-
board?

Where I have lost e'en more than I was worth.*

Charm. I marvel not our ship was cast away,
When it had such a rogue as thee on board,
And thy ill-gotten pelf.

Labr. Thou hast undone me
With thy cajoling speeches.

Charm. Thou hast given me
A more atrocious supper, than which erst
Was set before or Tereus or Thyestes.†

Labr. I die! I'm sick at heart! pray, hold my
head.

Charm. Would thou couldst bring thy lungs
up, for my part.

Labr. Alas! poor Ampelisca, and Palæstra,
Where are you?

Charm. Food for fishes, I suppose;
Gone to the bottom.

Labr. Thou hast brought upon me
Beggary and want, because I gave an ear
To thy romancings.

Charm. Nay, thou ow'st me thanks:
Before, thou wast a dull insipid fellow;
I've given thee salt and seasoning to thy wit.

Labr. Go, get thee hence, and hang thyself.

Charm. Go thou.—
I did as bad, when I embark'd with thee.

Labr. Can there exist a wretch like me?

Charm. Yes, I,
I am more wretched.

Labr. How?

Charm. Because I don't
Deserve it, but thou dost.

Labr. Ye bulrushes!

I envy your condition, who preserve
For evermore your dryness.

Charm. By my troth
My words come from me broken, and as 'twere
By fits, like lightning, flash succeeding flash,
I tremble so.

Labr. Neptune, thy bath's a cold one:
Since I've come out on't in my clothes, I freeze.
He deals in nothing warm to cheer our hearts,
But gives up only salt and cold potatoes.

Charm. How happy are the blacksmiths, who
are ever

Employed about a fire, are always warm!

Labr. O for the nature of a duck, that now
I might be dry, though come from out the
water.

Charm. What if I hire me for a bug-bear?

Labr. Why?

* Meaning, the advantage he should have made by the
sale of the girls, who, he supposed, had perished.

† Both these, as the story goes, had their own children
served up to them at supper.

Charm. Because I chatter with my teeth so
terribly.

Yes, yes, I own I have deserved this ducking.

Labr. Why so?

Charm. Because I dared embark with thee,
Whose crimes have stirr'd up ocean from its
bottom.

Labr. Fool! to have listen'd to thy vain pre-
tences,

That in thy country I from girls should draw
Huge profit, and amass a world of riches!

Charm. Why, thou unclean, unhallow'd beast,
didst think

To gobble up all Sicily at a mouthful?

Labr. I wonder what sea-beast has gobbled up
My wallet, with the treasure pack'd within it.

Charm. The same, I fancy, that has got my
pouch,

With all its silver, which was in the wallet.

Labr. Alas! I am reduced to this one waistcoat,
And this poor shabby cloak.—Undone for ever!

Charm. We may set up in partnership together;
Our means are equal.

Labr. Were the damsels saved,
Some hope were left me.—Now, if Pleusidippus,
Who gave me earnest for Palæstra, see me,
'Twill cause me much vexation. (*he cries.*)

Charm. Prithee, oaf,
Why dost thou blubber thus?—Thou'lt never
want,

While thou canst wag a tongue; thy perjury

Will quit all payments.

SCENE X.

Enter SCEPARNIO, from the temple.

What can be the matter,
That these two damsels here in Venus' temple
Should so bewail them, and embrace her image?
They have I know not what strange fears:—they
talk

Of having been last night toss'd on the sea,

And cast on shore this morning.

Labr. (overhearing.) Prithee, youth,
Where are the damsels, whom you mention?

Scep. Here
In Venus' temple.

Labr. And how many are they?

Scep. As many as you and I make, put together.

Labr. Undoubtedly they're mine.

Scep. Undoubtedly
I know not that.

Labr. Of what appearance are they?

Scep. Good likely wenches.—Were I in my
cups,

I could make shift to toy with either of them.

Labr. And young, forsooth.

Scep. Forsooth you're plaguy troublesome.
Go, if you will, and see.

Labr. Dear Charmides,
Sure they must be my wenches.

Charm. Jove confound thee,
Whether they are or not.

Labr. I'll go directly
Into the temple.

Charm. Go into a dungeon,
I care not. [*Exit LABRAX.*]

SCENE XI.

CHARMIDES and SCEPARNIO.

Charm. Prithee now show me some place,
Where I may sleep, good friend.

Scep. Sleep where you will;
There's no one hinders; the highway is common.

Charm. D'ye see? my clothes here are wet
through: then take me

Into thy house, lend me some fresh apparel,
While mine is drying: thou shalt have my thanks.

Scep. Here, you may take this coarse frock, if
you will,

It's all that I have dry: it serves to shelter me
In rainy weather. Come, give me your clothes;
I'll get them dried.

Charm. So! is it not enough
The sea has made a broken merchant of me,
But thou wouldst take me in, too, on the land?

Scep. Broken or whole, I value not a straw:
I shall not trust a rag without a pawn.
Whether you sweat or freeze, are sick or well,
I will not let a stranger in the house:
No, no, I've had enough of rogues already.

[*Exit SCEPARNIO.*]

SCENE XII.

CHARMIDES alone.

What! is he gone?—Why sure this fellow deals,
Whoe'er he is, in girl's flesh, he's so merciless.

Wet as I am, why stand I here? 'twere best
To go into the temple, and sleep off

Last night's debauch, which went against my
stomach.

Old Neptune drench'd us with his damn'd sea-
water

As though 't had been Greek wine, and so he
hoped

To burst our bellies with his briny draughts.

Troth, had he plied us but a little longer,

We had been fast asleep, and now indeed

He has sent us home half dead.—Well, I'll go in,
And see what's doing by my pot companion.

[*Goes into the temple.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter DEMONES.

How many ways the gods make sport of men!

How strangely do they fool us in our dreams!

Even in sleep they will not let us rest.

As for example, I myself last night

Dreamt a most strange, and an unheard-of dream.

Methought an ape made an attempt to climb

Up to a swallow's nest, nor could he take

The young ones out; on which he came to me,

And asked me for a ladder: I replied,

That swallows sprang from Philomel and Progne,

And charged him not to hurt my country folks.

At this the ape grew much enraged, and seem'd

To threaten me with vengeance, summon'd me

Before a judge: at last, I know not how,

Highly provok'd, I caught him by the middle,

And clapp'd the mischievous vile beast in chains.

I have in vain endeavour'd to find out

The meaning of this dream.—But hark! what
noise

Is that I hear in the adjoining temple?

I am amazed, and marvel what it means.

SCENE II.

Enter TRACHALIO from the temple, hastily.

Trach. Help, help, Cyrenians, I implore your
help,

Good countrymen, friends, neighbours; lend your
aid

To impotent distress, and crush at once

This worst of villainies: let not the power

Of wicked men oppress the innocent,

Who glory not in crimes: let punishment

Wait on bold vice, reward on modest virtue:

O let us live by law, and not oppression!

Run, run into the temple: I again

Implore your help, all that are near me, all

That hear my cry! O haste to bring them succour,

Who (as allow'd by custom) have here fled

To Venus and her priestess for protection.—

Break, break the neck of this vile injury,

Ere it may reach yourselves.

Dæm. Now what's the matter?

Trach. O good old gentleman, whoe'er you are,
I do beseech you by these knees,—

Dæm. Nay, prithee

Let go my knees, and tell me, what's the matter?

What mean you by this uproar?

Trach. I beseech you,

As you would hope a fair and prosperous vintage,

As you would make your exportations safe

To Capua, as you would wish to keep your eye-
sight

Clear and exempt from running,—

Dæm. Are you mad?

Trach. As you expect, I say, a plenteous crop,
Be not averse to hear what I request.

Dæm. And I beseech you by your legs and
back,

As you would hope a fair and prosperous whip-
ping,

As you expect a plenteous crop of lashes,

Inform me, what's the matter? whence this up-
roar?

Trach. Why do you speak me ill? I wish'd
you good.

Dæm. I do not speak you ill in wishing you
What you deserve.

Trach. Pray mind me.

Dæm. What's the matter?

Trach. Two innocent young damsels in the
temple

Need your assistance: they are basely used

'Gainst law and justice; the poor priestess too

Is treated most unworthily.

Dæm. Who dares

Do violence to the priestess?—But these girls,

Who are they? how are they abused?

Trach. I'll tell you,

If you'll attend.—They now embrace the statue,
Which a vile rogue would drag them from by
force,

Though they are both born free.

Dæm. What is the fellow,

That pays so little reverence to the gods?

Trach. A cheat, a profligate, a paricide,

A perjurd, lawless villain: in one word,
He's a procurer: I need say no more.

Dæm. You've said enough to prove he deserves hanging.

Trach. A rascal!—he had the insolence to take
The priestess by the throat.

Dæm. And he shall pay for't.
Turbalio! Sparax! ho, come forth! where are you?

Trach. Pray, sir, go in, and take their part.

Dæm. I warrant you
I need not call twice: they'll be here directly.

Enter TURBALIO and SPARAX.

Dæm. Come, follow me. (*goes with his servants into the temple.*)

Trach. Bid them to tear his eyes out.

Dæm. (*within.*) Seize him, drag him along with his feet foremost,

Like a stuck pig.*

Trach. (*listening.*) I hear a rout within.
They're currying him, I fancy, with their fists:
I wish they'd knock his teeth out, a vile rascal!
But see, here come the damsels sadly frighten'd.

SCENE III.

PALÆSTRA and AMPELISCA appear in the temple court.

Pal. Now are we destitute of every power,
Of every succour and defence, no hope
Of safety left us, neither do we know
Which way to turn, or whither to betake us.
Dire apprehensions compass us around,
Such outrage have we suffer'd here within
From the base rogue our master, who most rudely
Push'd down the good old priestess, treated her
With the most vile indignities, and dragg'd us
With violence from the statue.—Seeing then
Our state is desperate, it were best to die.
Death is the only refuge in affliction.

Trach. What do I hear? what sad complaints
are these?

Why don't I go and comfort them?—*Palæstra!*

Pal. Who calls there?

Trach. *Ampelisca!*

Amp. Ha! who's that?

Pal. Who is it calls us?

Trach. Turn, and you will know.

Pal. (*turning.*) O my best hopes of safety!

Trach. No more wailings:

Be of good heart: have faith in me.

Pal. If possible,

O save and shelter us from impious violence,
Lest it should force me to do violence
To my own self.

Trach. No more:—you are a fool.

Amp. Seek not to comfort us with words alone.

Pal. Except you find a real safeguard for us,
We are undone; and I'm resolv'd to die
Sooner than fall into this villain's power
Yet have I but a woman's heart; for when
I think on death, I tremble.

Trach. Though your case
Is hard, have a good heart.

* *Quasi occisam suam.*

Pal. Where shall I find it?

Trach. Don't be dismay'd, sit down here by
this altar.

Pal. What can this altar now avail us more
Than did the statue, which we late embrac'd,
'Till dragg'd from it by force?

Trach. Do but sit down,
I'll guard you: let this altar be your fortress,
I will defend the work: with Venus' help
I'll stand against the attacks of this procurer.

Pal. We'll follow your instructions.—
(*The women advance towards the altar, and kneel.*)

—Gentle Venus!

Thus lowly on our knees, and bathed in tears,
Embracing this your altar, we beseech you,
Guard and receive us into your protection:
Avenge you on those miscreants, who dare slight
Your temple, and permit us to approach
Your altar, who last night by Neptune's power
Were cast away: O hold us not in scorn,
Nor think it done amiss, that thus we come
Less seemingly accoutred than we ought.

Trach. They ask but what is right, and you
should grant it:

You must forgive them: their sad apprehensions
Force them to what they do. Yourself, they say,
Sprung from the ocean, slight not then these out-
casts.

But the old gentleman, our common friend,
Comes opportunely here from out the temple.

SCENE IV.

Enter DEMONES, dragging LABRAX.

Dæm. Come forth, thou worst of sacrilegious
villains.

(*to the women.*) You, seat you by the altar there.—
Where are they?

Where are my slaves?

Trach. Look, here they are.

Dæm. That's well.

A Servant. We'd fain be at him: bid him but
come near.

Dæm. (*to Lab., who is going towards the altar.*)
How, rascal! would you sacrifice with us?

(*to the servants.*)

Lay your fists on him. (*they beat him.*)

Labr. I must bear your wrongs,
But you shall pay for't.

Dæm. Does he dare to threaten?

Labr. You rob me of my right; you take away
My girls in spite of me.

Dæm. Make your appeal

To any of the great ones of the senate;
And let him try the cause, whether they are
yours,

Or else born free; and whether too your knave-
ship

Should not be clapp'd in prison, there to lie
Till you have worn it out.

Labr. I have no business
To talk with this hang-gallows slave.—
(*speaking to Dæm.*) 'Tis you,

That I must try the cause with.

Dæm. First of all
Try it with him, who is no stranger to you.

Labr. My suit's with you.

Trach. Your suit must be with me.
Are these your property?

Labr. They are.

Trach. Come on then,
Do but touch either with your little finger.

Labr. What if I do?

Trach. I'll make a football of you,
Swing you about in air, and with my fists
Bandy you to and fro, you perjurd villain!

Labr. May I not take my own girls from the altar?

Dæm. You may not; that's our law.

Labr. I've no concern,
Nothing to do, no business with your laws:
I'll take them both away.—Lookye, old gentleman,
If you've a liking to them, you must down
With the hard money.

Dæm. Venus does approve them.

Labr. And she may have them, if she'll pay the money.

Dæm. I'll pay the money! Now then know my mind:

If you dare offer them the smallest violence,
Though but in jest, I'll give you such a dressing,
You will not know yourself.—

(to his servants.) And you, ye rascals,
If when I give the signal, you don't tear
His eyes out of his head, I'll have you bound
With rods lash'd round you, like those sprigs of myrtle.

Labr. Nay, this is violence.

Trach. You burning shame!

What, do you talk of violence?

Labr. You knave,

You gallows rogue, how dare you to abuse me?

Trach. Well, let me be a rogue, and you, forsooth,

A man of strictest honesty,—these girls,

Are they a whit less free?

Labr. Free, say you?

Trach. Yes,

And are your mistresses; both born in Greece;

One an Athenian, sprung from gentle parents.

Dæm. What do I hear you say?

Trach. That she is free;

Was born at Athens.

Dæm. How! my countrywoman?

Trach. What! are not you, sir, a Cyrenian?

Dæm. No:

In Greece, at Athens, I was born and bred.

Trach. I pray you then, defend your countrywomen.

Dæm. (aside.) O my dear daughter!—when I look on her,

The want of you reminds me of my troubles.—

I lost her when but three years old, and now,

If she yet live, her size must be the same.

Labr. I bought them both, paid down the money for them

To him, that own'd them.—What is it to me,

If they were born at Athens or at Thebes,

So they are properly my slaves?

Trach. Thou impudence,

Thou cat o'mountain, thou vile girl-catcher,*

Wouldst kidnap free-born children from their parents,

And then employ them in thy filthy trade?—

This other here, what country she is of

I know not, but I know she's worthier

Than you, you filthy knave.

Labr. Do you say true?

Trach. Nay, let our backs be vouchers for our truth,

And if you have not offerings on your back

More than a first-rate ship has nails, I'm then

The veriest liar upon earth. When yours

I have inspected, look at mine; you'll find it

Tight and without a crack in't, that there's never

A leathern-bottle-maker but will say,

My hide is whole, and fitting for his purpose.

Why don't I give the rogue his belly-full

Of stripes?—Why stare so at them?—If you touch them,

I'll tear your eyes out.

Labr. Now, because you'd hinder me,
I'll take them both away.

Dæm. What will you do?

Labr. Fetch Vulcan; he's an enemy to Venus.
(goes towards *Dæmones'* door.)

Dæm. Where is he going?

Labr. (calling at *Dæmones'* door.)
Hola! who's within here?

Dæm. If you but touch the threshold of that door,

A plenteous crop of blows shall be your portion.

A Servant. We have no fire; we live upon dried figs.

Dæm. I'll give you fire, provided I may kindle it Upon your head.

Labr. Faith, I'll procure it somewhere.

Dæm. What will you do then?

Labr. Kindle a large fire.

Dæm. To burn yourself.

Labr. To burn them both alive

Here at the altar.

Dæm. I would fain see that.—

By heavens I'll catch you by the beard, and throw you

Into the fire, then hang you up half-roasted

For birds to peck at.—(aside.) Now I think on't, this

Must be the ape I dreamt of, who would needs
Have taken these young swallows from their nests

Spite of my teeth.

Trach. I do beseech you, sir,

Defend these maidens, while I fetch my master.

Dæm. Go then.

Trach. And let him not—

Dæm. 'Tis at his peril,

If he dare touch them once, or e'en attempt it.

Trach. You will take care.

Dæm. I will take care.—Begone.

Trach. And guard him too; see that he don't get off:

For we have promis'd to deliver him

Up to the hangman's hands, or pay a talent.

[Exit TRACHALIO.]

* The original is *Felis Virginalis*.

SCENE V.

DEMONES, LABRAX, PALESTRA, AMPELISCA, and
SERVANTS.

Dæm. (to *Labr.*) Which do you choose? to stay
here quietly

Without a drubbing, or be forc'd to't with one?

Labr. Your words I value not a fig, old gen-
tleman.

I'll drag them from the altar by the hair
In spite of you, of Venus, or of Jove.

Dæm. Do, touch them.

Labr. (going towards them.) That I will, by
heavens.

Dæm. Come on then.

Do but step hither.

Labr. Bid those fellows then

Move off.

Dæm. Nay, nay, they shall move up towards
you.

Labr. I would not have them.

Dæm. Why? What will you do,
If they advance still nearer?

Labr. I'll retire.

But harkye me, old grey-beard; if I ever
Should chance to light upon you in the city,
Let me forswear the name of pimp for aye,
But I will make most precious sport with you.

Dæm. Do what you menace when you please:
meantime

If now you touch them, you shall pay for't hugely.

Labr. How! hugely?

Dæm. Aye, as such a pimp deserves.

Labr. I value not your threats, but I will seize
them

Spite of your teeth.

Dæm. Do, touch them, if you dare.

Labr. Faith, that I will.

Dæm. Do then, you know the consequence.

Turbalio, run with all your speed, and bring
Two cudgels.

Labr. Cudgels?

Dæm. Stout ones let them be:

Make haste. [*TURBALIO goes in.*]

(to *Labr.*) I'll give you a reception, such

As you deserve, you rascal!

Labr. (aside.) Woe is me!

That I have left my head-piece in the ship!

Now, if I had it, it would be of service.—

(to *Dæm.*) May I not speak to them at least?

Dæm. You may not.

(*TURBALIO enters, bearing two cudgels.*)

Oh, here he comes, the fellow with his cudgels.

Labr. These are design'd for music, and they
cause

A most melodious tinkling in the ears.

Dæm. Here, Sparax, do you take that other
cudgel:

One of you stand on this side, and the other

On that side of the altar.—Mind me now.—

If he but lay a finger on these girls,

Against their inclination, woe be to you.

If you don't briskly ply him with your cudgels,

'Till, like a drunkard, he shall scarce be able

To find his way home.—If he speaks to any one,

You answer in their stead; and if he offers

To run away, straight hamper him, by making
Your cudgels serve as fetters for his legs.

Labr. What! won't they let me go about my
business?

Dæm. I've said enough.—When that the ser-
vant comes,

Who went to fetch his master, then go home.—

See that you carefully observe my orders.

[*Exit DEMONES.*]

SCENE VI.

LABRAX and SERVANTS. *The two Women, as
before.*

Labr. (walking on one side.) Heyday! the tem-
ple's on a sudden chang'd

From Venus' to that of Hercules:

For the old gentleman has planted here

Two figures with their clubs.—Now for my life

I know not where to take me;—sea and land

Are both conspir'd against me.—O Palæstra!

Serv. What would you?

Labr. Hold! we're at cross purposes:
This is not my Palæstra, that has answer'd.

Ho Ampelisca!

Serv. 'Ware thee of mishap.

Labr. These fellows give me good advice,
however.

But tell me, ho! will there be any harm,

If I come nearer them?

Serv. No harm to us.

Labr. Will there be any harm to me?

Serv. No, none,

If you beware.

Labr. Of what must I beware?

Serv. A hearty drubbing.

Labr. I beseech you now,

Permit me to depart.

Serv. Go, if you will.

Labr. Very obliging this: I give you thanks:

No, I'll draw nearer rather to my girls.

Serv. Stay where you are.

Labr. 'Fore heaven my affairs

Are in a piteous plight.—But I'm resolv'd

To lay close siege, and force them to surrender.

SCENE VII.

Enter PLEUSIDIPPUS and TRACHALIO, talking, at
a distance.

Pleus. What! would the rascal drag her off
perforce,

By violence from the altar?

Trach. Even so.

Pleus. Did you not kill the villain on the spot?

Trach. There was no sword at hand.

Pleus. You should have taken

A club or stone.

Trach. Should I have ston'd the fellow,
Have ston'd him like a dog?

Pleus. Yes, such a villain.

Labr. (seeing them.) Now I'm undone indeed.—

Here's Pleusidippus:

He'll brush my jacket for me; aye, he'll give me

A thorough dusting.

Pleus. Were the damsels sitting

Then by the altar, when you went for me?

Trach. Yes, and are sitting now there.

Pleus. Who protects them?

Trach. A good old gentleman, I know not whom,

Who lives close by the temple: he has been
Of special use, and of most rare assistance.
He and his servants now protect and guard them:
I gave them to their charge.

Pleus. Conduct me straight
To the procurer: show me, where's the villain?
(*they advance.*)

Labr. (to Pleus.) Good morrow.

Pleus. Hang good morrow; take your choice
This instant, whether you'd be carried gently
Before a judge, or dragg'd there by the throat.
Choose which you will, while 'tis allow'd you.

Labr. Neither.

Pleus. Trachalio, run with speed to the seaside,
And bid the friends I brought along with me
To meet me forthwith at the city gate,
That they may help to drag this knave to prison:
That done, come back again, and guard these
damsels. [*Exit TRACHALIO.*]

SCENE VIII.

PLEUSIDIPPUS, LABRAX, SERVANTS, and the
Women as before.

Pleus. Yes, I will bear this rascal runaway
Before the judge.—Come, come before the judge.

Labr. What is my crime?

Pleus. Crime, ask you?—Did you not
Take earnest of me for this damsel here,
Then bore her off?

Labr. I did not bear her off.

Pleus. Will you deny it?

Labr. Yes, because I only
Bore her on board; I could not bear her off,
The more is my mishap.—Did I not say,
That you should find me here at Venus' temple?
Wherein then have I falsified my word?
Am I not here?

Pleus. Nay, you shall plead your cause
Before the magistrate: I'll hear no more.—
Come, come along. (*lays hold of him.*)

Labr. (calling.) Help! help!—Dear Charmides!
I'm laid hold of, dragg'd here by the throat.

SCENE IX.

Enter CHARMIDES from the temple.

Charm. Who calls me by my name?

Labr. Dost thou not see
How I am dragg'd?

Charm. I see it, and look on

With pleasure.

Labr. Wilt not come to my assistance?

Charm. Who has got hold of thee?

Labr. Young Pleusidippus.

Charm. Bear thy mishap with patience: thou
hadst better

Slink quietly to jail: why thou hast got

What most men wish for.

Labr. What is that?

Charm. To find

What they are seeking.

Labr. Pristhee bear me company.

Charm. Troth, thy request is like thee: thou
art dragg'd

To jail, and thou wouldst have me bear thee
company.

What! hanging back?

Labr. O I'm undone for ever.

Pleus. Would it were true!—Do you, my dear
Palæstra,

And Ampelisca, tarry here the while,

Till my return.

Serv. I would advise them rather

To go to our house, and there wait your coming.

Pleus. I like it: you oblige me.

Labr. Ye are thieves.

Serv. How! thieves?

Pleus. Drag him along

Labr. Help! help! Palæstra!

Pleus. On, rascal!

Labr. Guest!

Charm. No guest of thine: I scorn

To be thy messmate.

Labr. Wilt thou slight me thus?

Charm. I do: I've tasted of thy cheer already.

Labr. Plague light upon thy head!

Charm. On thine, say rather.

[*PLEUSIDIPPUS drags LABRAX off. The Women
and SERVANTS go into DEMONES' house.*]

SCENE X.

CHARMIDES alone.

I do believe, that men are metamorphos'd,
Some into one brute, some into another.
This rascal pimp here on my faith I think
Is chang'd into a stock-dove, for ere long
They'll have him in the stocks, and in the cage
For jail-birds like himself, he'll make his nest.
However I will go and be his advocate,
If by my help he may be sooner cast. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter DEMONES.

'Twas a right deed, and 'tis a pleasure to me,
That I could serve these damsels.—I am now
Their patron and protector. They are both
Of a rare age and beauty; but the jade,
My wife, still watches me on every side,
Lest I should show a liking to the damsels.—
I marvel what my slave Gripus is doing,
Who went last night a fishing on the sea:
He had been wiser, had he slept at home,
Such weather, such a night: what he has caught,
I'll dress within the hollow of my hand,
The sea was so tempestuous. (*he is called.*) But
my wife
Calls me to dinner; I must home again;
Though she will stun my ears with her vile
prattle.

SCENE II.

Enter GRIPUS.

Thanks to my patron Neptune, whose abode
Is in the briny regions stor'd with fishes,
Since he has sent me from his wat'ry realms
Full fraught, and laden with the choicest booty;
My boat too safe, which in the stormy sea
Has blest me with a new and plenteous fishing.
'Twas a rare chance this kind of fishery,
How very wondrous and incredible!

I have not caught me an ounce weight of fish,
 Save what I have here in my net. I rose
 At midnight all alert, preferring gain
 To rest and sleep; and though the tempest roar'd,
 I labour'd to relieve my master's wants,
 And help me in my state of servitude.
 I never have been sparing of my pains.
 The sluggard's good for nothing: I detest
 Such kind of fellows. He, who in good time
 Would do his duty, should be vigilant,
 Not wait, 'till he is rous'd to't by his master.
 Those who love sleep, indulge it to their cost;
 They get no profit, and are sure to suffer.
 I, who was ever diligent, have found
 That which will keep me lazy, if I will.
 I found it in the sea, whatever's in it.
 Whatever's in it, by my faith 'tis heavy.
 I think there's gold in't. Not a soul besides
 Is privy to the chance. Now, Gripus, now
 Thou hast a fair occasion to procure
 Thy freedom of the prætor. This I'll do,
 This I'm determin'd, I'll address my master
 With art and cunning, proffer him a sum
 By little and by little for my freedom:
 When I am free, I'll purchase house and lands,
 And slaves, and fit out vessels, and engage
 In traffic; among kings I'll be a king.
 And then for my amusement I will build
 A pleasure-berge, and copy Stratoniceus:
 I'll sail about from place to place: and when
 My greatness is notorious, I will found
 A mighty city, and will call it Gripus
 After my own name, as a monument
 Of my exploits and fame: there I'll erect
 A potent monarchy.—My mind's resolv'd
 On high and mighty matters.—But 'twere best
 To hide this wallet; and this king must dine
 On salt and vinegar, no better cheer. (*going.*)

SCENE III.

*Enter TRACHALIO.**Trach.* Ho! stay there—*Grip.* Stay! for what?*Trach.* Till I roll up

This rope* here, which you're dragging after you.

Grip. Let it alone, pray.*Trach.* But I must assist you.

Kindness on good men is not thrown away.

Grip. The weather yesterday was very boisterous:

I have no fish, young man; don't think I have.

And don't you see, I bring my net home wet

With nothing in't!

Trach. It is not fish I want,

But only to discourse with you.

Grip. You kill me (*going.*)

With your impertinence, whoe'er you are.

Trach. (*holding him.*) I will not let you go.—
 Stay.*Grip.* See that youRepent not.—What a plague d'ye pull me back
 for?*Trach.* Hear me.*Grip.* I will not hear.*Trach.* Nay but you shall.*Grip.* Another time say what you will.*Trach.* But good now,

What I've to tell you is of moment.

Grip. Speak,

What is it?

Trach. See, if no one is behind us.*Grip.* And how am I concern'd in't?*Trach.* Very much.

But can you give me good advice?

Grip. What is it?

Tell me.

Trach. I'll tell you,—hist,—if you will promise
 Not to betray me.*Grip.* Well then, I do promise

Not to betray you, whosoe'er you are.

Trach. List then. I saw a man commit a theft,
 And knew the owner, whom the goods belong'd to.

Straight comes I to the thief, and offers him

This fair proposal. Of your theft, quoth I,

I'm witness, and I know the owner: now

If you will give me half, I'll not discover it.

The fellow makes me no reply. What think you

It were but just that he should give me? Half,

I hope you'll say.

Grip. Ay truly that, and more:

If he don't give it, you should tell the owner.

Trach. I'll do as you advise me.—Mind me
 now:

For this is your concern.

Grip. How my concern?*Trach.* That wallet; I have known the owner
 long.*Grip.* What's that?*Trach.* And how 'twas lost.*Grip.* And how 'twas found

I know, and who 'twas found it, and I know

Who is the owner now: but what is that

To you or me? I know whose it is now,

You whose it was. No one shall have it from me:

Think not to get it.

Trach. If the owner comes,

Shall he not have it?

Grip. No one is the owner,—

Don't be mistaken,—no one but myself,

Who caught it when a fishing.

Trach. Did you so?*Grip.* What fish is in the sea, that is not mine?

As soon as I have caught them, they are mine;

I hold them for my own, at my disposal;

And no one claims a part: I sell them all

As my own property in open market.

The sea is common unto all.

Trach. Agreed:

This wallet then, why should it not be common

'Twixt you and me? you found it in the sea;

'Tis common then.

Grip. Was ever such assurance?

If this were law you talk of, we poor fishermen

Would be undone; for soon as e'er our fish

Were brought to market, and exposed to sale,

No one would buy, but every one would claim

A portion of the fish, crying, forsooth,

That we had caught them in the sea that's common.

Trach. How say you, sauce-box? Will you dare
 to place

* Hence the name of the play in the original.

A wallet in comparison with fish?

Think you, they are the same?

Grip. When I have thrown
My net in, 'tis no longer in my power:
Whatever sticks to it, I haul it up,
And what my net has got, is mine alone.

Trach. Nay but it is not, if you catch a wallet.

Grip. O rare philosopher!
Trach. Good conjurer,
Did you e'er know a fisherman, that caught
A wallet-fish, or carried one to market?
Would you be jack of all trades as you like?
Would you, you rascal, deal in wallets too
As well as be a fisherman? But now
Show me what kind of fish a wallet is,
Or you shall carry nothing off, that was not
Bred in the sea, and has not scales.

Grip. What, never
Heard of a wallet-fish before?

Trach. You villain!
There's no such fish.

Grip. Nay verily there is;
And I, who am a fisherman, must know:
But it is rarely caught: no fish so seldom
Comes to our coast.

Trach. That will avail you nought,
You gallows knave; d'ye think you can deceive
me?

What colour is it of?

Grip. There are but few
Caught of this colour: some are red, some black,
And some are very large.

Trach. I understand you.
You will be chang'd into a wallet-fish,
Unless you have a care: first you'll be red,
Then black.

Grip. What rascal have I stumbled on?

Trach. This is mere talking, and we waste
the day.

Whose arbitration, say, shall we abide by?

Grip. The wallet's.

Trach. Ay indeed!—You are a fool.

Grip. Fare you well, Thales! (*going.*)

Trach. (*holding him.*) Nay you shall not have it,
Unless you place it in some person's hands,
And choose an umpire to decide betwixt us.

Grip. What, are you mad?

Trach. I'm drunk with hellebore.

Grip. I'm Ceres-struck, but I'll not part with
this.

Trach. Speak but another word, I'll knock
your brains out;

If you don't let it go, like a new sponge,
I'll suck up every drop of moisture in you.

Grip. Touch me, and I will dash you to the
ground

Flat as a flounder.—Will you fight?

Trach. What need
Of fighting? rather let us share the booty.

Grip. You will get nothing but your own mis-
hap,

So don't expect it. I'll be gone. (*going.*)

Trach. But I
Will make your vessel tack about to stop you.

Grip. If you are at the poop, I'll keep at stern.
Let go the rope, you rascal.

Trach.

Let it go?

Do you let go the wallet.

Grip. You'll not be
A fig the better now for all that's in it.

Trach. Your bare denial is no proof to me,
But you must either let me have a share on't,
Or you must place it in some person's hands,
And choose an umpire to decide betwixt us.

Grip. How! what I caught at sea?—

Trach. I saw from shore.

Grip. With my own pains, my own net, my
own boat?

Trach. What if the owner come, whose pro-
perty

It is, shall I, who saw you from afar
Take it, be counted less a thief than you?

Grip. No, certainly. (*offers to go.*)

Trach. Stay, rascal. By what argument
Am I to be a thief, and not a sharer?
Give me to know.

Grip. I can't, nor do I know
Your city laws; but this is mine, I'll stand to it.

Trach. I say 'tis mine too.

Grip. Hold—I've found a method,
How you may neither be the thief nor sharer.

Trach. Ah! how is that?

Grip. Let me depart in peace,
Do you go your own way, and hold your tongue:
You shall tell no one, and I'll give you nothing:
You shall be silent, I'll be silent too.

This is the best, the fairest thing that can be.

Trach. What! will you make me no proposal?

Grip. Yes;
I have already.—“That you should be gone,
Let go the rope, and trouble me no longer.”

Trach. Stay; will you take my offer?

Grip. Prithee take
Yourself away.

Trach. Do you know any one
Lives whereabouts?

Grip. Sure I must know my neighbours.

Trach. Where do you live?

Grip. Far off in yonder fields.

Trach. Say, will you leave it to his arbitration,
Who lives here in this house?

(*pointing to Dæmones' house.*)

Grip. Let go the rope

A little, while I step apart, and think on't.—
(*aside.*) Bravo! all's safe: the prize is all my own.
The fellow summons me on my own dunghill,
Chooses my master for an arbitrator!

I dare be sworn, he will not give a doit
Away from his own servant. Sure the fool
Is not aware of what he has proposed.—
(*to Trach.*) Well, I'll attend you to the arbitrator.

Trach. What should you do else?

Grip. Though I know for certain
This is my lawful right, I'll do so rather
Than go to boxing with you.

Trach. Now you please me.

Grip. Though I'm call'd before an arbitrator,
Who is a stranger, and unknown to me,
If he but do me justice, though unknown,
It is the same as though we were acquainted.
If not, though known, he's as an utter stranger.

(*they advance towards Dæmones' house.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter DEMONES, with PALÆSTRA and AMPELISCA; the two servants behind.

Dem. Faith seriously, my girls, I wish to do What you yourselves wish, but I fear, my wife On your account would thrust me out of doors, Pretending that I brought my misses home Under her nose, before her eyes.—Do you then, Rather than I, take refuge at the altar.*

Pal. and Amp. We are undone!

Dem. Fear nothing: I'll protect you.
(*to the servants.*) What brought you out of doors?
Why do you follow me?

While I am present, no one shall molest them.
So, get ye in, I say, and there stand sentinel.

Grip. Save you, good master.

Dem. How now, Gripus? Save you.

Trach. Is this your servant?

Grip. Yes, and no disgrace to him.

Trach. I've nothing to do with you.

Grip. Get you gone then.

Trach. I pray you, tell me, sir; is this your servant?

Dem. He is.

Trach. So,—best of all then, if he is.

Dem. What is the matter?

Trach. He's an arrant rascal.

Dem. What has this arrant rascal done to you?

Trach. I would his legs were broke.

Dem. Why, what's the matter?

What is your contest now about?

Trach. I'll tell you.

Grip. Nay, I will tell you.

Trach. I will; 'tis my business
To move the court.

Grip. If you had any shame,
You would move off.

Dem. Peace, Gripus, and attend.

Grip. What! shall he speak the first?

Dem. Attend, I say.

(*to Trach.*) Speak you.

Grip. And will you let a stranger speak
'Fore your own servant?

Trach. How impossible
To curb his tongue!—As I was telling you,
That curs'd procurer's wallet, whom you drove
Just now from Venus' temple,—lo! he has it.

Grip. I have it not.

Trach. And will you dare deny
What I beheld myself, with my own eyes?

Grip. Would you were blind, I say!—Suppose
I have it,

Or have it not, why d'ye concern yourself
With my affairs?

Trach. It does concern me, whether
You have possession justly or unjustly.

Grip. I caught it, or I'd give you leave to hang
me.

Since in the sea I caught it with my net,
How is't more your's than mine?

Trach. He would deceive you:
He has it, as I told you.

Grip. What d'ye say?

Trach. If he's your servant, prithee keep him
under,

That I, whose right it is, may speak the first.

Grip. How! would you have my master deal
with me,

As your's with you? though he may keep you
under,

Our master is not us'd to serve us so.

Dem. Faith he has match'd you there.—What
would you? tell me.

Trach. I ask no share, no portion of the
wallet,

Nor did I say 'twas mine: but there is in it
A little casket of that damsel's, who

I told you was free-born.

Dem. What her you mean,
My countrywoman, as you said?

Trach. The same.

And in that casket, which is in the wallet,
There are some toys of her's, which when a
child

She had: to him they're of no use or service,
But if he give them her, may be the means

For her to find her parents.

Dem. Say no more,

I'll make him give them.

Grip. Troth, I'll give her nothing.

Trach. I ask but for the casket and those toys.

Grip. But what if they be gold?

Trach. Suppose they are,
You shall have gold for gold, of equal value,
Silver for silver.

Grip. Let me see your gold,
And you shall see the casket.

Dem. Hold your tongue;
Beware thee of a drubbing:—(*to Trach.*) You go
on.

Trach. I pray you have compassion of this
damsel,

If it indeed be the procurer's wallet,

As I suppose it is; I do not say

'Tis his for certain, but 'tis my opinion.

Grip. (*aside.*) See how the rascal tries to catch
his favour!

Trach. Let me proceed.—If 'tis the rascal's
wallet,

These girls will surely know it:—order him
To show it them.

Grip. How! show it them?

Dem. He asks
Nothing but what is reasonable, Gripus.

Grip. 'Tis most unreasonable.

Dem. Why?

Grip. Because,
If I produce it, they will cry out at once

They know it truly.

Trach. Rascal! do you think

That every body's like yourself?—false varlet!

Grip. I bear all this with patience, while my
master

Is on my side.

Trach. But now he is against you,
And that the casket will bear testimony.

* Demones means, that if the damsels did not quit his house, and retreat to the altar, he himself should be obliged to do it on account of his wife's resentment.

Dæm. Gripus, be silent and attend! (to

Trach.) Do you

Tell me in few, what is it you would have?

Trach. I've told you, and I'll tell it you again, If yet sufficiently you understand not.

These damsels, I inform'd you, are free-born;

And one was stolen from Athens when a child.

Grip. But what is this pray to the wallet, whether

They're slaves or free?

Trach. You'd have me spend the day In telling the whole o'er again, you villain!

Dæm. Spare your abuses, and inform me clearly

In what I ask.

Trach. There should be in the wallet A wicker casket, that contains some tokens Which the poor girl may find her parents by, And which she had, when stol'n a little child From Athens, as I told you.

Grip. Jupiter,

And all the gods confound you! Don't you see The damsels are both dumb? why cannot they Speak for themselves?

Trach. Because it more becomes A woman to be silent than to talk.

Grip. Then by your talk you're neither man nor woman.

Trach. Why?

Grip. Talk or not talk, you are good for nothing.

(to *Dæm.*) Pray, may I never be allow'd to speak?

Dæm. Speak but another word, I'll break your head.

Trach. Pray, sir, command him to deliver up That casket to the girls, and what reward He asks for finding it, it shall be given: What else is in the wallet, let him have.

Grip. Ah, so you say at last, now you're convince'd

I have a right to't, though e'en now you wanted To go snacks with me.

Trach. And I want it still.

Grip. So have I seen a kite stoop at his prey, And yet get nothing.

Dæm. Can't I stop your mouth Without a drubbing?

Grip. If he's silent, I'll Be silent too; but if he speak, let me too Speak in my turn.

Dæm. Give me the wallet, Gripus.

Grip. I'll trust it to you on condition you'll Return it, if there's nothing in't of their's.

Dæm. I will.

Grip. There—take it. (giving him the wallet.)

Dæm. Harkye me, Palæstra,

And Ampelisca, attend to what I say.— Is this the wallet, that contains your casket?

Pal. The same.

Grip. So,—I'm undone, I find.—Before She could well see it, she cries out, "The same."

Pal. I'll make this matter plain, and clear up all.

There is a wicker casket in that wallet;

And each particular that it contains

I'll reckon one by one: you shall not show me:

If wrong, my word will serve me in no stead,

And all that's in the casket shall be your's;

If right, I pray you let me have my own.

Dæm. Agreed: she only asks for common justice,

In my opinion.

Trach. And in mine.

Grip.

But what

If she's a witch, and by that means should tell What's in the casket? shall a witch then carry it?

Dæm. No, not unless she give a just account; Her witchcraft shall not serve her.—Open then The wallet; I would know the truth directly.

Grip. (opening it.) The deed is done!—'tis open'd.—Ah! I'm ruin'd!

I see a casket.

Dæm. Is this it?

Pal.

The same.

In this, my parents, are you lock'd; in this My hopes of finding you, and means are lodg'd.

Grip. Verily you deserve the gods' displeasure,

To cram your parents in so close a compass.

Dæm. Come hither, Gripus:—'tis your cause is trying.

(to *Pal.*) Harkye me, girl; at distance where you are

Tell the contents, and give a just description Of each particular within the casket.

If in the smallest tittle you mistake,

Though afterwards you'd wish to speak the truth,

I'd hold it nothing but egregious trifling.

Grip. You talk what's fair, and justice.

Trach.

Then of you

He talks not: you and justice are quite opposite.

Dæm. Speak, girl.—Gripus, give ear, and hold your tongue.

Pal. There are some toys.

Dæm.

I see them.

Grip.

I'm slain

At the first onset.—Hold, sir,—don't produce them.

Dæm. Describe them,—and recount them all in order.

Pal. First, there's a little sword with an inscription.

Dæm. What's the inscription?

Pal.

'Tis my father's name.

Then, there's a little two-edg'd axe, of gold too, Bearing the inscription of my mother's name.

Dæm. Hold,—what's your father's name upon the sword?

Pal. 'Tis Dæmones.

Dæm.

O ye immortal gods!

Where are my hopes?

Grip.

Nay truly, where are mine?

Dæm. Proceed, I do beseech you, quickly.

Grip.

Gently.

(aside.) Would you were hang'd!

Dæm.

Tell me your mother's name

Upon the axe.

Pal. 'Tis—Dædalis.
Dæm. The gods
 Are anxious for my welfare.
Grip. And my ruin.
Dæm. Why, Gripus, she must surely be my daughter.
Grip. She may be so for me. (*to Trach.*) May all the gods
 Confound you, that you chanc'd to spy me out;
 And me too, that I did not look about me
 A hundred times to watch if no one saw me,
 Before I drew the net out of the water.
Pal. Then there's a small two-handed silver knife.
 A little sow too.*

Grip. Would that you were hang'd,
 You and your sow too, pigs and all together!
Pal. There is besides a little heart of gold,
 Given me by my father on my birth-day.

Dæm. 'Tis she, 'tis she!—I can refrain no longer,
 I must embrace her. (*they embrace.*)

Save you, my dear daughter!
 I, I am Dæmones, and Dædalis
 Your mother is within here.

Pal. Blessings on you,
 My unexpected, my unhop'd-for father!

Dæm. Heavens bless you!—With what joy do I embrace you!

Trach. To me too 'tis a pleasure, since your piety
 Has wrought this happy chance.

Dæm. Come, take the wallet,
 And bear it in, Trachalio, if you can.

Trach. (*taking the wallet.*) Behold the roguery of Gripus!—Gripus,

I give you joy upon your ill success.

Dæm. Come, daughter, let us in now to your mother,

For she can question you of further proofs,
 Who has been more accusom'd to you, more
 Acquainted with your tokens.

Trach. We'll all in,
 Since we are all concern'd in this event.

Pal. Follow me, Ampelisca.

Amp. I'm rejoic'd
 To find the gods so favourable to you.

[*Exeunt all but GRIPUS.*]

SCENE V.

GRIPUS alone.

Well—what an ass am I, t' have found this wallet,
 And not have hid it in some secret place!
 I thought that I should have a plaguy job on't,
 Because I found it in such plaguy weather.
 Troth, I believe there is a deal of gold
 And silver in it. I had best go home,
 And hang myself in private,—for a while
 At least, till I am rid of this vexation. [*Exit.*]

* Whether or no this signifies some part of a child's clothing, according to some commentators, or any kind of trinket, which we are not at present acquainted with, it is plain that in Gripus' answer a joke is intended on account of the double meaning of the word, *sacula* likewise signifying a little sow. It is not much to be regretted perhaps, that this pun could not be preserved in our language.

SCENE VI.

Enter DÆMONES.

Good heavens! was ever man more blest than I,
 So unexpectedly to find my daughter!
 Is it not plain, that when the gods would show
 Favour to men, they show it to the virtuous?
 Thus I, beyond my hope, beyond belief,
 Most unexpectedly have found my daughter:
 And I'll bestow her on a noble youth,
 My kinsman, an Athenian. I would have him
 Fetch'd here directly; and I bade his servant
 Come forth, that I might send him to the Forum.
 I marvel why he is not come.—'Twere best
 Go to the door.—(*he looks in.*) What do I see?—
 My wife

Hugging and hanging on her daughter's neck—
 (*calling at the door.*)

Nay, prithee, wife, a truce with your caresses;
 See all things ready for the sacrifice,
 Which we must offer to our household gods,
 Who have increas'd our family.—We have lambs
 And hogs nurtur'd for sacred use.—But why
 Do ye detain Trachalio?—Oh, he comes.

SCENE VII.

Enter TRACHALIO.

Trach. Trust me, I'll find him out, where'er
 he is,
 And bring him with me.

Dæm. Tell him what has happen'd
 Concerning of my daughter, and beseech him
 To leave all other matters, and come hither.

Trach. Well.

Dæm. Tell him he shall have my daughter.
Trach. Well.*

Dæm. And that I knew his father, and that he
 Is my relation.

Trach. Well.

Dæm. But make haste.

Trach. Well.

Dæm. Be sure you bring him here to supper.

Trach. Well.

Dæm. How! Well to every thing?

Trach. Well.—But d'ye know

I've a request to make?—that you'd remember
 What you have promis'd,—to procure my freedom.

Dæm. Well.

Trach. Then persuade my master Pleusidippus
 To give it me.

Dæm. Well.

Trach. Let your daughter join
 In the request: she'll easily prevail.

Dæm. Well.

Trach. Further, let me marry Ampelisca,
 When I've my freedom.

Dæm. Well.

Trach. And let me find

My services indeed rewarded.

Dæm. Well.

Trach. How! Well to every thing?

* The original is *Licet*. Trachalio jocularly makes use of this word in reply to every thing that Dæmones says; after which Dæmones takes it up, and answers Trachalio in the same manner. Moliere, who was a close imitator of our author, has the same kind of humour in many of his comic scenes.

Dæm. Well.—So, methinks I'm even with you.—Prithee now run quickly Into the city, and come back with speed. [*interim*
Trach. Well.—I'll be here this instant.—In the Get all things ready for the sacrifice.

Dæm. Well. [*Exit TRACHALIO.*
—*Ill betide him with his Wells, says I!*
He has so stuff'd my ears with nothing else,
Let me say what I would, but Well, Well, Well.

* * * The remaining scenes are of little interest, being chiefly taken up with the restoration of the wallet to Labrax, and the rewarding of Gripus with his freedom for having found it.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MENÆCHMUS, of *Epidamnium*.

OLD MAN.

PENICULUS, a *Parasite*.

SERVANT of *Menæchmus*.

PHYSICIAN.

CYLINDRUS, a *Cook*.

MENÆCHMUS SOSCILES.

MESSENIO, *Servant of Menæchmus Sosciles*.

WIFE of *Menæchmus of Epidamnium*.

MAID-SERVANT of *Menæchmus of Epidamnium*.

EROTIUM, a *Courtizan*, *Mistress of Menæchmus of Epidamnium*.

SERVANTS of *Menæchmus of Epidamnium*.

SCENE, in *Epidamnium*, a city of *Macedonia*.

PROLOGUE.

SPECTATORS;—first and foremost;—may all health

And happiness attend both you and me!
I bring you Plautus, with my tongue, not hand;
Give him, I pray, a fair and gentle hearing.
Now learn the argument, and lend attention:
I'll be as brief as may be.—'Tis the way
With poets in their comedies to feign
The business pass'd at Athens, so that you
May think it the more Grecian.—For our play,
I'll not pretend the incidents to happen
Where they do not: the argument is Grecian,
And yet it is not Attic, but Sicilian.—
So much by way of preface to our tale,
Which now I deal out to you in full measure,
Not as it were by bushels or by pecks,
But pour before you the whole granary;
So much am I inclined to tell the plot.

There was a certain merchant, an old man,
Of Syracuse. He had two sons were twins,
So like in form and feature, that the nurse
Could not distinguish them, who gave them

suck,

Nor e'en the mother that had brought them forth,
As one inform'd me, who had seen the children;
Myself ne'er saw them, don't imagine it.

* Plautus calls this comedy *MENÆCHMI*, from the Twins being, each of them, called by that name; the one *Menæchmus of Epidamnium*, the other, *Menæchmus Sosciles*.

When that the boys were seven years old, the father

Freighted a vessel with much store of merchandise;

Put one of them on board, and took the child

Along with him to traffic at Tarentum,

The other with his mother left at home.

When they arrived there at this same Tarentum,

It happen'd there were sports; and multitudes,
As they are wont at shows, were got together.

The child stray'd from his father in the crowd.

There chanc'd to be a certain merchant there,

An Epidamnian, who pick'd up the boy,

And bore him home with him to Epidamnium.

The father, on the sad loss of his boy,

Took it to heart most heavily, and died

For grief of't, some days after, at Tarentum.

When the news of this affair was brought to Syracuse

Unto the grandfather, how that the child

Was stolen, and the father dead with grief,

The good old man changes the other's name,

So much he lov'd the one that had been stolen:

Him that was left at home, he calls *Menæchmus*,

Which was the other's name; and by the same

The grandsire too was call'd; I do remember it

More readily, for that I saw him cried.

I now forewarn you, lest you err hereafter,

Both the twin brothers bear the self-same name.

Now must I foot it back to Epidamnium,

That I may clear this matter up exactly.

If any of you here have any business

At Epidamnium you want done, speak out,

You may command me;—but on this condition,

Give me the money to defray the charges.

He that don't give it, will be much mistaken;

Much more mistaken will he be that does.

But now I am return'd whence I set forth,

Though yet I stand here in the self-same place.

This Epidamnian, whom I spoke of, he

Who stole that other boy, no children had

Except his riches, therefore he adopts

This stranger-boy, gave him a wife well-portioned,

And makes him his sole heir, before he died.

As he was haply going to the country,

After a heavy rain, trying to ford

A rapid river near unto the city,

The rapid river rapp'd him off his legs,

And snatch'd him to destruction: a large fortune

Fell to the youth, who now lives here: the other,

Who dwells at Syracuse, is come to-day

To Epidamnium with a slave of his,

In quest of his twin brother. Now this city

(*pointing to the scenes.*)

Is Epidamnium, while this play is acting;

And when another shall be represented,

'Twill be another place; like as our company

Are also wont to shift their characters.

While the same player at one time is a pimp,

And then a young gallant, and old curmudgeon,

A poor man, rich man, parasite, or priest.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PENICULUS, the Parasite.

Our young men call me *dishclout*, for this reason,
 Whene'er I eat, I wipe the tables clean.
 Now in my judgment they act foolishly,
 Who bind in chains their captives, and clap fet-
 ters

Upon their runaway slaves: for if you heap
 Evil on evil to torment the wretch,
 The stronger his desire is to escape.—
 They'll free them from their chains by any
 means:

Load them with gyves, they file away the door,
 Or knock the bolt out with a stone.—'Tis vain
 this:

But would you keep a man from 'scaping from
 you,

Be sure you chain him fast with meat and drink
 And tie him by the beak to a full table.

Give him his fill, allow him meat and drink
 At pleasure, in abundance, every day;
 And I'll be sworn, although his crime be capital,
 He will not run away: you'll easily
 Secure him, while you bind him with these
 bonds.

They're wondrous supple these same belly-bonds,
 The more you stretch them, they will bind the
 harder.

For instance, I'm now going to Menæchmus,
 Most willingly I'm going to be bound,
 According to his sentence past upon me.
 Good soul! he's not content with giving us
 A bare support and meagre sustenance,
 But crams us even to satiety;
 Gives us, as 'twere, new life, when dead with
 hunger.

O he's a rare physician: he's a youth
 Of lordly appetite; he treats most daintily,
 His table's bravely served; such heaps of dishes,
 You must stand on your couch to reach the top.
 Yet I've some days been absent from his house;
 Homely I've liv'd at home* with my *dear* friends,
 For all I eat or buy is *dear* to me,
 Yet they desert the very friends that rais'd
 them.

Now will I visit him: but the door opens:
 And see! Menæchmus' self is coming forth.

SCENE II.

Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus, with a robe, speaking to his wife within.

Were you not good for nothing, were you not
 An ass, a stubborn idiot, what you see
 Displeas'd your husband, would displease you
 too.

From this day forward, if you use me thus,
 I'll turn you out of doors, and send you back
 A widow to your father: for whenever

* The original is *Doni domitatus fui*; in which there seems to be a *double entendre*, as well as a *jingle of words*. And Milton has something not very different from it in his *Comus*,

It is for homely features to keep home,
 They have their name thence—.

I would go forth, you hold me, call me back,
 Ask where I'm going, what 'tis I'm about,
 And what's my business, what I want abroad.
 I've married sure some officer o' th' customs,
 I'm so examin'd—what I've done—what do—
 Too kindly you've been treated hitherto;
 I'll tell you how you shall be—Since I allow you
 Maids, jewels, clothes, wool—Since you want for
 nothing,

If you were wise, you'd dread the consequence,
 And cease to watch your husband. So, that you
 May watch me to some purpose, for your pains,
 I'll dine abroad now with some trull or other.

Pen. (aside.) He means to gall his wife by
 what he says:

But me he spites; for if he dine abroad,
 On me he reck's his vengeance, not on her.

Men. Epi. Victoria! by my tauntings, I at
 length

Have driven her from the door.—Where, where
 are all

The intriguing husbands? why do they delay
 To bring me gifts, and thank me for my pro-
 wess:—

I've stol'n this robe here of my wife's, and mean
 To carry it to my mistress.—So we ought
 To trick these crafty husband-watching dames:—
 'Tis a fair action, this of mine, 'tis right,
 'Tis pleasant faith, and admirably carried.

With plague enough, I've ta'en it from one
 plague

To give it to another.—Thus I've gain'd
 A booty from the foe, without our loss.

Pen. (aloud.) What portion of the booty's mine,
 young sir?

Men. Epi. Undone! I'm fall'n into an ambus-
 cade.

Pen. You've lighted on a safeguard: never
 fear.

Men. Epi. Who's that?

Pen. 'Tis I.

Men. Epi. O my most welcome friend,
 Save you.

Pen. And you.

Men. Epi. How fares it?

Pen. Let me take

My genius by the hand.

Men. Epi. You could not come

More opportune than now.

Pen. It is my way:

I know to hit each point and nick of time.

Men. Epi. Shall I acquaint you with a saucy
 prank?

Pen. Saucy? what cook has drest it? I shall
 know

If he has marr'd it when I see the relics.

Men. Epi. Now prithee tell me, have you never
 seen

The picture of an eagle bearing off
 Jove's Ganymede, or Venus with Adonis?

Pen. Aye, many a time. But what are they
 to me?

Men. Epi. Look at me.—Do I bear resemblance
 to them?

Pen. What means that robe?

Men. Epi. Say I'm a pleasant fellow.

Pen. Where shall we dine?

Men. Epi. Poh, say what I command you.

Pen. Well then,—thou art a pleasant fellow.

Men. Epi. What,
Canst add nought of thy own?

Pen. Yes, joyous fellow.

Men. Epi. Proceed.

Pen. Not I, i'faith, unless I know
Why there's a falling out 'twixt you and madam.
I take great care to have this from yourself.

Men. Epi. Tell me without the knowledge of
my wife,

Where shall we kill, where bury, time?

Pen. Come, come;

You say right; I will dig its grave: the day's
Already half expired.

Men. Epi. 'Tis mere delay,
Your chattering thus.

Pen. Knock out my only eye,
Menæchmus, if I speak one other word,
But what you bid.

Men. Epi. Draw hither from the door.

Pen. I will.

Men. Epi. Draw hither.

Pen. Well.

Men. Epi. Come quickly hither,
Come from the lioness's den. I'm now going
To carry it to my mistress, my Erotium:
I'll bid her to provide a dinner for us,—
For me, for you, and for herself: we'll there
Carouse it till the morrow's morning star.

Pen. O bravely spoken!—shall I knock?

Men. Epi. You may.—
Yet hold a while.

Pen. The cup was just at hand;

'Tis now a thousand paces off.

Men. Epi. Knock softly.

Pen. Are you afraid the door is made of
crookery?

Men. Epi. Hold, prithee hold:—herself is com-
ing forth.

Pen. Oh, sir, you look upon the sun: your
eyes
Are blinded with her brightness.—

SCENE III.

Enter EROTUM.

Erot. My Menæchmus!

My love! good morrow!

Pen. Won't you welcome me too?

Erot. You rank not in the number of my
friends.

Pen. Yet treat me as a supernumerary.

Men. Epi. We mean to pitch a field with you
to-day.

Pen. Aye, that we will.

Men. Epi. And prove, with pitcher fill'd,
Which is the mightier warrior at the bowl:
Yourself shall be commander; you shall choose,
Which you will pass the night with.—O my
sweet,

When I look on you, how I loath my wife!

Erot. And yet you cannot choose, but you must
wrap you

In some part of her gear.—Pray what is this?

Men. Epi. A cast skin of my wife's to be
slipt on

By thee, my rose-bud.

Erot. You've the readiest way
To win preëminence in my affection,
From all that pay me suit.

Pen. Right harlot this!

An harlot's sure to coax, when'er she finds
There's any thing to get.—If you had loved him,
You would have bit his nose off by this time
With slobbering.—

Men. Epi. Take my cloak, Peniculus;
For I must dedicate the spoils I've vow'd.

Pen. Let's see't.

Men. Epi. (*putting on the robe.*) But prithee
now, you'll afterwards

Dance in your robe.

Pen. I dance in't?—

Men. Epi. You are mad.

Pen. Are you or I most mad?

Men. Epi. Well, if you won't,

Then pull it off. I ran a mighty risk

In stealing of this robe: in my mind truly

Young Hercules ran not an equal hazard, when
He spoil'd the bold Hippolita of her girdle.

(*giving the robe to Erotium.*)

Take it, since you alone of women living

Suit your affection gently unto mine.

True lovers should be thus disposed.

Pen. Provided
They would run headlong into beggary.

Men. Epi. 'Tis not a year past, since it stood
me in

Four minæ for my wife.

Pen. Four minæ then,

By your account, are plainly gone for ever.

Men. Epi. Know you what I would have you
do?

Erot. I know;

And will take care according to your wish.

Men. Epi. Let dinner be provided for us three;
Send to the market for some dainty morsel,
A gammon, some sow's kernels, a hog's cheek,
Or sausages, or something of that kind,
Which, when they're brought to table, may suggest
A kite-like appetite:—about it straight.

Erot. 'I faith I will.

Men. Epi. We're going to the Forum,
We shall be here directly: while 'tis dressing,
We will amuse us with a whet i'th' interim.

Erot. Come when you will, dear, all things
shall be ready.

Men. Epi. Quick, follow me.

Pen. Yes, yes, I'll have an eye to you,
Close at your heels, I warrant; I'll not lose you,
Not for the wealth of all the gods.

[*Exeunt MENÆCHMUS and PENICULUS.*]

Erot. Call forth
The cook Cylindrus, bid him come this instant.

SCENE IV.

Enter CYLINDRUS.

Erot. Take the hand-basket; and, d'ye mind?
here are

Three pieces for you,—you have hold of them.

Cyl. I have.

Erot. Go to the market and provide Enough for three; now let there be sufficient, And nought to spare.

Cyl. What kind of guests, pray, are they?

Erot. I, and Menæchmus, and his parasite.

Cyl. Nay, there are ten then;—for the parasite Will lay about him equal to eight men.

Erot. I've told you what's the number of our guests:

You will provide accordingly.

Cyl. I warrant.

'Tis drest already: you've but to sit down.

Erot. You'll come back quickly.

Cyl. I'll be here this instant.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter MENÆCHMUS SOCICLES and MESSENIUS, his servant.

Men. Sos. No greater joys have voyagers, Messenio,

Than, from the deep far off, to spy out land.

Mess. To speak the truth, 'tis still a greater joy To find that land, when you arrive, your country. But wherefore come we now to Epidamnus? Must we go round each island like the sea?

Men. Sos. I am in quest of my twin brother.

Mess. Good now,

When will there be an end of searching for him? This is the sixth year since we set about it;*

The Istrians, the Illyrians, the Massilians, The Spaniards, the whole Adriatic gulf, With farthest Greece, and each Italian coast, That the sea washes, have we travers'd round. Had we been looking for a needle, sure We should have found it long ago, if visible. So search we for a dead man 'mong the quick; For we had found him long ago, if living.

Men. Sos. Would I could find out one, that might assure me

Of his own knowledge, that my brother's dead! Then I'd forego my quest, not otherwise: But, while I live, I'll never spare my pains, Nor ever will desist from searching for him. How dear he's to my heart, too well I feel—

Mess. You in a bulrush seek a knot—'tis vain:

Come, let's return; unless you mean to write A book of voyages.

Men. Sos. No fine, subtle speeches, Or you shall pay for't. Don't be impertinent. None of your freedoms.

Mess. By that single word I know I am a slave: 'tis briefly said, Plainly, and fully:—yet I can't refrain From speaking.—Mind me, sir!—Our purse, look here,—

'Tis light enough, 'twon't make us sweat: now verily,—

* Shakspeare, who most undoubtedly took his *Comedy of Errors* from this play, or, at least, the translation of it, printed in 1595, makes his Ægeon say,

Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And coasting homeward came to Ephesus.

Act I. Scene I.

If you return not home; when nothing's left, You'll chafe for this wild chase of your twin brother.

As for the people here, these Epidamnians, They're arrant debauchees, most potent drinkers;

Cheats, parasites abound here;* and they say Such wheedling harlotries are no where met with;

And therefore is this place call'd Epidamnus, Because there's no one come here, but says, *damu 'em.*†

Men. Sos. I'll look to that: give me the purse.

Mess. The purse?

What would you do with it?

Men. Sos. I've apprehensions 'Bout you, from what you said.

Mess. What apprehensions?

Men. Sos. Lest you should cry in Epidamnus, *damu 'em.*

You are a mighty lover of the wenches:

I'm choleric, quite a madman when provok'd:

Now when I have the cash in my own hands, 'Twill guard against two harms; you'll not offend;

Nor I be angry with you.

Mess. Take and keep it.—
With all my soul.—

SCENE II.

CYLINDRUS entering.

I've marketted most rarely,

And to my mind: I warrant, I serve up

A dainty dinner to the guests.—But hold—

I see Menæchmus. Woe then to my back!

The guests are walking here before the door,

Ere I return from market.—I'll accost them.

Save you, Menæchmus!

* Shakspeare in his *Comedy of Errors*, makes Antipholus of Syracuse give much the same account of Ephesus:—

They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prattling mountebanks,
And many such like liberties for sin.

Act I. Scene III.

† The original is,

Propterea huic urbi nomen Epidamnus inditum est.

Quai nemo ferme huc sine damno divortitur—

—Ne mihi damnum in Epidamnus dui.

Epidamnus, or *Epidamnium*, (for it was called sometimes one, and sometimes the other) was a town in Macedonia, on the Adriatic sea; well known for its convenient passage from thence into Italy. It was so called from Epidamnus, a king of that name; but afterwards became a colony of the Romans, who changed its name to that of Dyrrhachium; and for the reason alluded to in this passage.

It is remarkable for being the place to which Cicero was banished; it is now called Durazzo.

The literal translation would be, Therefore is this place called *Epidamnus*, because scarce any one comes to it but to his loss.—And,

Lest you should meet with *Epidamnus* something to your loss.

This indeed would give the sense, but not preserve the author's punning between *Epidamnus* and *Damnus*.

Men. Sos. Save you! Do you know me?

Cyl. No, to be sure! (*ironically.*) Where are the other guests?

Men. Sos. What guests do you mean?

Cyl. Your parasite.

Men. Sos. My parasite?

Surely the man is mad.

Mess. Now say, my master,

Did I not tell you there were many cheats here?

Men. Sos. Whom mean you by my parasite?

Cyl. Why, Dishclout.

Mess. See, see,—I have him safe here in the wallet.

Cyl. Menæchmus, you are come too soon to dinner:

I am but now return'd from marketing.

Men. Sos. What is the price, pray, of a hog for sacrifice?*

Cyl. A piece.

Men. Sos. I'll give it: make a sacrifice

At my expense; for sure you must be mad

To cross a stranger thus, whose'er you are.

Cyl. I am Cylindrus: know you not my name?

Men. Sos. Or Cylinder, or Cullender;—be-gone:

I know you not, nor do I want to know you.

Cyl. Your name's Menæchmus, that I know.

Men. Sos. You talk

As one that's in his senses, calling me

Thus by my name. But where, pray, have you known me?

Cyl. Where have I known you?—you, who have a wench here,

Erotium, my mistress.

Men. Sos. I have not,

Nor know I who you are.

Cyl. Not who I am?

I, who so oft have handed you the cup,

When you carous'd here.

Mess. O that I have nothing

To break his head with!

Men. Sos. How? you've handed me

The cup? when till this day I never came

To Epidamnum, never set my eyes on't.

Cyl. Will you deny it?

Men. Sos. Yes, I must deny it.

Cyl. Don't you live yonder?

Men. Sos. Plague upon their heads

That live there!

Cyl. Sure he's mad, to curse himself.

Harkye, Menæchmus?

Men. Sos. What say you?

Cyl. If you would

Take my advice, that piece you promised me,

Buy a hog with it for yourself to sacrifice:

For sure you are not in your perfect mind,

To curse yourself.

Men. Sos. Thou'rt mad,—vexatious fellow!

Cyl. In this wise will he often jest with me;

He's such a wag, he,—when his wife's not by.

Men. Sos. Prithce now—

Cyl. Prithce now, is this provision
Sufficient, what you see here, for you three?

Or would you have me to provide yet more,
For you, your parasite and wench?

Men. Sos. What wench,

What parasite d'ye speak of?

Mess. Rascal! what

Provokes thee to molest him thus?

Cyl. What business

Hast thou with me? I know thee not: I'm talking
To him I know.

Mess. You are not in your senses.

Cyl. I'll get these ready out of hand: (*pointing
to the provision.*) then go not

Far from the door. Would you aught further
with me?

Men. Sos. Go hang yourself.

Cyl. Go you and seat yourself,

While to the violence of Vulcan's rage

I these oppose—I'll in, and let Erotium

Know you are here, that she may fetch you in,

Rather than you should saunter here without
doors. [*CYLINDRUS goes in.*]

SCENE III.

MENÆCHMUS SOSICLES and MESSENIUS.

Men. Sos. So,—is he gone?—I find there is
some truth

In what you told me.

Mess. Do but mind.—I fancy,
Some harlot dwells here; so this crack-brain said

Who went hence even now.

Men. Sos. But I do marvel,

How he should know my name.

Mess. I faith no wonder:

This is the way of courtezans: they send

Their lacqueys and their wenches to the port:

If any foreign ship arrive, to ask

Whose is it, what's its name? Then instantly

They set themselves to work, they stick like glue.

If they can lure some gull to their embraces,

They turn him out anon, undone and ruin'd.

A pirate vessel lurks within this port,

Which we in my opinion should beware of.

Men. Sos. You counsel right.

Mess. It will be known at last

How right it is, if you as rightly follow it.

Men. Sos. Softly awhile: the door creaks: let
us see

Who's coming forth.

Mess.

Meanwhile I'll lay this down;
(*lays down his wallet on some oars.*)

Pray keep it safe, ye water-treading oars.

SCENE IV.

Enter EROTIIUM, speaking to her servants within.

Leave the door thus. I would not have it shut:

Begone: make ready: see that every thing

Be done that's wanting: lay the couches smooth,

Let the perfumes be set on fire. 'Tis neatness
Lures the fond lover's heart. A spruce appear-

ance

Is damage to the lover, gain to us.

But where, where is he, whom the cook inform'd
me

Was at the door? I see him; he's a gentleman,
From whom I draw much service and much
profit;

* The ancients, when they had any mad person in their family, were used to sacrifice a hog to their household gods.

And therefore I'm content, that he should hold,
As he deserves, with me, the highest place.
I'll go and speak to him. My life! my soul!
I marvel you should stand here at the door,
That's open to you more than is your own;
Your own it is.—Sweet, every thing is ready
Which you desir'd: nothing to stay you, love:
The dinner, which you order'd, we have got:
Then, whensoever you please, you may sit down.

Men. Sos. Whom does the woman speak to?

Erot. Why, to you.

Men. Sos. What business have I ever had with you?

What business have I now?

Erot. 'Tis Venus' will,

I should prefer you before all my lovers;

Nor on your part unmerited, for you,

You only with your gifts enrich me.

Men. Sos. Sure

This woman's either mad or drunk, Messenio,

Thus to accost a stranger so familiarly.

Mess. Such practices are common as I told you.

The courtezans here are all money-traps.—

But suffer me to speak to her.—Harkye, woman!

A word with you.

Erot. What is't?

Mess. Where did you know

This gentleman?

Erot. Where he has long known me:

In Epidamnus here.

Mess. In Epidamnus?

He never set his foot in't till to-day.

Erot. Ah! you are pleas'd to joke, my dear Manæchmus.

But prithee, sweet, come in; 'twere better for you.

Men. Sos. 'Fore heaven the woman calls me by my name.

I marvel what this means.

Mess. She smells the purse

Which you have there—

Men. Sos. That's rightly put in mind.

Here, take it. I shall know now if her love's

To me, or to the purse.

Erot. Let's in to dinner.

Men. Sos. 'Tis a kind invitation, and I thank you.

Erot. Why did you bid me then to get a dinner?

Men. Sos. I bid you get a dinner!

Erot. Yes, most certainly,

For you and for your parasite.

Men. Sos. A plague!

What parasite?—Why sure the woman's crazy.

Erot. Peniculus.

Men. Sos. Who's that Peniculus?

Erot. The parasite; in other words, the Dish-clout.

Men. Sos. O, what they wipe their shoes with?

Erot. He, I say,

Who came with you this morning, when you brought me

The robe that you had stolen from your wife.

Men. Sos. How say you? I present you with a robe,

That I had stolen from my wife? art mad?

The woman sure, walks like a gelding, sleeping.

Erot. Why are you pleas'd to hold me for your sport?

And why do you deny what you have done?

Men. Sos. What is it I deny? What have I done?

Erot. Given me a robe belonging to your wife.

Men. Sos. I still deny it: I never had a wife,

Nor have I: neither have I set my foot

Within your doors, since I was born. I din'd

On ship-board, thence came hither, and here met you.

Erot. Ah! woe is me!—what ship is't you are talking of?

Men. Sos. A wooden one, oft weather-beaten, oft Bethump'd with mallets, like a tailor's pin-cushion

Peg close to peg.

Erot. I prithee, now have done

With jesting thus, and come along with me.

Men. Sos. Some other man you mean, I know not whom,

Not me.

Erot. What! don't I know thee? not Menæchmus,

The son of Moschus, who wert born, thou say'st,

At Syracuse, in Sicily, where erst

Reign'd King Agathocles, and after Pinthia,

And next him Liparo, who by his death

The kingdom left to Hiero, now king.

Men. Sos. 'Faith what you say is true.

Mess. O Jupiter!

Is she not come from thence, so well she knows you?

Men. Sos. I can hold out no longer.

Mess. Stay, sir, stay;

For if you cross her threshold, you're undone.

Men. Sos. Be quiet: all is well: I will assent

To whatsoever she says, so I but get

Good entertainment, and a fair reception.

(to *Erot.*) For some time wittingly I have oppos'd you,

Fearing this fellow here, lest he should tell

My wife concerning all—the robe and dinner:

Now when you please, we'll enter.

Erot. Then you do not

Stay for the parasite?

Men. Sos. I neither stay,

Nor care a rush for him; nor would I have him Be let in when he comes.

Erot. With all my heart.—

But do you know, sweet, what I'd have you do?

Men. Sos. Command me what you will.

Erot. That robe you gave me

I'd have you carry it to the embroiderer's,

To be made up anew; with such additions,

As I shall order.

Men. Sos. What you say is right:

So will it not be known; nor will my wife,

If she should see you with it in the street,

Know you have got it.

Erot. So then by and by,

Sweet, you shall take it with you, when you go.

Men. Sos. I will.

Erot. Let's in now.

Men. Sos. I'll attend you presently,

I would just speak a word with him.

[*EROTIUM* goes in.]

Pen. Are you mad?
Have you your senses? Why the thing's apparent!
Did I not see you coming from the house,
The robe upon you?

Men. Sos. Woe upon thy head!
'Cause you're a rogue, think you we're all such?
Say you, you saw me with this robe upon me?

Pen. I did, by Hercules!
Men. Sos. Go, and be hang'd
As you deserve, or else go purge your brain;
For thou'rt the veriest madman I e'er met with.

Pen. By Pollux' temple, nothing shall prevent
me,

From telling to your wife, the whole that's pass'd.
And then shall all this scurril wit retort
Back on yourself. Nor shall you, unreveng'd,
Have swallow'd down my dinner.

Men. Sos. What is this?
Shall every one I see, affront me thus?
But see, the door is opening.—

SCENE III.

Enter a MAID SERVANT of Erotium, with a clasp.

Serv. Erotium
Most earnestly entreats of her Menæchmus,
(Twill make it but one trouble,) to bear this
To the goldsmith, with her orders, that he add
An ounce more gold, and have it clean'd and
mended.

Men. Sos. This, and aught else that she would
have me do,
Tell her I will take care to execute.

Serv. But, do you know the clasp I'm speaking
of?

Men. Sos. I know it not; but see, 'tis made of
gold.

Serv. 'Tis that, which sometime since, you
said you stole

And privately, from your wife's chest of drawers.

Men. Sos. That's what I never did, by Her-
cules!

Serv. What, don't you recollect it? then, re-
turn it.

Men. Sos. Stay: I begin to recollect: it was
The same I gave your mistress.

Serv. Yes, the same.

Men. Sos. Where are the bracelets which I
gave with it?

Serv. You never gave them.

Men. Sos. But I did, by Pollux!
And gave them both together.

Serv. Shall I say,
You will take care—

Men. Sos. Yes; and the robe and clasp
Shall be return'd together—

Serv. Let me, sir,
Beg you'd present me with a pair of ear-rings
Of gold, and of two pieces value; that I may
Look well upon you, when you pay your visits.

Men. Sos. It shall be done: give me the gold;
I'll pay

Myself the fashion.

Serv. No, I pray you, sir,
Give it yourself, I'll be accountable.

Men. Sos. I say, give me the gold—
Serv. Another time.
I'll pay it back twofold.

Men. Sos. I have no money.
Serv. But when you have, you'll pay the jew-
eller.

Any commands with me?
Men. Sos. Yes, tell your mistress
I'll take great care of what she has order'd me.—

[*Exit SERVANT.*
Yes, soon as may be, I'll take care to sell them
(*aside.*)

To the best bidder.—Is she now gone in?
She is, and shut the door. Sure all the gods
Befriend me, and heap favour upon favour.
Why do I stay when time and opportunity
Thus favours me in quitting this vile place,
This place of bawds and panders?
Haste thee, Menæchmus, then; use well thy feet,
And mend thy pace. Let me take off my wreath,
And throw it to the left: that, if I'm follow'd,
They may suppose I'm gone that way. I'll now
Find, if I can, my servant, and acquaint him
With what the gods are doing in my favour.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter the WIFE of Menæchmus of Epidamnus and
PENICULUS, the Parasite.*

Wife. And shall I tamely then submit to live
In marriage with a man, who filches from me
Whatever's in the house, and bears it off
A present to his mistress?

Pen. Hold your peace:
I will so order matters: that you shall
Surprise him in the fact. So follow me.
Crown'd with a wreath, and drunk, he bore
away

The robe that he filch'd from you yesterday,
To the embroiderer's. But see, the wreath,
The very wreath he wore—Is it not true?
(*seeing the wreath on the ground.*)

He's gone away; and you may trace his steps.
And see, by Pollux's temple, he returns,
And opportunely; but without the robe.

Wife. How shall I treat him now?
Pen. How? Why as usual,

Most heartily abuse him.

Wife. Yes, I think so—
Pen. Let's stand aside, and watch him from
our ambush. (they retire.)

SCENE II.

Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnus.

How troublesome it is, thus to indulge
Ourselves in foolish customs! yet the great,
These petty gods, too much come into it.
All wish to have a number of dependants,
But little care whether they're good or bad.
Their riches, not their qualities, they mind.
Honest and poor is bad.—Wicked and rich,
An honest man.—Clients, that have regard
To neither law, nor common honesty,
Weary their patrons—Leave them a deposit,
They will deny the trust—Litigious,

Covetous, fraudulent, who've got their wealth
By usury or perjury—Their soul's
Still in their suits—A summons for defence
Once issued, 'tis their patrons' summons too;
Who 'fore the people, prior, commissary,
Must speak in their behalf, however wrong.
Thus was I plagued to-day by a dependant,
One of this sort, who would not let me do
Aught which I wanted in my own affairs;
Holding me close to his, he so detain'd me—
When I had battled for him 'fore the *Ædiles*,
With craft had pleaded his bad cause, had
brought

To hard conditions his opponent, nay,
Had more or less perplex'd the controversy,
And brought it e'en to making their deposits:
What does he do?—Why gives in bail—I never
Saw in all my life a villain more barefac'd
In all respects—Three witnesses swore plumb,
And prov'd against him every accusation.
The gods confound him! for thus making me
Lose all my time: ay, and confound myself,
For having seen the Forum with these eyes!
The noblest day is lost: a dinner's order'd;
My mistress waits—I know it, and as soon
As e'er I could, I've hasten'd from the Forum.
Doubtless she's angry with me; but the robe
Filch'd from my wife to-day, and sent to her,
Shall make all up.

Pen. What say you now?

Wife. Unhappy!

In having such a husband.—

Pen. Did you hear

Distinctly what he said?

Wife. Very distinctly.

Men. Epi. I shall do right, if I go directly
And here refresh myself.

Wife. Wait but a little,

And I'll refresh you better. (to him.) You shall
pay;

Yes, that you shall, by Castor! and with interest,
For that you filch'd from me, you've thus your
due.

What, did you fancy you could play such tricks
In secret?

Men. Epi. What's the business, wife?

Wife. Ask that
Of me?

Men. Epi. Why, would you that I ask of him?

Pen. No soothing now. Go on.

Men. Epi. Say, why so pensive?

Wife. You can't but know the reason—

Pen. Yes, he knows,

But cunningly dissembles.

Men. Epi. What's the matter?

Wife. The robe.—

Men. Epi. The robe? What—

Wife. Ay, the robe.—

Pen. Why pale?

Men. Epi. I pale! unless the paleness of the
robe

Has made me so.

Pen. I too am pale, because

You eat the supper, and ne'er thought of me.

To him again. (to the Wife.)

Men. Epi. Won't you be silent?

Pen.

No.

He nods to me to hold my tongue. (to the Wife.)

Men. Epi. Not I,

By Hercules! I neither wink'd nor nodded.

Wife. I am an unhappy woman!

Men. Epi. Why unhappy?

Explain.—

Pen. A rare assurance, that denies

What yourself sees.—

Men. Epi. By Jove, and all the gods!

I nodded not—Are you now satisfied?

Pen. And to be sure, she now will give you
credit.

Go back again—

Men. Epi. And whither?

Pen. Whither else

But to the embroiderer—Beyond all doubt

I think you ought—Go, and bring back the robe—

Men. Epi. What robe do you speak of?

Wife. Since he don't remember

What he has done, I have no more to say.

Men. Epi. Has any of the servants been at
fault?

Has any of the men or women slaves

Given you a saucy answer?—Say, speak out,

He shall not go unpunish'd.

Wife. Sure, you trifle.

Men. Epi. You're out of humour: that I'm not
quite pleas'd with.

Wife. You trifle still.

Men. Epi. Has any of the family

Done aught to make you angry?

Wife. Trifling still.

Men. Epi. Angry with me then.—

Wife. Now you trifle not.

Men. Epi. 'Troth I've done nothing to deserve
it of you.

Wife. Trifling again.

Men. Epi. What is it gives you pain?

Tell me, my dear.

Pen. He soothes you: civil creature!

Men. Epi. Can't you be quiet? I don't speak
to you. (to *Peniculus*.)

Wife. Off with your hand.

Pen. Ay, thus you're rightly serv'd— (aside.)

Dine then again in haste when I am absent!

And rally me before the house when drunk!

A wreath too, on your head!

Men. Epi. By Pollux' temple!

I have not din'd to-day, nor have I once

Set foot within the house.

Pen. You dare deny it?

Men. Epi. I do, by Hercules!

Pen. Consummate impudence?

Did I not see you with a wreath of flowers,
Standing before the house here; when you said
My head was turn'd: when you denied you
knew me,

And when you'd pass upon me for a stranger?

Men. Epi. I do assure you, since I slipp'd away
This morning from you, I've not been till now
At home.

Pen. I know you, sir: but you knew not
I'd wherewithal to take revenge upon you.

I've told your wife the whole, by Hercules!

Men. Epi. What have you told?

Pen. I know not. Ask of her.
Men. Epi. What's this, my dear? What is it he has told you?

You answer not.—Why don't you say what 'tis?
Wife. As if you knew not. Why, a robe has been stolen from me in my house.

Men. Epi. A robe stolen from you?

Wife. Do you ask me?

Men. Epi. In troth, I scarce should ask it, Was I assur'd it was so.—

Pen. Wicked man!
 How he dissembles! but you can't conceal it, I know the whole affair; and I have told it All to your wife.

Men. Epi. What is all this about?

Wife. Since you have lost all shame, and won't confess
 The thing yourself, hearken to me, and hear it; I'll tell you what has made me out of humour, And every thing he has discover'd to me.

They've done well for me, they've stolen my robe.

Men. Epi. Done well for you by stealing of your robe!

Pen. Observe his subterfuge: 'twas stolen from her, (meaning *Erotium*.)

And not for you: Had it been stolen for you, It had been safe.

Men. Epi. I've naught to do with you.
 But what say you? (to his *Wife*.)

Wife. I say, I've lost from home A robe.

Men. Epi. Who took it?

Wife. He who stole it, knows.

Men. Epi. And who is he?

Wife. One who is call'd Menæchmus.

Men. Epi. Spitefully done! And who is this Menæchmus?

Wife. Yourself, I say.

Men. Epi. What! I?

Wife. Yes, you.

Men. Epi. Who said so?

Wife. Myself.

Pen. And I; and that you had carried it Off to your mistress, to *Erotium*.

Men. Epi. I?

I give it her?

Pen. You, you, I say. Shall I Go fetch an owl, to hoot in at your ears, You, you? for we are both quite tired.

Men. Epi. By Jove, and all the gods, I swear my dear,

I never gave it her: Will that content you?

Pen. And I, I swear by Hercules! that we Say naught but truth.

Men. Epi. I did not give it her, I only lent it.

Wife. Troth, I never lend Your coat, nor cloak abroad. 'Tis right for woman To lend out woman's garments; men, their own. Won't you return my robe?

Men. Epi. The robe, I'll see Shall be return'd—

Wife. 'Tis the best way.—For you Shall never set a foot within your doors, Unless you bring my robe.

Men. Epi. Not set a foot

Within my doors?

Pen. (to the *Wife*.) What recompense for me, Who have assisted you?

Wife. When you have had A loss like mine, I'll do the same for you.

Pen. By Pollux's temple! that will never be; For I have nought at home to lose. The gods Confound you both, both of you, wife and husband!

I'll hie me to the Forum: for I find

'Tis now quite over with me in this family.

[*Exeunt* *PENICULUS* and the *WIFE*, severally.]

Men. Epi. My wife then thought she'd done a mighty matter,

In threat'ning thus, to shut me out of doors;

As if I had not a far better place,

Where I shall be admitted. Well, if I Displease you, my dear wife, I must e'en bear it: But I shall please *Erotium*; and she ne'er Will shut me out, but rather shut me in.

Well, I'll go in, and pray her to return

The robe I just now gave her, and instead

Of that, I'll purchase her a better. Ho!

Who's porter here? Open the door, and call *Erotium* hither.

SCENE III.

Enter *EROTIUM*.

Erot. Who inquires for me?

Men. Epi. 'Tis one, who to himself is more an enemy,

Than such to you.

Erot. My dear Menæchmus, why Do'st stand before the door? Follow me in.

Men. Epi. Stay here a little. Do you know the reason

I now come to you.

Erot. I know it very well:

'Tis to amuse yourself along with me.

Men. Epi. That robe I lately gave you, prithee, love,

Restore it.—For my wife hath been appris'd, And knows the whole affair from first to last.

I'll buy one for you twice as rich, you'll like—

Erot. I gave it you but now, to carry it

To the embroiderer's; with it, a bracelet

To give the jeweller to set anew.

Men. Epi. You gave to me a bracelet, and the robe?

Never—For when I'd giv'n the robe to you,

I went directly to the market-place:

Now first return I; nor have seen you since.

Erot. I see through your design: because I trusted you,

You would deceive me; that 'tis you would do.

Men. Epi. I do not ask you for it to defraud you,

But tell you, that my wife knows all the affair.

Erot. Nor did I ask you for it: you yourself

Gave it me freely; as a gift, you gave it;

And now demand it back. Well, be it so:

Let it be yours, take it; make use of it,

You or your wife, preserve it as your eyes.

But don't deceive yourself; after this day

You never shall set foot within my doors,

Since you have treated with contempt a woman,
Who has not merited such usage from you.
Next time you come, be sure bring money with
you,

You shall not have to visit me for nothing.
Henceforth find some one else to disappoint.

Men. Epi. You are too hasty—Hark you!—
Stay—Come back.

Erot. Still are you there? and dare on my
account

Still to return? [Exit *EROTIUM*.

Men. Epi. She's gone—has shut the door.

Now I'm turn'd out indeed: nor can I gain
Credit, or from my mistress or my wife.

I'll go, consult my friends in the affair.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter *MENÆCHMUS* *SOSICLES*, with the robe.

'Twas foolish in me when but now I trusted
My purse with all that's in it, to *Messenio*.
He has got, I doubt, into some brothel with it.

Enter the *WIFE* of *Menæchmus* of *Epidamnium*.

Wife. I'll now see if my husband is come home.

But see, he's here! All's well, he brings my robe.

Men. Sos. I wonder where *Messenio* can be got.

Wife. I'll go, and talk to him as he deserves.—
Art not ashamed, vile man, to appear before me,
And with this robe?

Men. Sos. Why, what's the matter, woman?
What is't disturbs you?

Wife. Dare you, impudence!
Mutter a single word, or speak to me?

Men. Sos. What have I done, I should not dare
to speak?

Wife. What! do you ask me? O consummate
impudence!

Men. Sos. Did you ne'er hear, good woman,
why the *Grecians*

Call'd *Hecuba* a bitch?

Wife. Not that I know of.

Men. Sos. Because she did the same that you
do now;

Threw out abuse on every one she saw:

And therefore, rightly did they call her bitch.

Wife. I cannot bear these scandalous reproaches:
I'd rather be a widow all my life,

Than bear these vile reflections you throw on
me.

Men. Sos. What is't to me, whether you live as
married,

Or parted from your husband? Is it thus

The custom to sing out such idle stories

To strangers on their first arrival here?

Wife. What idle stories? No, I will not bear it,
I'd rather live a widow, than endure
Your humours any longer.

Men. Sos. Troth, for me

Long as you please, you've leave to live a widow:
As long as *Jupiter* shall keep his kingdom.

Wife. You would not own but now, you stole
that robe,

And now you hold it out before my eyes?

What! are you not ashamed?

Men. Sos. By *Hercules*!

You are an impudent and wicked woman,
To dare to say this robe was stolen from you;
When it was given me by another woman,
To get it alter'd for her.

Wife. Yes, by *Castor*!

I'll call my father hither, and lay open

All your base actions to him. *Decius*, go,

(to a servant.)

Seek for my father, bring him with you; say,
'Tis proper he should come.—I'll tell him all
Your horrid usage.—

Men. Sos. Are you in your senses?

What horrid usage?

Wife. How you have filch'd from me
My robe, my gold, from me who are your wife,
And given them to your mistress.—Say I not
The very truth?—

Men. Sos. I prithee, woman, say
Where I may sup, to charm me from your tongue.
I know not whom you take me for.—For you,
I know as much of *Parthaon*.

Wife. Though you mock me,
You can't, by *Pollux*! serve my father so,
Who's just now coming hither.—Look behind.
Say, do you know him?

Men. Sos. Just as I know *Chalcas*.
The very day that I saw you, before

This day did I see him—

Wife. Dar'st thou deny
That thou know'st me, deny thou know'st my
father?

Men. Sos. I'd say the same thing, did'st thou
bring thy grandfather.

Wife. By *Castor*! you are like yourself in all
things.

SCENE V.

Enter *OLD MAN*.

Old M. Fast as my age permits, and as the
occasion

Calls, will I push my steps, and hasten forward.
How easily, I easily may guess.

My speed forsakes me; I'm beset with age;

I bear a weak, yet heavy laden body.

Old age is a sad pedlar; on his back

Carrying along a pack of grievances.

It would be tedious to recount them all;

But this affair I cannot well digest.

What should this matter be, which makes my
daughter

Want me to come to her in such a hurry?

She does not tell me what the business is,

What 'tis she wants, nor why she sends for me;

Yet I can give a shrewd guess, what it is:

I'm apt to think, some quarrel with her husband.

Such is their way, who of their portions proud,

Would keep their husbands under government.

Nor are the husbands often without fault.

But there are bounds how far a wife should go.

Nor does my daughter send to see her father,

But when some fault's committed, or perhaps

Some quarrel has arisen. What it is,

I soon shall know.—For, look, I see her then,

Before the door; and with her too, her husband,

Whose looks are pensive.—'Tis as I suspected—

I'll call her.—

Wife. I'll go meet him.—Happiness
Attend you, father!
Old M. That good will to you!
Am I come here to see things go on well?
Wherefore your order, that I should be sent
for?

Why are you pensive, say? and what's the reason
Your husband keeps aloof in anger from you?
The reason I know not, but there has been
Some bickering between you.—Who's in fault?
Tell in few words—no long discourse about it.—

Wife. I am in nought to blame; be easy then
As to that point, my father. But I cannot
Live longer with him, nor stay longer here.
Therefore, I beg you take me hence away.

Old M. Say, what's the matter?
Wife. Matter? I am made

A laughing-stock.

Old M. By whom?

Wife. By him you've made
My husband.

Old M. So! a quarrel! say, how often
I've warned you both, not to complain to me.

Wife. How can I help it, sir?

Old M. What! ask you me?

Wife. Yes, if you'll give me leave.

Old M. How many times
Have I advis'd you to conform to your husband?
Never to watch his actions; where he goes,
Or what he is about.

Wife. But he's in love,
Here in the neighbourhood, with a courtesan.

Old M. He's wise in that: and by that care of
yours,

In thus observing him, I would advise him
To love still more.

Wife. He drinks there, too.

Old M. For you,
Think you he'll ever drink the less, or there,
Or elsewhere, as he likes? What impudence!
Do you insist, he never sup abroad,
Nor entertain a stranger at your house?
Would you, your husband should obey your pleasure?

You may as well require him to partake
Your work with you, and sit among the maids,
And card the wool.

Wife. I find, sir, I have brought you
No advocate for me, but for my husband.
Here stand you as a patron in my cause,
Yet plead for his.—

Old M. Was he in aught to blame,
I should condemn him more than I do you.
But when I see he keeps you richly clothed,
Allows you servants, and a plenteous table,
A wife thus treated, should in my opinion
Bear towards him a more equal mind.

Wife. But he
Pilfers my gold, my robe from out my chest;
Robs me, and carries to his courtezans
My richest ornaments.

Old M. If he acts thus,
He acts amiss: if not, you act but ill,
When you accuse one that is innocent.

Wife. Why, even at this very instant, sir,
He has a bracelet, and a robe of mine,

Which he bore off here to this courtesan;
And now he finds I know it, brings them back.
Old M. 'Tis right to know these matters from
himself:

I will accost, and speak to him. Say, Menæchmus,
What's your dispute? Give me at once to know it.
Why are you pensive? And why is your wife
In wrath against you?

Men. Sos. Whosoe'er you are,
Whate'er's your name, I call great Jupiter,
And all the gods to witness—

Old M. Why, and wherefore?
Men. Sos. That I this woman ne'er have injur'd
her,

Who raves about my stealing from her house
This robe, and bearing of it off. If ever
I've once set foot within her doors, I wish
I may become the veriest wretch alive.

Old M. Have you your senses when you make
that wish?

Or, when deny that ever you set foot
Within that house, where you reside yourself?
O, of all madmen the most mad!

Men. Sos. Old man,

And do you say, that I inhabit here?

Old M. Do you deny it?

Men. Sos. By Hercules, I do!

Wife. 'Tis impudence to do so. But you mean,
Because you went this night elsewhere.

Old M. Come hither,
Daughter—and you (*to him.*) what say you now?
This night went you from hence?

Men. Sos. Whither? for what, I pray you?

Old M. I know not.

Wife. 'Tis plain he banters you.

Old M. (to her.) What, canst not hold thy
tongue? Truly, Menæchmus,
You've jested long enough: now to the purpose.

Men. Sos. Pray, what have you to do with me?
what business?

Say whence you come; and who you are; and
what

I've done to you, or to this woman here,
That ye thus tease me?—

Wife. How his eyes shine! see!
A greenish colour spreads o'er all his temples,
O'er all his forehead. See his eyes! they sparkle!

Men. Sos. (aside.) Since they will have me mad,
what can I do?

Better then feign a madness, I may thus
Fright them away.—

Wife. Look how he yawns and stretches!
What shall I do, my father!

Old M. Come this way,
As far off from him as you can, my child.

Men. Sos. Evoi, Evoi! Bacchus, son of Jove,
Why dost thou call me to the wood to hunt?

I hear you, but I cannot stir from hence,
This woman, on the left side, watches me
Like a mad dog; on t'other, this old goat,
Who often in his life has by false witness
Destroy'd the guiltless man.—

Old M. Woe on thy life!

Men. Sos. See where Apollo from his oracle
Commands me to burn out that woman's eyes,
With lighted torches.

Wife. I'm undone, my father! He threatens me, to burn out both my eyes.

Men. Sos. (aside.) Alas! they say I'm mad, yet they themselves Are much more mad than I.

Old M. Hark, you! my daughter!

Wife. Your pleasure, sir? What shall we do?

Old M. Suppose I call my servants quickly—I'll bring them, those Shall carry him into the house, there bind him, Ere he make more disturbance.—

Men. Sos. On my word, (*aside.*) Unless I take great care, they'll bear me off By force into their house. Yes, thou hast order'd me,

Not to forbear the thrusting of my fists Into her face, unless she marches off Far from my sight, and goes and hangs herself. Yes, yes, Apollo, I obey thy orders.

Old M. Run home, my daughter, run into the house

Fast as you can, lest he belabour you.

Wife. I fly. I pray you take good heed, my father,

That he escape not. An unhappy wife Am I, to hear all this. [*Exit.*]

Men. Sos. I've sent her off, (*aside.*) Not ill. And now must I send after her This more than filthy fellow, this old grey beard,

This totterer, this old Tithon, son of Cygnus— 'Tis thy command that I should break his limbs, (*aloud.*)

His bones, his joints, with that same staff he carries.

Old M. Touch, or come nearer me, and you'll repent it.

Men. Sos. Yes, I will do as you have order'd me,

Take up this two-edg'd axe, bone this old fellow, And cut his bowels piece-meal.

Old M. Troth, I must Take care though of myself—I am afraid, He'll do a mischief to me, as he threatens.

Men. Sos. Apollo! fast thou pour'st thy great behests—

Now thou command'st me, harness my wild steeds,

Fierce and untam'd; and now to mount my car And crush in pieces this Getulian lion, This stinking, toothless beast.—Now do I mount, And now I shake the reins—I take the lash; Now fly, my steeds, and let your sounding hoofs Tell your swift course—show in the turn your speed.

Old M. And dost thou threaten me with harness'd steeds?

Men. Sos. Again, Apollo! thou again command'st me

To rush upon yon fellow that stands there, And murder him. But who is this, that by My fluttering tresses plucks me from my car, The dire commands revoking of Apollo?

Old M. A sharp and obstinate distemper this! Ye gods! is't possible, a man who seem'd So well but now, should fall so suddenly

Into so strange a malady? Away, I must make haste, and send for a physician.

[*Exit.*]

Men. Sos. What! are they gone? Are they both fled my sight?

Who forc'd me in my wits to feign the madman. What hinders now, to embark me, while I'm well?

I beg you, sirs, (*to the spectators.*) if the old man return,

Not to discover, down what street I took. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter OLD MAN.

My limbs with sitting ache, my eyes with watering,

While this same doctor from his patients comes. Scarcely arriv'd at home, he's telling me, He was obliged to set a broken leg Of Æsculapius, and Apollo's arm. I'm thinking whether I am bringing with me, Or a physician, or a carpenter— But see! he comes, though with an emmet's pace.

SCENE II.

Enter PHYSICIAN.

Phys. What did you say was his disorder, sir, Inform me, is he mad, or is he frantic?

Is it a lethargy, or is he dropsical?

Old M. I brought you hither to know that of you,

And that your art should cure him.

Phys. Nought more easy. From this time, I engage he shall be well.

Old M. I'd have great care ta'en of him in his cure.

Phys. My frequent visits oft will make me puff,

Such great care I shall take in curing him.

Old M. But see the man!

Phys. Let us observe his actions.

SCENE III.

Enter MENÆCHMUS of Epidamnium.

Men. Epi. This day has been unlucky, and to me

Quite adverse—what I thought to have done in secret,

Has been discover'd by this parasite, And brought both fear and infamy upon me.

He my Ulysses was, and my adviser; Yet nought but evil heaps on me his king.

His thread of life, if I but live myself, Will I cut off. How like a fool I talk!

His thread of life! His thread of life is mine; He eats my victuals, lives at my expense.

Yes, I will be the death of him. Besides, This wench has acted but in character,

The manner of them all. When I request her To give me back the robe to give my wife,

She tells me, she already had return'd it.

Troth, I'm unhappy!

Old M. Hear you what he says?

Phys. He says he is unhappy.

Old M. Pray go nearer.

Phys. Save you, Menæchmus. Why do you bare your arms?
 You know not how it helps on your disorder.
Men. Epi. Go hang yourself. (*to the Old Man.*)
Phys. What think you now?
Men. Epi. What think?
 What can I think?
Phys. To work a cure requires More than an acre of good hellebore.
 Hark ye! Menæchmus?
Men. Epi. What would'st thou with me?
Phys. Answer to what I ask: Say, do you drink
 White wine or red?
Men. Epi. Go hang yourself.
Phys. I find
 The mad fit just now coming on.
Men. Epi. Why not
 Ask me as well the colour of my bread,
 Whether I eat it purple, red, or yellow?
 Whether eat scaly birds, or feather'd fish.
Old M. Hark! how deliriously he talks! or e'er
 He grows stark staring mad, give him some potion.
Phys. Hold, stay a little, I shall farther question him.
Old M. More idle talk will quite demolish him.
Phys. Tell me but this; do you ever find your eyes
 Grow dark?
Men. Epi. Do you take me for a locust, fool?
Phys. Do you find your bowels make a noise
 sometimes?
Men. Epi. When I am full, my bowels make
 no noise:
 They do, when I am hungry.—
Phys. By my troth,
 In this he does not answer like a madman.
 D'you sleep till daylight? When you go to bed,
 D'you sleep to sleep with ease?
Men. Epi. My debts discharg'd,
 I sleep with ease. May Jove and all the gods
 Confound this questioner!
Phys. He 'gins to rave. (*aside.*)
 Take heed of what you say.
Old M. In what he says,
 He's much more moderate than he was but now.
 'Tis but a while ago, he said, his wife
 Was a mad bitch.
Men. Epi. What did I say?
Old M. You're mad,
 I say.
Men. Epi. What, I?
Old M. You there, who threaten'd me,
 You d trample me beneath your horse's feet.
 I saw you do it, and I will maintain it.
Men. Epi. And I well know, you've stol'n
 Jove's sacred crown,
 And for the fact have been confin'd in prison.
 And when releas'd you've been severely whipp'd
 Under a gibbet. And I know besides,
 You've kill'd your father, and have sold your
 mother.
 Think you I am so mad, I can't devise
 The same abusive language against you,
 As you can do 'gainst me.

Old M. Doctor, I beg you,
 What you intend to do to him, do quickly.
 Do you not see he's mad?
Phys. 'Twere the best thing,
 You know, to have him carried to my house.
Old M. Do you think so?
Phys. Why not? I there can treat him
 As I think proper.
Old M. Do just as you please.
Phys. About some twenty days, you shall drink
 hellebore.
Men. Epi. And you, some thirty days, shall be
 tied up,
 And flogg'd severely.
Phys. Go, and call your men,
 To bring him to my house.
Old M. How many men
 D'ye think will be sufficient?
Phys. As I see him
 So mad, not less than four.
Old M. They shall be here
 Immediately. Take care of him, good doctor.
Phys. I'll home to get things ready that are
 wanting.
 Go, bid your servants bring him to my house.
Old M. I will take care that he shall soon be
 there.
Phys. I'm gone.
Old M. Farewell.
 [*Exeunt PHYSICIAN and OLD MAN separately.*]
Men. Epi. The father-in-law is gone,
 And so's the doctor. Now I am alone.
 How is it, Jove, these men will have me mad.
 Since I was born, I've ne'er been sick one day.
 Nor am I mad, nor do I seek for quarrels,
 Nor stir up strifes. I'm well in health, and see
 Others the same: I know men, and I speak to
 them.
 Is't not, that those who say that I am mad,
 Are mad themselves? What shall I do? I would
 Go home; but then my wife will not permit
 it.—
 My mistress too will not admit me. This,
 All of it's ill. I'll e'en stay here till night,
 And I may get admittance in the dark.
 (*stands apart.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter MESSenio.

Mess. 'Tis on all hands allow'd to be the proof
 Of a good servant, when he takes good care of,
 Looks after, thinks of, and disposes rightly
 His master's business. That, when he is absent,
 Things may go on as well, or even better
 Than when he's present. He whose heart is
 right,
 Will think his back of greater consequence
 Than is his gullet: Ay, and to his belly
 Prefer his legs. He ought to bear in mind
 The wages, servants good-for-nothing, idle,
 Or wicked, from their master's hands receive;
 And these are, stripes and chains, the stocks, the
 mill,
 Hard labour, cold and hunger. Such as these
 Are the rewards of idleness. This evil

I'm terribly afraid of; therefore choose
Rather to do my duty, than neglect it.
Words I can bear, but stripes I hate. I rather
Like to eat that which has been ground by
others,

Than grind myself what others are to eat.
I therefore execute my master's orders
Well; and with sober diligence I serve him:
This turns to my account—Let others act then
As best they think it for their interest,
I'll ever be that which I ought to be:
This fear I'll still retain, to keep me free
From fault; that wheresoe'er my master is,
I may be ready there to wait on him.
Those servants who have nothing done amiss,
Yet keep this fear, still make themselves of use
To their respective masters. But the servants
Who never live in fear of doing wrong,—
Fear, when they've something done to merit
punishment.

As for myself, I shan't live long in fear—
The time draws nigh, when master will reward
me

For all the pains I have been at to serve him.
I've serv'd him so, as to consult my back.
Now that I've plac'd the servants, as he order'd,
And what they'd want i'th' inn, I'm come to
meet him.

I'll now knock at the door, that he may know
I'm here, though doubtful whether I can bring him
Safe off from this vile house—I fear me much,
Lest I should come after the battle's fought.

SCENE V.

Enter OLD MAN with Servants.

Old M. (to the servants.) By gods and men, I
here conjure you all

To take good care to execute the orders
Given you already; and I now repeat them.
See that man carried to the doctor's house;
On pain of both your sides and legs, obey me.
Be sure, each of you, not to heed his threats
there.

Why stand you thus? why hesitate? e'en now
He ought to've been borne off. I'll go myself
Straight to the doctor: when you are got thither,
You'll find me there before you—

[Exit OLD MAN.]

Men. Epi. I'm undone.

What is the matter? What do these men want,
That they run here so fast? What is't you want?
Why do you thus surround me? Why thus hale
me?

Where would you carry me? Undone! help!
help! help!

Aid me, ye Epidamnians! Let me go.
(to the servants.)

Mess. Ye gods, what do I see! What men are
these

Who thus unworthily are bearing off
My master?

Men. Epi. What, will no one dare to help me?

Mess. Master, I will, and boldly too.—What
villainy!

Ye Epidamnians, thus to seize my master,
In the open street, by daylight, undisturb'd

By tumults in your city—A free man
He enter'd it—Then let him go, I say—

Men. Epi. Whoe'er you are, assist me, I be-
seech you,

Nor let them do such signal outrage on me.

Mess. Yes, I'll assist, defend, and succour you.
'Tis far more just, that I myself should perish,
Than suffer you to be thus treated, master:
Pluck out that fellow's eye, I beg of you,
Who holds you by the shoulder. I'll myself
Plant in these rascals' chaps a crop of blows.
If you persist in bearing him away,
You'll find you'll have the worst of it. Let
him go.

Men. Epi. I've got hold of the rascal's eye.

Mess. Why then

Let in his head the socket straight appear.

Rogues! Rascals!

Servs. You'll murder us. Have mercy!

Mess. Let him go then.

Men. Epi. What is't ye mean, you rascals!

By laying hands on me thus violently?

Curry the scoundrels with your blows.

Mess. Away,

Begone, go and be hang'd, ye rascals!

You there, that are the last to quit your hold,

Take this along with you as a reward—

(strikes him.)

So, so: I think I've on this scoundrel's chaps
Written in red letters.—'Troth, I came in time
To your assistance, master.

Men. Epi. May the gods!

Whoe'er you are, be ever kind to you,
Young man. For without you, I ne'er had seen
The setting sun this day.

Mess. By Pollux! therefore,

If you do right, you'll give me, sir, my freedom.

Men. Epi. Give you your freedom!

Mess. Out of doubt, my master,

Since I have sav'd your life.

Men. Epi. How's this! young man,

You are mistaken.

Mess. I mistaken! how?

Men. Epi. I swear by Father Jupiter, I'm not
Your master.

Mess. Can you say so?

Men. Epi. I don't lie.

I never had a servant yet; I say,
Who ever did for me, what you have done?

Mess. If then you will not own me for your
servant,

E'en let me go, and have my liberty.

Men. Epi. As far as in my power, take your
liberty,

And go where'er you please.

Mess. Then you command me?

Men. Epi. Yes sure, as far as I've a right to
do so.

Mess. My patron, thanks!

A Serv. I joy to see you free,
Messenio.

Mess. In troth I well believe you.

By Hercules! I do. And, now, my patron,
I beg, you'd lay on me the same commands
As when I was your servant. I'll live with you:
And, when you home return, go with you, sir.

Men. Epi. No, by no means.

Mess. I'll go now to the inn,
And bring your goods and money to you straight:
The purse which has your money, is fast seal'd
Within the cloak-bag. I'll go bring it straight.

Men. Epi. Do so, and quickly.

Mess. Sir, I'll bring them back
In the same state as when you gave them me.
Wait for me here. [Exit *Mess.*

Men. Epi. What I've to-day experienc'd
In many instances is most extraordinary.
Some of them say, that I am not the man
I am, and shut me out of doors. And here
A man insists upon't, he is my servant—
And I just now have given him his freedom.
He talks of bringing money to me straight;
Which if he does, I'll tell him he has liberty
To go from me whene'er it suits him best.
My father-in-law and the physician say
That I'm mad. 'Tis strange what this should be:
It seems to me no other than a dream.
I'll now go to this courtezian, and see,
Though she is angry with me, if I can't
Prevail on her, to let me have the robe.
To carry home, and give it to my wife.

[Exit *MEN. EPI.*

SCENE VI.

Enter *MENÆCHMUS SOSCILES* and *MESSENIO*.

Men. Sos. And do you dare affirm, audacious
fellow,

That you have met me anywhere to-day,
When I had order'd you to meet me here?

Mess. It is so true, that I not only met you;
But that e'en now, I freed you from four men,
Before this very house, who seiz'd on you,
And would have borne you off. You call'd on
gods

And men for their assistance. I ran up,
And snatch'd you from them, notwithstanding all
Their efforts to the contrary, and fought them.
On which account, as I had done you service,
You gave my freedom to me. After that,
You bade me go, and fetch your goods and money.
You've hasten'd on, fast as you could, before,
To frustrate your own deeds—

Men. Sos. And did I bid you
Depart a freeman?

Mess. Certainly.

Men. Sos. And 'tis
Most certain, I'm as much a slave myself
As e'er I gave to you your liberty.

SCENE VII.

Enter *MENÆCHMUS* of *Epidamnium*, from *Ero-
tium's* house.

Men. Epi. Vile woman as you are, though you
should swear

By all that's dear to you, that I this day
Bore off that robe and bracelet, yet you never,
No, never should convince me.

Mess. Gods immortal!
What is that I see?

Men. Sos. Why, what do you see?

Mess. Why, your resemblance, sir, as in a mirror.

Men. Sos. What is't you mean?

Mess.

Your image, and as like

As possible.

Men. Sos. Troth, if I know myself,
Tis not unlike.

Men. Epi. Young man, whoe'er you are,
The gods preserve you! you have sav'd my life.

Mess. Young man, if 'tis not disagreeable,
Tell me your name.

Men. Epi. You have so much oblig'd me,
You cannot ask what I'd be slow to grant you.
My name's *Menæchmus*.

Men. Sos. Mine's *Menæchmus* too.

Men. Epi. I'm a Sicilian, and of Syracuse.

Men. Sos. I am the same: it is my native
country—

Men. Epi. What's that I hear?

Men. Sos. You hear the very truth.

Mess. I know this gentleman; he is my master,
I am his servant. But I thought myself

The other's servant. Sir, (to *Men. Sos.*) I thought
him, you;

And by so doing, gave you some uneasiness.

If I have said aught foolish or imprudent,

I pray you pardon me.

Men. Sos. You're mad, I think.

Don't you remember, that this very day

You disembark'd with me?

Mess.

Nothing more just.

You are my master. Seek (to *Men. Epi.*) another
servant.

(to *Men. Sos.*) God save you, sir! and you, (to
Men. Epi.) good sir, adieu!

This is, I say, *Menæchmus*.

Men. Epi. I say, I am.

Men. Sos. What comedy is this? What! you
Menæchmus!

Men. Epi. I am, sir, and my father's name was
Moschus.

Men. Sos. And are you then my father's son?

Men. Epi. I'm son

Of my own father, youth. I do not want
To claim your father, nor to take him from you.

Mess. Ye gods! confirm the unexpected hope
Which I'm conceiving. These, if I mistake not,

Are the twin brothers; for they both agree,

In owning the same father, the same country.

I'll call aside my master. Sir! *Menæchmus*!

Both Men. Whom is't you want?

Mess.

I want but one of you.

But which of you came with me in the ship?

Men. Epi. Not I.

Men. Sos. 'Twas I.

Mess. Why then, 'tis you I want.

Come this way.

Men. Sos. Well, I'm here, what do you want?

Mess. That man is an impostor, sir, or else
He's your twin brother. For I never saw
Two men, one like the other so exactly.

Water is, I assure you, not more like

To water, nor is milk more like to milk,

Than he is like to you, and you to him.

Besides, he owns himself of the same country,
And claims too the same father. Best accost him,
And ask him some few questions.

Men. Sos. Your advice

Is right, by *Hercules*!—I thank you for it.

Beseech you, give me farther your assistance;
And, if you find us brothers, you shall have
Your freedom.

Mess. Sir, I hope I shall.

Men. Sos. I hope

The same.

Mess. (to *Men. Epi.*) What was't you said? I
think it was

That you are call'd Menæchmus?

Men. Epi. Yes.

Mess. But he

Is call'd Menæchmus too.—In Sicily

You said that you was born, a citizen

Of Syracuse.—Why there was he born too.

You've likewise said that Moschus was your
father?

Why, Moschus was his father too. And now

It's in the power of both of you to assist me;

And, in assisting me, to assist yourselves.

Men. Epi. You have deserv'd so much of me,
that what

You ask, you may command. Free as I am

I'll serve you, just as if I was your slave.

Mess. I hope you're just upon the point of
finding

That you're twin brothers, born at the same
time,

Sons of one father, and one mother too.

Men. Epi. You mention wonders. Would you
could effect

That which you've given assurance of—

Mess. I can.

Come now. To that which I shall ask of you,

Both answer me.

Men. Epi. Ask when you please, I'll answer,
And not conceal one jot of what I know.

Mess. Is then your name Menæchmus?

Men. Epi. Yes, I own it.

Mess. And yours the same?

Men. Sos. It is.

Mess. You also say

Your father's name was Moschus.

Men. Epi. Yes, I do.

Men. Sos. And mine the same.

Mess. Are you of Syracuse?

Men. Epi. Most certainly.

Mess. And you?

Men. Sos. No doubt of it.

Mess. Hitherto all the marks agree right well.

But let's go on. What's the most distant thing,

You recollect to have happened in your country?

Men. Epi. The going with my father to Ta-
rentum

I'th' way of merchandising: in the crowd

My straying from my father; after that,

My being hither brought.

Men. Sos. Preserve me, Jupiter!

Mess. Why is that exclamation? Hold your
peace.

(to *Men. Epi.*) Say, when your father from your
country took you,

What was your age?

Men. Epi. Seven years: for I remember

Just at that time my teeth began to shed—

Nor from that time have I e'er seen my father.

Mess. How many children had your father?

Men. Epi.

Two,

If I remember right.

Mess.

Was you or he

The elder?

Men. Epi. We were both of the same age.

Mess. How can that be?—

Men. Epi. We were both twins.—

Men. Sos. The gods

Are pleas'd to bless me—

Mess.

If you interrupt me,

I'll say no more.

Men. Sos. Rather than so, I'm silent.

Mess. Say, had you both one name?

Men. Epi. Not so—my name

Was, as 'tis now, Menæchmus. But my brother
They nam'd Sosicles.

Men. Sos. I own the proofs.

I cannot hold out longer. I'll embrace him.—

My brother, my twin brother, hail! 'Tis I

Am Sosicles.

Men. Epi. If so, why was you afterwards
Menæchmus call'd?

Men. Sos. When afterwards we heard

You and your father both were dead, my grand-
father

Changing my name, gave me the same as yours.

Men. Epi. Well, I believe 'tis all just as you say.
But in your turn now answer me.

Men. Sos. Your pleasure.

Men. Epi. What was our mother's name?

Men. Sos. 'Twas Theusimarche.

Men. Epi. All this agrees. Hail, my unlook'd-
for brother!

Whom after years of absence, I now see.

Men. Sos. The same all hail! to you, my dearest
brother!

For whom I've search'd till now with so much
pains,

And whom I now rejoice to have found at last.

Mess. It was on this account, the courtesan

Then call'd you by his name, and taking you

For him, she ask'd you to her house to dinner.

Men. Epi. Troth, I this day had order'd at her
house

A dinner, to my wife unknown, from whom

I filch'd a robe, and gave her as a present.

Men. Sos. Is this the robe you see me have, my
brother?

Men. Epi. How came it in your hands?

Men. Sos. A common woman

Invited me to dine, and said 'twas I

That gave it her.—I eat a hearty dinner,

Drank freely, entertain'd myself with her,

And got this robe, this bracelet—

Men. Epi. I'm glad, brother,

That you have fared so well on my account:

For when she ask'd you home to dinner with her,
'Twas me she took you for.

Mess.

What hinders then,

But, as you promis'd me, I should be free?

Men. Epi. He asks but what is right and just,
my brother,

Do it on my account.

Men. Sos. Be free.

Men. Epi. I joy,

Messenio, that you have obtain'd your freedom.

Mess. You see a better hand than yours was wanting
To make me free for life.

Men. Sos. Since things are thus
As we could wish, let's both return together
To our native country.

Men. Epi. As you please, my brother.
I'll make an auction, and sell all I have.
In the meantime, my brother, let's go in.

Men. Sos. With all my heart.

Mess. Can you guess what I'd ask?

Men. Epi. What is it?

Mess. That you'd make me auctioneer.

Men. Epi. 'Tis granted—

Mess. Well, sir, shall I then proclaim
The auction straight? and for what day?

Men. Epi. The seventh.

Mess. O yes!—O yes!—This, sirs, is to give
notice.—

The auction of Menæchmus will begin
The seventh of this month: when will be sold
Slaves, household goods, farms, houses, and—et
cetera.

All may attend that will; and we sell all
For ready money. Sell his wife besides,
If any purchaser should offer. I scarce think
Our auction will amount to fifty times
A thousand sesterces.

(to the spectators.) Spectators, now
Adieu! and favour us with a loud applause.*

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TREASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PROLOGUE by LUXURY and POVERTY.

CHARMIDES, an Athenian Merchant.

CALLICLES, his Friend.

MEGARONIDES, Friend to Callicles.

PHILTO, an Old Gentleman.

LESBONICUS, Son to Charmides.

LYSITELES, Son to Philto.

STASIMUS, Servant to Lesbonicus.

HIRELING, employed to counterfeit Charmides.

SCENE Athens.

PROLOGUE.

Enter LUXURY and POVERTY.

Lux. FOLLOW me, daughter, that you may per-
form

Your office.

Pov. I do follow; but am ignorant,
Where will our journey end.

* Among the fragments of Menander are a few lines
from a play called ΔΙΔΥΜΑΙ, *The Twins*; from which
some commentators have been of opinion Plautus took
this comedy.

There are two imitations of this comedy on the French
stage; one near a century ago by M. de Kotrou, which is
said to have succeeded; and the other by M. Regnard;
which was performed with great applause in the year
1706.

There is also an old translation of this comedy, printed
1595, by W. W., and called *Menæchmi*.

Lux.

'Tis here:—behold,

This is the house: go in. [*Exit POVERTY.*]

Lux. (to the spectators.) Lest any of you
Be lost in error, I'll in brief conduct you
In the right road, provided you will hear.
First then, and who I am, and who she is,
That enter'd here, I'll tell, if you'll attend.
Plautus has given me the name of Luxury;
The other is my daughter, Poverty.
Now, at my impulse why she enter'd here,
Learn, and be all attention, while I tell.
There is a certain youth dwells in this house,
Who by my aid has squander'd his estate.
Since then for my support, there's nothing left,
I've given him my daughter, whom to live with.
As for our play, expect not I should tell
The plot. The old men, who are coming hither,
Will open the matter to you. In the Greek
'Tis nam'd *The Treasure*, which Philemon wrote.*
Our poet this translated, calling it
Trinummus; and this name, he begs, may stand.
No more.—Farewell.—Be silent, and attend.

[*Exit.*]

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter MEGARONIDES.

'Tis but an irksome act to task a friend,
And rate him for his failings; yet in life
It is a wholesome and a wise correction.—
Now must I chide this neighbour-friend of mine,
Howe'er unwilling: justice bids me do it.—
Our morals are so tainted with corruption,
That our souls sicken with it e'en to death:
And evil manners, like well-water'd plants,
Have shot up in abundance; we may gather
A plenteous harvest of them. Most prefer
A private interest to the public good,
Which yields to partial favour. This is hurtful
In many points, is shocking, and a bar
As well to private as to general welfare.

SCENE II.

CALLICLES, in entering.

Cal. See that you deck our god Lar with a
crown;†

* No reason can possibly be given, why our author
should choose to reject the original Greek title to this
play, and to substitute so uncouth an one as *Trinummus*,
which signifies *three pieces of money*, the sum given to a
person who is hired to carry on a deception in one of the
scenes.

One cannot but wish, that this elegant introduction of
the characters of LUXURY and POVERTY, by way of pro-
logue, had not been so slightly touched upon by our au-
thor, as they certainly might have offered scope for much
entertainment as well as instruction. Claudian has the
same thought in his poem on *Rufinus*.

Et Luxur populatur opum, cui semper adhærens
Infelix humili gressu comitatur Egestas.

And Luxury,

The waster of men's property,
On whom, a close concomitant,
With humble step waits hapless Want.

† The ancients had in every house a tutelary deity,
who was supposed to protect it. See the Prologue to the
Aulularia, or *Miser*, p. 324.

And, wife, do reverence,—that our habitation
With all good fortune may be blest,—and you—
(*aside.*) That I may shortly see you in your grave.

Meg. Oh, here he is,—a boy in his own old
age,—

Had done a fault, for which he should be chid.—
I'll up to him.

Cal. Whose voice is't sounds so near me?

Meg. A friend,—if you are such, as I would
wish you,—

If otherwise,—a foe, enrag'd against you.

Cal. Oh, Megaronides, my friend, and years-
mate,

Save you,—how fare you?

Meg. Save you, Callicles :

How do you do? how have you done?

Cal. So, so.

Meg. Your wife, how fares she?

Cal. Better than I wish.

Meg. Troth I am glad to hear she's pure and
hearty.

Cal. You're glad to hear what sorrows me.

Meg. I wish

The same to all my friends as to myself.

Cal. But harkye—how is your good dame?

Meg. Immortal;

Lives, and is like to live.

Cal. A happy hearing!

Pray heaven, that she may last to outlive you!

Meg. If she were your's, faith I should wish
the same.

Cal. Say, shall we make a swop? I take your
wife,

You mine? I warrant you, you would not get
The better in the bargain.

Meg. Nor would you
Surprise me unawares.

Cal. Nay, but in troth
You would not even know what you're about.

Meg. Keep what you've got.—The evil that
we know

Is best. To venture on an untried ill,
Would puzzle all my knowledge how to act.—

Well, give me a good life, and that's a long one.—

But mind me now, all joking set apart,

I came to you on purpose.—

Cal. For what purpose?

Meg. To rate you soundly.

Cal. Me?

Meg. Pray who is here

Besides us two?

Cal. There's nobody.

Meg. Then why

D'ye ask me, if 'tis you I mean to chide?

Except you think myself would school myself.—

But to the point.—If that the ancient sense

Of truth and honesty is dead within you,

If evil manners in your disposition

Have wrought a change, and that your disposition

Is chang'd unto those manners, if the old

You keep not, but shake off, and catch the new,

You'll such a surfeit give to all your friends,

They'll sicken at your sight, and loathe to hear
you.

Cal. How came it in your mind to hold this
language?

Meg. For that it doth behove all honest men
To keep them both from blame and from suspicion.

Cal. Both cannot be.

Meg. For why?

Cal. Is that a question?

Myself of my own bosom keep the key,

To shut out misdemeanour; but suspicion

Is harbour'd in another's. Thus if I

Suspect you to have stolen the crown of Jove,

From where he stand in the high capitol,

What though you have not done it, I am free

However to suspect you, nor can you

Prevent me.—But I long to know your business,

Whate'er it be.

Meg. Have you a friend, or any one,

Whose judgment you can trust?

Cal. I tell you fairly;

There are, I know, are friends; there are, I think
so;

There are, whose dispositions and whose minds
I cannot know, or whether to enrol them

Among my friends or foes. But you I hold

Of all my fast friends the most fast. Then tell
me,

If you do know of any thing by me

Unwittingly, or wrongfully committed:

If you accuse me not, then you yourself

Will be to blame.

Meg. I know it; and 'twere just,

If I for any other cause came hither.

Cal. I wait for what you'll say.

Meg. Then, first of all,

The general report speaks ill of you:

Our townsmen call you *Gripe-all*;^{*} and with
some

You go by the name of *Vulture*; friends or foes,
They say you little reck, whom you devour.

Cal. As to this matter, Megaronides,

I have it in my power, and have it not.

Report is none of mine; but that report

May be unmerited, is in my power.

Meg. How say you? Was not Charmides your
friend,

The owner of this house here?

Cal. Was, and is.—

To win belief let this transaction speak.—

When by his son's extravagance and waste

He saw his fortune shatter'd, and himself,

Drawn nigh on poverty, his only girl

Grown up, his wife, (her mother,) dead besides,

Departing for Selucia, to my charge

He left his whole estate, and with it too

The maid his daughter, and that rake his son.

Had he not been my friend, he scarce, I trust,

Had trusted me.

Meg. That youth, you knew a rake,

Committed to your trust and confidence,—

Do you reform him? force him to be frugal?

That, that indeed it had been fitter far

For you to work,—to make him, if you can,

Of fairer reputation,—not that you

Should to the self-same infamy with him

Be accessory, with his vile dishonour

Mixing your own.

* The original is *Turpiluricupidus*.

Cal. How have I acted?
Meg. Like
 A villain.
Cal. Sir, that name is none of mine.
Meg. Did you not buy this house—What, no reply?
 Where now you dwell?
Cal. I bought it, gave the money,
 'Twas forty mine, gave it to the youth.
Meg. You gave the money?
Cal. Yes, nor do repent me.
Meg. O ward committed to untrusty guard!
 Have you not given him by this act a sword
 To stab himself withal?—Can it be other?—
 A fond intriguing spark, young, weak in mind,
 To give him money, wherewith to build up
 His folly to the height, already founded.
Cal. Should I not then have paid him?
Meg. No, you should not;
 Nor bought of him, nor sold him any thing,
 To put it in his power to be worse.—
 Have you not gull'd one to your trust confided,
 And ousted from his house, who gave the trust?
 Brave care indeed! a pretty guardianship!
 Be you the young man's ward: he'd manage
 better.
Cal. I am so overcome with your reproaches,
 That what was trusted to my faith and silence,
 Not to impart to any, or divulge,
 I'm now of force compell'd t' entrust you with.
Meg. Trust me, and you shall have it on demand.—
Cal. Look all about you,—see if no one's by;
 Look round.
Meg. There's no one near,—I harken to you.
Cal. Peace then, and I will speak. When
 Charmides
 Went hence abroad, he show'd me in this house
 A treasure, in a certain closet lodg'd—
 But look, look all around.
Meg. Here's no one near.
Cal. Three thousand Philippeans. He and I,
 Being alone, with tears he did beseech me
 By friendship and by faith, that I'd not trust
 His son, or any other, who might let
 The secret out. Now, if he safe return,
 His own will I restore him; should he die,
 Why then I've wherewithal to portion out
 My charge his daughter, and to see her plac'd
 In such a station as is worthy of her.
Meg. Good heavens! how soon, and little said,
 you've made
 Another man of me! I came to you
 Quite other.—But proceed, as you begun.
Cal. What shall I tell you more? the father's
 caution,
 My faithfulness, this secret, the sad son
 Had near o'erthrown from the foundation.
Meg. How?
Cal. Being six days in the country, in my absence,
 Without my knowledge, not consulting me,
 He set the house to sale.
Meg. The wolf! his stomach
 Was sharper set: he watch'd the dog asleep,
 To ravage the whole flock.

Cal. And he had done it,
 But that the dog first smelt him out.—And now
 I fain would ask you in my turn, what was it
 My duty then to do? give me to know.
 Had it been fiter I had shown the son
 This treasure, against which the father pray'd
 me?
 Or should I have permitted, that this house
 Should own another master, and the gold
 Devolve to him that bought it? I myself
 Chose rather to become the purchaser;
 Paid down the cash, this treasure to preserve
 Untouch'd, and render back unto my friend.
 I bought not for myself, or for my use;
 But for my friend this house I purchas'd, paid
 For him my money. Was this right, or wrong?
 Say, Megaronides,—I confess the fact.
 These, these are my misdoings, this my avarice!
 For these are slanders on me spread abroad!
Meg. No more,—the chider's chid.—You've
 tied my tongue,
 And nothing can I answer.
Cal. Aid me now,
 I pray you, with your counsels;—let this be
 One common care to both of us.
Meg. Agreed.
Cal. Where shall I find you a while hence?
Meg. At home.
Cal. Any commands?
Meg. Be trusty.
Cal. Do not doubt me.
Meg. But hark ye.—
Cal. What is it you want?
Meg. The spark,
 Where lives he now?
Cal. Oh,—when he sold the house,
 The back part he reserv'd unto himself.
Meg. That's what I wish'd to know.—Now,
 sir, your servant.—
 But harkye.
Cal. Well, what now?
Meg. The maiden, she's
 With you?
Cal. She is, and I do tender her
 Ev'n as my own.
Meg. 'Tis well done in you.
Cal. Would you
 Command me farther, ere I go?
Meg. Your servant.
 [Exit CALICLES.]

SCENE III.
 MEGARONIDES alone.

In troth there cannot be more errant dolts,
 More barefac'd fibbers, and more prating pup-
 pies,
 Than these officious fools, the busy-bodies.
 And I too should rank with them, thus to credit
 Their groundless suppositions. Every thing
 They will pretend to know, yet nothing know.
 They'll dive into your breast, and learn your
 thoughts
 Present and future: nay they can discover
 What the king whisper'd in her highness' ear,
 And tell what past in Juno's chat with Jove.
 They know what never was, nor ever will be:

Whether they praise or dispraise right or wrong,
 They care not, but invent whate'er they please.
 This Callicles, for instance—Men's report
 Pronounc'd him for society unfit,
 For that he spoil'd a young man of his fortunes.
 I, prompted by their scandal, sallied forth,
 To chide my friend, though blameless. Ill re-
 ports,

Trac'd to their root, unless it well appear
 What ground and what authority they have,
 Should turn on those that spread them.—Public
 good

Requires it should be so.—These idle chatterers,
 That know what they don't know, I fain would
 lessen,

And shut up their fools-tongues within their
 teeth. [Exit MEGARONIDES.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter LYSITELES.

What misery to myself do I create,
 On many things thus inward ruminating!
 I tease me, fret me, weary out my mind,
 Which schools me, as it were, like a strict mas-
 ter.

It is not plain, nor have I weigh'd sufficiently,
 What life 'twere best to follow, whether rather
 Attend to thrift, or yield me up to Love.
 I cannot tell, which is most pleasurable,
 Nor am I rightly satisfied.—Suppose
 We try both fairly:—in the cause I'll be
 Both judge and culprit.—Good! it likes me well,
 I'll do so.—First then we'll discourse of Love.—
 Love only seeks to draw into his toils
 The easy, willing natures; these he courts,
 Subtly cajoles, and seeks occasions apt
 To win them to him. Love's a gentle flatterer,
 A hook that grapples hearts, an errant fibber,
 A dainty-mouth'd, a nice, a greedy niggard,
 A filcher of affections, pimp to those
 That play at bo-peep, skulk in hiding holes;
 A pryer into secrets,—last, a beggar.
 He that is stricken with sharp-pointed kisses,
 Will find his substance in a trice decay.
 "My sweet, my honey, if you love me, if
 You have the spirit, won't you give me? do
 now."

Then instantly the gudgeon—"Eh! I will,
 My eyes, my own dear eyes,—aye, that and
 more,

If you require it."—Thus she strikes the fool,
 For more and more still asking. Nor is this
 Sufficient; something more must still be added,
 For entertainments, feastings and carousings.
 Grants she the favour of a night? She brings
 Her whole retinue with her, such a train
 Of waiting-women, such a tribe of dressers,
 Minstrels, and lacqueys, all such huge devour-
 ers,

Such wasters of his substance, that the lover
 From his extreme complacence is undone.
 When I reflect within me, and consider,
 How cheap they hold one who is little worth,
 Love, get thee gone—I like thee not—Away—
 I hold no converse with thee.—Although sweet
 His feastings and carousings, Love has yet

A smatch of bitter to create disgust.*
 Love shuns the noisy bustle of the bar,
 Drives off relations, and oft banishes
 Himself from his own sight. There's no one,
 who

Would woo him for companion. Thousand ways
 Love should be held a stranger, kept at distance,
 Wholly abstain'd from. Hapless, into Love
 Who plunges headlong; greater his destruction,
 Than to have leapt down toppling from a rock.—
 Love, get thee gone then,—I divorce thee from
 me,

Nor ever be thou friend of mine.—Go, torture
 Those that are bound unto thee.—I am bent
 Henceforward to apply my mind to thrift,
 Although the toil be great. Hence good men
 gather

Gain, esteem, credit, reputation: This
 The price of virtue.—'Tis my choice to herd
 With good men rather than the vain and disso-
 lute.

SCENE II.

Enter PHILTO.

Phil. Where has he ta'en himself?

lys. I'm here, my father,
 Command me what you will, nor shall there be
 In me reluctance. Think not that I skulk,
 Or hide me from your sight.

Phil. You will do well,
 And like your other actions, to observe
 Due reverence to your father. O my son!
 I would not have you with the profligate
 Hold any conversation, in the forum,
 Or in the street. The manners of this age
 I know: Bad men would fain corrupt the good,
 And make them like themselves: Our evil man-
 ners

Confound, disorder every thing: The greedy,
 The envious, turn what's sacred to profane,
 The public good to private interest.—
 They gape for gain, like the parch'd earth for
 showers.—

This grieves me; this torments me; night and day
 I ring the same peal, bidding you beware.
 These plunderers only can refrain their hands
 From what they cannot touch. The word else
 with them

Is, touch and take. O but to see these villainies,

* The same sentiment with this and the foregoing lines
 is finely expressed by Lucretius in his fourth book.

Adde, quod absumunt vires pereunteque labore;

Adde, quod alterius sub nutu degitur etas.

Labitur interea res, et vadimonia fiunt,

Languent officia atque egrotat fama vacillans.

— — — medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.

They waste their strength in the venereal strife,
 And to a woman's will enslave their life;
 The estate runs out, and mortgages are made,
 All offices of friendship are decay'd,
 Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd.

For in the fountain, where their sweets are sought,
 Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.

Dryden.

Draws tears from me; to think my life prolong'd
To such a race!—O that I had but follow'd
Those that are gone before me!—Our vile moderns
Commend the ancient manners, but withal
Defile what they commend. O then, my son,
Be not enamour'd of their arts, nor taint
Your disposition with them. Live like me,
Following our ancient manners. Do what I
Advise you. For these vile and filthy manners,
Which good men must dishonour, I disclaim them.

Lys. Sir, from my youth up to my present age
I've bound me to your precepts and commands.
Though free from birth and breeding, to your
bidding

I hold me still a slave, and deem it just
My will should bend to yours.

Phil. Suppose a youth
To combat with his will, whether 'twere best
To be, as best his will should think, or rather
Such as his parents and relations wish him:
If the will masters him, all's over with him,
By it he'll be enslav'd: but if his will
He masters, while he lives he shall be styled
A conqueror of conquerors.* If your will
You've vanquish'd, you not vanquish'd by your
will,

You've reason to rejoice. 'Tis better far
You should be as you should be, than be such as
Your will would have you. Fairer their repute,
The will who conquer, than those conquer'd by it.

Lys. This prudence, as a buckler to my youth,
I ever had: I studiously forbore
To go, where vice was plotted as in council,
To roam the streets at midnight, to defraud
Another of his right, or to beget
Vexation, sir, to you, who are my father.
I've ever kept your precepts as a rule
To regulate my conduct.

Phil. Wherefore this?
What's right you've acted for yourself, not me:
My days are almost past: 'Tis your concern then.
That man's an upright man, who don't repent
him,

That he is upright; he, who seeks alone
Self-satisfaction, merits not that title:
The man, that thinks but meanly of himself,
Shows there's a just and honest nature in him.
Still follow up good actions with good actions,
Heap'd on each other.

Lys. For this purpose, father,
I would entreat a certain favour of you.

Phil. What is it? tell me, for I long to grant it.

Lys. There is a youth here of a noble family,
My friend, and of my years, who his affairs
Too heedlessly has manag'd, too unthinkingly.
I'd fain do him a kindness, if that you
Refuse not.

Phil. What, from your own purse?

Lys. From mine.

For what is your's is mine, and mine is your's.

Phil. Is he in want?

Lys. In want.

Phil.

Had he a fortune?

Lys. He had.

Phil. How lost he it? at sea? by commerce?
In the slave trade? by traffic?

Lys.

None of these.

Phil. How then?

Lys. In sooth by gentle living, sir:
Something too much in pleasure has he squander'd.

Phil. In troth you speak of him as of an intimate:

A man forsooth whose fortunes were not shatter'd

By any good demeanour;—he's a friend,
A fine one for you, with such qualities!

Lys. I would relieve the wants of one distressed,
One that is free from fault.

Phil.

The beggar's thanks

He scarce deserves, who gives him wherewithal
To buy him meat and drink; for what is given
Is lost, and only serves to lengthen out
A life of misery.—I say not this,
For that I would not do most willingly
What you desire, but in the way of caution,
That I might show you, not to pity others,
So as yourself to others may become
An object too of pity.

Lys. 'Twere a shame
To leave, not help him in adversity.

Phil. I can deny you nothing you would have.
Whose wants would you relieve?—Come, tell
your father:

Speak boldly to me.

Lys. 'Tis young Lesbonicus,
Charmides' son, who lives here at this house.

Phil. He, who has eat up all he had, and
more!

Lys. Do not reproach him, sir: since many
things

Befall a man, both wish'd for, and unwish'd.

Phil. You are mistaken, son, nor judge aright
In what you say. A wise man is the maker
Of his own fortune, and except he prove
A bungling workman, little can befall him,
Which he would wish to change.

Lys. Sure, in this kind
Of workmanship much labour there doth need
One's life to frame and fashion with repute.
But Lesbonicus, sir, is young,—consider.

Phil. 'Tis not by years that wisdom is acquired,

But waits on disposition. Wisdom is
The food of age, which lends to wisdom relish.
But say, what would you give him?

Lys. Nothing, sir,
So you permit me from his hands to accept
A gift most rare.

Phil. What, thus relieve his wants?

Lys. This very way.

Phil. I fain would learn the manner.

Lys. I'll tell you.—Know you not, what family
He's of?

Phil. I know: of good and reputable.

Lys. He has a grown-up sister: her, my father,
I would fain take to wife.

Phil.

Without a portion?

* *Victor victorum.* We find the same sentiment in
Plato's first book, *Of Laws*.—To conquer one's self is the
first and best of all victories: but to be conquered by
one's self is the greatest disgrace and calamity.

Lys. Without a portion.

Phil. Marry her?

Lys. 'Tis so;—

And you no loser. Thus you will bestow
A special favour on him, neither can you
By any other means assist him more.

Phil. And shall I suffer you to take a wife
Without a portion?

Lys. You must suffer me;
And by it to our family you'll add
Increase of honour.

Phil. I could here pour forth
A budget full of sayings, learned saws,
And antique stories, which my age would war-
rant;

But since I see your purpose is to add
New friendships, new connections to our house,
E'en though I were averse to the alliance,
I'd give you my permission,—ask her, marry her.

Lys. The gods preserve you to me!—Do but
add

To this one favour more.

Phil. That one, what is it?

Lys. I'll tell you: go to him yourself, yourself
Procure her for me.

Phil. Hey-day! I a pimp?

Lys. 'Twill sooner be transacted, and by you
Done firm: one word in this affair from you
Will weigh more than an hundred words from
me.

Phil. I'm willing to oblige you.—I'll about it.

Lys. My most sweet father!—here he lives—
this house—

His name is Lesbonicus—do this thing
Effectually.—I'll wait for you at home. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

PHILTO alone.

This is not for the best, nor do I think
'Tis right, but yet 'tis better than if worse.
I have this consolation to my mind:—
Who thwarts the inclinations of his son
In every point, save those in which himself
Alone has satisfaction, is a fool,
Plagues his own soul, nor is the better for it;
And stirring up a storm that's out of season,
Makes the hoar winter of old age more sharp.
But the door opens, whither I was going;
And Lesbonicus, he himself comes forth
Most aptly with his servant. I'll aloof.

[*Retires at a distance.**]

* I have taken the liberty to add this to the text for the sake of perspicuity with respect to the modern reader, who cannot be too often reminded, that the extent of the ancient stage allowed of circumstances, which in the present times could not be admitted as in any degree probable. Among the other inconveniences, which the ancients laboured under on account of their strict attention to the preservation of the *Unity of Place*, may be fairly reckoned the absurdity of keeping some of the characters of the drama at a distance, while others were engaged in a conversation, perhaps foreign to the business; when at the same time these very characters ought rather to have made immediate advances. This is apparently the case in the beginning of the IV. Scene, that follows.

SCENE IV.

Enter LESBONICUS and STASIMUS.

Les. 'Tis under fifteen days, since fourscore
minæ

You did receive from Callicles for this house.
Is it not, Stasimus, as I say?

Stas. Methinks
On due consideration I remember,
That so it is.

Les. What has been done with them?

Stas. Eat, drank, anointed, washed away in
bagnios,
Cooks, butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, confec-
tioners,

Perfumers, have devour'd them;—gone as soon,
As is a grain of corn thrown to an ant.

Les. Why, all these must have cost less than
six minæ.

Stas. But what you gave your mistresses?

Les. I count
Six more for that.

Stas. What—I have cheated?

Les. Oh,
In that indeed my reckoning is most heavy.

Stas. You cannot eat your cake and have it
too;—

Unless you think your money is immortal.

The fool too late, his substance eaten up,
Reckons the cost.

Les. Th' account is not apparent.

Stas. Th' account's apparent, but the money's
gone.

You did receive of Callicles forty minæ;
He by assignment had your house.

Les. 'Tis true.

Phil. (*overhearing.*) Our neighbour then, it
seems, has sold his house:

And when his father from abroad returns,
He must e'en lodge him in the street, except
He creep into the belly of his son.

Stas. Count to the banker due Olympic drachms
A thousand.

Les. I engag'd for.

Stas. Threw away,
Say rather.—You stood bound for a wild spark,
Who, you declared, was rich.

Les. 'Tis true, I did so.

Stas. 'Tis true, the money's gone.

Les. It is indeed.—
I saw him in distress, and pitied him.

Stas. For others you've compassion, for yourself
You've neither shame nor pity.

Phil. (*at a distance.*) It is time
I should make up to him.

Les. Is not that Philto,
Who's coming hither? Sure, 'tis he himself.

Stas. I wish he were my slave with all his
property.

Phil. To Lesbonicus and to Stasimus,
The master and the servant, Philto wishes
All happiness and health.

Les. Heaven grant you, Philto,
All that you wish and want! How does your
son?

Phil. You've his best wishes.

Les. He has mine,—'tis mutual.

Stas. Best wishes! what avails that phrase, unless

Best services attend them?—I may wish
To have my liberty, but wish in vain;
My master, to be frugal.—all in vain.

Phil. My son has sent me to you, to propose
A bond of friendship 'twixt you, and alliance.
Your sister he would marry, and I hold
The same opinion, wish it.

Les. Oh, I know you;—
Your cruel mockery I perceive:—because
You have an ample and right good estate,
You come to flout and jest at my misfortunes.

Phil. As I'm a man,—as you are,—the great
God

So love me,—as I came not to deride:—
Nor do I think you worthy.—What I said,
Is true:—My son begg'd me to ask for him
Your sister, sir, in marriage.

Les. My affairs
How they are circumstanc'd, I can't be ignorant:—

My fortunes are not to be match'd with yours.—
Then seek another, and more fair alliance.

Stas. Art mad? art in your senses? to reject
This proffer'd match?—Why you have found a
friend,

Will help you at a pinch.

Les. Away, you rascal!

Stas. Were I to budge a foot, you'd bid me stay.

Les. (to *Phil.*) Would you aught else, sir?—
You have got my answer.

Phil. I trust that you will show to me more
favour

Than now I have experienc'd. Or in word
Or deed to play the trifler, would ill suit
One of my years.

Stas. Faith, what he says is true.

Les. Add but another word, I'll tear your eyes
out.

Stas. Do—I will speak, though blind.

Phil. You tell me now,
We are not on a footing; that your means
Don't equal ours.

Les. I say so.

Phil. What of that?—
If you were present at a public feast,
And haply some great man was p'ac'd beside you,
Of the choice cates serv'd up in heaps before him
Would you not taste, but at the table rather
Sit dinnerless, because he neighbour'd you?

Les. Sure I should eat, if he forbade me not.

Stas. And I, ev'n if he did;—so cram myself,
I'd stuff out both my cheeks:—I'd seize upon
The daintiest bits before him, nor give way to
him

In matters that concern'd my very being.
At table no one should be shy or mannerly,
Where all things are at stake, divine and human.

Phil. Faith, what you say is right.

Stas. I'll tell you fairly.
Your great man if I meet, I make way for him,
Give him the wall, show him respect, but where
The belly is concern'd, I will not yield
An inch,—unless he box me into breeding.

To me a feast is an inheritance
Without encumbrance.

Phil. Ever bear in mind
This maxim, Lesbonicus. The best policy
Is to be perfect in all good;—if that
We can't attain to, to be next to perfect.
The match that I propose for your consent,
Why will you not agree to?—What are riches?—
The gods alone are rich: to them alone
Is wealth and power:—but we poor mortal men,
When that the soul, which is the salt of life,
Keeping our bodies from corruption, leaves us,
At Acheron shall be counted all alike,
The beggar and the wealthiest.

Stas. (to *Phil.*) I believe,
Your wealth you'll carry with you, that, when
dead,

You may behave there as your name imports.

Phil. That you may know it is not wealth we
seek,

But value your alliance, I do ask
Your sister for my son without a portion.
Success attend it!—Is't agreed?—Why silent?

Stas. O ye immortal gods, a rare proposal!

Phil. Do but say, *done*.

Stas. Why how now? when he could
Get nothing by the bargain, he could say
Done first; and now he's sure to win, he's silent.

Les. That you esteem me worthy your al-
liance,

I am most thankful; but although my folly
Has cast me down thus low, I've yet a farm
Near to the town here: this will I bestow
Upon my sister for her portion; this
Is all, through my imprudence and my folly
That I have left me now besides my life

Phil. I want no portion.

Les. I'm resolv'd to give it.

Stas. Dear master, would you part then with
our nurse,

That feeds us? our support? think what you're
doing.

How shall we eat in future?

Les. Hold your tongue.

Am I accountable to you?

Stas. We're ruin'd

Past all redemption, if I don't invent
Some flam.—I have it.—Pholto, a word with you.

Phil. What would you?

Stas. Step aside this way a little.

Phil. I will. (they retire.)

Stas. The secret I shall now unfold

Let not my master know, nor any other.

Phil. Me you may safely trust.

Stas. By gods and men

I do conjure you, let not this same farm
Come into your possession, or your son's.

The reason will I tell.

Phil. I fain would hear it.

Stas. First then, whene'er the land is plough'd,
the oxen

Ev'ry fifth furrow drop down dead.

Phil. Fye on it!

Stas. A passage down to Acheron's in our field.
The grapes grow moulty as they hang, before
They can be gather'd.

Les. He is, I suppose,
Persuading him :—though he's an errant rogue,
To me he's not unfaithful.

Stas. Hear what follows.
When that the harvest promises most fair,
They gather in thrice less than what was sown.

Phil. Nay!—then methinks it were a proper
place
For men to sow their wild oats, where they
would not
Spring up.

Stas. There never was a person yet,
That ever own'd this farm, but his affairs
Did turn out bad :—some ran away, some died,
Some hang'd themselves.—Why, there's my mas-
ter now,

To what sad straits is he reduc'd!

Phil. O keep me
Far from this farm!

Stas. You'd have more cause to say so,
Were you to hear the whole.—There's not a tree,
But has been blasted with the lightning : more—
The hogs are eat up with the mange ; the sheep
Pine with the rot, all scabby as this hand :
And no man can live there six months together,
No, not a Syrian, though they are most hardy,
The influenza is to all so fatal.

Phil. I do believe it true : but the Campanians
The Syrians far outgo in hardness.—

This farm is a fit spot, as you've described it.
Wherein to place bad men : And as they tell us,
That in those islands styl'd The Fortunate
Assemble the upright, and the virtuous livers,
So should the wicked here be thrust together,
Since 'tis of such a nature.

Stas. 'Tis the abode
Of misery. But, without more words,—whatever
Evil you'd search for, you might find it here.

Phil. You may go seek it there, or where you
will.

Stas. Be cautious how you tell what I have
told you.

Phil. You've told it to no blabber.

Stas. Now my master
Would gladly part with it, could he but find
A gudgeon to his purpose.

Phil. I'll have none of it.

Stas. If you are wise indeed, you will not
have it.

(*aside.*) So—I have frighten'd this old hunks most
rarely

From taking of this farm : if that were gone
We've nothing to subsist on.

Phil. Lesbonicus,
I now return to you.

Les. I prithee tell me,
What has he said?

Phil. Think you?—The fellow wants
His liberty, but has not wherewithal
To purchase it.

Les. And I too would be rich,
But cannot.

Sas. (*aside.*) Once you might have been, if
then
You had chose it ; now you cannot, since you've
nothing.

Les. What was it you were muttering to your-
self?

Stas. Concerning what you said.—You had
been rich,

If it had been your pleasure heretofore ;
'Tis now too late to wish it.

Phil. For this portion,
I can determine nothing ; with my son
You'll settle it, and to your liking.—Well then,—
Your sister I request for him in marriage.
Success attend it ! What ? still scrupulous !

Les. Well, since you'll have it so, heaven's
blessing on it !

I here betroth her to him.

Phil. Never did
A father joy more in a new-born son,
Than I, when you brought forth that word, be-
troth,

Stas. Heavens prosper this agreement !

Phil. 'Tis my prayer.

Les. Go, Stasimus, to my sister, and relate
To Callicles this transaction.

Stas. I'll be gone.

Les. Congratulate my sister.

Stas. To be sure !

Phil. Go with me in, sir, where this compact
we'll

Confirm, and for the nuptials fix a day.

Les. (*to Stas.*) Do as I bade you.—I'll be here
this instant.—

Tell Callicles to meet me.—

Stas. Prithee go !

Les. To fix the portion.—

Stas. Go.—

Les. For I'm resolv'd

A portion she shall have.

Stas. Nay, pray be gone !

Les. Nor will I suffer her to lose—

Stas. Go, go !—

Les. By my neglect.—

Stas. Be gone now.—

Les. 'Tis but just

For my offences.—

Stas. Will you not be gone ?

Les. That I alone should suffer.—

Stas. Go—be gone.

Les. My father ! shall I never see you more ?

Stas. Go, get thee gone ! be gone ! be gone ! be
gone !

[*Exeunt LESBONICUS and PHILTO.*]

SCENE V.

STASIMUS alone.

At length I have prevail'd on him to go.
Ye gods ! from wrongly we shall manage right,
If we but keep this farm : and yet I have
Some doubt concerning what will be the issue.
If it be once made over to another,
'Tis over then with me : I must abroad,
Carry a knapsack, helmet, sword, and target :
He'll fly the city when the wedding's o'er
And will enlist him somewhere for a soldier,
In Asia or Cilicia.—But I'll go,
Where master bade me ; though I hate this
house,
Ever since he, who bought it, turn'd us out.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter CALLICLES and STASIMUS.

Cal. How said you, Stasimus? that your master's son,

Young Lesbonicus, had betroth'd his sister?

Stas. The same.

Cal. To whom?

Stas. To Philto's son, Lysiteles,

Without a portion.

Cal. How? without a portion

Married in so rich a family. What you say is not to be believed.

Stas. I cannot help

Your incredulity: if this you don't Believe, I shall believe that—

Cal. What?

Stas. You hold me

Of no account.

Cal. Tell me, how long ago,

And where was this transacted?

Stas. Here,—before

This very door,—now, at this very instant.

Cal. Has Lesbonicus prov'd a better manager, Now that his fortune's shatter'd, than when whole?

Stas. Nay, what is more, sir, Philto came himself

A suitor for his son.

Cal. It were a shame

To send the maiden dowerless: this concerns me: I'll straight to my corrector,* and will ask His counsel. [Exit.

SCENE II.

STASIMUS alone.

Aye, I smell it out, I guess,

Why he does speed him thither: his intent is To get the farm too, as he got the house, From Lesbonicus. O my master Charmides! How has your absence your affairs distracted! Would I could see you safe return'd, to reckon Due vengeance on your foes, and so reward me, As I have been, and am, your faithful slave.

'Tis very difficult to find a friend More than in name, to whom your near concerns Having entrusted, you may sleep at ease. But see—our son-in-law, Lysiteles, Comes this way with his neighbour Lesbonicus: Some difference, what I know not, is between them.

They walk with hasty steps: one holds the other Fast by the cloak: and now they stop abruptly. I'll step aside here: for I long to listen The conversation of these neighbour-youths.

(*retires to a distance.*)

SCENE III.

Enter LYSITELES and LESBONICUS.

Lys. Stay prithee, don't oppose me, do not seek

To hide thee from me.

Les. Can't you let me go,

Where I intend?

Lys. I would, if it appear'd

It were for your advantage, fame, or honour.

Les. Indeed, you do it with such ease.

Lys. Do what?

Les. You give your friend offence.

Lys. That's far from me;

And such behaviour I am yet to learn.

Les. How learn'd without a master! What would you

Have done, had you been school'd, to plague me more?

While kindness you pretend, you do me wrong.

Lys. I?

Les. You.

Lys. How do you wrong?

Les. In doing that Displeases me.

Lys. I mean it for your good.

Les. Are you then friendlier to me, than myself

Am to myself? I understand sufficiently, And for myself can spy out my advantage.

Lys. Is this a proof of understanding in you, To slight a proffer'd benefit from one, Who's your well-wisher?

Les. Nothing can I deem A benefit, if it displeases him

On whom it is bestow'd. I know my duty: Yet all that you can utter will not shield me From men's reports.

Lys. How say you? (for I can No longer be withheld from talking to you, As you deserve,) the reputation, which Your forefathers to you deliver'd down, Was it for this, that what their virtue got, You by excess should lose? Your father, grandfather,

Had oped for you a plain and easy road, To lead you to renown: you've made it hard Through vice, and indolence, and shameless manners.

Love you have chose, your love you have prefer'd

Before your honour: and can this, believe you, Cover your faults? Ah! no, it is not so. Take virtue to your mind, be indolence Expell'd thence: in the Forum dedicate Your service to your friends, and not in bed To a she-friend, a mistress, as you're wont. Moreover, I most earnestly entreat you Not to relinquish this same farm, but keep it For your support, that those who are your enemies

May not reproach you with extremest want.

Les. All you have said I know, could sign and seal to,—

That I have wasted my inheritance, Tarnish'd the glory of my ancestors;— Knew how I should have acted, but alas! I could not do it; by the pow'r of Love Subdued, by idleness held captive, readily I fell into the snare. And now to you, As you deserve, I owe my utmost thanks.

Lys. I cannot bear to lose my labour thus;— That you should slight my counsels! and it grieves me,

* Meaning Megaronides, who had taken him to task in the First Act.

You have so little shame.—In fine, except
You list to me, and act as I advise,
Screen'd as it were by folly you'll lie hid,
That honour cannot find you: base obscurity
Will shroud your brightness, which should blaze
abroad.

The fashion of your mind full well I know,
How uninform'd:—I know that you have err'd
Not of yourself, nor of your own accord,
But Love has blinded you;—and all his ways
To me are manifest.—It is with Love,
As with a stone whirld from a sling;—it flies,
Nothing so quick.—Love makes a man a fool,
Hard to be pleas'd.—What you'd persuade him to,
He likes not, and embraces that, from which
You would dissuade him.—What there is a lack
of,

That will he covet;—when 'tis in his power,
He'll none on't.—Whoso bids him to avoid
A thing, invites him to it; interdicts,
Who recommends it.—'Tis the height of mad-
ness,

Ever to take up your abode with Love.—
But I advise you,—think and think again,
How you should act: for if you still go on
So as you seem to promise, you'll at once
Destroy the reputation of your house:
You'll set it, as it were, on fire; and then
Will you want water, to extinguish it;
Which when you've got, (as is the way of lovers,
They are so wondrous cunning,) you'll not leave
A single spark to light it up again.

Les. That's easy to be found; and if you ask it,
Your very enemy will give you fire.—
But, while you rate me for my misdemeanours,
Yourself would urge me to a viler course.—
My sister you would have, and would persuade
me

Without a portion to bestow her: but
It is not fit, that I, who have run out
So large a patrimony, should be rich,
And own a farm, while want is all her portion;
So should I justly be her scorn and hatred.
Who bears him gently to his own relations,
Will ne'er show hard to others.—As I've said,
I'll do,—no longer then oppose me in it.

Lys. And is it better you should suffer want
By reason of your sister, and that I
Should have the farm rather than you, where-
with

You might repair your shatter'd fortune?

Les. No,
My poverty ne'er think on; let me be
Distrest, not infamous; nor let them say,
That in bestowing her without a portion,
I gave her into keeping, not in marriage.
I should be held a rascal, no one greater;
And such report would give a grace to you,
But sully me, if portionless you took her:—
You would gain honour, I should meet reproach.

Lys. By giving me the farm, you'd fain be
styl'd

A man of honour!

Les. 'Tis not in my thoughts:
This, this is honour to an honest man,
For ever to be mindful of his duty.

Lys. In sooth I know the purpose of your heart;
I see it all, I scent it, I perceive it.
Soon as the bond of near affinity
Is knit betwixt us,—when you've given the farm,
And nothing left you here for your support,—
The marriage ended,—straight you'll fly the city
A needy wanderer, desert your country,
Relations, friends; and they will say, my avarice
Had frightened you away: then think not, I
Shall suffer it.

Stas. (advancing.) I can't help crying out,
Bravo! bravo! Lysiteles, encore!
You've won the prize with ease; your play's the
best;

The subject better manag'd, and the lines
Are better.—How then? (*to Les.*) Are you such
an oaf

Still to dispute it?—Think you of the fine.

Les. Who bid you meddle, and what brought
you hither,
To join our councils?

Stas. That which brought me hither
Shall carry me away. (*retires.*)

Les. Come with me home,
Lysiteles, where we will talk together
More of these matters.

Lys. Nothing am I wont
To do in private, I'll now speak my mind.—
If, as I think you ought, you'll give your sister
In marriage to me, and without a portion,
Nor you yourself will after go abroad,
What's mine is yours.—But if you're other
minded,

All good betide you!—On no other terms
I'll hold you for a friend.—So I'm resolv'd.

[*Exit LYSITELES; and LESBONICUS goes
off directly after.*]

SCENE IV.

STASIMUS alone.

He's gone.—D'y'e hear, Lysiteles?—I want you.—
My master, he is gone too.—Stasimus, thou
Art left alone then.—What now shall I do?—
Why, strap my knapsack tight together, fit
My buckler to my back, order my shoes
To be new soled:—we cannot stay.—I see,
That I must shortly be a soldier's skip:
My master for support will throw himself
Into the service of some prince or other.
Faith he will prove himself the best of warriors.—
In a retreat;—he'll fall an easy prey,
To any one who chances to oppose him.
For me,—when with a bow I'm strongly arm'd,
A quiver stuck with arrows, on my head
A helmet,—in the tent I'll sleep at ease.
Now will I to the Forum, and demand
The talent, which I lent six days ago;
That with me I may have something withal
To bear my travelling charges on the way.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Enter MEGARONIDES and CALLICLES.

Meg. As you relate the affair, it cannot be
By any means, but that a portion must
Be given with the maid.

Cal. It cannot be
Right honest in me sure to let her wed
Without a portion, when I've wherewithal
At home in my possession for that purpose.

Meg. You have a portion, true;—unless you
choose

To wait, 'till she's dispos'd of by her brother
In marriage without dower: then yourself
May go to Philto, tell him that you'll give
A portion, that you do't by reason of
Your friendship with her father. Yet I fear
This very proffer might perhaps involve you
In foul report and scandal with the people:
That you were friendly to the girl, they'd say,
Was not without a reason, and the dower,
They will pretend, was given you by her father,
To give to her; with that you were so generous.
Nor even that, would they believe, that you
Had given her whole, and nothing had subtracted.
Now, if the coming you would wait of Charmides,
The time is very long, and all the while
No portion to the man that marries her.

Cal. In troth all this has come into my mind.

Meg. Think you 'twould be more useful to our
purpose,

For me to go to Lesbonicus, and
Inform him of the matter?

Cal. How? discover
The treasure to a wild young spark, brimfull
Of love and wantonness? No, by no means:
For I do know for certain, he could eat up
That, and the very place too, where 'tis hid;
Where I'm afraid to dig, lest he should hear
The sound, and at a word spoke of the portion,
Smell out the very thing.

Meg. What's to be done then?

Cal. The treasure may be dug up privately,
When opportunity is found: mean while
I'll borrow somewhere of some friend or other,
What money's needful.

Meg. Can you anywhere
Prevail upon a friend to lend it?

Cal. Surely.

Meg. No, no,—you'll find they have an answer
ready:

"Indeed I have it not, I cannot lend it."

Cal. Were they sincere in this, I'd rather hear it,
Than have their money.

Meg. Hold—I have a thought;—
See, if it likes you.

Cal. What's your thought?

Meg. A brave one,
At least in my opinion.

Cal. Say, what is it?

Meg. Let there be forthwith hired, as soon as
can be,

Some man to personate a stranger.

Cal. What

Is he to do then?

Meg. Let his dress be shaped

Exactly to the foreign mode; his face

Unknown, an impudent and lying knave.

Cal. What after?

Meg. To our spark then let him come
As from his father, from Selucia;
Salute him in the old man's name, acquaint him,

That he is well, and purpos'd to return
Forthwith: two letters he must likewise bring,
Which we will forge, as coming from the father;
One for the son, the other, he must say,
To you he would deliver.

Cal. Well,—go on.

Meg. Moreover, from the father let him say
He has brought money for the maiden's portion,
Which he has orders to deliver you.—
Do you conceive me now?

Cal. Most thoroughly,
And hear with pleasure.

Meg. You will give the youth
This money, when the maid shall be dispos'd
In marriage.

Cal. A most admirable thought!

Meg. By this, when you have dug the treasure
up,

You will remove suspicion from the youth,
Who'll think the money brought you from his
father:

You'll take it from the treasure.

Cal. Very good:—
Though at these years I am asham'd to play
A double part.—But hold—when he shall bring
The letters seal'd, for seal'd they must be brought,
Do you not think, the spark's acquainted with
The impression of his father's ring?

Meg. No more:
You'll find an hundred reasons:—he has lost
That which he used to have, and got a new one:—
What if indeed they were not seal'd at all,
This might be said, that they were open'd, and
Inspected at the customs.—But in troth
To wear the day in prating of this business,
Is merely idleness, and waste of time:—
Though we could spin our talk out ere so long.
Go to the treasure privily,—remove
Your servants, men and maids,—and harkye—

Cal. What?

Meg. See, you conceal it even from your wife:—
For there is nothing she can keep a secret.
Why do you stand? why do you loiter now?
Why don't you hence? Dig, open, and draw
forth

What sum's sufficient for the purpose, then
Close up again;—but do it privily,
As I directed:—turn out all your people.

Cal. I'll do so.

Meg. But we talk too long: the day
Is wasting, while there's need of haste. Believe
me,

You've nought to fear about the seal: the excuse
I mention'd is a rare one,—that they were
Inspected at the customs. And besides
Do you not see the time of day? What think
you

One of his nature, of his disposition,
Can be about? he has been drunk long since.
He will agree to what you please: and then,
What makes most for us, he that we shall hire
Will bring, not ask for money.

Cal. I am satisfied.

Meg. I'll to the Forum, hire a counterfeit,
And send him with two letters to the youth,
Fully instructed.

Cal. I then will go in,
And straight about the business. You'll take care
Of yours.

Meg. It shall be done, or I'm a fool else.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter CHARMIDES.

To the high ruler of the sea, Jove's brother,
And to his Thetis, I give praise and thanks
With joy and gratitude; to the salt floods,
That having in their power my life, my all,
From their dread realms restor'd me to my
country.

To you, great Neptune, above other gods,
I pay my utmost thanks.—Men call you cruel,
Rude, and severe, of greedy disposition,
Blood-thirsty, fierce, unsufferable, outrageous:
But I have provid' you other; in the deep
I found you of an easy element nature,
And mild as I could wish.—I've heard before
This commendation of you, and from great ones,
That you were wont to spare the indigent,
And crush the wealthy.—I applaud your justice
In treating men according to their merits.—
'Tis worthy of the gods to have respect
Unto the poor.—I know you may be trusted,
Though they proclaim you treacherous: for with-
out

Your aid your wild attendants in the deep
Had maul'd me sorely, scatter'd all I have,
All mine, and me too, through the azure plains.
Fierce hurricanes beset the ship, like dogs:
Rain, winds, and waves had broke the masts and
yards,

And split the sails, if with propitious peace
You had not been at hand.—Away then, I'm
Resolv'd henceforth to give me up to ease.—
I've got enough.—O with what troubles have I
Struggled, in seeking riches for my son?
But who is this, that's entering now our street?—
A stranger in appearance, and in dress.—
Well,—though I needs must long to be at home,
I'll wait awhile, and see what he's about.

SCENE II.

Enter the COUNTERFEIT at a distance.

Count. I'll name this day the festival of three
pieces,*

On which I've let my art out for that sum.
Here I am, from Seleucia just arriv'd,
Arabia, Asia, Macedon,—which I never
Saw with my eyes, nor ever once set foot on.—
Behold, what troubles will not poverty
Bring on a needy wretch!—For those three
pieces

Am I compell'd to say, that I receiv'd
These letters from a man, of whom I'm ignorant,
Who he may be; nor do I know indeed,
If such a one was ever born.

Charm. In troth
This fellow's like a mushroom: he's all head.—
His countenance bespeaks him an Illyrian,
His garb too of that country.

Count. He, who hired me,
Gave me instructions how and what to do:
If my disguise succeed, I'll prove myself
No common cheat.

Charm. The more I see his looks,
The less I like them.—He's some night-adven-
turer,

Or cut-purse surely.—How he looks about him,
How he surveys the place, and of my house
Takes special note!—Why sure he marks the
place,

To come and rob it by and by.—'Twere best
To watch him close what he's about:—I'll do so.

Count. This is the spot my hirer pointed out,
And this the house, where I'm to play my part.
I'll knock then at the door.

Charm. The fellow makes
Directly to my house.—Egad, I fancy
I must keep watch to-night, though just arriv'd.

Count. Open the door there—open.—Where's
the porter?

Charm. What do you want, young man?—Why
knock you here?

Count. Prithee, old grey-beard, I have given
account

Already, when examined at the customs.—
I want a young man,—somewhere hereabout
He dwells,—one Lesbonicus,—and another
With a white pate as yours is;—he, from whom
I had these letters, said his name was Callicles.

Charm. (aside.) 'Tis Lesbonicus, my own son,
he seeks,

And Callicles my friend too, in whose charge
I left my means and children.—

Count. If you know,
Most rev'rend sire, inform me where they dwell.

Charm. Why do you want to find them out?—
Who are you?

Whence are you? where d'you come from?

Count. Hey!—you ask
So many questions in a breath, I know not
Which to resolve you first: but if you'll put them
Gently and singly, one by one, my name
I'll tell, and wherefore I have journey'd hither.

Charm. Well,—as you please. Come,—tell me
first your name.

Count. You ask an arduous task.

Charm. Why so?

Count. Because

Should you set out, before the day began,
With the first part and foremost of my name,
The night would go to bed ere you had reach'd
The hindmost of it.

Charm. He had need of torches
And of provisions, whoso undertakes
To journey through it.

Count. I've another name though;
A tiny one,—no bigger than a hogshead.

Charm. This is a rogue in grain!—But hark-
ye—

Count. What?

Charm. What want you with those persons
you inquire for?

Count. The father of the young man Lesbo-
nicus

Gave me these letters. He's my friend.

* See the note on the prologue to this play, p. 374.

Charm. (aside.) I have him,—
He's taken in the manner.—He pretends
Myself did give him letters.—I will have
Rare fun with him.

Count. Attend, and I'll proceed.

Charm. I am attentive.

Count. He commissioned me

To give one letter to young Lesbonicus,
His son, the other to his friend, to Callicles.

Charm. A pretty joke, i' faith!—I'll keep it up.—
Where was he?

Count. He has manag'd matters well.

Charm. Where?

Count. In Seleucia.

Charm. You had letters of him?

Count. With his own hands he gave them into
mine.

Charm. What sort of man?

Count. He's taller than yourself

By half a foot.

Charm. (aside.) Faith he has gravel'd me,
To find that I was taller when away,
Than now I'm here.—You knew him, did you
not?

Count. Knew him?—A foolish question?—We
were us'd

To mess together.

Charm. Say then, what name bore he?

Count. A fair one verily.

Charm. I'd hear his name.

Count. (hesitating.) It's—it's—ah me!—his
name is—

Charm. What's the matter?

Count. I've swallow'd it this instant unawares.

Charm. How? swallow'd, say you? troth, I
like him not,

Who holds his friends enclos'd within his teeth.

Count. I had it at my tongue's end but just
now.

Charm. (aside.) 'Twas opportune my coming
here to-day

Before this rascal.

Count. (aside.) I am caught most plainly.

Charm. Have you yet found the name?

Count. 'Fore gods and men

I own myself abash'd.

Charm. Behold, how much

You knew him!

Count. As myself.—It happens oft,
That what we hold in hand, and have in sight,
We look for as if lost.—I'll recollect it

Letter by letter.—It begins with C.

Charm. Is it Callicius?

Count. No.

Charm. Callippus?

Count. No.

Charm. Is't Callidemides?

Count. No.

Charm. Callinicus?

Count. No.

Charm. Is't Callimarchus?

Count. 'Tis in vain to seek it,
Nor do I heed it much, so my own name
I don't forget.

Charm. But there are many here
Call'd Lesbonicus; and, unless you tell

The father's name, I cannot show them to you
Whom you inquire for.—What is't like?—We'll try
If we can hit upon it by conjecture.

Count. 'Tis like Char.

Charm. Is't Chares? Charidemus?
Or Charmides?

Count. Oh, that.—The gods confound him!

Charm. 'Tis fitter you should bless a friend
than curse him.

Count. A worthless fellow, to have lain perdue
thus

Within my lips and teeth.

Charm. You should not speak—

Ill of an absent friend.

Count. Why did the knave

Then hide him from me?

Charm. He had answer'd, had you

But call'd him by his name.—Where is he now?

Count. Truly I left him last at Rhadamanth*
In the Cecropian island.

Charm. Can there be

A greater simpleton than I, to ask

Where I myself am? But no matter.—Tell me,—

Count. What?

Charm. Let me ask, what places have you
been at?

Count. Most wondrous ones.

Charm. I should be glad to hear,
If 'tis not too much trouble.

Count. I'm impatient

To give you an account.—Then first of all,

We came to Araby in Pontus.

Charm. How?

Is Araby in Pontus?

Count. Yes, it is;

But not that Araby, where frankincense

Is grown, but where sweet-marjoram, and worm-
wood.

Charm. (aside.) 'Tis the completest knave!—
More fool am I though,

To ask him whence I came, (which I must know,
He cannot,) but that I've a mind to try,
How he'll get off at last.—What is your name,
Young man?

Count. 'Tis Touchit;—that, sir, is my name,
A common one.†

Charm. A very knavish name;

As though you meant to say, if any thing

Was trusted to you, *touch* it, and 'tis gone.—

But harkye,—whither did you further travel?

Count. Attend, and I'll relate. We journey'd on
To the river's head that rises out of heaven
Beneath the throne of Jove?

Charm. The throne of Jove?

Count. I say it.

Charm. Out of heaven?

Count. Aye, from the midst on't.

Charm. How! you ascended up to heaven?

Count. We did;

In a small cock-boat were we carried thither
Against the stream.

Charm. Oh ho!—And saw you Jove?

* This is a fictitious name, and alludes to Rhadamanthus, one of the three judges of the infernal regions.

† The original is *Tax*, from *tangere*, to *touch*, or to *steal*, to which Charmides' answer alludes.

Count. The other gods inform'd us he was gone
Unto his villa to dispense provisions
Among his slaves.—Moreover—

Charm. Pshaw! moreover
I want to hear no more.

Count. Nay, I have done,
If you are tired.

Charm. How shameless! who pretends,
That he has mounted up from earth to heaven.—

Count. I'll let you go then, since I see you
choose it:—

But show me where they live whom I inquire for,
Where I may bear these letters.

Charm. Harkye now,
If haply you should see this Charmides,
The same that you pretend gave you those
letters,

Say, should you know him?

Count. Think you I'm a beast,
As not to know a man I've past my life with?
Or, can you think, would he be such an oaf,
To trust me with a thousand Philippeans,
Enjoining me to bear them to his son
And Callicles his friend, to whom, he told me,
He had consign'd the charge of his affairs?
Would he, I say, have trusted me, except
We had been well acquainted with each other?

Charm. (aside.) Now would I trick this trick-
ster,—if I could

But cozen him of those thousand Philippeans,
He said I gave him! though I know him not,
Nor ever saw him till this day.—What, I
Trust him with gold? who would not even give
A lump of lead to save him from a hanging.—
I must go cunningly to work.—Hoa, Touchit,
Three words with you.

Count. Three hundred, if you please.

Charm. Have you the money you receiv'd of
Charmides?

Count. In Philippeans, told upon the nail,
A thousand pieces.

Charm. You received them, did you,
Of Charmides himself?

Count. It had been wondrous,
Had I receiv'd them of his grandsire truly,
Or his great-grandsire,—who are dead.

Charm. Young man,
Prithee give me the gold.

Count. Give you what gold?

Charm. That which you own'd you did receive
of me.

Count. Receiv'd of you?

Charm. I say it.

Count. Who are you?

Charm. Who gave to you the thousand pieces:—I
Am Charmides.

Count. You're not, nor ever shall be,
I mean the master of this gold.—Away,—

You are a knowing one!—you'd take me in!—
But I too am a knowing one.

Charm. I'm Charmides.

Count. You may be, but in vain.—I bring no
money.

You've crept upon me in the very nick
Most slyly. When I said I had brought gold,
You then was Charmides; before you was not,

Till I made mention of the gold.—'Twon't do.—
So prithee, as you've taken up the name
Of Charmides, e'en lay it down again.

Charm. Who am I, if I am not what I am?

Count. What's that to me? Be whom you
please, you're welcome,

So you are not the person I'd not have you.

Before, you was not who you was; and now,

You are who then you was not.

Charm. Come, despatch.

Count. How? what despatch?

Charm. Give me the money.

Count. Sure,

You dream, old gentleman.

Charm. Did you not own,
That Charmides had giv'n it you?

Count. I did,—

In writing,—not in specie.

Charm. Prithee hence,
And leave the place this instant, ere I order you
A hearty drubbing.

Count. Why?

Charm. Because myself
Am that same Charmides that you've invented;—
Who you pretend has given you letters.

Count. How!

I pray you, are you he?

Charm. Yes, I am he.

Count. What say you? are you he?

Charm. I am, I say.

Count. Himself?

Charm. I say, I'm Charmides,—himself.

Count. And are you he himself?

Charm. His very self.—

Out of my sight;—Be gone then.

Count. Now, because

Your coming was so late, I'll have you beaten

At the new Ædiles' and my own award.

Charm. What! you abuse me?

Count. All the gods confound you

For your arrival! I had little car'd,

If you had perish'd first.—I've got at least,

The money for my trouble.—Ill betide you!

And now, or who you are, or who you are not,

I value not a straw.—To him I'll go,

Who hir'd me for three pieces, and acquaint him,

How that his money's thrown away.—I'm gone.—

Farewell?—Fare ill!—May all the gods con-

found you,

For coming from abroad,—you, Master Char-
mides!* [Exit.]

SCENE III.

CHARMIDES alone.

Now he is gone, I've opportunity

And time more freely to debate this matter.—

* The situation in this scene is highly comic. Mr. Colman, in the Preface to his translation of Terence, takes notice, that he does not recollect ever to have seen it observed, that the disguise of the Pedant in Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, his assuming the name and character of Vincentio, together with his encountering the real Vincentio, seem to be evidently taken from this scene in our author.—An incident of the same kind we meet with in the old play of *Albumazer*, Act iv. Scene vii., which appears likewise to be palpably borrowed from this place.

I am perplex'd, I'm stung at heart, to think
What business he could have now at my door.—
Those letters that he talk'd of fill my mind
With apprehensions;—and those thousand pieces,
What could he mean by them?—The bell doth
never
Clink of itself: unhandled, and unmov'd,
'Tis dumb.—But who is this, that down the
street
Comes running hither?—I've a mind to watch
What he's about,—I'll step aside. (retires.)

SCENE IV.

Enter STASIMUS, running, at a distance.

Stas. (to himself.) Run, Stasimus,
Be quick, and hie thee with what speed thou
canst
Home to thy master, or thy sluggard folly
Will make thy shoulders shrug for fear.—Then
haste thee,
Quicken thy pace;—thou hast been gone from
home
A long while.—Have a care then, that the lash
Smack not upon thee, if thou should'st be ab-
sent,
When that thy master make for thee inquiry.—
Run, run then without ceasing.—(stopping.)—
Hold thee,—Stasimus,
What a sad fellow art thou, to forget
Thy ring, and leave it at the tippling-house,
Where thou hadst warm'd thy gullet?—Back
again,
And ask for't ere too late.

Charm. Whoe'er he be,
He skips and frisks about, as if a horse-fly
Had him to break, and taught him the menage.
Stas. Art not asham'd, to lose thy memory
In drinking but three pottles?—or didst think
The men thou drank'st with were such honest
souls,
They'd keep their hands from picking. There
was Theruchus,
Cerconicus, Crinnus, Cercobulus, Collabus,
A race of broken-shinn'd and black-eyed bruisers,
Knights of the chain, and squires o' th' whipping-
post,
And canst thou hope then from among such
fellows

To get thy ring, when one of them did steal
A racer's shoe off in his utmost speed?
Charm. Fore heaven, a finish'd thief!
Stas. What's best to do?
Shall I, in seeking what is gone for ever,
Add loss of labour too?—What's gone, is gone.—
Then tack about, and hie thee to thy master.
Charm. This is no runaway rogue, that having
stray'd

Forgets to find his way home.
Stas. Would to heaven,
That the old manners, and the ancient thrift,
Were held in greater honour now-a-days
Than the base fashion of our times.
Charm. Good heavens!
How gravely and how solemnly he talks!
The old, the old he praises, he is all
For the old manners.

Stas. Modern uses teach us
To do what best we like, not what is best.
Ambition is by custom sanctified,
Freed from the law's restraint:—To throw away
One's shield, and turn one's back upon the foe,
Is licens'd by our manners: to make vice
The ready road to honour, is the practice.
Charm. O villainous manners!
Stas. To neglect the brave,
And pass them by unheeded, is the custom.
Charm. 'Tis infamous!
Stas. These manners have o'erpower'd
The laws themselves, and hold them in submis-
sion

With more authority than children now
Are used to sway their parents. The poor statutes
With iron nails are fix'd against the walls:.*
But it were fitter our degenerate manners
Were stuck up in their stead.

Charm. I have a mind
To join, and enter into talk with him,
I hear him with such pleasure: but I fear,
If I address him, the discourse he'll turn
To other matters.

Stas. Nothing now requires
The sanction of the laws; for these are bent
In pliable subjection to our manners,
Which in their wild career destroy, confound
All sacred and all public rights.

Charm. A mischief
Light on these manners!

Stas. Does not this require
The reprehension of the public state?
For men of such a stamp, such evil habits,
Are universal enemies to all;
They injure the whole people, while they break
Through faith and honesty; nay, they destroy
All confidence in those, who nothing merit it,
By rend'ring them suspected like themselves:
For 'twill be thought that other's dispositions
Resemble their's.—Now, as for these reflections,
How they have chanc'd to come into my mind,
A certain matter that of late concern'd me,
Prompted me with them.—What you lend, is
lost;
And when you ask it of your friend again,
You make that friend your enemy by your kind-
ness.

Still would you press him further, of two things
You have the choice, either to lose your loan,
Or lose your friend.†

Charm. Why surely this is Stasimus,
My fellow.

Stas. For example,—with the talent
I lent a friend, what did I? why, I bought
Myself an enemy, and sold a friend.—
But I'm a fool to busy thus my brain

* It was the custom formerly to hang up the laws cut
in wood or brass for the public inspection, which Stasi-
mus supposes to be done by way of punishment to them.

† This same sentiment is more briefly expressed by
Shakspeare in his *Hamlet*; but it resembles this passage
so nearly, that one could almost be tempted to suppose it
taken from our author.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loseth both itself and friend.

About the public, rather than take heed
To that which most concerns myself, contrive
How to secure my back.—I'll go me home. (*going.*)

Charm. Hola, you,—stop,—hola,—d'ye hear
me?—stop.

Stas. Stop?—I'll not stop.

Charm. But prithee—

Stas. What if I

Dislike your prithee?

Charm. How now?—*Stasimus*,

You are too saucy.

Stas. You had better buy

One that will mind your bidding.

Charm. I have bought,

And paid for one; but if he heed me not,

What should I do?

Stas. Belabour him most heartily.

Charm. Your counsel's right, and I'm resolv'd
to do so.

Stas. Except, indeed, that you are bounden to
him

For his good services.

Charm. If you are good then,

I'll hold me bounden to you; but if otherwise,
I'll do as you direct.

Stas. What is't to me,

Whether your slaves are good or bad?

Charm. Because

You have a share in't,—in the good or bad.

Stas. As to the one, I give it to you all:

The other (that's the good) place all to me.

Charm. I shall, if you deserve it.—Turn your
head,

And look upon me: I am *Charmides*.

Stas. Ha! who makes mention of that best of
mortals?

Charm. That best of mortals, he himself,—
'tis I.

Stas. (*turning.*) O sea! O earth! O heaven!
O all ye gods!

Have I my eyesight clear? and is it he?

Or is it not?—'Tis he!—'tis he, for certain!—

'Tis he indeed!—O my most wish'd-for master,
Save you—

Charm. And you too, *Stasimus*.

Stas. That you're safe—

Charm. (*interrupting.*) I know what you would
say, and do believe you.

Wave other points: resolve me but in this:

How do my children do, whom here I left,

My son and daughter?

Stas. They're alive, and well.

Charm. Both, say you?

Stas. Both.

Charm. Gods! 'twas your gracious will

To save me for them. What I more would
know,

I at my leisure will inquire within.—

Let's enter.—Follow. (*advancing to his house.*)

Stas. Whither are you going?

Charm. Whither but home?

Stas. You think then we live here?

Charm. Where else can I imagine?

Stas. Now—

Charm. What now?

Stas. This house—is none of your's.

Charm. What's that you say?

Stas. Your son has sold it,—

Charm. Ruin'd!

Stas. For the ready,

Paid on the spot.

Charm. For how much?

Stas. Forty minæ.

Charm. Undone!—Who bought it?

Stas. Callicles, to whom,

While absent, your affairs you trusted: hither

Has he remov'd, and now abides here; us

He has turn'd out of doors.

Charm. Where lives my son?

Stas. Here in this back part.

Charm. Utterly undone!

Stas. I thought 'twould grieve you, when you
came to hear it.

Charm. What dangers have I pass'd! borne,
hapless wretch,

Through oceans vast, to pirates numberless

Expos'd, with hazard of my life!—At length

Preserv'd, return'd in safety, I am lost,

Here perish, and through those, for whom alone,

Old as I am, I struggled with misfortunes.—

I'm sick at heart with grief.—Support me, *Sta-*
simus!

SCENE V.

Enter CALLICLES.

Cal. What noise is that I hear before the door?

Charm. O *Callicles*! O *Callicles*! to whom

Have I intrusted my affairs? ah me!

To what a friend?

Cal. An honest and a faithful,

A trusty one, of strict fidelity.—

I am rejoic'd to see you here return'd

In safety.

Charm. I believe it all, if so

You prove yourself as you pretend you are.—

But wherefore thus accounted?

Cal. I'll inform you.

I have been digging up your treasure here,

To portion out your daughter.—But within

More fully I'll unfold to you both this,

And other matters. Come along.

Charm. Here,—*Stasimus*!

Stas. Sir!

Charm. Run with speed unto the haven;—
make

One running of it;—there you'll find the ship,

That brought me hither: bid *Sangario* see

The goods unladen, which I order'd;—go then,—

The impost I have paid.

Stas. I'll make despatch.

Charm. Go, get you gone;—be back with speed.

Stas. I'm there,

And here too, in a twinkling.

Cal. Will you please

To enter with me?—Come now.

Charm. I attend you.

[*Exeunt CALLICLES and CHARMIDES.*]

SCENE VI.

STASIMUS alone.

This is my master's friend, the only one

That has stuck firmly to him! he, good man,

Has lov'd him with unchangeable affection!
Oh, he's the only one, I dare be sworn,
That's faithful to him!—Aye,—he has a view
To serve himself in serving of my master. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter LYSITELES.

I am the first of men, surpassing all
In pleasure and in joy, so happily
Does every thing befall me, that I wish:
Still one success is followed by another
In all I do, and transport seconds transport.
Young Lesbonicus' servant, Stasimus,
Met me just now, and told me, Charmides
His master was return'd here from abroad.
'Tis proper I should meet him with all speed,
That so the compact 'twixt his son and me
May by the father's sanction be confirm'd.
I'll go.—But hark, the door I hear is opening:—
This hindrance now is most unseasonable.

(*retires to a distance.*)

SCENE II.

Enter CHARMIDES and CALLICLES.

Charm. I cannot think there is a man on earth,
Or ever was a man, or ever will be,
Whose faith and honest firmness to his friend
Can equal thine: had it not been for thee,
He had unhous'd me of my house and home.

Cal. If I have serv'd my friend in any thing,
Or acted towards him with fidelity,
I scarce can seem to merit any praise,
But think, I only have avoided blame.
Whatever we confer upon a friend
To have and hold for ever, is his own;
But what is only lent him for a time,
May be demanded back again at pleasure.

Charm. 'Tis as you say.—But now, my honest friend,

I cannot enough wonder, that my son
Should have betroth'd his sister in a family
So wealthy as Lysiteles', Philto's heir.

Lys. (behind.) My name he mentions.

Charm. By my troth, the girl
Has got into the best of families.

Lys. Why not address me to them?—Yet 'tis better

To wait awhile; for the discourse concerns me.

Charm. Ah!

Cal. What's the matter?

Charm. I forgot indeed
To tell you, while we were within.—Just now,
On my arrival here, a certain knave
Accosted me, a very knave in grain.
He told me, he had brought a thousand pieces
For you and Lesbonicus, of my giving;—
Though who he is, I know not, nor did ever
See him before.—But wherefore do you laugh?

Cal. He came by my direction, as from you
Bringing me sums of gold, for me to give
In dowry with your daughter; so your son
On the receipt might think it came from you;
Lest knowing of the truth, and that the treasure
Was lodg'd in my possession, by our laws
He might demand it as his patrimony.

Charm. A rare conceit!

Cal. Good Megaronides,
Our common friend, devis'd it.

Charm. I approve,
Applaud his counsel.

Lys. Wherefore do I stand,
Fool that I am, alone here, and afraid
To interrupt them in their conversation?
Why not about the business I purposed?—
I will accost them. (*advances.*)

Charm. Look you,—who is this
Coming towards us here?

Lys. (going up.) Lysiteles
Salutes his father-in-law, good Charmides.

Charm. Heaven grant you all you wish!
Cal. And am not I

Worth a salute?

Lys. Yes, save you, Callicles!—

But I must give him preference.—My coat,
Dear sir, is nearer to me than my cloak.*

Cal. Heaven prosper you in all that you design!

Charm. My daughter is, I hear, betroth'd to you.

Lys. If you object not.

Charm. No, by no means I.

Lys. Your daughter you betroth to me for wife
then?

Charm. I do betroth her, and will give withal
A thousand Philippeans for her portion.

Lys. The portion I regard not.

Charm. If you like
The maiden, you must like the portion too:

In short, you will not have the wife you want,
Except you take the portion which you want not.

Cal. He asks but justice.

Lys. And he shall prevail,
Since you're his advocate, and judge betwixt us.

On this condition then you do engage
To give your daughter to me for a wife?

Charm. I do engage.

Cal. I'll answer for it too.

Lys. Dear kinsmen, health and happiness attend you!

Charm. O Callicles! and yet there is a point
In which I've reason to be angry with you.

Cal. What have I done?

Charm. My son!—you've suffer'd him
To be debauch'd.

Cal. If wilfully 'twere done,
With my consent, you would have cause indeed

To be most angry with me.—But I pray you,
Let me obtain from you this one request,

Which I entreat.

Charm. What is it?

Cal. You shall know.
Whatever he has done imprudently,

Forget it all.—Why do you shake your head?

Charm. I'm sorely vex'd at heart; and oh! I
fear—

Cal. What do you mean?

Charm. I'm vex'd that he should prove
Such as I would not have him,—and I fear,
Should I deny you your request, you'd think
I bore me slightly towards you.—Come,
I'll not stand out, but do as you desire.

* The original is, *Tunica propior pallio est.* This is a proverbial expression, the meaning of which is obvious.

Cal. Now thou'rt a right good fellow :—I will go,
And call him forth.

Charm. 'Tis hard you will not let me
Take vengeance on him, such as he deserves.

Cal. Open the door there,—open quick,—call
forth

Young *Lesbonicus*, if he be at home.—

The cause is sudden, wherefore I require
His presence here this instant.

SCENE III.

Enter *LESBONICUS*.

Les. Who is it,
With boisterous voice calls on me to come forth
With speed here?

Cal. A well-wisher, and a friend.

Les. Tell me, is any thing amiss?

Cal. All's right.—
I am rejoic'd, your father is return'd
In safety from abroad.

Les. Who says so?

Cal. I.

Les. How! have you seen him?

Cal. Yes,—and you yourself
May see him too. (*pointing to Charm.*)

Les. (*going up.*) My father! O my father!
Heaven's blessings on you.

Charm. And on you, my son!

Les. Any mischance, good father?

Charm. Never fear:
Nothing has happen'd: I am safe arriv'd;
And well have manag'd my affairs.—O son!
If you would but be prudent, *Callicles*
Has promis'd you his daughter.

Les. Sir, I'll take her,
And whomsoever else you shall command.

Charm. I could, I am so angry—

Cal. Come,—one misery

For one man's full enough.—

Charm. Nay, but for him

It is too little; were he for his sins

To wed a hundred wives, 'twere all too little.

Les. But now henceforward I'll refrain myself
From wild and evil courses.

Charm. So you say:

Would you but do't!

Les. What hinders, but my wife
To-morrow I may bring home.

Charm. It were best:

Then be it so. (*to Lys.*) And you, sir, be prepar'd
For marriage the day after.—Clap your hands.

FROM THE MERCHANT.

WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

Now, by my troth, the poor unhappy women
Are much more hardly dealt with than the men.
For if a husband brings a mistress home,
Though the wife finds her under her own roof,
There is no law that punishes the man:
But catch her rambling with gallants abroad,
The husband truly sues for a divorce.
Would the same law held good for man and
wife!

For since the wife, if she's an honest woman,
Will be contented with her husband; why
Should not the husband also with the wife?
I would fain have fair play between them both.

TERENCE.

[Born 195,—Died 159, B. C.]

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER, better known to the English reader by the name of *Terence*, was a native of Carthage, and the slave of *Terentius Lucanus*, a Roman senator. His master, perceiving the youth's talents, not only bestowed on him a liberal education, but crowned the good deed by adding to it his freedom. At Rome our poet seems to have been generally respected and beloved, living on terms of friendly intercourse with *Caius Lælius* and the most distinguished nobles of the commonwealth, but, above all, with that practiser and patron of all that was good and great, the younger *Africanus*.—After writing six comedies, all of which were received with more or less admiration and applause by the Romans, he embarked for Greece and was never heard of more, having probably perished at sea.

Most of the plots in *Terence's* plays were taken from the Greek, but he has shown the greatest taste and judgment in the additions and

alterations made on them, and in his manner of accommodating them to the Roman stage; nor can I help thinking, with *Mr. Dunlop*, that, "had he lived an age later, when all the arts were in full glory at Rome, and the empire at its height of power and splendour, he would have found domestic subjects sufficient to supply his scene with interest and variety, and no longer accounted it a greater merit—'*Græcas transferre quam proprias scribere.*'" For the beauties of style and language *Terence* may be placed at the head of all the comic writers. His diction is uniformly terse, elegant, and unaffected,—unsurpassed in purity and grace by the writers of the Augustan age itself. He is characterized by *Cæsar* as "*puri sermonis amator*," and by *Cicero* as—"*quicquid come loquens, ac omnia dulcia dicens.*" The elegant conversations of *Africanus*, and the "*Mitis sapientia Læli*," were not lost upon their humble friend and admirer.

THE ANDRIAN.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PROLOGUE.	DAVUS.
SIMO.	BYRRHIA.
PAMPHILIUS.	DROMO.
CHREMES.	GLYCERIUM.
CHARINUS.	MYNIS.
CRITO.	LESBIA.
SOSIA.	ARCHYLLIS.

SCENE, at Athens.

PROLOGUE.

THE bard, when first he gave his mind to write,
Thought it his only business, that his plays
Should please the people: But it now falls out,
He finds, much otherwise, and wastes, perforce,
His time in writing prologues; not to tell
The argument, but to refute the slanders,
Broach'd by the malice of an older bard.

And mark what vices he is charg'd withal!
Menander wrote the Andrian and Perinthian:
Know one, and you know both; in argument
Less different than in sentiment and style.
What suited with the Andrian he confesses
From the Perinthian he transferr'd, and us'd
For his: and this it is these slanderers blame,
Proving by deep and learned disputation,
That fables should not be contaminated.
Troth! all their knowledge is they nothing know:
Who, blaming him, blame Nævius, Plautus,
Ennius,

Whose great example is his precedent;
Whose negligence he'd wish to emulate
Rather than *their* dark diligence. Henceforth,
Let them, I give them warning, be at peace,
And cease to rail, lest they be made to know
Their own misdeeds. Be favourable! sit
With equal mind, and hear our play; that hence
Ye may conclude, what hope to entertain,
The comedies he may hereafter write
Shall merit approbation or contempt.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SIMO, SOSIA, and Servants with provisions.

Sim. Carry these things in: go! [*Exit servants.*]
Sosia, come here;

A word with you!

Sos. I understand: that these
Be ta'en due care of.

Sim. Quite another thing.

Sos. What can my art do more for you?

Sim. This business
Needs not that art; but those good qualities,
Which I have ever known abide in you,
Fidelity and secrecy.

Sos. I wait
Your pleasure.

Sim. Since I bought you from a boy
How just and mild a servitude you've pass'd

With me, you're conscious: from a purchas'd
slave

I made you free, because you serv'd me freely:
The greatest recompense I could bestow.

Sos. I do remember.

Sim.

Nor do I repent.

Sos. If I have ever done, or now do ought
That's pleasing to you, Simo, I am glad,
And thankful that you hold my service good.
And yet this troubles me: for this detail,
Forcing your kindness on my memory,
Seems to reproach me of ingratitude.

O tell me then at once, what would you? sir!

Sim. I will; and this I must advise you first:
The nuptial you suppose preparing now,
Is all unreal.

Sos.

Why pretend it then?

Sim. You shall hear all from first to last: and
thus

The conduct of my son, my own intent,
And what part you're to act, you'll know at
once.

For my son, Sosia, now to manhood grown,
Had freer scope of living: for before
How might you know, or how indeed divine
His disposition, good or ill, while youth,
Fear, and a master, all constrain'd him?

Sos.

True.

Sim. Though most, as is the bent of youth,
apply

Their mind to some one object, horses, hounds,
Or to the study of philosophy;
Yet none of these, beyond the rest, did he
Pursue; and yet, in moderation, all.
I was o'erjoy'd.

Sos.

And not without good cause.

For this I hold to be the golden rule
Of life, too much of one thing's good for nothing.

Sim. So did he shape his life to bear himself
With ease and frank good-humour unto all;
Mixt in what company so'er, to them
He wholly did resign himself; and join'd
In their pursuits, opposing nobody,
Nor e'er assuming to himself: and thus
With ease, and free from envy, may you gain
Praise, and conciliate friends.

Sos.

He rul'd his life

By prudent maxims: for as times go now,
Compliance raises friends, and truth breeds
hate,

Sim. Meanwhile, 'tis now about three years
ago,

A certain woman from the isle of Andros,
Came o'er to settle in this neighbourhood,
By poverty and cruel kindred driv'n:
Handsome and young.

Sos.

Ah! I begin to fear

Some mischief from this Andrian.

Sim.

At first

Modest and thriftily, though poor, she liv'd,
With her own hands a homely livelihood
Scarce earning from the distaff and the loom.
But when a lover came, with promis'd gold,
Another, and another, as the mind
Falls easily from labour to delight,
She took their offers, and set up the trade.

* The plot of this play is taken from the *Andrian* and *Perinthian* of Menander, and has been imitated, in modern times, by Baron in his *Andrienne*, by Steele in his *Conscious Lovers*, and by Moore in his *Foundling*.

They, who were then her chief gallants, by chance

Drew thither, as oft happens with young men,
My son to, join their company. So, so!
Said I within myself, he's smit! he has it!
And in the morning as I saw their servants
Run to and fro, I'd often call, Here, boy!
Prithee, now, who had Chrysis yesterday?
The name of this same Andrian.

Sos.

I take you.

Sim. Phædrus, they said, Clinia, or Niceratus,
For all these three then follow'd her.—Well,
well,

But what of Pamphilus?—Of Pamphilus!
He supt, and paid his reck'ning.—I was glad.
Another day I made the like inquiry,
But still found nothing touching Pamphilus.
Thus I believ'd his virtue prov'd, and hence
Thought him a miracle of continence:
For he who struggles with such spirits, yet
Holds in that commerce an unshaken mind,
May well be trusted with the governance
Of his own conduct. Nor was I alone
Delighted with his life, but all the world
With one accord said all good things, and prais'd
My happy fortunes, who possess a son
So good, so lib'rally dispos'd.—In short,
Chremes, seduc'd by this fine character,
Came of his own accord, to offer me
His only daughter with a handsome portion
In marriage with my son. I lik'd the match;
Betroth'd my son; and this was pitch'd upon,
By joint agreement, for the wedding-day.

Sos. And what prevents its being so?

Sim.

I'll tell you.

In a few days, the treaty still on foot,
This neighbour Chrysis dies.

Sos.

In happy hour:

Happy for you! I was afraid of Chrysis.

Sim. My son, on this event, was often there
With those who were the late gallants of Chrysis;
Assisted to prepare the funeral,
Ever condol'd, and sometimes wept with them.
This pleased me then: for in myself I thought,
Since merely for a small acquaintance-sake
He takes this woman's death so nearly, what
If he himself had lov'd? What would he feel
For me, his father? All these things, I thought,
Were but the tokens and the offices
Of a humane and tender disposition.
In short, on his account, e'en I myself
Attend the funeral, suspecting yet
No harm.

Sos. And what—

Sim. You shall hear all. The corpse
Borne forth, we follow; when among the women
Attending there, I chanc'd to cast my eyes
Upon one girl, in form—

Sos.

Not bad, perhaps—

Sim. And look, so modest, and so beautiful,
Sosia!

That nothing could exceed it. As she seem'd
To grieve beyond the rest, and as her air
Appear'd more liberal and ingenuous,
I went, and ask'd her woman who she was.
Sister, they said, to Chrysis: when at once

It struck my mind; So! so! the secret's out;
Hence were those tears, and hence all that com-
passion!

Sos. Alas! I fear how this affair will end!

Sim. Meanwhile the funeral proceeds: we
follow;

Come to the sepulchre; the body's plac'd
Upon the pile; lamented: whereupon
This sister, I was speaking of, all wild,
Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
Then! there! the frighted Pamphilus betrays
His well-dissembled and long-hidden love;
Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and cries,
Oh my Glycerium! what is it you do?
Why, why endeavour to destroy yourself?
Then she in such a manner, that you thence
Might easily perceive their long, long love,
Threw herself back into his arms, and wept,
O how familiarly!

Sos.

How say you!

Sim.

I

Return in anger thence, and hurt at heart,
Yet had not cause sufficient for reproof.
What have I done? he'd say; or how deserv'd
Reproach? or how offended, father?—Her,
Who meant to cast herself into the flames,
I stopt. A fair excuse!

Sos.

You're in the right:

For him, who sav'd a life, if you reprove,
What will you do to him that offers wrong?

Sim. Chremes next day came open-mouth'd to
me;

Oh monstrous! he had found that Pamphilus
Was married to this stranger-woman. I
Deny the fact most steadily, and he
As steadily insists. In short we part
On such bad terms, as let me understand
He would refuse his daughter.

Sos.

Did not you

Then take your son to task?

Sim.

Not even this

Appear'd sufficient for reproof.

Sos.

How so?

Sim. Father, (he might have said,) you have,
you know,

Prescrib'd a term to all these things yourself.
The time is near at hand, when I must live
According to the humour of another.

Meanwhile, permit me now to please my own!

Sos. What cause remains to chide him then?

Sim.

If he

Refuses, on account of this amour,

To take a wife, such obstinate denial

Must be considered as his first offence.

Wherefore I now, from this mock-nuptial,

Endeavour to draw real cause to chide:

And that same rascal Davus, if he's plotting,

That he may let his counsel run to waste,

Now, when his knaveries can do no harm:

Who, I believe, with all his might and main

Will strive to cross my purposes; and that

More to plague me, than to oblige my son.

Sos. Why so?

Sim. Why so! Bad mind, bad heart. But if
I catch him at his tricks!—But what need words?

—If, as I wish it may, it should appear

That Pamphilus objects not to the match,
Chremes remains to be prevail'd upon,
And will, I hope, consent. 'Tis now your place
To counterfeit these nuptials cunningly;
To frighten Davus; and observe my son,
What he's about, what plots they hatch together.
Sos. Enough; I'll take due care. Let's now
go in.

Sim. Go first; I'll follow you. [*Exit SOSTA.*]

Beyond all doubt

My son's averse to take a wife; I saw
How frighten'd Davus was, but even now,
When he was told a nuptial was preparing—
But here he comes.

SCENE II.

Enter DAUGHT.

Dav. (*to himself.*) I thought t'were wonderful
If this affair went off so easily;
And dreaded where my master's great good hu-
mour

Would end at last: who, after he perceiv'd
The lady was refus'd, ne'er said a word
To any of us, nor e'er took it ill.

Sim. (*behind.*) But now he will; to your cost,
too, I warrant you!

Dav. This was his scheme; to lead us by the
nose

In a false dream of joy; then all agape
With hope, even then that we were most secure,
To have o'erwhelm'd us, nor have given us time
To cast about which way to break the match.
Cunning old gentleman!

Sim. What says the rogue?

Dav. My master, and I did not see him!

Sim. Davus!

Dav. (*pretending not to see him.*) Well! what
now?

Sim. Here! this way!

Dav. (*to himself.*) What can he want?

Sim. (*overhearing.*) What say you?

Dav. Upon what? sir!

Sim. Upon what!

The world reports that my son keeps a mistress.

Dav. Oh, to be sure, the world cares much for
that.

Sim. D'ye mind what I say, sirrah?

Dav. Nothing more, sir.

Sim. But for me now to dive into these matters
May seem perhaps like too severe a father:
For all his youthful pranks concern not me.
While 'twas in season, he had my free leave
To take his swing of pleasure. But to-day
Brings on another stage of life, and asks
For other manners: wherefore I desire,
Or, if you please, I do beseech you, Davus,
To set him right again.

Dav. What means all this?

Sim. All, who are fond of mistresses, dislike
The thoughts of matrimony.

Dav. So they say.

Sim. And then, if such a person entertains
An evil counsellor in those affairs,
He tampers with the mind, and makes bad worse.

Dav. Troth, I do not comprehend one word of
this.

Sim. No?

Dav. No, I'm Davus, and not Œdipus.

Sim. Then for the rest I have to say to you,
You choose I should speak plainly.

Dav. By all means.

Sim. If I discover then, that in this match
You get to your dog's tricks and break it off,
Or try to show how shrewd a rogue you are,
I'll have you beat to mummy, and then thrown
In prison, sirrah! upon this condition,
That when I take you out again, I swear
To grind there in your stead. D'ye take me now?
Or don't you understand this neither?

Dav. Clearly.

You've spoken out at last: the very thing!
Quite plain and home; and nothing round about.

Sim. I could excuse your tricks in any thing,
Rather than this.

Dav. Goods words! I beg of you.

Sim. You laugh at me: well, well!—I give
you warning.

That you do nothing rashly, nor pretend
You was not advertis'd of this—Take heed!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

DAVUS *alone.*

Troth, Davus, 'tis high time to look about you;
No room for sloth, as far as I can sound

The sentiments of our old gentleman
About this marriage; which, if not fought off,
And cunningly, spoils me, or my poor master.
I know not what to do; nor can resolve

To help the son, or to obey the father.

If I desert poor Pamphilus, alas!

I tremble for his life; if I assist him,
I dread his father's threats: a shrewd old cuff,
Not easily deceiv'd. For first of all,

He knows of this amour; and watches me
With jealous eyes, lest I devise some trick

To break the match. If he discovers it,

Woe to poor Davus! nay, if he's inclin'd

To punish me, he'll seize on some pretence

To throw me into prison, right or wrong.

Another mischief is, this Andrian,
Mistress or wife, 's with child by Pamphilus.

And do but mark their confidence! 'tis sure

The dotage of mad people, not of lovers.

Whate'er she shall bring forth, they have resolv'd

To educate* and have among themselves

Devis'd the strangest story! that Glycerium

Is an Athenian citizen. "There was

Once on a time a certain merchant, shipwreck'd

Upon the isle of Andros; there he died:

And Chrysis' father took this orphan-wreck,

Then but an infant, under his protection."

Ridiculous! 'tis all romance to me:

And yet the story pleases them. And see!

Mysis comes forth. But I must to the Forum

To look for Pamphilus, for fear his father

Should find him first, and take him unawares.

[*Exit.*]

* To educate. *Decreverunt tollere.* The word *tollere* strictly signifies to take up, and alludes to the custom of those times.—*Dacier.*

See note on this custom, p. 296.

SCENE IV.

Enter MYSIS, (speaking to a Servant within.)

I hear, Archillis; I hear what you say:
You beg me to bring Lesbia. By my troth
That Lesbia is a drunken wretch, hot-headed,
Nor worthy to be trusted with a woman
In her first labour.—Well, well! she shall come.
—Observe how earnest the old gossip is, (*coming forward.*)

Because this Lesbia is her pot companion.
—O grant my mistress, Heaven, a safe delivery,
And let the midwife trespass any where
Rather than here!—But what is it I see?
Pamphilus all disorder'd: How I fear
The cause! I'll wait awhile, that I may know
If this commotion means us any ill.

SCENE V.

Enter PAMPHILUS, MYSIS behind.

Pam. Is this well done? or like a man?—Is this
The action of a father?

Mys. What's the matter?

Pam. Oh all ye Pow'rs of heaven and earth,
what's wrong
If this is not so?—If he was determin'd
That I to-day should marry, should I not
Have had some previous notice?—ought not he
To have inform'd me of it long ago?

Mys. Alas! what's this I hear?

Pam. And Chremes too,
Who had refus'd to trust me with his daughter,
Changes his mind, because I change not mine.
Can he then be so obstinately bent
To tear me from Glycerium? To lose her
Is losing life—Was ever man so crost,
So curst as I?—Oh Pow'rs of heaven and earth!
Can I by no means fly from this alliance
With Chremes' family?—so oft condemn'd
And held in scorn!—all done, concluded all!—
Rejected, then recall'd:—and why?—unless,
For so I must suspect, they breed some monster:
Whom as they can obtrude on no one else,
They bring to me.

Mys. Alas, alas! this speech
Has struck me almost dead with fear.

Pam. And then
My father! what to say of him?—Oh shame!
A thing of so much consequence to treat
So negligently!—For but even now
Passing me in the Forum, Pamphilus!
To-day's your wedding-day, said he: Prepare;
Go, get you home!—This sounded in my ears
As if he said, Go, hang yourself!—I stood
Confounded. Think you I could speak one word?
Or offer an excuse, how weak soe'er?
No, I was dumb:—and had I been aware,
Should any ask what I'd have done, I would,
Rather than this, do any thing.—But now
What to resolve upon?—So many cares
Entangle me at once, and rend my mind,
Pulling it different ways. My love, compassion,
This urgent match, my reverence for my father,
Who yet has ever been so gentle to me,
And held so slack a rein upon my pleasures.
—And I oppose him?—Racking thought!—Ah me!
I know not what to do.

Mys.

Alas, I fear

Where this uncertainty will end. 'Twere best
He should confer with her; or I at least
Speak touching her to him. For while the mind
Hangs in suspense, a trifle turns the scale.

Pam. Who's there? what, Mysis! save you!

Mys. (coming forward.)

Save you! sir,

Pam. How does she?

Mys. How! oppress'd with wretchedness
To-day supremely wretched, as to-day
Was formerly appointed for your wedding.
And then she fears lest you desert her.

Pam.

I!

Desert her? Can I think on't? or deceive
A wretched maid, who trusted to my care
Her life and honour! Her, whom I have held
Near to my heart, and cherish'd as my wife?
Or leave her modest and well-nur'd mind
Through want to be corrupted? Never, never.

Mys. No doubt, did it depend on you alone
But if constrain'd—

Pam.

Do you think me so vile?

Or so ungrateful, so inhuman, savage,
That nor long intercourse, nor love, nor shame,
Can make me keep my faith?

Mys.

I only know

That she deserves you should remember her.

Pam. I should remember her? Oh, Mysis,

Mysis!

The words of Chrysis touching my Glycerium
Are written in my heart. On her death-bed
She call'd me. I approach'd her. You retir'd.
We were alone; and Chrysis thus began.
“My Pamphilus, you see the youth and beauty
Of this unhappy maid: and well you know,
These are but feeble guardians to preserve
Her fortune or her fame. By this right hand
I do beseech you, by your better angel,
By your tried faith, by her forlorn condition,
I do conjure you, put her not away,
Nor leave her to distress. If I have ever,
As my own brother, lov'd you; or if she
Has ever held you dear 'bove all the world,
And ever shown obedience to your will—
I do bequeath you to her as a husband,
Friend, guardian, father: All our little wealth
To you I leave, and trust it to your care.”—
She join'd our hands, and died.—I did receive
her,
And once receiv'd will keep her.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter CHARINUS and BYRRHIA.

Char. How, Byrrhia? Is she to be married, say
you,

To Pamphilus to-day?

Byr.

'Tis even so.

Char. How do you know?

Byr.

I had it even now

From Davus at the Forum.

* Cicero has bestowed great praise on this act. “The picture,” he observes, “of the manners of Pamphilus,—the death and funeral of Chrysis,—and the grief of her supposed sister,—are all represented in the most delightful colours.”

Char. Woe is me!
Then I'm a wretch indeed: till now my mind
Floated 'twixt hope and fear: now, hope re-
mov'd,
Stunn'd, and overwhelm'd, it sinks beneath its
cares.

Byr. Nay, prithee master, since the thing you
wish

Cannot be had, e'en wish for that which may!

Char. I wish for nothing but Philumena.

Byr. Ah, how much wiser were it, that you
strove,

To quench this passion, than, with words like
these,

To fan the fire, and blow it to a flame?

Char. How readily do men at ease prescribe
To those who're sick at heart! Distrest like me,
You would not talk thus.

Byr. Well, well, as you please.

Char. Ha! I see Pamphilus. I can resolve
On any thing, e'er give up all for lost.

Byr. What now?

Char. I will entreat him, beg, beseech him,
Tell him our course of love, and thus perhaps,
At least prevail upon him to defer
His marriage some few days: meanwhile, I hope,
Something may happen.

Byr. Ay, that something's nothing.

Char. Byrrhia, what think you? Shall I speak
to him?

Byr. Why not? for though you don't obtain
your suit,

He will at least imagine you're prepar'd

To cuckold him, in case he marries her.

Char. Away, you hang-dog, with your base
suspicions!

SCENE II.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Charinus, save you!

Char. Save you, Pamphilus!
Imploping comfort, safety, help, and counsel,
You see me now before you.

Pam. I do lack
Myself both help and counsel—But what mean
you?

Char. Is this your wedding-day?

Pam. Ay, so they say.

Char. Ah, Pamphilus, if so, this very day
You see the last of me.

Pam. How so?

Char. Ah me!

I dare not speak it: prithee tell him, Byrrhia.

Byr. Ay, that I will.

Pam. What is't?

Byr. He is in love

With your bride, sir.

Pam. I' faith so am not I.

Tell me, Charinus, has aught further past
'Twixt you and her?

Char. Ah, no, no.

Pam. Would there had!

Char. Now by our friendship, by my love, I
beg

You would not marry her.—

Pam. I will endeavour.

Char. If that's impossible, or if this match
Be grateful to your heart—

Pam. My heart!

Char. At least

Defer it some few days; while I depart
That I may not behold it.

Pam. Hear, Charinus;

It is, I think, scarce honesty in him

To look for thanks, who means no favour. I

Abhor this marriage more than you desire it.

Char. You have reviv'd me.

Pam. Now if you, or he,

Your Byrrhia here, can do or think of aught;

Act, plot, devise, invent, strive all you can

To make her your's; and I'll do all I can

That she may not be mine.

Char. Enough.

Pam. I see

Davus, and in good time: for he'll advise

What's best to do.

Char. (to *Byr.*) But you, you sorry rogue,

Can give me no advice, nor tell me aught,

But what it is impertinent to know.

Hence, sirrah, get you gone!

Byr. With all my heart. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter DAVUS hastily.

Dav. Good heaven's, what news I bring!
what joyful news!

But where shall I find Pamphilus, to drive

His fears away, and make him full of joy?

Char. There's something pleases him.

Pam. No matter what.

He has not heard of our ill fortune yet.

Dav. And he, I warrant, if he has been told
Of his intended wedding—

Char. Do you hear?

Dav. Poor soul, is running all about the town
In quest of me. But whither shall I go?

Or which way run?

Char. Why don't you speak to him?

Dav. I'll go.

Pam. Ho! Davus! stop, come here!

Dav. Who calls?

O, Pamphilus! the very man.—Heyday!

Charinus too!—Both gentlemen, well met!

I've news for both.

Pam. I'm ruin'd, Davus.

Dav. Hear me!

Pam. Undone!

Dav. I know your fears.

Char. My life's at stake.

Dav. Your's I know also.

Pam. Matrimony mine.

Dav. I know it.

Pam. But to-day.

Dav. You stun me; plague!

I tell you I know ev'ry thing: you fear

(to *Char.*)

You should *not* marry her.—You fear you *should*.

(to *Pam.*)

Char. The very thing.

Pam. The same.

Dav. And yet that *same*

Is nothing. Mark!

Pam. Nay, rid me of my fear.

Dav. I will then. *Chremes*
Won't give his daughter to you.

Pam. How d'ye know?

Dav. I'm sure of it. Your father but just now
Takes me aside, and tells me 'twas his will,
That you should wed to-day; with much beside,
Which now I have not leisure to repeat.
I, on the instant, hastening to find you,
Run to the Forum to inform you of it:
There, failing, climb an eminence, look round:
No Pamphilus: I light by chance on Byrrhia;
Inquire; he hadn't seen you. Vex'd at heart,
What's to be done? thought I. Returning thence
A doubt arose within me. Ha! bad cheer,
The old man melancholy, and a wedding
Clapt up so suddenly! This don't agree.

Pam. Well, what then?

Dav. I betook me instantly
To Chremes' house; but thither when I came,
Before the door all hush. This tickled me.

Pam. You're in the right. Proceed.

Dav. I watch'd awhile:
Mean time no soul went in, no soul came out;
No matron; in the house no ornament;
No note of preparation. I approach'd,
Look'd in—

Pam. I understand: a potent sign!

Dav. Does this seem like a nuptial?

Pam. I think not,
Davus.

Dav. Think not, d'ye say? you don't conceive:
The thing is evident. I met beside,
As I departed thence, with Chremes' boy,
Bearing some potherbs, and a pennyworth
Of little fishes for the old man's dinner.

Char. I am deliver'd, *Davus*, by your means,
From all my apprehensions of to-day.

Dav. And yet you are undone.

Char. How so? since Chremes
Will not consent to give Philumena
To Pamphilus.

Dav. Ridiculous! As if,
Because the daughter is denied to him,
She must of course wed you. Look to it well;
Court the old gentleman through friends, apply,
Or else—

Char. You're right: I will about it straight,
Although that hope has often fail'd. Farewell.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

PAMPHILUS and DAVUS.

Pam. What means my father then? why counter-
feit?

Dav. That I'll explain. If he were angry now,
Merely that Chremes has refus'd his daughter,
He'd think himself in fault; and justly too,
Before the bias of your mind is known.
But granting you refuse her for a wife,
Then all the blame devolves on you, and then
Comes all the storm.

Pam. What course then shall I take?
Shall I submit—

Dav. He is your father, sir,
Whom to oppose were difficult; and then

Glycerium's a lone woman; and he'll find
Some course, no matter what, do drive her hence.

Pam. To drive her hence?

Dav. Directly.

Pam. Tell me then,
Oh tell me, *Davus*, what were best to do?

Dav. Say that you'll marry.

Pam. How!

Dav. And where's the harm?

Pam. Say that I'll marry!

Dav. Why not?

Pam. Never, never.

Dav. Do not refuse!

Pam. Persuade not!

Dav. Do but mark

The consequence.

Pam. Divorcement from Glycerium,
And marriage with the other.

Dav. No such thing.

Your father, I suppose, accosts you thus:
"I'd have you wed to-day;" "I will," quoth you:
What reason has he to reproach you then?
Thus shall you baffle all his settled schemes,
And put him to confusion; all the while
Secure yourself: for 'tis beyond a doubt
That Chremes will refuse his daughter to you;
So obstinately too, you need not pause,
Or change these measures, lest he change his
mind:

Say to your father then, that you will wed,
That, with the will, he may want cause to chide.
But if, deluded by fond hopes, you cry,
"No one will wed their daughter to a rake,
A libertine."—Alas, you're much deceiv'd:
For know, your father will redeem some wretch
From rags and beggary to be your wife,
Rather than see your ruin with Glycerium.
But if he thinks you bear an easy mind,
He too will grow indiff'rent, and seek out
Another match at leisure: the mean while
Affairs may take a lucky turn.

Pam. D'ye think so?

Dav. Beyond all doubt.

Pam. See, what you lead me to.

Dav. Nay, peace!

Pam. I'll say so then. But have a care
He knows not of the child, which I've agreed
To educate.

Dav. Oh confidence!

Pam. She drew
This promise from me, as a firm assurance
That I would not forsake her.

Dav. We'll take care.
But here's your father: let him not perceive
You're melancholy.

SCENE V.

Enter SIMO at a distance.

Sim. I return to see
What they're about, or what they meditate.
Dav. Now is he sure that you'll refuse to wed.
From some dark corner brooding o'er black
thoughts

He comes, and fancies he has fram'd a speech
To disconcert you. See, you keep your ground!

Pam. If I cau, *Davus*.

Dav. Trust me, Pamphilus,
Your father will not change a single word
In anger with you, do but say you'll wed.

SCENE VI.

Enter BYRRHIA behind.

Byr. To-day my master bade me leave all else
For Pamphilus, and watch how he proceeds,
About his marriage; wherefore I have now
Follow'd the old man hither: yonder too
Stands Pamphilus himself, and with him Davus.
To business then!

Sim. I see them both together.

Dav. (apart to Pam.) Now mind.

Sim. Here, Pamphilus!

Dav. (apart.) Now turn about,
As taken unawares.

Pam. Who calls? my father?

Dav. (apart.) Well said!

Sim. It is my pleasure that, that to-day,
As I have told you once before, you marry.

Dav. (aside.) Now on our part, I fear what he'll
reply.

Pam. In that, and all the rest of your com-
mands,
I shall be ready to obey you, sir!

Byr. (overhearing.) How's that!

Dav. (aside.) Struck dumb.

Byr. (listening.) What said he?

Sim. You perform
Your duty, when you cheerfully comply
With my desires.

Dav. (apart to Pam.) There! said I not the
truth?

Byr. My master then, so far as I can find,
May whistle for a wife.

Sim. Now then go in,
That when you're wanted you be found.

Pam. I go.
[*Exit.*]

Byr. Is there no faith in the affairs of men?
'Tis an old saying, and a true one too,
"Of all mankind each loves himself the best."
I've seen the lady; know her beautiful;
And therefore sooner pardon Pamphilus,
If he had rather win her to his arms,
Than yield her to the embraces of my master.
I will go bear these tidings, and receive
Much evil treatment for my evil news. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

SIMO and DAVUS.

Dav. Now he supposes I've some trick in hand
And loiter here to practise it on him.

Sim. Well, what now, Davus?

Dav. Nothing.

Sim. Nothing, say you?

Dav. Nothing at all.

Sim. And yet I look'd for something.

Dav. So, I perceive, you did:—(*aside.*) This
nettles him.

Sim. Can you speak truth?

Dav. Most easily.

Sim. Say then,

Is not this wedding most irksome to my son,
From his adventure with the Andrian?

Dav. No, faith: or if at all, 'twill only be
Two or three days' anxiety, you know:
Then 'twill be over; for he sees the thing
In its true light.

Sim. I praise him for't.

Dav. While you
Restrain'd him not; and while his youth allow'd,
'Tis true he lov'd; and even then by stealth,
As wise men ought, and careful of his fame.
Now his age calls for matrimony, now
To matrimony he inclines his mind.

Sim. Yet, in my eyes, he seem'd a little sad.

Dav. Not upon that account. He has, he thinks,
Another reason to complain of you.

Sim. For what?

Dav. A trifle.

Sim. Well, what is't?

Dav. Nay, nothing.

Sim. Tell me, what is't?

Dav. You are then, he complains,
Somewhat too sparing of expense.

Sim. I?

Dav. You.

A feast of scarce ten drachms! Does this, says he,
Look like a wedding-supper for his son?
What friends can I invite?—especially
At such a time as this?—and, truly, sir,
You have been very frugal; much too sparing.
I can't commend you for it.

Sim. Hold your peace.

Dav. (aside.) I've ruffled him.

Sim. I'll look to that. Away!
[*Exit DAVUS.*]

What now? what means the varlet? Precious
rogue,

For if there's any knavery on foot,
He, I am sure, is the contriver on't. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*SIMO, DAVUS, coming out of Simo's house—MYNIS,
LESBIA, going towards the house of Glycerium.*

Mys. Ay, marry, 'tis as you say, Lesbia;
Women scarce ever find a constant man.

Sim. The Andrian's maid-servant! Is't not?

Dav. Ay.

Mys. But Pamphilus—

Sim. (overhearing.) What says she?

Mys. Has been true.

Sim. (overhearing.) How's that?

Dav. (aside.) Would he were deaf, or she were
dumb.

Mys. For the child, boy or girl, he has resolv'd
To educate.

Sim. O Jupiter! what's this
I hear? If this be true, I'm lost indeed.

Les. A good young gentleman!

Mys. Oh, very good.
But in, in, lest you make her wait.

Les. I follow.

[*Excunt MYNIS and LESBIA.*]

SCENE II.

SIMO and DAVUS.

Dav. (aside.) Unfortunate! What remedy!

Sim. (to himself.) How's this?
And can he be so mad? What! educate

A harlot's child!—Ab, now I know their drift;
Fool that I was, scarce smelt it out at last.

Dav. (listening.) What's this he says he has
smelt out?

Sim. (to himself.) Imprimis,
'Tis this rogue's trick upon me. All a sham:
A counterfeit deliv'ry, and mock labour,
Devis'd to frighten Chremes from the match.

Glyc. (within.) Juno Lucina, save me! help, I
pray thee.

Sim. Hey day! already? Oh ridiculous!
Soon as she heard that I was at the door
She hastens to cry out. Your incidents
Are ill-tim'd, Davus.

Dav. Mine, sir?

Sim. Are you players
Unmindful of their cues, and want a prompter?

Dav. I do not comprehend you.

Sim. (apart.) If this knave
Had, in the real nuptial of my son,
Come thus upon me unprepar'd, what sport,
What scorn he'd have expos'd me to! But now
At his own peril be it. I'm secure.

SCENE III.

Re-enter LESBIA.—ARCHYLLIS appears at the door.

Les. to Arch. (within.) As yet, Archyllis, all the
symptoms seem

As good as might be wish'd in her condition;
First, let her make ablation: after that,
Drink what I've order'd her, and just so much:
And presently I will be here again.

(coming forward.)

Now, by this good day, Master Pamphilus
Has got a chopping boy: Heaven grant it live!
For he's a worthy gentleman, and scorn'd
To do a wrong to this young innocent. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

SIMO and DAVUS.

Sim. This too, where's he that knows you
would not swear,
Was your contrivance?

Dav. My contrivance! what, sir?

Sim. While in the house, forsooth, the midwife
gave

No orders for the lady in the straw:
But having issued forth into the street,
Bawls out most lustily to those within.
—Oh Davus, am I then so much your scorn?
Seem I so proper to be play'd upon,
With such a shallow, barefac'd, imposition?
You might at least, in reverence, have used
Some spice of art, we'r't only to pretend
You fear'd my anger, should I find you out.

Dav. (aside.) I' faith now he deceives himself,
not I.

Sim. Did not I give you warning? threaten too,
In case you play'd me false? But all in vain:
For what car'd you?—What! think you I believe
This story of a child by Pamphilus?

Dav. (aside.) I see his error: Now I know my
game.

Sim. Why don't you answer?

Dav. (archly.) What! you don't believe it?
As if you had not been inform'd of this?

Sim. I been inform'd?

Dav. (archly.) What then you found it out?

Sim. D'ye laugh at me?

Dav. You must have been inform'd:
Or whence this shrewd suspicion?

Sim. Whence! from you:

Because I know you.

Dav. Meaning, this was done

By my advice.

Sim. Beyond all doubt: I know it.

Dav. You do not know me, Simo.—

Sim. I not know you?

Dav. For if I do but speak, immediately
You think yourself impos'd on.—

Sim. Falsely, hey?

Dav. So that I dare not ope my lips before you.

Sim. All that I know is this; that nobody
Has been deliver'd here.

Dav. You've found it out?

Yet by and by they'll bring the bantling here,
And lay it at our door. Remember, sir,
I give you warning that will be the case;
That you may stand prepar'd, nor after say,
'Twas done by Davus' advice, his tricks!
I would fain cure your ill opinion of me.

Sim. But how d'ye know?

Dav. I've heard so, and believe so.
Besides, a thousand things concur to lead
To this conjecture. In the first place, she
Proress'd herself with child by Pamphilus:
That proves a falsehood. Now that she perceives
A nuptial preparation at our house,
A maid's despatch'd immediately to bring
A midwife to her, and withal a child;
You too they will contrive shall see the child,
Or else the wedding must proceed.

Sim. How's this?

Having discover'd such a plot on foot,
Why did you not directly tell my son?

Dav. Who then has drawn him from her but
myself?

For we all know how much he doated on her:
But now he wishes for a wife. In fine,
Leave that affair to me; and you meanwhile
Pursue, as you've begun, the nuptials; which
The gods, I hope, will prosper!

Sim. Get you in.

Wait for me there, and see that you prepare
What's requisite.

[*Exit DAVUS.*]

He has not wrought upon me
To yield implicit credit to his tale,
Nor do I know if all he said be true.
But, true or false it matters not: to me
My son's own promise is the main concern.
Now to meet Chremes, and to beg his daughter
In marriage with my son: If I succeed,
What can I rather wish than to behold
Their marriage rites to-day? For since my son
Has given me his word, I've not a doubt,
Should he refuse, but I may force him to it:
And to my wishes see where Chremes comes.

SCENE V.

Enter CREMES.

Sim. Chremes, good day!

Chrem. The very man I look'd for.

Sim. And I for you.

Chrem. Well met.—Some persons came To tell me you inform'd them, that my daughter Was to be married to your son to-day: And therefore came I here, and fain would know Whether 'tis you or they have lost their wits.

Sim. A moment's hearing; you shall be inform'd,

What I request, and what you wish to know.

Chrem. I hear; what would you? speak.

Sim. Now by the gods; Now by our friendship, Chremes, which, begun In infancy, has still increas'd with age; Now by your only daughter, and my son, Whose preservation wholly rests on you; Let me entreat this boon: and let the match Which should have been, still be.

Chrem. Why, why entreat? Knowing you ought not to beseech this of me. Think you, that I am other than I was, When first I gave my promise? If the match Be good for both, e'en call them forth to wed, But if their union promises more harm Than good to both, you also, I beseech you, Consult our common interest, as if You were her father, Pamphilus my son.

Sim. E'en in that spirit, I desire it, Chremes, Entreat it may be done; nor would entreat, But that occasion urges.

Chrem. What occasion?

Sim. A difference 'twixt Glycerium and my son.

Chrem. (*ironically.*) I hear.

Sim. A breach so wide as gives me hopes To sep'rate them for ever.

Chrem. Idle tales!

Sim. Indeed 'tis thus.

Chrem. Ay marry, thus it is. Quarrels of lovers but renew their love.

Sim. Prevent we then, I pray, this mischief now;

While time permits, while yet his passion's sore From contumelies; ere these women's wiles, Their wicked arts, and tears made up of fraud Shake his weak mind, and melt it to compassion, Give him a wife: by intercourse with her, Knit by the bonds of wedlock, soon, I hope, He'll rise above the guilt that sinks him now.

Chrem. So you believe: for me, I cannot think That he'll be constant, or that I can bear it.

Sim. How can you know, unless you make the trial?

Chrem. Ay, but to make that trial on a daughter Is hard indeed.

Sim. The mischief, should he fail, Is only this: divorce, which heaven forbid! But mark what benefits if he anient! First, to your friend you will restore a son; Gain to yourself a son-in-law, and match Your daughter to an honest husband.

Chrem. Well! Since you're so thoroughly convinc'd 'tis right, I can deny you naught that lies in me.

Sim. I see I ever lov'd you justly, Chremes.

Chrem. But then—

Sim. But what?

Chrem.

Whence is't you know

That there's a difference between them?

Sim.

Davus,

Davus, in all their secrets, told me so; Advis'd me too, to hasten on the match As fast as possible. Would he, d'y'e think, Do that, unless he were full well assur'd My son desir'd it too?—Hear what he says. Ho there! call Davus forth.—But here he comes.

SCENE VI.

Enter DAVUS.

Dav. I was about to seek you.

Sim. What's the matter?

Dav. Why is not the bride sent for? it grows late.

Sim. D'y'e hear him?—Davus, I for some time past

Was fearful of you; lest, like other slaves, As slaves go now, you should put tricks upon me, And baffle me, to favour my son's love.

Dav. I, sir?

Sim. I thought so: and in fear of that Conceal'd a secret which I'll now disclose.

Dav. What secret, sir?

Sim. I'll tell you: for I now Almost begin to think you may be trusted—

Dav. You've found what sort of man I am at last.

Sim. No marriage was intended.

Dav. How! none!

Sim. None.

All counterfeit, to sound my son and you.

Dav. How say you?

Sim. Even so.

Dav. Alack, alack! I never could have thought it.—(*archly.*) Ah, what art!

Sim. Hear me. No sooner had I sent you in, But opportunely I encounter'd Chremes.

Dav. (*aside.*) How! are we ruin'd then?

Sim. I told him all, That you had just told me,—

Dav. (*aside.*) Confusion! how?

Sim. Begg'd him to grant his daughter, and at length,

With much ado prevail'd.

Dav. (*aside.*) Undone!

Sim. (*overhearing.*) How's that?

Dav. Well done! I said.

Sim. My good friend Chremes then Is now no obstacle.

Chrem. I'll home awhile, Order due preparations, and return. [*Exit.*]

Sim. Prithee, now, Davus, seeing you alone Have brought about this match—

Dav. Yes, I alone.

Sim. Endeavour farther to amend my son.

Dav. Most diligently.

Sim. It were easy now, While his mind's irritated.

Dav. Be at peace.

Sim. Do then: where is he?

Dav. Probably at home.

Sim. I'll in, and tell him, what I've now told you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

DAVUS alone.

Lost and undone! To prison with me straight!
 No prayer, no play: for I have ruin'd all:
 Deceiv'd the old man, hamper'd Pamphilus
 With marriage; marriage, brought about to-day
 By my sole means; beyond the hopes of one;
 Against the other's will.—Oh cunning fool!
 Had I been quiet, all had yet been well.
 But see, he's coming. Would my neck were
 broken! (retires.)

SCENE VIII.

Enter PAMPHILUS; DAVUS behind.

Pam. Where is this villain that has ruin'd me?

Dav. I'm a lost man.

Pam. And yet I must confess,
 That I deserv'd this, being such a dolt,
 A very idiot, to commit my fortunes
 To a vile slave. I suffer for my folly,
 But will at least take vengeance upon him.

Dav. If I can but escape this mischief now,
 I'll answer for hereafter.

Pam. To my father
 What shall I say?—And can I then refuse,
 Who have but now consented? with what face?
 I know not what to do.

Dav. I faith nor I;
 And yet it takes up all my thoughts. I'll tell him
 I've hit on something to delay the match.

Pam. (seeing Dav.) Oh!

Dav. I am seen.

Pam. So, good sir! what say you?
 See, how I'm hamper'd with your fine advice.

Dav. (coming forward.) But I'll deliver you.

Pam. Deliver me?

Dav. Certainly, sir.

Pam. What, as you did just now?

Dav. Better, I hope.

Pam. And can you then believe
 That I would trust you, rascal? You amend
 My broken fortunes, or redeem them lost?
 You, who to-day, from the most happy state,
 Have thrown me upon marriage.—Did not I
 Foretell it would be thus?

Dav. You did indeed.

Pam. And what do you deserve for this?

Dav. The gallows.—
 Yet suffer me to take a little breath,
 I'll devise something presently.

Pam. Alas,
 I have not leisure for your punishment.
 The time demands attention to myself,
 Nor will be wasted in revenge on you.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter CHARINUS.

Is this to be believ'd, or to be told?
 Can then such inbred malice live in man,
 To joy in ill, and from another's woes
 To draw his own delight?—Ah, is't then so?—
 Yes, such there are, the meanest of mankind,
 Who, from a sneaking bashfulness, at first
 Dare not refuse; but when the time comes on
 To make the promise good, then force perforce

Open themselves and fear: yet must deny.
 Then too, oh shameless impudence, they cry,
 "Who then are you? and what are you to me?
 Why should I render up my love to you?
 Faith, neighbour, charity begins at home."—
 Speak of their broken faith, they blush not, they,
 Now throwing off that shame they ought to wear,
 Which they before assum'd without a cause.—
 What shall I do? go to him? on my wrongs
 Expostulate, and throw reproaches on him?
 What will that profit, say you?—very much.
 I shall at least embitter his delight,
 And gratify my anger.

SCENE II.

Enter PAMPHILUS and DAVUS.

Pam. Oh, Charinus,
 By my imprudence, unless heaven forefend,
 I've ruin'd both myself and you.

Char. Imprudence!
 Paltry evasion! You have broke your faith.

Pam. What now?

Char. And do you think that words like these
 Can baffle me again?

Pam. What means all this?

Char. Soon as I told you of my passion for her,
 Then she had charms for you.—Ah, senseless
 fool,

To judge your disposition by my own.

Pam. You are mistaken.

Char. Was your joy no joy,
 Without abusing a fond lover's mind,
 Fool'd on with idle hopes?—Well, take her.

Pam. Take her?
 Alas, you know not what a wretch I am:
 How many cares this slave has brought upon me,
 My rascal here.

Char. No wonder, if he takes
 Example from his master.

Pam. Ah, you know not
 Me, or my love, or else you would not talk thus.

Char. (ironically.) Oh yes, I know it all. You
 had but now

A dreadful altercation with your father:
 And therefore he's enraged, nor could prevail
 On you, forsooth, to wed.

Pam. To show you then
 How little you conceive of my distress,
 These nuptials were mere semblance, mockery—
 all,

Nor was a wife intended me.

Char. I know it:
 You are constrained, poor man, by inclination.

Pam. Nay, but have patience! you don't
 know—

Char. I know
 That you're to marry her.

Pam. Why rack me thus?
 Nay hear! He never ceas'd to importune
 That I would tell my father I would wed;
 So press'd, and urg'd, that he at length prevail'd.

Char. Who did this?

Pam. Davus.

Char. Davus!

Pam. Davus all.

Char. Wherefore?

Pam. I know not; but I know the gods Meant in their anger I should listen to him.

Char. Is it so, Davus?

Dav. Even so.

Char. How, villain? The gods confound you for it!—Tell me, wretch, Had all his most inveterate foes desir'd To throw him on this marriage, what advice Could they have given else?

Dav. I am deceiv'd, But not dishearten'd.

Char. (ironically.) True.

Dav. This way has fail'd; We'll try another way: unless you think, Because the business has gone ill at first, We cannot graft advantage on misfortune.

Pam. Oh ay, I warrant you, if you look to't, Out of one wedding you can work me two.

Dav. Pamphilus, 'tis my duty, as your slave, To strive with might and main, by day and night, With hazard of my life, to do you service: 'Tis yours, if I am cross'd, to pardon me. My undertakings fail indeed, but then I spare no pains. Do better if you can, And send me packing.

Pam. Ay, with all my heart: Place me but where you found me first.

Dav. I will.

Pam. But do it instantly.

Dav. Hist! hold awhile: I hear the creaking of Glycerium's door.

Pam. Nothing to you.

Dav. I'm thinking.

Pam. What, at last?

Dav. Your business shall be done, and presently.

SCENE III.

Enter MYSIS.

Mys. to Gly. (within.) Be where he will, I'll find your Pamphilus, And bring him with me. Meanwhile, you, my soul, Forbear to vex yourself.

Pam. Mysis!

Mys. Who's there?

Pam. Oh Pamphilus, well met, sir!

Pam. What's the matter?

Mys. My mistress, by the love you bear her, begs Your presence instantly. She longs to see you.

Pam. Ah, I'm undone:—(to *Dav.*) This sore breaks out afresh.

Unhappy that we are, through your curst means, To be tormented thus!—She has been told A nuptial is prepar'd, and therefore sends.

*Char. (pointing to *Dav.*)* From which how safe you were, had he been quiet!

*Dav. (to *Char.*)* Aye, if he raves not of himself, enough,

Do, irritate him.

Mys. Truly that's the cause;

And therefore 'tis, poor soul, she sorrows thus.

Pam. Mysis, I swear to thee by all the gods, I never will desert her; though assur'd That I for her make all mankind my foes.

I sought her, carried her: our hearts are one,

And farewell they that wish us put asunder! Death, nought but death shall part us.

Mys. I revive.

Pam. Apollo's oracles are not more true.

If that my father may be wrought upon, To think I hinder'd not the match, 'tis well: But if that cannot be, come what come may, Why let him know, 'twas I . . . (to *Char.*) What think you now?

Char. That we are wretches both.

Dav. My brain's at work.

Char. O brave!

Pam. I know what you'd attempt.

Dav. Well, well:

I will effect it for you.

Pam. Ay, but now.

Dav. E'en now.

Char. What is't!

Dav. For him, sir, not for you.

Be not mistaken.

Char. I am satisfied.

Pam. Say, what do you propose?

Dav. This day, I fear, Is scarce sufficient for the execution, So think not I have leisure to relate.

Hence then! You hinder me: hence, hence, I say!

Pam. I'll to Glycerium. [*Exit.*]

Dav. Well, and what mean you?

Whither will you, sir?

Char. Shall I speak the truth?

Dav. Oh to be sure: now for a tedious tale!

Char. What will become of me?

Dav. How! not content!

Is it not then sufficient, if I give you

The respite of a day, a little day,

By putting off his wedding?

Char. Ay, but Davus,—

Dav. But what?

Char. That I may wed—

Dav. Ridiculous!

Char. If you succeed, come to me.

Dav. Wherefore come?

I can't assist you.

Char. Should it so fall out—

Dav. Well, well, I'll come.

Char. If aught I am at home.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

DAVUS and MYSIS.

Dav. Mysis, wait here till I come forth.

Mys. For what?

Dav. It must be so.

Mys. Make haste, then.

Dav. In a moment. [*Exit to GLYCERIUM'S.*]

SCENE V.

MYSIS alone.

Can we securely then count nothing our's?

Oh all ye gods! I thought this Pamphilus

The greatest good my mistress could obtain,

Friend, lover, husband, ev'ry way a blessing:

And yet what woe, poor wretch, endures she not

On his account? Alas, more ill than good.

But here comes Davus.

SCENE VI.

Re-enter DAVUS with the child.

Mys. Prithee, man, what now?
Where are you carrying the child?

Dav. Oh, *Mysis*,
Now have I need of all your ready wit,
And all your cunning.

Mys. What are you about?

Dav. Quick, take the boy, and lay him at our door.

Mys. What, on the bare ground?

Dav. From the altar then*
Take herbs and strew them underneath.

Mys. And why
Can't you do that yourself?

Dav. Because, that if
My master chance to put me to my oath
That 'twas not I who laid it there, I may
With a safe conscience swear. (*gives her the child.*)

Mys. I understand.
But pray how came this sudden qualm upon you?

Dav. Nay, but be quick, that you may comprehend
What I propose.—(*Mysis lays the child at Simo's door.*) O Jupiter! (*looking out.*)

Mys. What now?

Dav. Here comes the father of the bride!—I change
My first intended purpose.

Mys. What you mean
I can't imagine.

Dav. This way from the right,
I'll counterfeit to come:—And be't your care
To throw in aptly now and then a word,
To help out the discourse as need requires.

Mys. Still what you're at, I cannot comprehend.

But if I can assist, as you know best,
Not to obstruct your purposes, I'll stay.
(*Davus retires.*)

SCENE VII.

Enter CHREMES, going towards Simo's.

Chrem. Having provided all things necessary,
I now return to bid them call the bride.

What's here? (*seeing the child.*) by Hercules, a child! Ha, woman,

Was't you that laid it here?

Mys. (looking after Dav.) Where is he gone?

Chrem. What, won't you answer me?

Mys. (looking about.) Not here: Ah me!
The fellow's gone, and left me in the lurch.

(*Dav. coming forward and pretending not to see them.*)

Dav. Good heavens, what confusion at the Forum!

The people all disputing with each other!
(*loud.*) The market price is so confounded high.
(*aside.*) What to say else I know not.

* At Athens every house had an altar at the street door; (which street-altars are also often mentioned in Plautus.) These altars were covered with fresh herbs every day, and it is one of these altars, to which Terence here alludes.

Mys. (to Dav.) What d'ye mean
(*Chrem. retires, and listens to their conversation.*)

By leaving me alone?

Dav. What farce is this?

Ha, *Mysis*, whence this child? Who brought it here?

Mys. Have you your wits, to ask me such a question?

Dav. Whom should I ask, when no one else is here?

Chrem. (behind, to himself.) I wonder whence it comes.

Dav. (loud.) Wilt answer me?

Mys. (confused.) Ah!

Dav. (apart to Mysis.) This way, to the right!

Mys. You're raving mad.

Was't not yourself?

Dav. (apart to Mysis.) I charge you not a word,
But what I ask you.

Mys. Do you threaten me?

Dav. (loud.) Whence comes this child?

Mys. From our house.

Dav. Ha! ha! ha!

No wonder that a harlot has assurance.

Chrem. This is the Andrian's servant-maid, I take it.

Dav. (loud to Mysis.) Do we then seem to you
such proper folks

To play these tricks upon?

Chrem. (to himself.) I came in time.

Dav. (loud.) Make haste, and take your bantling from our door.

(*softly.*) Hold! do not stir from where you are, be sure.

Mys. A plague upon you: you so terrify me!

Dav. (loud.) Wench, did I speak to you or no?

Mys. What would you?

Dav. (loud.) What would I? Say, whose child have you laid here?

Tell me.

Mys. You don't know?

Dav. (softly.) Plague of what I know:
Tell what I ask.

Mys. Your's.

Dav. (loud.) Our's? Whose?

Mys. Pamphilus'.

Dav. (loud.) How say you? Pamphilus'!

Mys. Why, isn't not?

Chrem. (to himself.) I had good cause to be against this match.

Dav. (bawling.) O monstrous impudence!

Mys. Why all this noise?

Dav. Did not I see this child convey'd by stealth

Into your house last night?

Mys. Oh rogue!

Dav. 'Tis true.

I saw old Canthara stuff'd out?

Mys. Thank heaven,

Some free women* were present at her labour.

Dav. (to himself.) Troth, she don't know the gentleman, for whom

She plays this game. She thinks, should Chremes see

The child lie here, he would not grant his daughter.

* Free women: For in Greece as well as in Italy, slaves were not admitted to give evidence.

Faith, he would grant her the more willingly.

Chrem. Not he indeed.

Dav. But now one word for all,
Take up the child; or I shall trundle him
Into the middle of the street, and roll
You, madam, in the mire.

Mys. The fellow's drunk.

Dav. One piece of knavery begets another:—
(*loud.*) Now I am told, 'tis whisper'd all about,
That she's a citizen of Athens—

Chrem. How!

Dav. And that by law* he will be forc'd to
wed her.

Mys. Why prithee is she not a citizen?

Chrem. (to himself.) What a fine scrape was I
within a hair

Of being drawn into!

Dav. (turning about.) What voice is that?—

Oh Chremes! you are come in time. Attend!

Chrem. I have heard all already.

Dav. You've heard all?

Chrem. Yes, all, I say, from first to last.

Dav. Indeed!

Good lack, what knaveries! This lying jade
Should be dragg'd hence to torture—(*to Mysis.*)

This is he!

Think not 'twas Davus you imposed upon.

Mys. Ah me!—Good sir, I spoke the truth in-
deed.

Chrem. I know the whole.—Is Simo in the
house?

Dav. Yes sir. [*Exit CHREMES.*]

SCENE VIII.

DAVUS and MYSIS, (*Davus runs up to her.*)

Mys. Don't offer to touch me, you villain!

If I don't tell my mistress every word—

Dav. Why you don't know, you fool, what good
we've done!

Mys. How should I?

Dav. This is father to the bride:

Nor could it otherwise have been contrived
That he should know what we would have him.

Mys. Well,

You should have given me notice.

Dav. Is there then

No diff'rence, think you, whether all you say

Falls naturally from the heart, or comes

From dull premeditation?

SCENE IX.

Enter CRITO.

Cri. In this street

They say that Chrysis liv'd: who rather chose

To heap up riches here by wanton ways,

Than to live poor and honestly at home:

She dead, her fortune comes by law to me.

But I see persons to inquire of. (*goes up.*) Save
you!

Mys. Good now, who's that I see! is it not
Crito,

Chrysis' kinsman? Ay, the very same.

Cri. O Mysis, save you!

Mys. Save you, Crito!

Cri. Chrysis

Is then—ha?

Mys. Ay, she has left us, poor soul!

Cri. And ye; how go ye on here?—pretty
well?

Mys. We? as we *can*, as the old saying goes,
When as we *would* we cannot.

Cri. And Glycerium,
Has she found out her parents?

Mys. Would she had!

Cri. Not yet! an ill wind blew me hither then.

For truly, had I been apprisd of that,

I'd ne'er have set foot here: for this Glycerium

Was always call'd and thought to be her-sister.

What Chrysis left, she takes possession of:

And now for me, a stranger, to commence

A law-suit here, how good and wise it were,

Other examples teach me. She, I warrant,

Has got her some gallant too, some defender:

For she was growing up a jolly girl

When first she journeyed hither. They will cry

That I'm a pettifogger, fortune-hunter,

A beggar.—And besides it were not well

To leave her in distress.

Mys. Good soul! troth, Crito,

You have the good old-fashion'd honesty.

Cri. Well, since I am arriv'd here, bring me
to her,

That I may see her.

Mys. Ay, with all my heart.

Dav. I will in with them: for I would not choose

That our old gentleman should see me now.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter CHREMES and SIMO.

Chrem. Enough already, Simo, and enough

I've shown my friendship for you; hazarded

Enough of peril: urge me then no more!

Wishing to please you, I had near destroy'd

My daughter's peace and happiness for ever.

Sim. Ah, Chremes, I must now entreat the
more,

More urge you to confirm the promis'd boon.

Chrem. Mark how unjust you are through wil-
fulness!

So you obtain what you demand, you set

No bounds to my compliance, nor consider

What you request; for if you did consider

You'd cease to load me with these injuries.

Sim. What injuries?

Chrem. Is that a question now?

Have you not driven me to plight my child

To one possess with other love, averse

To marriage; to expose her to divorce,

And crazy nuptials; by her woe and bane

To work a cure for your distemper'd son?

You had prevail'd; I travell'd in the match,

While circumstances would admit; but now

The case is chang'd, content you.—It is said,

That she's a citizen; a child is born:

Prithee excuse us!

Sim. Now, for heaven's sake,

Believe not them, whose interest it is

* Among the laws of Athens was that equitable one,
which compelled the man to marry her whom he had
debauched, if she was a free woman.

To make him vile and abject as themselves.
These stories are all feign'd, concerted all,
To break the match: when the occasion's past,
That urges them to this, they will desist.

Chrem. Oh, you mistake: E'en now I saw the maid

Wrangling with Davus.

Sim. Artifice! mere trick.

Chrem. Ay, but in earnest; and when neither knew

That I was there.

Sim. It may be so: and Davus

Told me before-hand they'd attempt all this;
Though I, I know not how, forgot to tell you.

SCENE II.

Enter DAVUS from Glycerium's house.

Dav. (to himself.) He may be easy now I warrant him—

Chrem. See yonder's Davus.

Sim. Ha! whence comes the rogue?

Dav. (to himself.) By my assistance, and this stranger's safe.

Sim. (listening.) What mischief's this?

Dav. (to himself.) A more commodious man, Arriving just in season, at a time So critical, I never knew.

Sim. (listening.) A knave!

Who's that he praises?

Dav. (to himself.) All is now secure.

Sim. Why don't I speak to him?

Dav. (turning about.) My master here!

(to himself.) What shall I do?

Sim. (sneering.) Good sir, your humble servant!

Dav. Oh Simo! and our Chremes!—All is now Prepar'd within.

Sim. (ironically.) You've taken special care.

Dav. E'en call them when you please.

Sim. Oh, mighty fine!

That to be sure is all that's wanting now.

—But tell me, sir! what business had you there?

(pointing to Glycerium's.)

Dav. (confused.) I?

Sim. You.

Dav. (stammering.) I——?

Sim. You, sir.

Dav. (disordered.) I went in but now.

Sim. As if I ask'd, how long it was ago.

Dav. With Pamphilus.

Sim. Is Pamphilus within?

—Oh torture!—Did not you assure me, sirrah, They were at variance?

Dav. So they are.

Sim. Why then

Is Pamphilus within?

Chrem. (sneering.) Oh why d'ye think? He's gone to quarrel with her.

Dav. Nay but, Chremes, There's more in this, and you shall hear strange news.

There's an old countryman, I know not who, Is just arriv'd here; confident and shrewd; His look bespeaks him of some consequence. A grave severity is in his face, And credit in his words.

Sim. What story now?

Dav. Nay, nothing, sir, but what I heard him say
Sim. And what says he, then?

Dav. That he's well assur'd Glycerium's an Athenian citizen.

Sim. (calling.) Ho, Dromo! Dromo!

Dav. What now?

Sim. Dromo!

Dav. Hear me.

Sim. Speak but a word more—Dromo!

Dav. Pray, sir, hear!

SCENE III.

Enter DROMO.

Drom. Your pleasure, sir?

Sim. Here drag him headlong in, And truss the rascal up immediately.

Drom. Whom?

Sim. Davus.

Dav. Why?

Sim. Because I'll have it so. Take him, I say.

Dav. For what offence?

Sim. Off with him!

Dav. If it appear that I've said aught but truth, Put me to death.

Sim. I will not hear. I'll trounce you.

Dav. But though it should prove true, sir!

Sim. True or false, See that you keep him bound: and do you hear? Bind the slave hand and foot. Away!

[Ereunt DROMO and DAVUS.]

SCENE IV.

SIMO and CHREMES.

Sim. By heaven,

As I do live, I'll make you know this day What peril lies in trifling with a master, And make him know what 'tis to plague a father.

Chrem. Ah, be not in such rage.

Sim. Oh Chremes, Chremes, Filial unkindness!—Don't you pity me?

To feel all this for such a thankless son!—

(calling at Glycerium's door.) Here, Pamphilus, come forth! ho, Pamphilus!

Have you no shame!

SCENE V.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Who calls?—Undone! my father!

Sim. What say you? Most—

Chrem. Ah, rather speak at once Your purpose, Simo, and forbear reproach.

Sim. As if 'twere possible to utter aught Severer than he merits!—*(to Pam.)* Tell me then, Glycerium is a citizen?

Pam. They say so.

Sim. They say so!—Oh amazing impudence!— Does he consider what he says? does he Repent the deed? or does his colour take The hue of shame?—To be so weak of soul, Against the custom of our citizens, Against the law, against his father's will, To wed himself to shame and this vile woman.

Pam. Wretch that I am!

Sim. Ah, Pamphilus! d'ye feel Your wretchedness at last? Then, then, when first

You wrought upon your mind at any rate
To gratify your passion; from that hour
Well might you feel your state of wretched-
ness.—

But why give in to this? Why torture thus,
Why vex my spirit? Why afflict my age
For his distemp'rance? Why rue his sins?—
No; let him have her, joy in her, live with her.

Pam. My father!

Sim. How, my father!—can I think
You want this father? You that for yourself
A home, a wife, and children have acquir'd
Against your father's will? And witnesses
Suborn'd, to prove that she's a citizen?—
You've gain'd your point.

Pam. My father, but one word!

Sim. What would you say?

Chrem. Nay, hear him, Simo.

Sim. Hear him?

What must I hear then, Chremes?

Chrem. Let him speak.

Sim. Well, let him speak: I hear him.

Pam. I confess

I love Glycerium: if it be a fault,
That too I do confess. To you, my father,
I yield myself; dispose me as you please!
Command me! say, that I shall take a wife;
Leave her;—I will endure it, as I may.—
This only I beseech you, think not I
Suborn'd this old man hither.—Suffer me
To clear myself, and bring him here before you.

Sim. Bring him here!

Pam. Let me, father!

Chrem. 'Tis but just:

Permit him!

Pam. Grant me this!

Sim. Well, be it so.

[*Exit* PAMPHILUS.]

I could bear all this bravely, Chremes; more,
Much more, to know that he deceiv'd me not.

Chrem. For a great fault a little punishment
Suffices to a father.

SCENE VI.

Re-enter PAMPHILUS with CRITO.

Cri. Say no more!

Any of these inducements would prevail:
Or your entreaty, or that it is truth,
Or that I wish it for Glycerium's sake.

Chrem. Whom do I see? Crito, the Andrian?
Nay certainly 'tis Crito.

Cri. Save you, Chremes!

Chrem. What has brought you to Athens?

Cri. Accident.

But is this Simo?

Chrem. Ay.

Sim. Asks he for me?

So, sir, you say that this Glycerium
Is an Athenian citizen?

Cri. Do you

Deny it.

Sim. What then, are you come prepar'd?

Cri. Prepar'd! for what?

Sim. And dare you ask for what?

Shall you go on thus with impunity?

Lay snares for inexperience'd, lib'ral, youth,

With fraud, temptation, and fair promises,
Soothing their minds!—

Cri. Have you your wits?

Sim. —And then

With marriage solder up their harlot loves?

Pam. (*aside.*) Alas, I fear the stranger will not
bear this.

Chrem. Knew you this person, Simo, you'd not
think thus;

He's a good man.

Sim. A good man he?—To come,

Although at Athens never seen till now,

So opportunely on the wedding-day!—

Is such a fellow to be trusted, Chremes?

Pam. (*aside.*) But that I fear my father, I could
make

That matter clear to him.

Sim. A sharper.

Cri. How?

Chrem. It is his humour, Crito; do not heed
him.

Cri. Let him look to't. If he persists in saying

Whate'er he pleases, I shall make him hear

Something that may displease him.—Do I stir

In these affairs, or make them my concern?

Bear your misfortunes patiently! For me,

If I speak true or false, shall now be known.

—A man of Athens once upon a time
Was shipwreck'd on the coast of Andros: with
him

This very woman then an infant. He

In this distress applied, it so fell out,

For help to Chrysis' father!—

Sim. All romance.

Chrem. Let him alone.

Cri. And will he interrupt me?

Chrem. Go on.

Cri. "Now Chrysis' father, who receiv'd him,
Was my relation. There I've often heard
The man himself declare, he was of Athens.
There too he died."

Chrem. His name?

Cri. His name, so quickly?—Phania.

Chrem. Amazement!

Cri. By my troth, I think 'twas Phania;

But this I'm sure, he said he was of Rhamnus.

Chrem. Oh Jupiter!

Cri. These circumstances, Chremes,
Were known to many others, then in Andros.

Chrem. Heaven grant it may be as I wish!—

Inform me,

Whose daughter, said he, was the child? his own?

Cri. No, not his own.

Chrem. Whose then?

Cri. His brother's daughter.

Chrem. Mine, mine undoubtedly.

Cri. What say you?

Sim. How!

Pam. Hark, Pamphilus!

Sim. But why believe you this?

Chrem. That Phania was my brother.

Sim. True. I knew him.

Chrem. He, to avoid the war, departed hence;

And fearing 'twere unsafe to leave the child,

Embark'd with her in quest of me for Asia;

Since when I've heard no news of him till now.

Pam. I'm scarce myself, my mind is so enrapt
With fear, hope, joy, and wonder of so great,
So sudden happiness.

Sim. Indeed, my Chremes,
I heartily rejoice she's found your daughter.

Pam. I do believe you, father.

Chrem. But one doubt
There still remains, which gives me pain.

Pam. (aside.) Away
With all your doubts! You puzzle a plain cause.

Cri. What is that doubt?

Chrem. The name does not agree.

Cri. She had another, when a child.

Chrem. What, Crito?

Can you remember?

Cri. I am hunting for it.

Pam. Shall then his memory oppose my
bliss,

When I can minister the cure myself?

No, I will not permit it.—Hark you, Chremes,
The name is Pasibula.

Cri. True.

Chrem. The same.

Pam. I've heard it from herself a thousand
times.

Sim. Chremes, I trust you will believe, we all
Rejoice at this.

Chrem. 'Fore heaven I believe so.

Pam. And now, my father—

Sim. Peace, son! the event
Has reconcil'd me.

Pam. O thou best of fathers!

Does Chremes too confirm Glycerium mine?

Chrem. And with good cause if *Simō* hinder
not.

Pam. (to Sim.) Sir!

Sim. Be it so.

Chrem. My daughter's portion is
Ten talents, Pamphilus.

Pam. I am content.

Chrem. I'll to her instantly: and prithee, Crito,
Along with me! for sure she knows me not.

[*Exeunt CHREMES and CRITO.*]

Sim. Why do you not give orders instantly
To bring her to our house?

Pam. The advice is good,
I'll give that charge to Davus.

Sim. It can't be.

Pam. Why?

Sim. He has other business of his own,
Of nearer import to himself.

Pam. What business?

Sim. He's bound.

Pam. Bound! how, sir!

Sim. How sir?—neck and heels.

Pam. Ab, let him be enlarg'd!

Sim. It shall be done.

Pam. But instantly.

Sim. I'll in, and order it. [*Exit.*]

Pam. O what a happy, happy day is this!

SCENE VIII.

Enter CHARINUS behind.

Char. I come to see what Pamphilus is doing:
And there he is.

Pam. And is this true?—Yes, yes,
I know 'tis true, because I wish it so.

Therefore I think the life of gods eternal,
For that their joys are permanent; and now,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That I too am immortal, if no ill
Step in betwixt me and this happiness.

Oh, for a bosom-friend now to pour out
My ecstasies before him!

Char. (listening.) What's this rapture?

Pam. Oh, yonder's Davus: nobody more wel-
come:

For he, I know, will join in transport with me.

SCENE the last.

Enter DAVUS.

Dav. (entering.) Where's Pamphilus?

Pam. O Davus!

Dav. Who's there?

Pam. I.

Dav. Oh Pamphilus!

Pam. You know not my good fortune.

Dav. Do you know my ill fortune?

Pam. To a tittle.

Dav. 'Tis after the old fashion, that my ills
Should reach your ears, before your joys reach
mine.

Pam. Glycerium has discover'd her relation

Dav. Oh excellent!

Char. (listening.) How's that?

Pam. Her father is
Our most dear friend.

Dav. Who?

Pam. Chremes.

Dav. Charming news.

Pam. And I'm to marry her immediately.

Char. (listening.) Is this man talking in his
sleep, and dreams

On what he wishes waking?

Pam. And moreover,

For the child Davus—

Dav. Ah, sir, say no more.

You're the only fav'rite of the gods.

Char. I'm made,

If this be true. I'll speak to them. (*comes forward.*)

Pam. Who's there?

Charinus! oh, well met.

Char. I give you joy.

Pam. You've heard then—

Char. Ev'ry word: and prithee now,
In your good fortune, think upon your friend.
Chremes is now your own; and will perform
Whatever you shall ask.

Pam. I shall remember.

'Twere tedious to expect his coming forth:
Along with me then to Glycerium!

Davus, do you go home, and hasten them

To fetch her hence. Away, away!

Dav. I go.

[*Exeunt PAMPHILUS and CHARINUS.*]

Davus addressing the audience.

Wait not till they come forth: Within
She'll be betroth'd; within, if aught remains
Undone, 'twill be concluded—Clap your hands!

FROM THE PHORMIO.

DOCTORS DIFFER, OR THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF LAW.

DEMIPHO in consultation with his lawyers, CRATINUS, HEGIO, and CRITO.

Dem. You see, sirs, how this matter stands.

What shall I do? Say, Hegio!

Heg. Meaning me?

Cratinus, please you, should speak first.

Dem. Say then,

Cratinus!

Cra. Me d'ye question?

Dem. You.

Cra. Then I,

Whatever steps are best I'd have you take.

Thus it appears to me. Whate'er your son

Has in your absence done, is null and void

In law and equity.—And so you'll find.

That's my opinion.

Dem. Say now, Hegio!

Heg. He has, I think, pronounc'd most learnedly.

But so 'tis: many men, and many minds!

Each has his fancy: Now, in my opinion,

Whate'er is done by law, can't be undone.

'Tis shameful to attempt it.

Dem. Say you, Crito!

Cri. The case, I think, asks more deliberation.

'Tis a nice point.

Heg. Would you ought else with us?

Dem. You've utter'd oracles. (*Exeunt lawyers.*)

I'm more uncertain

Now than I was before.

NEVER HOPE, AND YOU WILL NEVER BE DISAPPOINTED.

DEMIPHO, GETA, and PHÆDRIA.

Dem. I know not what to do:

This stroke has come so unawares upon me,

Beyond all expectation, past belief.

—I'm so enrag'd, I can't compose my mind

To think upon it.—Wherefore every man,

When his affairs go on most swimmingly,

Ev'n then it most behoves to arm himself

Against the coming storm: loss, danger, exile,

Returning ever let him look to meet;

His son in fault, wife dead, or daughter sick—

All common accidents, and may have happen'd;

That nothing should seem new or strange. But if

Aught has fall'n out beyond his hopes, all that

Let him account clear gain.

Get. Oh, Phædria,

'Tis wonderful how much a wiser man

I am than my old master. My misfortunes

I have consider'd well.—At his return

Doom'd to grind ever in the mill, beat, chain'd,

Or set to labour in the fields; of these

Nothing will happen new. If aught falls out

Beyond my hopes, all that I'll count clear gain.

FROM THE EUNUCH.

THE ILLS OF LOVE.

In love are all these ill; suspicions, quarrels,
Wrongs, reconcilements, war, and peace again!Things thus uncertain, if by reason's rules
You'd certain make, it were as wise a task
To try with reason to run mad.*

A LOVER TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MISTRESS.

Thais. Would you aught else with me?

Phædria. Aught else, my Thais?

All night and day still love me; long for me;

Dream, ponder still of me; wish, hope for me;

Delight in me; be all in all with me;

Give your whole heart, for mine's all your's, to
me.

THE PARASITE.

THERE IS

A kind of men, who wish to be the head

Of every thing, but are not. These I follow;

Not for their sport and laughter, but for gain;

To laugh with them and wonder at their parts:

Whate'er they say, I praise it; if again

They contradict, I praise that too: Does any

Deny? I too deny: affirm? I too

Affirm: and, in a word, I've brought myself

To say, unsay, swear, and unswear at pleasure.

FROM THE SELF-TORMENTOR.

KIND FEELING FOR OTHERS.

Menedemus. Have you such leisure from your
own affairsTo think of those that don't concern you,
Chremes?Chremes. I am a man, and feel for all man-
kind.†

THE MIND IS ITS OWN PLACE.

Clitipho. They say that he is miserable.

Chremes. Miserable!

Who needs be less so? For what earthly good

Can man possess which he may not enjoy?

Parents, a prosperous country, friends, birth,
riches,—

Yet these all take their value from the mind

Of the possessor: He, that knows their use,

To him they're blessings; he that knows it not,

To him misuse converts them into curses.

PROFITTING BY THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.

REMEMBER then this maxim, Clitipho,

A wise one 'tis, to draw from others' faults

A profitable lesson for yourself.

WIVES AND MISTRESSES.

Bacchis. Well, I commend you, my Antiphila;

Happy in having made it still your care

That virtue should seem fair as beauty in you!

Nor, gracious heaven so help me, do I wonder

If every man should wish you for his own;

* ————— To be wise and love
Exceeds man's might and dwells with gods above.

Troobus and Cressida.

† Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.—It is
said that at the delivery of this sentiment, the whole
theatre, though full of foolish and ignorant people, re-
sounded with applause.—St. Augustine.

For your discourse bespeaks a worthy mind,
 And when I ponder with myself and weigh
 Your course of life and all the rest of those
 Who live not on the common, 'tis not strange
 Your morals should be different from ours.
 Virtue's *your* interest; those, with whom *we* deal,
 Forbid it to be ours; for our gallants,
 Charm'd by our beauty, court us but for *that*,
 Which fading, they transfer their love to others.
 If then meanwhile we look not to ourselves,
 We live forlorn, deserted, and distrest.
 You, when you've once agreed to pass your life
 Bound to one man, whose temper suits with
 yours,

He, too, attaches his whole heart to you:
 Thus mutual friendship draws you each to each;
 Nothing can part you, nothing shake your love.

Antipha. I know not others; for myself I
 know,
 From his content I ever drew mine own.

SUMMUM JUS SUMMA INJURIA.

It is a common saying and a true,
 That strictest Law is oft the highest Wrong.*

CUSTOM.

How oft unjust and absolute is custom!

LIKE PARENT, LIKE CHILD.

His manners are so very like your own,
 They are convincing proof, that he's your son.
 He is quite like you; not a vice, whereof
 He's the inheritor, but dwells in you,
 And such a son no mother but yourself
 Could have engendered.

FROM THE STEP-MOTHER.

WOMEN.

Oh heaven and earth, what animals are women!
 What a conspiracy between them all
 To do or not, to hate or love alike!

Not one but has the sex so strong within her,
 She differs nothing from the rest. Step-mothers
 All hate their step-daughters: and every wife
 Studies alike to contradict her husband,
 The same perverseness running through them all.
 Each seems train'd up in the same school of mis-
 chief;

And of that school, if any such there be,
 My wife, I think, is schoolmistress.

IGNORANCE OF APPROACHING EVIL.

For even though

Mischance befall us, still the interval
 Between its happening and our knowledge of it
 May be esteemed clear gain.†

* So too Menander:—

“The law, 'tis true, is good and excellent;
 But he, who takes the letter of the law
 Too strictly, is a pettifogging knave.”

† ———— Be not over exquisite

To cast the fashion of uncertain evils,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief?

Comus.

QUARRELLING ABOUT TRIFLES.

The greatest quarrels do not always rise
 From deepest injuries. We often see
 That, what would never move another's spleen,
 Renders the cholerick your worst of foes.
 Observe how lightly children squabble—Why?
 Because they're govern'd by a feeble mind.

FROM THE BROTHERS.

CHARACTERS OF THE BROTHERS, AS GIVEN BY MICIO.

I, *FROM* youth upward even to this day,
 Have led a quiet and serene town-life;
 And, as some reckon fortunate, ne'er married.
 He, in all points the opposite of this,
 Has past his days entirely in the country
 With thrift and labour; married; had two sons.
 The elder boy is by adoption mine;
 I've brought him up; kept; lov'd him as my
 own;

Made him my joy, and all my soul holds dear,
 Striving to make myself as dear to him.
 I give, o'erlook, nor think it requisite
 That all his deeds should be controll'd by me,
 Giving him scope to act as of himself;
 So that the pranks of youth, which other children
 Hide from their fathers, I have us'd my son
 Not to conceal from me. For whosoe'er
 Hath won upon himself to play the false one,
 And practise impositions on a father,
 Will do the same with less remorse to others;
 And 'tis, in my opinion, better far
 To bind your children to you by the ties
 Of gentleness and modesty, than fear.
 And yet my brother don't accord in this,
 Nor do these notions, nor this conduct please him.
 Oft he comes open-mouth'd—Why how now,
 Micio?

Why do you ruin this young lad of our's?
 Why does he wench? why drink? and why do
 you

Allow him money to afford all this?
 You let him dress too fine. 'Tis idle in you.
 —'Tis hard in him, unjust, and out of reason.
 And he, I think, deceives himself indeed,
 Who fancies that authority more firm
 Founded on force, than what is built on friend-
 ship;

For thus I reason, thus persuade myself:
 He who performs his duty, driven to't
 By fear of punishment, while he believes
 His actions are observ'd, so long he's wary;
 But if he hopes for secrecy, returns
 To his own ways again: But he whom kindness,
 Him also inclination makes your own:
 He burns to make a due return, and acts,
 Present or absent, evermore the same.
 'Tis this then is the duty of a father,
 To make a son embrace a life of virtue,
 Rather from choice, than terror or constraint.
 Here lies the mighty difference between
 A father and a master. He who knows not
 How to do this, let him confess he knows not
 How to rule children.

The Same as given by Demea.

NEVER did man lay down so fair a plan,
So wise a rule of life, but fortune, age,
Or long experience made some change in it;
And taught him, that those things he thought he
knew,

He did not know, and what he held as best,
In practice he threw by. The very thing
That happens to myself. For that hard life
Which I have ever led, my race near run,
Now in the last stage, I renounce: and why?
But that by dear experience I've been told,
There's nothing so advantages a man,
As mildness and complacency. Of this
My brother and myself are living proofs:—
He always led an easy, cheerful life:
Good-humour'd, mild, offending nobody,
Smiling on all; a jovial bachelor,
His whole expenses centred in himself.
I, on the contrary, rough, rigid, cross,
Saving, morose, and thrifty, took a wife:

—What miseries did marriage bring!—had children;

—A new uneasiness!—and then besides,
Striving all ways to make a fortune for them,
I have worn out my prime of life and health:
And now, my course near finish'd, what return
Do I receive for all my toil? Their hate.
Meanwhile my brother, without any care,
Reaps all a father's comforts. Him they love,
Me they avoid: to him they open all

Their secret counsels; doat on him; and both
Repair to him; while I am quite forsaken.
His life they pray for, but expect my death.
Thus those, brought up by my exceeding labour,
He, at a small expense, has made his own:
The care all mine, and all the pleasure his.—

—Well then, let me endeavour in my turn
To teach my tongue civility, to give
With openhanded generosity,
Since I am challeng'd to't!—and let me too
Obtain the love and reverence of my children!
And if 'tis bought by bounty and indulgence,
I will not be behind-hand.—Cash will fail:
What's that to me, who am the eldest born?

OLD MEN WORLDLY-MINDED.

It is the common failing of old men
To be too much intent on worldly interests.
O my dear Demea, in all matters else
Increase of years increases wisdom in us:
This only vice age brings along with it;
“*We're all more worldly-minded than there's need!*”
Which passion age, that kills all passions else,
Will ripen in your sons.

THE UNFORTUNATE TOO APT TO THINK THEMSELVES NEGLECTED.

For they, whose fortunes are less prosperous,
Are all, I know not how, the more suspicious;
And think themselves neglected and contemn'd,
Because of their distress and poverty.

TITUS LUCRETIIUS CARUS.

[Born 95,—Died 52, B. C.]

Of this poet nothing more is known than that he was born in Rome and studied at Athens;—that he lived a retired life, and died, at the age of forty-four, by his own hand, in a paroxysm of insanity, occasioned, as some have supposed by grief for the banishment of his friend, Memmius, or, as others assert, by the operation of a love-philtre administered to him by his mistress.

Lucretius was a man of high genius, but his Work (for it is only by his one great work, that he is known to us), is, from the very nature of its subject, extremely and necessarily unequal,—being, in many places, as tedious and revolting, as it is, in others, tender, fanciful, and sublime. His diction is almost uniformly pure, elegant, and impressive, with a certain mixture of the antique, which, far from diminishing, adds strength to, the grace and beauty of its accompaniments. Whoever doubts the powers and genius of Lucretius, has only to follow the advice of Dr. War-ton and cast his eye on some of the great pictures which the poet has left us,—on that of Venus with her lover Mars, beautiful to the last

degree, and glowing as any picture of Titian's;—on that of the Dæmon of Superstition, terrible, gigantic, and worthy the energetic pencil of Michael Angelo;—on that of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, not excelled by that famous picture of Timanthes, of which Pliny speaks so highly, in the Thirty-fifth Book of his Natural History;—or on the following allegorical group, which no piece by the hand of Guido has exceeded, and to which translation must despair of being ever able to render justice:—

“It Ver, et Venus; et, Veris prænuncius, ante
Pennatus graditur Zephyros, vestigia propter,
Flora quibus Mater, præspargens ante viâ,
Cuncta coloribus egregiis et odoribus opplet.”*

I might refer to various other passages (did the nature and limits of the present work allow it) in proof of Lucretius' powers, as a poet, and of his

* I scarcely know of more than two descriptions in the whole range of poetry that exceed the above, viz. in Book IV. l. 265—69,—and in Book VII. l. 370—75, of the *Paradise Lost*.

merits, (as Dr. Warton observes,) having never been sufficiently acknowledged.*

As for the philosophy of Lucretius, there can exist, amongst Christians, but one sentiment regarding it. Nay, Cicero, a brother heathen, in speaking of its doctrines, cannot forbear from indignantly protesting against the foolish arrogance of the man, who, while presuming on his own understanding, could contend that there was no such thing in the whole universe beside, or, that those things, which, by the utmost stretch of his own reason, he could scarcely comprehend, should be moved and managed without any reason at all!—Sad however as the philosophy of Lucretius might be, one apology, or extenuation, may be found for it, which cannot be pleaded by modern infidelity, namely, the superstitions of the age, the partial, unjust, sensual, and godless characters of the deities then worshipped in the pagan world. “If I am not mistaken” says Dryden, “the distinguishing character of Lucretius is a certain kind of noble pride and positive assertion of his opinions. He is everywhere confident of his own reason, and assumes an absolute command not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him, and using a magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him as our poet and philosopher of

Malmsbury. This is that perpetual dictatorship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though so often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader and tells him nothing but what he thinks, disdaining all manner of replies, urging beforehand for his antagonists whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future; all this too with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph, before he entered into the lists. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of the subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been everywhere as poetical, as he is in his descriptions and in the moral part of his philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his system of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent on making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet!”

The doctrines of Lucretius, particularly those impugning the superintendence of Providence, were first formally opposed by the stoic Manilius, in his Astronomic Poem. In modern times, his whole philosophical system has been refuted in the long and elaborate, but occasionally beautiful poem of the Cardinal Polignac, entitled “*Anti-Lucretius, sive de Deo et Natura.*”*

* One passage more I must cite,—namely, that exquisite one which has given rise to such a variety of imitations in our language:—

Non domus adiciet te læta, neque uxor
Optuma, nec dulces obcurrent oscula natei
Præripere, et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tanget.

* For a clear and accurate summary of the Atomical Philosophy as taught by Epicurus and followed by Lucretius, see the Appendix to *Good's Lucretius*, Vol. I. p. cviii—cxi.

FROM “THE NATURE OF THINGS.”

Book I.

ADDRESS TO VENUS.

DELIGHT of human kind, and gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,
Whose vital power, air, earth, and sea supplies,
And breeds whate’er is born beneath the skies:
For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, Goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:
For thee the earth in fragrant flowers is dress’d;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy
breast;
The heaven itself with more serene and purer
light is blest.
For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of nature stands display’d,
When teeming buds, and cheerful greens appear,
And western gales unlock the lazy year;
The joyous birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native songs thy genial fire confess;
Then savage beasts bound o’er their slighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.
All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and sea:
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Strong with delight, is goaded on by thee.

O’er barren mountains, o’er the flowery plain,
The leafy forest, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontroll’d and boundless reign.
Through all the living regions dost thou move,
And scatter’st where thou goest, the kindly seeds
of love.

Since, then, the race of every living thing
Obeys thy power; since nothing new can spring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear;
Be thou my aid, my tuneful song inspire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy province, Nature, I survey,
And sing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of heaven and earth, and everywhere thy won-
drous power display:

To Memmius, under thy sweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost
adorn.

The rather, then, assist my Muse and me,
Infusing verses worthy him and thee.
Meantime on land and sea let discord cease,
And lull the listening world in universal peace.
To thee mankind their soft repose must owe;
For thou alone that blessing canst bestow;
Because the brutal business of the war
Is manag’d by thy dreadful servant’s care;

Who oft retires from fighting-fields, to prove
 The pleasing pains of thy eternal love;
 And, panting on thy breast supinely lies,
 While with thy heavenly form he feeds his
 furnish'd eyes;
 Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
 By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing
 death.
 Thou, while thy curling limbs about him move,
 Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
 When, wishing all, he nothing can deny,
 Thy charms in that auspicious moment try;
 With winning eloquence our peace implore,
 And quiet to the weary world restore.

EVILS OF SUPERSTITION, AND THE SACRIFICE OF
 IPHIGENEIA.

ON earth in bondage base existence lay,
 Bent down by Superstition's iron sway.
 She from the heavens disclosed her monstrous
 head,

And dark with grisly aspect, scowling dread,
 Hung o'er the sons of men: but towards the skies
 A man of Greece dared lift his mortal eyes,
 And first resisting stood: not him the fame
 Of deities, the lightning's forked flame,
 Or muttering murmurs of the threatening sky
 Repress'd; but roused his soul's great energy
 To break the bars that interposing lay,
 And through the gates of nature burst his way.
 That vivid force of soul a passage found;
 The flaming walls that close the world around
 He far o'erleap'd; his spirit soar'd on high
 Through the vast whole, the one infinity;
 Victor, he brought the tidings from the skies,
 What things in nature may, or may not, rise;
 What stated laws a power finite assign,
 And still with bounds impassable confine.
 Thus trod beneath our feet the phantom lies;
 We mount o'er Superstition to the skies.

But fear restrains me, lest perchance thou deem
 My precepts school thee in an impious scheme,
 And lead thee into sin: yet rumour old
 Of thy Religion's impious deeds has told.
 The flower of Grecian chiefs in Aulis stains
 With Iphigeneia's blood Diana's fanes;
 She, when her virgin locks the fillet tied,
 That on her cheeks hung loose on either side,
 When near she saw her father pensive stand,
 And priests conceal the knife with stealthy hand,
 And her surrounding countrymen in tears,
 On earth she knelt with mute beseeching fears:
 Yet could it not, alas! avail to save,
 That to the king a father's name she gave.
 Snatch'd to the altar, trembling and forlorn,
 Not as a bride in pomp of marriage borne,
 But in her blooming marriageable prime
 To bleed the victim of a father's crime,
 Pollution foul! his wind-bound fleet to speed;
 And yet Religion could persuade the deed.

VERNAL SHOWERS.

WHEN, on the bosom of maternal earth,
 His showers redundant genial Æther pours,
 The dulcet drops seem lost: but harvests rise,
 Jocund and lovely; and, with foliage fresh,

Smiles every tree, and bends beneath its fruit.
 Hence man and beast are nourish'd; hence o'er-
 flow

Our joyous streets with crowds of frolic youth;
 And with fresh songs the umbrageous groves
 resound.

Hence the herds fatten, and repose at ease
 O'er the gay meadows their unwieldy forms;
 While from each full-distended udder drops
 The candid milk, spontaneous; and hence, too,
 With tottering footsteps, o'er the tender grass,
 Gambol their wanton young, each little heart
 Quivering beneath the genuine nectar quaff'd.

Book. II.

IN PRAISE OF PHILOSOPHY.

'Tis pleasant, safely to behold from shore
 The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar:
 Not that another's pain is our delight:
 But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
 'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
 The moving legions mingled in the war:
 But much more sweet thy labouring steps to guide
 To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supplied,
 And all the magazines of learning fortified:
 From thence to look below on humankind,
 Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
 To see vain fools ambitiously contend
 For wit and power; their last endeavours lend
 To outshine each other, waste their time and
 health

In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.
 O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
 Enclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
 He spends his little span; and overfeeds
 His cramm'd desires with more than nature needs!
 For nature wisely stints our appetite,
 And craves no more than undisturb'd delight,
 Which minds unmix'd with cares and fears
 obtain;

A soul serene, a body void of pain.
 So little this corporeal frame requires,
 So bounded are our natural desires,
 That, wanting all, and setting pain aside,
 With bare privation sense is satisfied.
 If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
 To light the courtly suppers and the balls;
 If the proud palace shines not with the state
 Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
 If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing sound
 Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
 Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
 By the cool stream our careless limbs are laid;
 With cheaper pleasures innocently bless'd,
 When the warm spring in gaily flowers is dress'd.
 Nor will the raging fever's fire abate
 With golden canopies and beds of state;
 But the poor patient will as soon be sound
 On the hard mattress, or the mother ground.
 Then, since our bodies are not eas'd the more
 By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy store,
 'Tis plain, these useless toys of every kind
 As little can relieve the labouring mind:
 Unless we could suppose the dreadful sight
 Of marshall'd legions moving to the fight

Could, with their sound, and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thought of death
away.

But since the supposition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midst of pomp pursues the prince;
Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
Without respect to purple or to gold;
Why should not we those pageantries despise,
Whose worth but in our want of reason lies?
For life is all in wandering errors led;
And just as children are surpris'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, so riper years,
E'en in broad daylight, are possess'd with fears,
And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,
As those that in the breasts of children reign.
These bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
But nature and right reason must display
Their beams abroad, and bring the gladsome soul
to day.

ANIMALS AND THEIR YOUNG.

THE race of man, the beasts that graze, or prey,
The speechless natives of the watery way,
Birds of all wing, or those that joy to rove
In still recesses of th' embowering grove,
Or on the grassy bank their pastime take;
That sip the fountain, or that skim the lake;
Not one of all the myriad broods you find,
But some distinction marks him from his kind.
Else, could the young with conscious rapture go
To greet its dam? or she her nursing know?
But they no less the lines distinctive scan,
Than reas'ning optics man discern from man.

When, in the fane, the victim-calf expires,
While clouds of fragrance roll from hallow'd
fires;

When purple currents, warm with floating life,
Pours by the shrine the sacrificial knife,
Through the green lawns the pensive mother
strays;

Her anxious search the frequent step bewrays:
Each plain she traverses, each haunt she tries,
And turns, and wistful turns, her straining eyes:
Now stops, and tells in moans her ravish'd love
To listening echoes of the umbrageous grove:
Oft at the stall, in anguish and despair,
Her darling seeks; but finds no darling there.
The tender shrubs no more with joy she views:
No herbs, sweet glistening with refreshing dews,
Can soothe the ranklings of Affliction's dart,
Plung'd to the last recesses of her heart.
Of other young no semblance gives relief;
No love transferr'd can mitigate her grief.
See through gay meads the wretched wanderer go,
A pensive form of unavailing woe!

Book III.

AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

WHAT has this bugbear Death to frighten man,
If souls can die, as well as bodies can?
For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
When Punic arms infested land and main,

When heaven and earth were in confusion hurl'd
For the debated empire of the world,
Which awed with dreadful expectation lay,
Soon to be slaves, uncertain who should sway:
So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoin'd,
The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind,
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
We shall not feel, because we shall not be.
Though earth in seas, and seas in heaven were
lost,

We should not move, we only should be toss'd.
Nay, e'en suppose when we have suffered fate
The soul should feel in her divided state,
What's that to us? for we are only we,
While souls and bodies in our frame agree.
Nay, though our atoms should revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Though time our life and motion could restore,
And make our bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting pause is made,
That individual being is decay'd.

We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
Whom to our matter time shall mould anew.
For backward if you look on that long space
Of ages past, and view the changing face
Of matter, toss'd and variously combin'd
In sundry shapes, 'tis easy for the mind
From thence to infer, that seeds of things have
been

In the same order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandering motions from the sense
are fled.

For whoso'er shall in misfortunes live,
Must be, when those misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the man who is not, feels not woe,
(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear.)
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pause of life has come between,
'Tis just the same as we had never been.
And, therefore, if a man bemoan his lot,
That, after death, his mouldering limbs shall rot,
Or flames, or jaws of beasts devour his mass,
Know, he's an insincere, unthinking ass.
A secret sting remains within his mind;
The fool is to his own cast offs kind.
He boasts no sense can after death remain,
Yet makes himself a part of life again;
As if some other He could feel the pain.
If, while we live, this thought molest his head,
What wolf or vulture shall devour me dead?
He wastes his days in idle grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the body and the man;
But thinks himself can still himself survive,
And what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other He,
No living He remains his grief to vent,
And o'er his senseless carcase to lament.

If after death 'tis painful to be torn
 By birds, and beasts, then why not so to burn,
 Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd,
 Embalm'd to be at once preserv'd and choak'd;
 Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
 Expos'd to cold and heaven's inclemency,
 Or, crowded in a tomb, to be oppress'd
 With monumental marble on thy breast?
 But to be snatch'd from all the household joys,
 From thy chaste wife, and thy dear prattling
 boys,
 Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,
 And climbing for a kiss prevent their mother's
 haste,
 Inspiring secret pleasure through thy breast;
 Ah! these shall be no more: thy friends oppress'd

Thy care and courage now no more shall free;
 Ah! wretch, thou criest, ah! miserable me!
 One woful day sweeps children, friends, and
 wife,
 And all the brittle blessings of my life!
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true;
 Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too:
 Which, well considered, were a quick relief
 To all thy vain imaginary grief.
 For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
 And, quitting life, shall quit thy living pain.
 But me, thy friend, shall all thy sorrows find,
 Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind;
 No time shall dry our tears, or drive thee from
 our mind.

The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,
 Is a sound slumber and a long good night.
 Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the
 wits,

Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits:
 When healths go round, and kindly brimmers
 flow,

Till the fresh garlands on their foreheads glow,
 They whine, and cry, Let us make haste to live,
 Short are the joys that human bliss can give,
 Eternal preachers that corrupt the draught,
 And pall the God, that never thinks, with thought;
 Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worst
 Of death is want of drink, and endless thirst,
 Or any fond desire as vain as these.

For, e'en in sleep, the body, wrapt in ease,
 Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave;
 And, nothing wanting, nothing can it crave.
 Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death;
 Yet the first atoms then, the seeds of breath,
 Are moving near to sense; we do but shake
 And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.
 Then death to us, and death's anxiety,
 Is less than nothing, if a less could be.
 For then our atoms, which in order lay,
 Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
 And never can return into their place,
 Which once the pause of life has left an empty
 space.

And last, suppose great Nature's voice should call
 To thee, or me, or any of us all;
 "What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou
 vain,
 Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,

And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?
 For if thy life were pleasant heretofore;
 If all the bounteous blessings I could give
 Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,
 And pleasure not leak'd through thee like a
 sieve;

Why not give thanks as at a plenteous feast,
 Cramm'd to the throat with life, and rise and
 take thy rest?

But if my blessings thou hast thrown away,
 If indigested joys pass'd through, and would not
 stay,

Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?
 If life be grown a load, a real ill,
 And I would all my cares and labours end,
 Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy
 friend.

To please thee, I have emptied all my store,
 I can invent, and can supply no more;
 But run the round again, the round I ran before.
 Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,
 Yet still the self-same scene of things appears,
 And would be ever, couldst thou ever live;
 For life is still but life, there's nothing new to
 give."

What can we plead against so just a bill?
 We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.
 But if a wretch, a man oppress'd by fate,
 Should beg of Nature to prolong his date,
 She speaks aloud to him, with more disdain;
 "Be still, thou martyr fool, thou covetous of
 pain."

But if an old decrepit sot lament;
 "What thou," she cries, "who hast outlived con-
 tent!"

Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my store?
 But this is still the effect of wishing more.
 Unsatisfied with all that Nature brings;
 Loathing the present, liking absent things;
 From hence it comes, thy vain desires, at strife
 Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy life;
 And ghastly Death appear'd before thy sight,
 Ere thou hadst gorg'd thy soul and senses with
 delight.

Now, leave those joys, unsuited to thy age,
 To a fresh comer, and resign the stage."

Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
 No sure; for 'tis her business to provide
 Against this ever-changing frame's decay
 New things to come, and old to pass away.
 Our being, soon, another being makes;
 Chang'd, but not lost; for Nature gives and takes:
 New matter must be found for things to come,
 And these must waste like those, and follow
 Nature's doom.

All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot,
 And from each other's ruin are begot:
 For life is not confin'd to him or thee;
 'Tis given to all for use, to none for property.
 Consider former ages past and gone,
 Whose circles ended long ere thine began,
 Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou
 hast!

Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.
 What horror seest thou in that quiet state,
 What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate?

No ghost, no goblins, that still presage keep,
But all is there serene in that eternal sleep.
For all the dismal tales that poets tell,
Are verified on earth, and not in hell.
No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads the impending rock to crush him from
on high :

But fear of chance disturbs our easy hours,
Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd pow-
ers.

No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell ;
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell
To that prodigious mass, for their eternal meal ;
Not though his monstrous bulk had cover'd o'er
Nine spreading acres, or nine thousand more ;
Not though the globe of earth had been the giant's
floor.

Nor in eternal torments could he lie ;
Nor could his corpse sufficient food supply.
But he's the Tityus, who by love oppress,
Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
And ever-anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest.
The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the government, disturb the laws :
Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the so-
vereign seat.

For still to aim at power, and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but, in reason's true account,
To heave the stone against the rising mount ?
Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with
pain,

Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes
along the plain.

Then, still to treat thy ever-craving mind
With every blessing, and of every kind,
Yet never fill thy ravening appetite ;
Though years and seasons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
But still the wolf within thee barks for more ;
This is the fable's moral, which they tell
Of fifty foolish virgins damn'd, in hell,
To leaky vessels, which the liquor spill,
And which their cheated labour ne'er could fill.
As for the dog, the furies, and the snakes,
The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
But here on earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due ;
Racks, prisons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,
Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and suffocating smoke ;
And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
The avenging horror of a conscious mind,
Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And sees no end of punishment and woe ;
But looks for more, at the last grasp of breath :
This makes a hell on earth, and life a death.

Meantime, when thoughts of death disturb thy
head,

Consider, Ancus, great and good, is dead ;
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die ;
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?

So many monarchs with their mighty state,
Who rul'd the world, were overrul'd by fate,
That mighty king, who lorded o'er the main,
And whose stupendous bridge did the wild
waves restrain,

Him death, a greater monarch overcame ;
Nor spar'd his guards the more, for their immor-
tal name.

The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread,
Scipio, the thunderbolt of war, is dead,
And, like a common slave, by fate in triumph
led.

The founders of invented arts are lost ;
And wits who made eternity their boast.
Where now is Homer, who possessed the throne ?
The immortal work remains, the immortal au-
thor's gone.

Democritus, perceiving age invade,
His body weaken'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the summons with a cheerful face ;
Made haste to welcome death, and met him half
the race.

That stroke e'en Epicurus could not bar,
Though he in wit surpass'd mankind, as far
As does the midday sun the midnight star.
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very life is little more than death ?
More than one-half by lazy sleep possess'd,
And when awake thy soul but nods at best,
Day-dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy
breast.

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find ;
But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wanderest in the labyrinth of life.
O, if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of care still pressing on their mind,
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breast ;
Sure they would change their course, nor live, as
now,

Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow !
Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down.
One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load :
But straight returns ; for he's as restless there,
And finds there's no relief in open air.
Another to his villa would retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire ;
No sooner enter'd at his country door,
Than he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore ;
Or seeks the city which he left before.
Thus every man o'erworks his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill ;
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
No prospect of repose, or hope of ease ;
The wretch is ignorant of his disease ;
Which known would all his fruitless trouble
spare ;

For he would know the world not worth his
care.

Then would he search more deeply for the cause,
And study Nature's will, and Nature's laws :
For in this moment lies not the debate,
But on our future, fix'd, eternal state ;

That never-changing state, which all must keep,
Whom death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.
Why are we, then, so fond of mortal life,
Beset with dangers and maintained with strife?
A life, which all our care can never save:
One fate attends us, and one common grave.
Besides, we tread but a perpetual round
We ne'er strike out, but beat the former ground,
And the same mawkish joys in the same track
are found.

For still we think our absent blessing best,
Which clogs, and is no blessing when possess;
A new arising wish expels it from the breast.
The feverish thirst of life increases still;
We call for more and more, and never have our
fill;

Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,
What dregs of life in the last draught may lie:
Nor by the longest life we can attain,
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal reign.
When once the Fates have cut the mortal thread,
The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,
As he who died a thousand years ago.

Book IV.

RUSTIC DEITIES AND SUPERSTITIONS.

HERE haunt the goat-foot Satyrs, and the Nymphs,
As rustics tell, and Fauns, whose frolic dance
And midnight revels oft, they say, are heard
Breaking the noiseless silence; while soft strains
Melodious issue, and the vocal band
Strike to their madrigals the plaintive lyre.
Such, feign they, sees the shepherd, obvious oft,
Led on by PAN, with pine-leav'd garland crown'd,
And seven-mouth'd reed, his labouring lip be-
neath,
Waking the woodland MUSE with ceaseless song.
These, and a thousand legends wilder still,
Recount they; haply lest their desert homes
Seem of the gods abandon'd, boastful hence
Of sights prodigious; or by cause, perchance,
More trivial urg'd, for ne'er was tale so wild,
Feign'd, but the crowd would drink with greedy
ears.

FRUITS OF ILLICIT LOVE.

THEN, too, his form consumes, the cares of love
Waste all his vigour, and his days roll on
In vilest bondage. Amply though endow'd,
His wealth decays, his debts with speed augment,
The post of duty never fills he more,
And all his sick'ning reputation dies.
Meanwhile rich unguents from his mistress laugh;
Laugh from her feet soft Sicyon's shoes superb:
The green-ray'd emerald o'er her, dropp'd in gold,
Gleams large and numerous; and the sea-blue
silk,
Deep-worn, enclasps her, with the moisture drunk
Of constant revels. All his sires amass'd
Now flaunts in ribands, in tiaras flames
Full o'er her front, and now to robes converts
Of Chian loose, or Alidonian mould:
While feasts, and festivals of boundless pomp,

And costliest viands, garlands, odours, wines,
And scatter'd roses ceaseless are renew'd.
But fruitless every act: some bitter still
Wells forth perpetual from his fount of bliss,
And poisons every flowret. Keen remorse
Goads him, perchance, for dissipated time,
And months on months destroy'd; or from the fair
Haply some phrase of doubtful import darts,
That, like a living coal, his heart corrodes:
Or oft her eyes wide wander, as he deems,
And seek some happier rival, while the smile
Of smother'd love half dimples o'er her cheeks.

Book V.

THE NEW-BORN BABE.

THUS, like a sailor by a tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpless of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon inhospitable earth,
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
Too true a presage of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every savage beast,
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd:
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurse to reconcile them to their food
With broken words; nor winter blasts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year;
Nor, for their safety, citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked instruments of war:
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous treasure grants,
And Nature's lavish hand supplies their common
wants.

PRIMEVAL LIFE AND MANNERS.

YET man's first sons, as o'er the fields they trod,
Rear'd from the hardy earth, were hardier far;
Strong built, with ampler bones, with muscles
nerv'd
Broad and substantial; to the power of heat,
Of cold, of varying viands, and disease,
Each hour superior; the wild lives of beasts
Leading, while many a lustre o'er them roll'd.
Nor crooked ploughshare knew they, nor to drive,
Deep through the soil, the rich-returning spade;
Nor how the tender seedling to replant,
Nor from the fruit-tree prune the wither'd branch.
What showers bestow'd, what earth spontaneous
bore,
And suns matur'd, their craving breasts appeas'd.
But acorn-meals chief cull'd they from the shade
Of forest-oaks; and, in their wintry months,
The wild wood-whorl with its purple fruit
Fed them, then larger and more amply pour'd.
And many a boon besides, now long extinct,
The fresh-form'd earth her hapless offspring dealt.
Then floods, and fountains, too, their thirst to
slake,
Call'd them, as now the cataract abrupt
Calls, when athirst, the desert's savage tribes
And, through the night still wand'ring, they the
caves
Throng'd of the wood-nymphs, whence the bab-
bling well

Gush'd oft profuse, and down its pebbly sides,
 Its pebbly sides with verdant moss o'erspread,
 Oozed slow, or sought, redundant sought, the
 plains.

* * * * *
 And in their keen rapidity of hand
 And foot confiding, oft the savage train
 With missile stones they hunted, or the force
 Of clubs enormous; many a tribe they fell'd,
 Yet some in caves shunn'd, cautious; where, at
 night,
 Throng'd they, like bristly swine; their naked
 limbs

With herbs and leaves entwining. Nought of fear
 Urg'd them to quit the darkness, and recall,
 With clam'rous cries, the sunshine and the day:
 But sound they sunk in deep, oblivious sleep,
 Till o'er the mountains blush'd the roseate dawn.

Yet then scarce more of mortal race than now
 Left the sweet lustre of the liquid day.
 Some, doubtless, oft the prowling monsters gaunt
 Grasp'd in their jaws, abrupt; whence, through
 the groves,

The woods, the mountains, they vociferous
 groan'd,

Destin'd thus living to a living tomb.
 And some, by flight though sav'd from present
 fate,

Cov'ring their fetid ulcers with their hands,
 Prone o'er the ground death still, with horrid
 voice,

Call'd, till vile worms devour'd them, void of aid,
 And all-unskill'd their deadly pangs t' appease.
 But thousands, then, the poms of war beneath,
 Fell not at once; nor ocean's boist'rous waves
 Wreck'd, o'er rough rocks, whole fleets and
 countless crews.

Nor ocean then, though oft to frenzy wrought,
 Could aught indulge but ineffectual ire:

Nor, lull'd to calms, could e'er his traitor face
 Lead, o'er the laughing waves, mistrustful man,
 Untaught the dangerous science of the seas.

Then want consum'd their languid members, now
 Full-gorg'd excess devours us: they themselves
 Fed, heedless, oft with poisons; after still
 Men now for others mix the fatal cup.

Yet when, at length, rude huts they first devis'd,
 And fires and garments, and, in union sweet,
 Man wedded woman, the pure joys indulg'd
 Of chaste connubial love, and children rose,
 The rough barbarians soften'd.—

FALSE AND TRUE PIETY.

No:—it can ne'er be piety to turn
 To stocks and stones with deep-veil'd visage; light
 O'er every altar incense; o'er the dust
 Fall prostrate, and, with outstretch'd arms, invoke,
 Through every temple, every god that reigns,
 Soothe them with blood, and lavish vows on vows.
 This rather thou term piety, to mark
 With calm, untrebling soul, each scene ordain'd.
 For when we, doubtful, heaven's high arch survey,
 The firm, fix'd ether, star-emboss'd, and pause
 O'er the sun's path, and pale, meand'ring moon,
 Then superstitious cares, erewhile repress'd
 By cares more potent, lift their hydra-head.

ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

AND from the liquid warblings of the birds
 Learn'd they their first rude notes, ere music yet
 To the rapt ear had tun'd the measur'd verse;
 And Zephyr, whisp'ring through the hollow reeds,
 Taught the first swains the hollow reeds to sound:
 Whence woke they soon those tender-trembling
 tones

Which the sweet pipe, when by the fingers
 press'd,

Pours o'er the hills, the vales, and woodlands
 wild,

Haunts of lone shepherds, and the rural gods.
 So growing time points, ceaseless, something new,
 And human skill evolves it into day.

Thus sooth'd they every care, with music, thus
 Clos'd every meal, for rests the bosom then.
 And oft they threw them on the velvet grass,
 Near gliding streams, by shadowy trees o'er-
 arch'd,

And void of costly wealth found still the means
 To gladden life. But chief when genial Spring
 Led forth her laughing train, and the young Year
 Painted the meads with roseate flowers profuse—
 Then mirth, and wit, and wiles, and frolic, chief,
 Flow'd from the heart; for then the rustic Muse
 Warmest inspir'd them: then lascivious sport
 Taught round their heads, their shoulders, taught
 to twine

Foliage, and flowers, and garlands richly dight;
 To loose, innu'rous time their limbs to move,
 And beat, with sturdy foot, maternal earth;
 While many a smile, and many a laughter loud,
 Told all was new, and wond'rous much esteem'd.
 Thus wakeful liv'd they, cheating of its rest
 The drowsy midnight; with the jocund dance
 Mixing gay converse, madrigals, and strains
 Run o'er the reeds with broad recumbent lip:
 As, wakeful still, our revellers through night
 Lead on their defter dance to time precise;
 Yet cull not costlier sweets, with all their art,
 Than the rude offspring earth in woodlands bore.

GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

AND oh! how deep our shuddering spirits feel
 A dread of heaven through every member steal,
 When the strong lightning strikes the blasted
 ground.

And thunder rolls the murmuring clouds around.
 Shake not the nations? And the monarch's nod,
 Bows it not low before the present God,
 Lest for foul deeds, or haughty words, be sent
 His hurried hour of awful punishment?

Book VI.

THE PLAGUE AT ATHENS.*

A PLAGUE like this, a tempest big with fate
 Once ravaged Athens, and her sad domains:
 Unpeopled all her city, and her paths
 Swept with destruction. For amid the realms

* This plague occurred in the first year of the Peloponnesian war. It had taken its rise, according to Thucydides, in that part of Ethiopia which borders on Egypt, and, spreading from thence over Egypt and Lybia, at length invaded Athens.

Begot of Egypt, many a mighty tract
Of ether travers'd, many a flood o'erpass'd,
At length, here fix'd it: o'er the hapless realm
Of Cærops hovering, and the astonish'd race
Dooming by thousands to disease and death.
The head first flam'd with inward heat; the eyes
Redden'd with fire suffus'd: the purple jaws
Sweated with bloody ichor: ulcers foul
Crept o'er the vocal path, obstructing close;
And the prompt tongue, expounder of the mind,
O'erflowed with gore, enfeebled in its post,
Hoarse in its accent, harsh beneath its touch.
And when the morbid effluence through the
throat

Had reach'd the lungs, and filled the faltering
heart,

Then all the powers of life were loosen'd; forth
Crept the spent breath most fetid from the mouth,
As steams the putrid carcass: every power
Fail'd through the soul—the body—and alike
Lay they liquescent at the gates of death,
While with these dread, insufferable ills
A restless anguish join'd, companion close,
And sighs commix'd with groans; and hiccough
deep,

And keen, convulsive twitchings ceaseless urged,
Day after day, o'er every tortur'd limb,
The wearied wretch still wearying with assault.
Yet ne'er too hot the system could'st thou mark
Outwards, but rather tepid to the touch:
Ting'd still with purple-dye, and brandish'd o'er
With trails of caustic ulcers, like the blaze
Of erysipelas. But all within
Burn'd to the bone; the bosom heav'd with
flames

Fierce as a furnace, nor would once endure
The lightest vest thrown loosely o'er the limbs.
All to the winds, and many to the waves,
Careless, resign'd them; in the gelid stream
Plunging their fiery bodies, to be cool'd:
While some, wide-grasping, into wells profound
Rush'd all abrupt; and such the red-hot thirst
Unquenchable that parch'd them, amplest show-
ers

Seem'd but as dewdrops to the unsated tongue.
Nor e'er relax'd the sickness; the rack'd frame
Lay all-exhausted, and, in silence dread,
Appall'd and doubtful, mused the **HEALING ART**.
For the broad eyeballs, burning with disease,
Roll'd in full stare, for ever void of sleep,
And told the pressing danger; nor alone
Told it, for many a kindred symptom throng'd.
The mind's pure spirit, all-despondent, raved;
The brow severe; the visage fierce and wild;
The ears distracted, fill'd with ceaseless sounds;
Frequent the breath; or ponderous, oft, and rare;
The neck with pearls bedew'd of glistening
sweat;

Scanty the spittle, thin, of saffron dye.
Salt, with hoarse cough scarce labour'd from the
throat.

The limbs each trembled; every tender twitch'd.
Spread o'er the hands; and from the foot extreme
O'er all the frame a gradual coldness crept.
Then, towards the last, the nostrils cease col-
laps'd;

The nose acute; eyes hollow; temples scoop'd;
Frigid the skin, retracted; o'er the mouth
A ghastly grin; the shrivell'd forehead tense;
The limbs outstretch'd, for instant death pre-
par'd;

'Till, with the eighth descending sun, for few
Reach'd his ninth lustre, life for ever ceas'd.

And though, at times, the infected death es-
cap'd

From sanious organs, or the lapse profuse
Of black-ting'd feces, fate pursued them still.
Hectic and void of strength, consumption pale
Prey'd on their vitals; or, with headache keen,
Oft from the nostrils tides of blood corrupt
Pour'd unrestrain'd, and wasted them to shades.
And, e'en o'er these triumphant, frequent still
Fix'd the morbid matter on the limbs,
Or seiz'd the genial organs; and to some
The grave so hideous, they consented life,
E'en with the excision of their sexual powers,
Dearly to ransom; some their being bought
By loss of feet or hands; and some escap'd
Void of all vision; such their dread of death.
And in oblivion some so deep were drown'd
Themselves they knew not, nor their lives
elaps'd.

And though, unburied, corse o'er corse the
streets

Oft throng'd promiscuous, still the plummy tribes,
The forest-monsters, either far aloof
Kept, the foul stench repulsing, or, if once
Dared they the plunder, instant fate pursued.
Nor feathery flocks at noon, nor beasts at night
Their native woods deserted; with the pest
Remote they languish'd, and full frequent died.
But chief the dog his generous strength resign'd,
Tainting the highways, while the ruthless bane
Through every limb his sickening spirit drove.
With eager strife the enormous grave was
snatch'd,

By friends untended: nor was aught of cure
Discern'd specific; for, what here recall'd
To day's bright regions the vanescent soul,
Prov'd poison there, and tenfold stamp'd their fate.
But this the direst horror, that when once
Man felt the infection, as though full forewarn'd
Of sure destruction, melancholy deep
Preyed o'er his heart, his total courage fail'd,
Death sole he look'd for, and his doom was
death.

Thus seiz'd the dread, unmitigated pest
Man after man, and day succeeding day,
With taint voracious: like the herds they fell
Of bellowing beees, or flocks of timorous sheep:
On funeral, funeral hence for ever piled.
E'en he, who fled the afflicted, urged by love
Of life too fond, and trembling for his fate,
Repented soon severely, and himself
Sunk in his guilty solitude, devoid
Of friends, of succour, hopeless, and forlorn.
While those, who nurs'd them, to the pious task
Rous'd by their prayers, with piteous moans
commixt.

Fell irretrievable: the best by far,
The worstest, thus most frequent met their
 doom.

From ceaseless sepultures, where each with each

Vied in the duteous labour, they return'd
Faint, sad, and weeping: and from grief alone
Oft to their beds resistless were they driven.
Nor liv'd the mortal then, who ne'er was tried
With death, with sickness, or severest woe.
Then the rude herdsman, shepherd, and the man
Of sturdiest strength, who drove the plough
a-field,

Languish'd remote; and in their wretched cots
Sunk, the sad victims of disease and want:
O'er breathless sires their breathless offspring lay,
Or sires and mothers o'er the race they bore.

Nor small the misery through the city oft
That pour'd from distant hamlets; for in throngs
Full flock'd the sickening peasants for relief
From every point diseas'd; and every space,
And every building, crowded; heightening here
The rage of death, the hillocks of the dead.

Some, parch'd with thirst, beneath the eternal
spout

Dropp'd of the public conduits; in the stream
Wallowing unwearied, and its dulcet draught
Deep-drinking 'till they burst. Staggering,
some

Threw o'er the highways, and the streets they trod,

Their languid limbs; already half-extinct,
Horrid with fetor, stiff with blotches foul,
With rags obscene scarce cover'd; o'er the bones
Skin only, nought but skin; and drown'd alike
Within and outwards, with putrescent grume.

At length the temples of the gods themselves
Chang'd into charnels, and their sacred shrines
Throng'd with the dead: for Superstition now,
And power of altars, half their sway had lost,
Whelm'd in the pressure of the present woe.

Nor longer now the costly rites prevail'd
Of ancient burial, erst punctilious kept;
For all roved restless, with distracted mind,
From scene to scene; and, worn with grief and
toil,
Gave to their friends the interment chance al-
low'd.

And direst exigence impell'd them, oft,
Headlong, to deeds most impious; for the pyres
Funereal seiz'd they, rear'd not by themselves,
And with loud dirge, and wailing wild, o'er
these

Plac'd their own dead; amid the unhallowed
blaze

With blood contending, rather than resign
The tomb thus gain'd, or quit the enkindling
corse.

CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS.

[Born 87,—Died —, B. C.]

THIS elegant poet was born, of a respectable family, in or near Verona; but went early to Rome, on the invitation and, probably, under the patronage, of Manlius Torquatus. He afterwards visited Bithynia in company with Caius Memmius, the Prætor of that province, and the friend to whom Lucretius had inscribed his poem on The Nature of Things; but having quarrelled with his new patron, and feeling dejected at the loss of a beloved brother, who had died on the expedition, he returned to Italy, and, from that period until his decease, continued to divide his time between the dissipations of the capital and the solitudes of his beloved Sirmio.* In the

* Sirmio, the site of Catullus' favourite villa, is a peninsular promontory, projecting into the Benacus, (now Lago de Garda)—a lake celebrated by Virgil, as well as by subsequent poets, one of whom, Fracastoro, who dwelt in the vicinity, while lamenting the untimely death of the poet Flaminius, represents the shade of Catullus as still nightly wandering amidst the scenes he loved.—

"Te ripæ flevere Athesis; te voce vocare

Audite per noctem umbræ manesque Catulli,

Et patrios mulcere novâ dulcedine lucos."

Vestiges of the house, supposed to have belonged to Catullus, are yet shown on this peninsula, and were visited by Buonaparte in 1797. Two years afterwards, General St. Michel gave a brilliant fête there, which

latter a vault is still pointed out to the traveller, as having been the grotto of Catullus.

Catullus was a man of pleasure, or, in plainer English, an idler and debauchee. By his genius and accomplishments he had early won his way into the great world, and lived on terms of intimacy not only with many of the most dissipated, but with some also of the most distinguished literary and political, characters of the day. Amongst the latter may be enumerated Cornelius Nepos, Cicero, Asinius Pollio, and even Julius

was attended by the officers of the French army and many of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood,—particularly the dramatic poet Anelli, who joined with his host in singing and reciting verses in honour of the place and of its ancient owner. Amongst the toasts, on the occasion, were—"The memory of Catullus, the most elegant of Latin poets."—"Buonaparte, who honours great men amidst the tumult of arms—who celebrated Virgil at Mantua, and paid homage to Catullus, by visiting the peninsula of Sirmio."—"General Miollis, the protector of the sciences, and the fine arts, in Italy."—The enthusiasm of the party was so great, that, some inhabitants of the neighbourhood, happening luckily for themselves to arrive at that moment, with a petition for the removal of the troops then quartered on them, at once obtained their request.—See *Henin, Jour. Historique des Opérat. du Siège de Peschiera*, and *Dunlop's Roman Literature*, &c.

Cæsar, notwithstanding his satires on that illustrious general, whose only revenge, according to Suetonius, was to invite his satirist to supper. His favourite mistress, whom he immortalises, in such exquisite verses, under the name of Lesbia, is supposed to have been Clodia, the daughter or wife of Q. Metellus Celer, a beautiful but

shameless woman,—who could weep for a sparrow, but poison her husband!

The period of his death has not been positively ascertained, but occurred most probably somewhere between the years 58 and 48 B. C., and at the early age of thirty or forty.—See *Clin-ton's Fasti Hellenici*, Vol. II. p. 185.

ON THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW.

MOURN, all ye Loves and Graces! mourn,
Ye wits, ye gallants, and ye gay!
Death from my fair her bird has torn,
Her much-lov'd sparrow's snatch'd away.

Her very eyes she priz'd not so,
For he was fond and knew my fair
Well as young girls their mothers know,
And sought her breast and nestled there.

Once fluttering round, from place to place,
He gaily chirp'd to her alone;
But now that gloomy path must trace;
Whence Fate permits return to none.

Accurs'd Shades, o'er hell that lower,
Oh, be my curses on you heard!
Ye, that all pretty things devour.
Have torn from me my pretty bird.

Oh evil deed! Oh sparrow dead!
Oh what a wretch, if thou canst see
My fair-one's eyes with weeping red,
And know how much she grieves for thee!

UPON MAMURRA.*

ADDRESSED TO CÆSAR.

Who can behold, or who endure,
Save rakes devoid of truth and shame,
Or gambling cheats, or gluttons tame,
That base Mamurra should procure
And squander free the spoil and products all
Of farthest Britain's isle, and rich Transalpine
Gaul.

Miscreant Romulus! canst thou see
And suffer this?—Then thine the shame,
The rake's, the cheat's, the glutton's name.
Some proud and all-abounding he
Through all our marriage beds shall rove
Gay as Adonis, soft as Venus' dove.

Canst thou still see and bear this thing,
Miscreant Romulus?—Thine the shame,
The rake's, the cheat's, the glutton's name.
And for this name, unrivall'd king,
Proud didst thou bear afar thy conquering crest
E'en to the farthest isle that gems the distant
west.†

* A profligate Roman knight, who, by the favour of Cæsar, amassed an immense fortune in the Gallic wars. This probably is the poem which (according to Suetonius) was read to Cæsar, while on a visit at Cicero's villa, and "at which," says the latter in a letter to Atticus, "he never changed countenance."

† Britain.

That he, thy lustful friend, should prey

On all the spoil, thy valour's prize!

"What matters it?" thy bounty cries,

"A little wealth he throws away."

And has he then but little wealth devour'd?

First he his father's hoards on low companions
shower'd;

Then by the spoil of Pontus fed,

And then by all Iberia gave,

And Tagŭs from its golden wave.

Him justly Gaul and Britain dread;

Justly his grasping sway may cause alarms,

More than his emperor's name and all-victorious
arms.

Oh! why so base a favourite choose,

Who has not wit, nor use, nor power,

Save all thy riches to devour?

Didst thou, Oh son-in-law! then lose,

Didst thou, Oh conquering father! then obtain,
The empire of the world to be this minion's
gain.

TO LESBIA.

LET us, my Lesbia, live and love,

And, though sour Cynics disapprove,

Let's heed them not a doit;

Suns set, and suns again will rise,

But we, when once our daylight dies,

Must sleep in endless night.—

Give me then a thousand kisses,

Then a hundred of like blisses,

Hundreds then to thousands add,

And, when thousands more we've had,

We'll blend, confuse them all, that so

Nor you nor I their sum may know,—

No; nor even Envy's self e'er guess

Our half amount of happiness.

A MESSAGE TO HIS MISTRESS.

COMRADES and friends! with whom, where'er

The Fates had will'd, through life I rovd,

Now speed ye home, and with you bear

These bitter words to her I've lov'd.

Tell her from fool to fool to run,

Where'er her vain caprice may call;

Of all her dupes not loving one,

But ruining and maddening all.

Bid her forget—what now is past—

Our once dear love, whose ruin lies

Like a fair flower, the meadow's last,

Which feels the ploughshare's edge and dies.

* Pompey, who married Cæsar's daughter, Julia.

TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

SWEET Sirmio! Thou, the very eye
Of all peninsulas and isles,
That in our lakes of silver lie,
Or sleep, enwreath'd by Neptune's smiles.
How gladly back to thee I fly!
Still doubting, asking,—Can it be
That I have left Bithynia's sky,
And gaze in safety upon thee?
Oh! what is happier than to find
Our hearts at ease, our perils past;
When anxious long, the lighten'd mind
Lays down its load of care at last;
When tired with toil, o'er land and deep,
Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
On the long wished-for bed once more.
This, this it is, that pays alone
The ills of all life's former track;
Shine out, my beautiful, mine own
Sweet Sirmio, greet thy master back.
And thou fair lake, whose water quaffs
The light of heaven, like Lydia's sea,
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs
Abroad, at home, laugh out with me!

HYMENEAL,

ON THE NUPTIALS OF JULIA AND MANLIUS.

A YOUTH.

VESPER ascends: Ye youths! together rise:
Eve's long-expected star has gilt the skies:
Rise, leave the feast; the bride will soon appear;
The bridal song be sung: Oh Hymen, Hymen,
hear!

A VIRGIN.

Mark ye the youths? to face them, maidens, rise;
Night-shedding Hesper lights the spangled skies:
Look up: 'tis so; and saw ye how their throng
Sprang forth? nor idly; soon to raise the song:
Let us in rival strains surpass the lay:
Oh Hymen, Hymen, bless the wedding-day.

A YOUTH.

Arduous the palm of strife: Oh! friends be
strong:
For see, yon maidens muse some mutter'd song;
Nor idly muse: some memorable lay;
While we our ears and thoughts have turn'd
away:

We merit shame, since victory favours care:
Yet now your parts with emulation bear:
'Tis theirs to speak: let us responses frame:
Oh Hymen, Hymen, bless the marriage flame!

VIRGINS.

Hesper! knows heaven a star like thee severe,
That tear'st the maiden from her mother dear?
The lingering maiden from her mother's arms,
And yield'st some fervid youth her spotless
charms;
What wrongs more fierce can cities storm'd dis-
play?
Come, Hymen, hither! Hymen, grace the day!

YOUTHS.

Hesper! what star more joyous shines above?
Thy flames confirm the plighted troth of love:
By covenants of men, of parents, seal'd,
Thy dawn alone the wish'd embrace can yield:
What hour can gods bestow more wish'd than
this?
Come, Hymen, come; and crown the hour of
bliss!

VIRGINS.

As in fenc'd gardens blows some floweret rare,
Safe from the nibbling flock or griding share:
Which gales refresh, suns strengthen, rain-drops
rear,
To many a youth and many a maiden dear:
Clipt by the nail it bends the stem and fades,
No more by youths admir'd, or wish'd by maids;
So loved the unpolluted virgin blooms;
But when the blighting touch her flower con-
sumes,
No more she charms the youth, or charms the
maid:
Come, Hymen, Hymen, give the nuptials aid.

YOUTHS.

As on the naked field the lonely vine
Yields no sweet grape, nor lifts its tendrils twine:
Droops with its weight and winds its tender
shoots
With earthward bend around their twisted roots:
Nor herds nor peasants, in the noon-day heat,
Beneath its chequer'd, bowery shade retreat:
But, if it clasp some elm with married leaves,
Its shade the peasant and the herd receives:
Such is the virgin, who untouch'd remains,
While still unwooed her useless beauty wanes,
But wedded in her bloom, those charms delight
Her husband's eyes, nor shame her parent's
sight.

YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Resist not fiercely, virgin;—but obey
Thy mother, father; thy betrothers they:
Not thine the virgin flower: a part is theirs:
Thy sire a third, a third thy mother, shares:
A third thine own: then struggle not, coy maid!
For in thy bridegroom both are disobey'd:
They, with thy dower, have yielded every right:
Come, Hymen, Hymen, bless the marriage-night!

TO M. T. CICERO,

WHO HAD PLEADED SUCCESSFULLY FOR CATULLUS.

TULLY, most eloquent, most sage,
Of all the Roman race,
That deck the past or present age,
Or future days may grace.

Oh! may Catullus thus declare
An overflowing heart;
And, though the worst of poets, dare
A grateful lay impart?

'Twill teach thee how thou hast surpass
All others in thy line;
Far, far as he in his is last,
Art thou the first in thine.

TO LESBIA.

No nymph, amid the much-lov'd few,
Is lov'd as thou art lov'd by me:
No love was e'er so fond, so true,
As my fond love; sweet maid, for thee!
Yes, e'en thy faults, bewitching dear!
With such delights my soul possess;
That whether faithless, or sincere,
I cannot love thee more, nor less!

TO HIMSELF,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Spring renews her gentle charms,
And, lull'd in Zephyr's balmy arms,
Soft grows the angry sky;
Haste then, and, leaving Phrygia's plains,
Leaving Nicæa's rich domains,
To Asia's cities fly.
My soul, all-trembling, pants to stray,
My bounding feet the call obey,
Friends of my youth, farewell!
Lov'd friends, with whom I left my home,
Now doom'd through various ways to roam,
In distant lands to dwell.

THE COMPARISON.

QUINTIA is beauteous in the million's eye;
Yes,—beauteous in particulars, I own;
Fair-skin'd, straight-shap'd, tall-siz'd; yet I deny
A beauteous whole; of *charmingness* there's
none:
In all her height of figure there is not
A seasoning spice of that—I know not what—
That *piquant* something, grace without a name.
But Lesbia's air is charming as her frame.
Yes,—Lesbia, beauteous in one graceful whole,
From all her sex their single graces stole.

TO CALVUS,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS QUINTILIA.

CALVUS, if any joy from mortal tears
Can touch the feelings of the silent dead;
When dwells regret on loves of former years,
Or weeps o'er friendships that have long been
fled:
Oh, then far less will be Quintilia's woe
At early death and fate's severe decree,
Than the pure pleasure she must feel to know
How well, how truly, she was loved by thee.

Another translation of the Same.

If ere in human grief there breathe a spell
To charm the silent tomb, and soothe the
dead;
When soft regrets on past affections dwell,
And o'er fond friendships lost, our tears are
shed;
Sure, a less pang must touch Quintilia's shade,
While hovering o'er her sad, untimely bier,
Than keen-felt joy that spirit pure pervade,
To witness that her Calvus held her dear.

THE RITES AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE.

O'er many a distant land, o'er many a wave,
Brother! I come a pilgrim, to thy grave
To pay the rites which pious love ordains,
And, though in vain, invoke thy mute remains.
For thou art gone! Yes, thee I must resign,
My more than brother—ah! no longer mine.
Meanwhile these rites of ancestry be paid,
A sacred debt to thy lamented shade;
Take them—these tears their heartfelt homage
tell—
And now—for ever bless thee, and farewell!

A PICTURE,

FROM THE NUPTIALS OF JULIA AND MANLIUS.

AND soon, to make thee truly blest,
Soon may a young Torquatus rise,
Who, hanging on his mother's breast
To his known sire shall turn his eyes.
Outstretch his infant arms awhile,
Half ope his little arms and smile.

PERFIDY OF MAN.

FROM THE NUPTIALS OF PELEUS AND THETIS.

LET never woman trust
The oath of man: let never woman hope
Faith in his tender speeches. He, while aught
Inflames his ardour to possess, will fear
No oath, will spare no promise. But when once
His lust is sated, fears not what he spoke,
Heeds not his perjur'd promise.*

ATYS.

Borne swiftly o'er the seas
to Phrygia's woody strand,
Atys with rapid haste
infuriate leap'd to land;
Where high-inwoven groves
in solemn darkness meet,
Rushed to the mighty Deity's
remote and awful seat;
And wildered in his brain,
fierce inspiration's prey,
There with a broken flint
he struck his sex away.
Soon as he then beheld
his comely form unmann'd,
While yet the purple blood
flowed reeking on the land;
Seized in his snowy grasp
the drum, the timbrel light,
That still is heard, dread Cybele,
at thine initiate rite,

* A passage in *Otway's Orphan* is in the same strain:
"Trust not a man; we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant:
When a man talks of love, with caution hear him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive you."
Dryden also, in *Palamon and Arcite*, alluding to Lover's vows, calls them

"A train of lies
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries."

And struck the quivering skin,
whence hollow echoes flew,
And raised this panting song
to his infuriate crew.

"Ye priests of Cybele,
or rather let me say,
For ye are men no longer,
ye priestesses, away!
Together pierce the forest,
great Cybele's domains,
Ye vagrant flocks of her
on Dindymus who reigns.
Ye, like devoted exiles,
who, seeking foreign lands,
Have follow'd me your leader,
have bow'd to my commands;
Have cross'd the salt-sea wave,
have dar'd the raging storms,
And, loathing woman's love,
unmann'd your lusty forms;
The sense of error past
let laughing frenzy blind;
Let doubt, let thought itself,
be driven from the mind.
Haste, haste, together haste
to Cybele divine!
Seek we her Phrygian grove
and dark sequester'd shrine,
Where cymbals clash, where drums
resound their deepening tone,
Where Phrygia's crooked pipe
breathes out its solemn drone,
Where votaresses toss
their ivy-circled brows,
And urge with piercing yells
their consecrated vows,
Where the delirious train
disport as chance may lead:
Thither our vows command
in mystic dance to speed."

Thus Atys, female, now,
to female comrades sung.
The frantic chorus rose
from many a panting tongue;
Re-echoed the deep timbrel,
the hollow cymbals rang,
And all to verdant Ida
run madly at the clang.
Though breathless, still impetuous
with inspiration's force
Raving and bewilder'd,
scarce conscious of her course,
As the unbroken heifer
will fly the threaten'd yoke,
Atys through gloomy woods,
where never sunbeam broke,
Loud striking the light timbrel,
rush'd on with bounding stride,
And all the frantic priestesses
pursue their rapid guide.
The fearful fane at length
their panting ardour stops,
Each, faint and unrefresh'd,
in leaden slumber drops.

In languor most profound
their eyelids are deprest,
And all extatic rage
is lull'd in torpid rest.

But when again the sun
returning to the skies
Put forth his golden brow;
when now his radiant eyes
Throughout wide heaven, and earth,
and ocean pour'd their light;
And with thunder-pacing steeds,
he chas'd the shades of night;
When slumber's reign serene
had frenzy's flame subdued,
When Atys her fell deed
in clearer reason view'd,
Beheld in what abode
her future lot was placed,
And, ah! how low she stood,
in Nature's rank disgraced;
Then, hurried to despair
by passion's rising tide,
Again she wildly sought
the country's sea-girt side;
And, casting her full eyes
o'er boundless ocean's flow,
Address'd her native land
in these plaintive strains of woe.

"My country, oh my country,
creatress, parent earth!
My country, my dear country,
that sustain'd me from my birth!
Must I for dreary woods
forsake thy smiling shore,
And see my friends, my home,
my parents never more?
No more the Forum seek,
or the gay Palæstra's court,
Or urge, as wont of old,
each fam'd gymnastic sport?
Oh wretched, wretched man!
while years shall slowly roll,
For ever, o'er and o'er again,
for ever grieve, my soul!
What grace, what beauty 's there,
that I did not enjoy?
I, when in manhood's prime,
a youth, or yet a boy,
The flower of all who trod
the firm gymnastic floor,
The victor mid the crowd,
who the wrestler's prizes bore.
My gates were ever throng'd,
and full my threshold swarm'd;
With blooming garlands hung,
that love-sick maidens form'd,
My mansion gaily glitter'd,
each morning, as I sped
At earliest blush of sunrise,
with lightness, from my bed.

And must I ever now
a maniac votaress rave,
Heaven's devoted handmaid,
to Cybele a slave?

Her frantic orgies ply,
 disgrac'd in Nature's plan,
 A part of what I was,
 a maim'd, a barren man;
 And dwell in Ida's caves,
 which snow for ever chills;
 And pass my savage life
 on Phrygia's rugged hills,
 Placed with the sylvan stag,
 the forest-ranging boar?
 Oh! now how soon I rue the deed,
 how bitterly deplore!"

As from her rosy lips
 these wandering murmurs broke,
 They rose to heaven, and bore
 the unwonted words she spoke:
 Indignantly unyoking
 her lions on the plain,
 And rousing the grim beast
 that bore the left hand rein,
 Great Cybele, enrag'd,
 her dread injunction told,
 And thus to fury waked
 the tyrant of the fold.

"Haste, fierce one, haste away!
 rush on with glaring ire,
 With inspiration's rage,
 with frenzy's goad of fire,
 Drive the too daring youth,
 who would my service fly,
 Again to seek the gloom
 of yonder forest high.

Haste: lash thyself to rage
 till all thy flank be sore:
 Let all around re-echo
 to thine appalling roar:
 Toss with thy sinewy neck
 on high thy glossy mane."

So spake terrific Cybele
 and loosed her lion's rein.
 Gladly the beast awakes
 his ruthlessness of mind,
 Bounds, rages, reckless leaves
 the thicket crush'd behind,
 Then swiftly gained the beach,
 wash'd by the foamy flood
 Where Atys, in despair,
 amid the breakers stood,
 And springing fiercely forth—
 the wretch, no longer brave,
 Into the forest plung'd,
 and in a living grave
 There pass'd her long devoted life,
 a priestess and a slave.

Oh great, oh fearful goddess!
 oh Cybele divine!

Oh goddess, who has placed
 on Dindymus a shrine!
 Far be from my abode
 thy sacred frenzy's fire,
 Madden more willing votaries,
 more daring minds inspire.*

LESBIA'S DISGRACE.

ADDRESSED TO CÆLIUS.

Oh Cælius! think, our Lesbia, once thy pride;
 Lesbia, that Lesbia, whom Catullus priz'd
 More than himself and all the world beside,
 Now gives, for hire, to profligates despis'd,
 In the dark alley, or the common lane,
 The charms he lov'd, the love he sigh'd to gain.

TO LESBIA.

THOU told'st me, in our days of love,
 That I had all that heart of thine;
 That, e'en to share the couch of Jove,
 Thou wouldst not, Lesbia, part from mine.

How purely wert thou worshipp'd then!
 Not with the vague and vulgar fires
 Which beauty wakes in soulless men,
 But loved, as children by their sires.

That flattering dream, alas, is o'er;—
 I know thee now—and, though these eyes
 Doat on thee wildly as before,
 Yet, e'en in doating, I despise.

Yes, sorceress,—mad as it may seem,—
 With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,
 That passion e'en outlives esteem,
 And I, at once, adore—and scorn thee.

* There are many contradictory stories about Atys. According to Catullus, he was a beautiful youth, who having landed with a few companions in Phrygia, hurried to the grove of the goddess Cybele, and there, struck with a superstitious frenzy, qualified himself for the service of that divinity. Then, snatching up the musical instruments used in her worship, and exhorting his companions to follow, he traverses the woods and mountains, till having, at length, reached the temple of Cybele, he drops down exhausted by fatigue and mental distraction. Being tranquillized, however, by a night's repose, he becomes sensible of his folly and wretchedness, returns to the sea-shore, and, casting his eyes over the ocean homeward, compares his former happiness with his present degraded condition.—It is lamentable that a poem of such energy and pathos (as this undoubtedly is,) should have so puerile a conclusion. Cybele, dreading the defection of her new votary, looses a lion from her car, which drives Atys back to her groves—

"There to find a living grave,
 And pass her long-devoted life, a priestess and a slave."

LABERIUS.

[Died 43 B. C.]

A ROMAN knight of respectable family and character, and a composer of Mimes; but chiefly known to posterity by a prologue which he wrote and spoke, on being compelled by Julius Cæsar to appear upon the stage. Though acquitting himself with grace and spirit as an actor, he could not refrain from expressing his detestation of the tyranny which had made him such. In one of the scenes he personated a Syrian slave, and, whilst escaping from the lash of his master, exclaimed—"Porro, Quirites, libertatem perdidimus;" and shortly after added—"Necesse est multos timeat, quem multi timent;" at which the eyes of the whole audience were instantly turned towards Cæsar, who was present in the theatre.

It was not merely to entertain the people, who, (as it has been justly observed,) would have been as well amused with the representation of any other actor, nor to wound the private feelings of Laberius, that Cæsar forced him on the stage.

His sole object was to degrade the Roman knight-hood, to subdue their spirit of independence and honour, and to strike the people with a sense of his unlimited sway. It was the same policy which afterwards led him, and his successors in the empire, to convert their senators into gladiators and buffoons, and to encourage men of the noblest families, their Fabii and Mameri, to caper about the stage, barefooted and smeared with soot, for the amusement of the rabble.

Laberius did not long survive his mortification. Retiring from Rome, he died at Puteoli, about ten months after the assassination of Cæsar.

The titles, and a few fragments, of his Mimes are still extant; but, excepting the prologue, these remains are too inconsiderable and detached for us to judge either of their subject or their merits.*

* See *Dunlop's History of Roman Literature*, vol. i, p. 554.

PROLOGUE.

NECESSITY—the current of whose sway
Many would stem, but few can find the way—
To what abasement has she made me bend,
Now when life's pulse is ebbing to its end!
Whom no ambitious aim, no sordid bait,
Fear, force, nor influence of the grave and
great,
Nor meed of praise, nor any lure beside,
Could move, when youthful, from my place of
pride;
Lo, in mine age how easily I fall!
One honied speech from Cæsar's tongue was all;
For how might I resist his sovereign will,
Whose every wish the gods themselves fulfil?

Twice thirty years without a blemish spent,
Forth from my home this morn a knight I went,

And thither I return—as what? a mime!
O, I have lived one day beyond my time!
Fortune—still wayward both in bad and good,
If 'twas thy pleasure in thy changeful mood,
To tear the wreath of honour from my brow,
Why was I not far earlier taught to bow,
When with such aid as youth and strength afford,
I might have won the crowd, and pleased their
lord?

Now, why thus humbled in the frost of age?
What scenic virtues bring I to the stage?
What fire of soul, what dignity of mien,
What powers of voice to grace the mimic scene?
As creeping ivy kills the strangled tree,
So the long clasp of years has dealt with me.
Nought left, alas! of all my former fame,
Save the poor legend of a tomb—my name!

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO.

[Born 70,—Died 19, B. C.]

THIS great poet was born at the village of Andes near Mantua, during the first consulship of Pompey and Crassus, and in the year of Rome 683. Of his father little more is known than that he was possessed of sense to feel, and of means to confer on his son, the advantages of a liberal education. He sent him, at seven years of age, to Cremona, and from thence, at sixteen, to Milan; at both which places he is said to have prosecuted his studies with ardour and diligence, and to have thus laid the foundation of that varied learning, for which he was no less distinguished than for his lofty and elegant genius. In particular, he acquired that taste for the literature and philosophy of Greece, which is so discernible in all his writings. His instructor in philosophy was Syro, the Epicurean, whose doctrines, however, he afterwards abandoned for the loftier ones of the academic school.

Having lost his little patrimony, which, with other lands in the neighbourhood of Cremona and Mantua, had been allotted to the disbanded soldiery of the civil wars, he repaired to Rome, where, through the efforts of Varus, Pollio, and others, he not only obtained restitution of his farm, but even acquired the future favour and friendship of the conqueror himself. This event he has celebrated in his first Eclogue.

At the request of his new patron, he is said to have undertaken the *Georgics*, and, seven years afterwards, the *Æneid*; but so dissatisfied was he with the latter, that he left it, with a dying injunction on his friends to destroy it.

Virgil died at Brundisium, on his way back from Athens to Rome, whither he was proceeding with Augustus. His ashes were conveyed to Naples, in the neighbourhood of which a tomb, believed by the inhabitants to be his, is still pointed out to the inquiring traveller. From the little which we are able to glean of his life and character, he seems to have been a man of modesty and worth, admired and beloved by his brother-poets, as well as by all the other great and eminent men of his age. He is frequently mentioned by Ho-

race, and always in terms of the sincerest affection and esteem.

Of his works it would require a pen like his own to describe them in the language they deserve. "I look on Virgil," says Mr. Dryden, "as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as he possibly could. His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears, whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together.—Though he is smooth, where smoothness is required, yet is he so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of Synalæphas, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is everywhere above conceits of epigrammatic wit and gross hyperboles; he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, (which is the vice of Lucan.) I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him; for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded as a part of his character, but must confess, to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass.—Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil, therefore, being so very sparing of his words, can never be translated, as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious is to alter his character; and to translate him, line for line, is impossible."

FROM THE PASTORALS.

TITYRUS AND MELIBÆUS.

AUGUSTUS, having settled himself in the Roman empire, and wishing to reward his veteran troops for their services, distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua, turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil, who was a sufferer among the rest, having, through the intercession

of his friends, recovered his estate, as an instance of his gratitude, composed the following Pastoral, where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibæus.

MELIBÆUS.

BENEATH the shades which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your silvan muse.

Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home;
While, stretch'd at ease, you sing your happy
loves,
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.

TITYRUS.

These blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd;
For never can I deem him less than God.
The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flow'ry plain,
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MELIBÆUS.

I envy not your fortune but admire,
That, while the raging sword and wasteful fire
Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
Far diff'rent is my fate: my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes.
And this, you see, I scarcely drag along,
Who, yearning, on the rocks has left her young;
The hope and promise of my falling fold.
My loss, by dire portents the gods foretold;
For, had I not been blind, I might have seen:—
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,
By croaking from the left, presaged the coming
blow.

But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly power
Preserv'd your fortune in that fatal hour?

TITYRUS.

Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
So kids and whelps their sires and dams express;
And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like shrubs, when lofty cypresses are near.

MELIBÆUS.

What great occasion call'd you hence to Rome?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at length, though slow to
come.

Nor did my search of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin;
Nor Amaryllis would vouchsafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a hapless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspired to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was
bought,

And many a cheese to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
And still returned as empty as I went.

MELIBÆUS.

We stood amaz'd to see your mistress mourn,
Unknowing that she pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,
For whom so late th' ungather'd apples hung.
But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.
For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whisp'ring pines made vows for thy return.

TITYRUS.

What should I do?—While here I was enchain'd
No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope, in any place but there,
To find a god so present to my prayer.
There first the youth of heavenly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to
feed.

MELIBÆUS.

O fortunate old man! whose farm remains—
For you sufficient—and requites your pains;
Though rushes overspread the neighb'ring plains,
Though here the marshy grounds approach your
fields,

And there the soil a stony harvest yields.
Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows
try,

Nor fear a rot from tainted company,
Behold! yon bord'ring fence of willow trees
Is fraught with flow'rs; the flow'rs are fraught
with bees

The busy bees, with a soft murmuring strain,
Invite to gentle sleep the lab'ring swain.
While, from the neighb'ring rock, with rural
songs,

The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs,
Stock-doves and turtles tell their am'rous pain,
And from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TITYRUS.

Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
And fish on shore, and stags in air, shall range,
The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German shall the Tigris drink,
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MELIBÆUS.

But we must beg our bread in climes unknown,
Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone:
And some to far Oasis shall be sold,
Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold;
The rest among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
O! must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor, after length of rolling years, return?
Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,
No more our houses and our homes to see?
Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
And rule the country kingdoms once our own;
Did we for these barbarians plant and sow?
On these, on these, our happy fields bestow?
Good heaven! what dire effects from civil discord
flow!

Now let me graft my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
Farewell, my pastures, my paternal stock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!
No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flow'ry thyme!
No more extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,
Leap down the deep abyss, and hang in air.

No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew ;
No more my song shall please the rural crew :
Adieu my tuneful pipe ! and all the world, adieu !

TITYRUS.

This night, at least, with me forget your care,
Chestnuts, and curds and cream shall be your
fare :

The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'er-
spread ;

And boughs shall weave a cov'ring for your head.
For see, yon sunny hill the shade extends ;
And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

POLLIO.

THE poet celebrates the birth-day of Saloni-
nus, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of
his father, after the taking of Salonæ, a city in
Dalmatia.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain !
Though lowly shrubs, and trees, that shade the
plain,

Delight not all ; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course : Saturnian times
Roll round again ; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base degenerate iron offspring ends ;
A golden progeny from heaven descends.
O chaste Lucina ! speed the mother's pains,
And haste the glorious birth ! thine own Apollo
reigns !

The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace :
Majestic months set out with him to their ap-
pointed race.

The father himself virtue shall restore ;
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes
see.

The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden, earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs, the promises of spring,
As her first offerings to her infant king.
The goats with strutting dugs shall homeward
speed,

And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
His cradle shall with rising flowers be crown'd ;
The serpent's brood shall die ; the sacred ground
Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear ;
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,
Unlaboured harvests shall the fields adorn,
And clustered grapes shall blush on every thorn ;
The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep,
And through the matted grass the liquid gold
shall creep.

Yet, of old fraud some footsteps shall remain :
The merchant still shall plough the deep for
gain ;

Great cities shall with walls be compassed round ;
And sharpened shares shall vex the fruitful
ground ;

Another Tiphys shall new seas explore ;
Another Argo land her chiefs upon th' Iberian
shore ;

Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
And when to ripened manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego :
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware ;
For every soil shall every product bear.
The labouring hind his oxen shall disjoin :
No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook
the vine ;

Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine ;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, and unborrowed gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat ;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have
spun,

Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly
run.

Mature in years, to ready honours move,
O of celestial seed ! O foster-son of Jove !
See, labouring Nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and
main !

See, to their base restored, earth, seas, and air ;
And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks
appear.

To sing thy praise, would heaven my breath pro-
long,

Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
Nor Linus, crowned with never-fading bays ;
Though each his heavenly parent should inspire,
The Muse instruct the voice, and Phæbus tune
the lyre.

Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme
Arcadian judges should their god condemn.
Begin, auspicious boy ! to cast about
Thy infant eye, and, with a smile, thy mother
single out.

Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and
travail to requite.

Then smile ! the frowning infant's doom is read :
No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless
the bed.

PHARMACEUTICA.

THIS Pastoral contains the songs of Damon and
Alphesibœus. The first of them bewails the loss
of his mistress, and repines at the success of his
rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of
some enchantress, who endeavoured by her spells
and magic to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful Muse of two despairing swains,
The love rejected, and the lovers' pains ;
To which the savage lynxes list'ning stood ;
The rivers stood in heaps, and stopp'd the run-
ning flood ;

The hungry herd their needful food refuse—
Of two despairing swains. I sing the mournful
Muse.

Great Pollio! thou, for whom thy Rome pre-
pares

The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,
Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coast;
Whatever land or sea, thy presence boast;
Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee;
In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse;
The world another Sophocles in thee,
Another Homer should behold in me.
Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine:
Thine was my earliest muse; my latest shall be
thine.

Scarce from the world the shades of night
withdrew;

Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning
dew,

When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive shade,
And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Against the conscious gods, and curs'd the cruel
maid:

"Star of the morning, why dost thou delay?
Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day,
While I my Nisa's perjurd faith deplore—
Witness, ye pow'rs, by whom she falsely swore!
The gods, alas! are witnesses in vain:
Yet shall my dying breath to heaven complain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.

"The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verse, and full of love:
They hear the hinds, they hear their god com-
plain,

Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.

"Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing fair.
When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can
despair?

Now griffons join with mares; another age
Shall see the hound and hind their thirst as-
suage,

Promiscuous at the spring. Prepare the lights,
O Mopsus! and perform the bridal rites.
Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys:
Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
For e'er the sun declines: O happy swain!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.

"O Nisa! justly to thy choice condemn'd!
Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou con-
demn'd?

For him, thou hast refus'd my browsing herd,
Scorn'd my thick eyebrows and my shaggy beard.
Unhappy Damon sighs and sings in vain,
While Nisa thinks no god regards a lover's pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.

"I view'd thee first (how fatal was the view!)
And led thee where the rudely wildings grew.
High on the planted hedge, and wet with morn-
ing dew.

Then scarce the bending branches I could win;
The callow down began to clothe my chin.
I saw; I perish'd; yet indulg'd my pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.

"I know thee, Love! In deserts thou wert bred,
And at the dugs of savage tigers fed;
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strains:

"Relentless Love the cruel mother led,
The blood of her unhappy babes to shed:
Love lent the sword; the mother struck the blow;
Inhuman she; but more inhuman thou:
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strains.

"Old doting Nature, change thy course anew;
And let the trembling lamb the wolf pursue:
Let oaks now glitter with Hesperian fruit,
And purple daffodils from alder shoot;
Fat amber let the tamarisk distil,
And hooting owls contend with swans in skill;
Hoarse Tityrus strive with Orpheus in the woods,
And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.
Or, oh! let Nature cease, and Chaos reign!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain.

"Let earth be sea; and let the whelming tide
The lifeless limbs of luckless Damon hide:
Farewell, ye secret woods, and shady groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my loves!
From yon high cliff I plunge into the main:
Take the last present of thy dying swain:
And cease, my silent flute, the sweet Mænalian
strain."

Now take your turns, ye Muses, to rehearse
His friend's complaints, and mighty magic verse.
"Bring running water: bind those altars round
With fillets, and with vervain strew the ground:
Make fat with frankincense the sacred fires
To re-inflame thy Daphnis with desires.
'Tis done: we want but verse.—Restore, my
charms,

My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Pale Phœbe, drawn by verse, from heaven
descends;

And Circe chang'd with charms Ulysses' friends.
Verse breaks the ground, and penetrates the
brake,

And in the winding cavern splits the snake.
Verse fires the frozen veins.—Restore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Around his waxen image first I wind
Three woollen fillets, of three colours join'd;
Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
Which round the sacred altar thrice is led.
Unequal numbers please the gods.—My charms,
Restore my Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Knit with three knots the fillets: knit them
straight;

Then say, 'These knots to love I consecrate.'
Haste, Amarylhis, haste!—Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

"As fire this figure hardens, made of clay,
And this of wax with fire consumes away,

Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be—
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.
Crumble the sacred mole of salt and corn;
Next in the fire the bays with brimstone burn;
And, while it crackles in the sulphur, say,
'This I for Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis burn
away!

This laurel is his fate.'—Restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.

"As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with desire, pursues her wand'ring love;
Faint, at the last, she seeks the weedy pools,
To quench her thirst, and on the rushes rolls;
Careless of night, unmindful to return;
Such fruitless fires perfidious Daphnis burn,
While I so scorn his love!—Restore, my charms,
My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

"These garments once were his, and left to me,
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty,
Which underneath my threshold I bestow.
These pawns, O sacred earth! to me my Daphnis
owe.

As these were his, so mine is he.—My charms,
Restore their ling'ring lord to my deluded arms.

"These pois'nous plants, for magic use design'd,
(The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind,)
Old Mæris brought me from the Pontic strand,
And cul'd the mischief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with these pow'rful juices, on the plain,
He howls a wolf among the hungry train;
And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
With these to call from tombs the stalking ghosts,
And from the roots to tear the standing corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is borne:
Such is the strength of spells.—Restore, my
charms,

My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

"Bear out these ashes; cast them in the brook;
Cast backwards o'er your head; nor turn your
look:

Since neither gods nor godlike verse can move,
Break out, ye smother'd fires, and kindle smother'd love.

Exert your utmost pow'r, my ling'ring charms,
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.

"See while my last endeavours I delay,
The waking ashes rise, and round our altars
play!

Run to the threshold, Amaryllis—hark!
Our Hylax opens, and begins to bark.

Good heaven! may lovers what they wish believe?
Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive?
No more! my Daphnis comes! no more my
charms!

He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my desiring
arms."

GALLUS.

GALLUS, a great patron of Virgil, and an excellent poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris, and who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier. The poet therefore supposes his friend Gallus retired, in his height of melancholy, into the solitudes of Arcadia, where he represents him in a very languishing condition, with all the rural deities

about him, pitying his hard usage, and condoling his misfortunes.

THY sacred succour, Arethusa, bring,
To crown my labour, ('tis the last I sing,)
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view:—
The muse is mournful, though the numbers few.
Refuse me not a verse, to grief and Gallus due.
So may thy silver streams beneath the tide,
Unmix'd with briny seas securely glide.
Sing then my Gallus, and his hopeless vows;
Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browse.
The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,
And Echo, from the vales the tuneful voice re-
bound.

What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid,
Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd,
To love, unpitied by the cruel maid?
Not steepy Pindus could retard your course,
Nor cleft Parnassus, nor the Aonian source:
Nothing that owns the Muses could suspend
Your aid to Gallus:—Gallus is their friend.
For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,
And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub
appears.

Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan,
When, spread beneath a rock, he sigh'd alone;
And cold Lycæus wept from every dropping stone;
The sheep surround their shepherd, as he lies:
Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name despise:
Along the streams, his flock Adonis fed;
And yet the queen of beauty blest his bed.
The swains and tardy neat-herds came, and last,
Menalcas, wet with beating winter mast.
Wond'ring, they ask'd from whence arose thy
flame;

Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his
eyes:

"Is she thy care? Is she thy care?" he cries.
"Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and thee,
And, for thy rival, tempts the raging sea,
The forms of horrid war, and heaven's incle-
mency."

Silvanus came: his brows a country crown
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, drown.
Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too,
His cheeks and temples of vermilion hue.

"Why, Gallus, this immoderate grief?" he cried:
"Think'st thou that love with tears is satisfied?
The meads are sooner drunk with morning dews,
The bees with flow'ry shrubs, the goats with
browse."

Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes, he mourn'd:
He paus'd, and then these broken words return'd:
"Tis past; and pity gives me no relief:
But you, Arcadian swains, shall sing my grief.
And on your hills my last complaints renew:

So sad a song is only worthy you.
How light would lie the turf upon my breast,
If you my sul'lings in your songs express!
Ah! that your birth and business had been
mine—

To pen the sheep, and press the swelling vine!
Had Phyllis or Anynta cans'd my pain,
Or any nymphs or shepherd on the plain,

(Though Phyllis brown, though black Amynta were,
Are violets not sweet, because not fair?)
Beneath the fallows and the shady vine,
My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine :
Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
And soft Amynta sung away my care.
Come see what pleasures in our plains abound ;
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground.
As you are beauteous, were you half so true,
Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.

Now I to fighting fields am sent afar,
And strive in winter camps with toils of war,
While you, (alas, that I should find it so!)
To shun my sight, your native soil forego,
And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal snow.

Ye frosts and snows, her tender body spare!
Those are not limbs for icicles to tear.
For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice ;
The Muses, once my care ; my once harmonious voice.

There will I sing, forsaken and alone :
The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my moan.

The rind of ev'ry plant her name shall know ;
And, as the rind extends, the love shall grow.
Then on Arcadian mountains will I chase
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the savage race ;

Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
To tread the thickets, or to leap the mounds,
And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go,
And rush through sounding woods, and bend the Parthian bow ;

As if with sports my suff'rings I could ease,
Or by my pains the God of Love appease.
My frenzy changes : I delight no more
On mountain tops to chase the tusked boar :
No game but hopeless love my thoughts pursue :
Once more, ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding woods, adieu !

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath the Thracian clime we freeze,

Or Italy's indulgent heaven forego,
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian snow ;
Or, when the barks of elms are scorch'd, we keep
On Meroë's burning plains the Libyan sheep,
In hell, and earth, and seas, and heaven above,
Love conquers all ; and we must yield to Love.

FROM GEORGIC I.

INVOCATION OF THE RURAL DEITIES—ADDRESS TO
AUGUSTUS CÆSAR—ADVICE TO FARMERS, ETC.

WHENCE joyful harvests spring, what heavenly sign

Invites the plough, and weds to elms the vine ;
How flocks and herds by kindly nurture thrive,
And sage experience stores the frugal hive ;
I sing.—Ye lights of heaven! whose sov'reign sway

Leads on the year around th' ethereal way :

Bacchus and Ceres! if beneath your reign
Earth chang'd Chaonian mast for golden grain
And the new grape's uncultur'd vintage gave
To mix its sweets with Achelöus' wave ;
Ye, too, whose gifts my votive numbers guide,
Fauns and fair Dryads that o'er swain's preside ;
Thou! whose dread trident shook the womb of earth,

And loos'd the steed, that, neighing, sprang to birth ;

Guardian of woods! whose herds, a snowy train
Browse the rich shrubs that shade the Cæan plain ;

God of the fleece, whom grateful shepherds love,
Oh! leave thy native haunt, Lycæus' grove ;
And if thy Mænalus yet claim thy care,
Hear, Tegeæan Pan! th' invoking pray'r.
Pallas! whose voice the olive rais'd ; and thou,
Fam'd youth, inventor of the crooked plough!
Sylvanus! waving high, in triumph borne,
A sapling cypress with its roots upturn ;
Oh come, protectors of the land! descend ;
Each god and goddess, at my call attend,
Who rear new fruits that earth spontaneous yields,

Or feed with prosperous show'rs the cultur'd fields.

Thou, Cæsar, chief; where'er thy voice ordain
To fix 'mid gods thy yet unchosen reign—
Wilt thou o'er cities stretch thy guardian sway,
While earth and all her realms thy nod obey?
The world's vast orb shall own thy genial pow'r,
Giver of fruits, fair sun, and fav'ring show'r ;
Before thy altar grateful nations bow,
And with maternal myrtle wreath thy brow ;
O'er boundless ocean shall thy pow'r prevail,
Thee her sole lord, the world of waters hail!
Rule, where the sea remotest Thule laves,
While Tethys' dow'rs thy bride with all her wares.

Wilt thou 'mid Scorpins and the Virgin rise,
And, a new star, illumine thy native skies?
Scorpins, e'en now, each shrinking claw confines,
And more than half his heaven to thee resigns.

Where'er thy reign (for not, if hell invite
To wield the sceptre of eternal night,
Let not such lust of dire dominion move
Thee, Cæsar, to resign the realm of Jove ;
Though vaunting Greece extol th' Elysian plain,
Whence weeping Ceres wooes her child in vain.)
Breathe fav'ring gales, my course propitious guide,

O'er the rude swain's uncertain path preside,
Now, now invok'd assert thy heav'nly birth,
And learn to hear our prayers, a god on earth.

When first young Zephyr melts the mountain snow,

And Spring unbinds the mellow'd mould below,
Press the deep plough, and urge the groaning team,

Where the worn shares 'mid opening furrows gleam.

Lands, o'er whose soil maturing time has roll'd
Twice summer's heat, and twice the wintry cold,
Profuse of wealth th' insatiate swain repay,
And crown with bursting barns his long delay.

Ere virgin earth first feel th' invading share,
The genius of the place demands thy care;
The culture, clime, the winds, and changeful
skies,

And what each region bears, and what denies.
Here golden harvests wave, there vineyards
glow,

Fruit bends the bough, or herbs unbidden grow.
Her saffron Tmolus, Ind her ivory, boasts,
Spice wings the gale round Saba's balmy coasts,
The naked Chalybes their iron yield,
The pow'rful Castor scents the Pontic field
While fam'd Epirus rears th' equestrian breed,
Born for the palm that crowns th' Olympic steed,
In stated regions, from th' eternal Cause,
Such Nature's compact, and unbroken laws;
Such from the time when first Deucalion hurl'd
The stones that peopled the deserted world;
Whence a new race arose upon the earth,
Hard as the stubborn flint that gave them birth.

Not to dull Indolence and transient Toil
Great Jove resign'd the conquest of the soil;
He sent forth Care to rouse the human heart,
And sharpen genius by inventive art;
Nor tamely suffer'd earth beneath his sway
In unproductive sloth to waste away.

Ere Jove bore rule, no labour tam'd the ground,
None dar'd to raise the fence, or mark the bound;
Nature to all, her fruits profusely bore,
And the free earth, unask'd, but gave the more.
Jove to the serpent fang new venom gave,
Commanded wolves to prowl, and swell'd the
wave,

From leaves their honey shook, conceal'd the
fire,

And bad free streams, that flow'd with wine,
retire.

Jove will'd, that use, by long experience taught,
Should force out various arts by gradual thought,
Strike from the flint's cold womb the latent
flame,

And from the answering furrow nurture claim.
Then first the hollow'd alder prest the stream,
And sailors watch'd each star's directing beam.
Number'd the host of heaven, and nam'd the train
Pleiads, and Hyads, and the northern Wain;
Then snares, and slime, the bird and beast be-
tray'd,

And deep mouth'd hounds enclos'd the forest
glade.

Light meshes lash'd the stream with circling
sweep,

And weighted nets descending dragg'd the deep.
Then iron, and the saw's shrill grating edge,
Eas'd the rude efforts of the forceful wedge,
Thus rous'd by varied wants new arts arose,
And strenuous Labour triumphed at its close.

Five zones the heaven surround, the centre
glows

With fire unquench'd, and suns without repose,
At each extreme the poles in tempest tost,
Dark with thick show'rs, and unremitting frost.
Between the poles and blazing zone confin'd
Lie climes to feeble man by heaven assign'd.

'Mid these the signs their course obliquely run,
And star the figur'd belt that binds the sun.
High as at Scythian cliffs the world ascends,
Thus low at Libyan plains its circle bends.
Here heaven's bright lustre gilds our glowing
pole,

There gloomy Styx, and hell's deep shadows roll;
Here the huge Snake in many a volume glides,
Winds like a stream, and either Bear divides,
The Bears that dread their flaming lights to lave,
And slowly roll above the ocean wave.
There night, eternal night, and silence sleep,
And gathering darkness broods upon the deep.
Or from our clime, when fades the orient ray,
Then bright Aurora beams returning day,
And when above Sol's fiery coursers glow,
Late Vesper lights his evening star below.

A STORM IN AUTUMN.

Why should I mark each storm, and starry sign,
When milder suns in autumn swift decline?
Or what new cares await the vernal hour,
When spring descends in many a driving show'r,
While bristle into ear the bearded plains,
And the green stalk distends its milky grains?

E'en in mid autumn, while the jocund hind
Bade the gay field the gather'd harvest bind,
Oft have I seen the war of winds contend,
And prone on earth th' infuriate storm descend,
Waste far and wide, and, by the roots upturn,
The heavy harvest sweep through ether borne,
While in dark eddies, as the whirlwind past,
The straw and stubble flew before the blast.
Column on column prest in close array,
Dark tempests thicken o'er the watery way,
Heaven pour'd in torrents rushes on the plain,
And with wide deluge sweeps the floating grain;
The dikes o'erflow, the flooded channels roar,
Vext ocean's foaming billows rock the shore:
The Thunderer, thrond in clouds, with darkness
crown'd,

Bares his red arm, and flashes lightnings round.
The beasts are fled: earth rocks from pole to pole,
Fear walks the world, and bows th' astonish'd
soul:

Jove rives with fiery bolt Ceraunia's brow,
Or Athos blazing 'mid eternal snow,
The tempest darkens, blasts redoubled rave,
Smite the hoarse wood, and lash the howling
wave.

PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER. WITH A DIGRES- SION ON THE PRODIGES WHICH FOLLOWED THE DEATH OF JULIUS CÆSAR AND PREDICTED THE HORRORS OF THE CIVIL WARS.

ALIKE, with orient beams, or western rays,
The sun, that ne'er deceives, each change dis-
plays:

Sure signs, that cannot err, the sun attend,
At day's first dawn, or when the stars ascend.
Where many a spot his rising lustre shrouds,
Half-hid the disk beneath a veil of clouds,
Thick from the south the gathering deluge sprung,
Foams the strown corn, and herds, and woods
among,

If dull at morn with many a scatter'd beam
Through vaporous haze the light obscurely
gleam,

Or if Aurora lift her mournful head,
And with pale aspect leave Tithonus' bed,
In vain the leaf shall curl ripe clusters round,
While rattling hailstones from the roof rebound.
But chief observe along his western way
Each hue that varies at the close of day.
The rains descend, when dusky tints prevail;
When red discolour, dread th' infuriate gale:
If spots imingle streak'd with gleams of fire,
Rain and fierce wind to vex the world conspire:
That night my anchor'd bark shall sleep on shore,
While loud and long the storms o'er ocean roar.
But if the orb, at dawn that brightly rose,
With radiant beam its course of glory close,
Dread not the threat'ning clouds, their transient
gloom

Shall fly before the north's dispersing plume.
Last, what late eve shall bring, what winds pre-
vail;

And all that Auster plans with humid gale,
View, where the sun's prophetic signs display,
Nor dare mistrust the God that gives the day.
He, too, with frequent portent deigns presage
Blind tumult, treasons, and intestine rage.
He too, when Rome deplor'd dead Cæsar's fate,
Felt her deep woe, and mourn'd her hapless
state;

What time in iron clouds he veil'd his light,
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor less dread signals shook the earth and wave,
Birds of ill note, and dogs dire omens gave;
How oft we view'd, along th' expanse below,
Wide seas of fire down shatter'd Ætna flow,
While globes of flame the red volcano threw,
And fervid rocks that lighten'd as they flew!
O'er all the sky, Germania heard afar
The bray of arms that clang'd th' aerial war;
The Alpine regions of eternal snow
Reel'd with unusual earthquakes to and fro:
Shapes wondrous pale by night were seen to
rove,

And a loud voice oft shook the silent grove.
Fix'd are the floods; earth widely yawns below,
And beasts, in human accents, murmured woe.
The ivory weeps 'mid consecrated walls,
Sweat in big drops from brazen statues falls;
Monarch of rivers, raging far and wide,
Eridanus pours forth his torrent tide,
Down the wide deluge whirls uprooted woods,
And wastes the earth with desolating floods.
That time nor ceas'd the wells with blood to
flow.

Nor spotted entrails ceas'd foreboding woe,
Nor Cæsar's loud echoes nightly to repeat
The wolf's fierce howl along th' unpeopled
street.

Such lightnings never fir'd th' unclouded air,
Nor comets trail'd so oft their blazing hair.
For this in equal arms Philippi view'd
Rome's kindred bands again in gore embur'd,
The gods twice fed broad Hæmus with our host,
And bath'd with Roman blood th' Emathian
coast.

There, after length of time, the peaceful swain
Who ploughs the turf that swells o'er armies
slain,

Shall cast, half-gnaw'd with rust, huge pikes in
air,

And hollow helmets that clash beneath the share,
And 'mid their yawning graves amaz'd behold
Large bones of warriors of gigantic mould.

Ye native gods! ye tutelary pow'rs
Of Tuscan Tiber, and the Roman tow'rs;
Thou Vesta! and thou founder of our name,
Guide of our arms and guardian of our fame,
Oh! let this youth a prostrate world restore,
Save a wreck'd age, and soothe to peace once
more.

Enough, enough of blood already spilt
Sates vengeful gods for Troy's perfidious guilt;
Already envious heavens, thee, Cæsar, claim,
And deem the earth subdu'd below thy fame;
Where, right and wrong in mad confusion hurl'd,
New crimes alarm, new battles thin the world.
None venerate the plough: waste earth deplores
Her swains to slaughter dragg'd on distant
shores;

Far, far they fall from their uncultur'd lands,
And scythes transform o'er to falchions arm their
hands;

Here mail'd Euphrates, there Germania bleeds,
Death neighbor'ing towns to kindred slaughter
leads;

Mars arms the globe.

FROM GEORGIC II.

PRaises OF ITALY.

YET nor the Median groves, nor rivers roll'd,
Ganges, and Hermus, o'er their beds of gold,
Nor Ind, nor Bactra, nor the blissful land
Where incense spreads o'er rich Panchaia's sand,
Nor all that fancy paints in fabled lays,
Oh native Italy! transcend thy praise.
Though here no bulls beneath th' enchanted
yoke

With fiery nostrils o'er the furrow smoke,
No hydra teeth embattled harvest yield,
Spear and bright hemlet bristling o'er the field;
Yet golden corn each laughing valley fills,
The vintage reddens on a thousand hills,
Luxuriant olives spread from shore to shore,
And flocks unnumber'd range the pastures o'er.
Hence the proud war-horse rushes on the foe,
Clitumnus! hence thy herds, more white than
snow,

And stately bull, that, of gigantic size,
Supreme of victims on the altar lies,
Bath'd in thy sacred stream oft led the train,
When Rome in pomp of triumph deck'd the
fane.

Here spring perpetual leads the laughing hours,
And winter wears a wreath of summer flow'rs;
Th' o'erloaded branch twice fills with fruits the
year,

And twice the teeming flocks their offspring rear.
Yet here no lion breeds, no tiger strays,
No tempting aconite the touch betrays,

No monstrous snake the uncoiling volume trails,
 Or gathers, orb on orb, his iron scales.
 But many a peopled city towers around,
 And many a rocky cliff with castle crown'd,
 And many an antique wall, whose hoary brow
 O'er shades the flood, that guards its base below.
 Say, shall I add, enclosed on every side
 What seas defend thee, and what lakes divide?
 Thine, mighty Larius? or, with surging waves,
 Where, fierce as ocean, vex'd Benacus raves?
 Havens and ports, the Lucrine's added mole,
 Seas, that enraged along their bulwark roll,
 Where Julian waves reject th' indignant tide,
 And Tuscan billows down Avernus glide?
 Here brass and silver ores rich veins expose,
 And pregnant mines exhaustless gold enclose.
 Blest in thy race, in battle unsubdued
 The Marsian youth, and Sabine's hardy brood,
 By generous toil the bold Ligurian's steel'd,
 And spear-armed Volsci that disdain to yield:
 Camilli, Marii, Decii, swell thy line,
 And, thunderbolts of war, each Scipio, thine!
 Thou Cæsar! chief, whose sword the East o'er-
 powers,
 And the tamed Indian drives from Roman towers.
 All hail, Saturnian earth! hail, loved of fame,
 Land rich in fruits, and men of mighty name!
 For thee I dare the sacred founts explore,
 For thee the rules of ancient art restore,
 Themes, once to glory raised, again rehearse,
 And pour through Roman towns th' Ascræan
 verse.

SPRING.

SPRING comes; new bud the field, the flower,
 the grove;
 Earth swells, and claims the genial seeds of love:
 Æther, great lord of life, his wings extends,
 And on the bosom of his bride descends
 With showers prolific feeds the vast embrace
 That fills all Nature, and renews her race.
 Birds on their branches hymeneals sing,
 The pastur'd meads with bridal echoes ring;
 Bath'd in soft dew, and fann'd by western winds,
 Each field its bosom to the gale unbinds:
 The blade dares boldly rise new suns beneath,
 The tender vine puts forth her flexile wreath,
 And, freed from southern blast and northern
 shower,
 Spreads without fear each blossom, leaf, and
 flower.

Yes! lovely Spring! when rose the world to
 birth.*

Thy genial radiance dawn'd upon the earth,
 Beneath thy balmy air creation grew,
 And no black gale on infant Nature blew.
 When herds first drank the light, from Earth's
 rude bed
 When first man's iron race uprear'd its head,
 When first to beasts the wild and wood were given,
 And stars unnumber'd pav'd th' expanse of
 heaven;

* All the poets favour the opinion of the world's crea-
 tion in the spring.—See *Orid. Met.* l. 107; *Buchanan's*
Calendæ Mæiæ; and above all, Milton's exquisite lines
 in his *Paradise Lost*, IV. 264, and VII. 370.

Then, as through all the vital spirit came,
 And the globe teem'd throughout its mighty
 frame,
 Each tender being, struggling into life,
 Had droop'd beneath the elemental strife,
 But thy mild season, each extreme between,
 Soft nurse of Nature, gave the golden mean.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES,
 AND ON THE INNOCENCE, SECURITY, AND USE-
 FULNESS OF A COUNTRY-LIFE.

Ah! happy swain! ah! race belov'd of heaven!
 If known thy bliss, how great the blessing given!
 For thee just Earth from her prolific beds
 Far from wild war spontaneous nurture sheds.
 Though nor high domes through all their portals
 wide

Each morn disgorge the flatterer's reflux tide;
 Though nor thy gaze on gem-wrought columns
 rest;

The brazen bust, and gold-embroider'd vest;
 Nor poisoning Tyre thy snowy fleeces soil,
 Nor casia taint thy uncorrupted oil;
 Yet peace is thine, and life that knows no
 change,

And various wealth in Nature's boundless range,
 The grot, the living fount, the umbrageous glade,
 And sleep on banks of moss beneath the shade;
 Thine, all of tame and wild, in lawn and field,
 That pastur'd plains or savage woodlands yield:
 Content and patience youth's long toils assuage,
 Repose and reverence tend declining age:
 There gods yet dwell, and, as she fled mankind,
 There Justice left her last lone trace behind.

Me first, ye Muses! at whose hallow'd fane
 Led by pure love I consecrate my strain,
 Me deign accept! and to my search unfold
 Heaven and her host in beauteous order roll'd,
 Th' eclipse that dims the golden orb of day,
 And changeful labours of the lunar ray;
 Whence rocks the earth, by what vast force the
 main

Now bursts its barriers, now subsides again;
 Why wintry suns in ocean swiftly fade,
 Or what delay retards night's ling'ring shade.
 But, if chill blood restrain th' ambitious flight,
 And Nature veil her wonders from my sight,
 Oh may I yet, by fame forgotten, dwell
 By gushing fount, wild wood, and shadowy
 dell!

Oh lov'd Sperchean plains, Taygetian heights,
 That ring to virgin choirs in Bacchic rites!
 Hide me some god, where *Hæmus*' vales extend,
 And boundless shade and solitude defend!

How blest the sage! whose soul can pierce
 each cause

Of changeful Nature, and her wondrous laws;
 Who tramples far beneath his foot, and braves
 Fate, and stern death, and hell's resounding
 waves.

Blest too, who knows each god, that guards the
 swain

Pan, old Sylvanus, and the Dryad train.
 Not the proud fæces, nor the pomp of kings,
 Discord, that bathes in kindred blood her wings;

Not arming Istrians that on Dacia call;
Triumphant Rome, and kingdoms doom'd to fall,
Envy's wan gaze, or Pity's bleeding tear,
Disturb the tenor of his calm career.

From fruitful orchards, and spontaneous fields
He culls the wealth that willing Nature yields,
Far from the tumult of the madd'ning bar,
And iron justice, and forensic war.

Some vex with restless oar wild seas unknown,
Some rush on death, or cringe around the throne;
Stern warriors here beneath their footstep tread,
The realm that rear'd them, and the hearth that fed,

To quaff from gems, and lull to transient rest,
The wound that bleeds beneath the Tyrian vest.
These brood with sleepless gaze o'er buried gold,
The rostrum these with raptur'd trance behold,
Or wonder when repeated plaudits raise,
'Mid peopled theatres, the shout of praise;
These with grim joy, by civil discord led,
And stain'd in battles where a brother bled,
From their sweet household hearth in exile roam,
And seek, beneath new suns, a foreign home.
The peasant yearly ploughs his native soil;
The lands, that blest his fathers, bound his toil,
Sustain his herd, his country's wealth increase,
And see his children's children sport in peace.
Each change of season leads new plenty round;
Now lambs, and kids along the meadow bound,
Now every furrow loads with corn the plain,
Fruits bend the bough, and garners burst with grain;

Or where with purple hues the upland glows,
Autumnal suns on mellowing grapes repose.
His swine return at winter's evening hours,
Gorg'd with the mast that every forest showers;
For him the arbut reddens on the wood,
And mills press forth the olive's gushing flood;
Chaste love his household guards, and round his knees

Fond infants climb the foremost kiss to seize;
Kine from their gushing udders nectar shed,
And wanton kids high toss their butting head.
He too, at times, when flames the rustic shrine,
And, rang'd around, his gay compeers recline,
In grateful leisure, on some festive day,
Stretch'd on the turf delights his limbs to lay,
To loose from care his disencumber'd soul,
And hail thee, Bacchus! o'er the circling bowl;
Or on the elm the javelin's mark suspend,
When for the prize his hardy hinds contend,
Bare their huge bodies, and, untaught to yield,
To wrestling toils provoke the challeng'd field.

Such was the life that ancient Sabines chose;
Thus Rome's twin founders, thus Etruria rose:
Thus Rome herself, o'er all on earth renown'd,
Rome, whose sev'n hills her towery walls surround;

Such, ere Dictæan Jove's new sceptre reign'd,
And slaughter'd bulls, the unhallow'd banquet stain'd;

Such was the life on earth that Saturn knew,
Ere mortals trembled as the trumpet blew,
Or started as the anvil rung afar,
When clattering hammers shap'd the sword of war.

FROM GEORGIC III.

APOTHEOSIS OF AUGUSTUS—HORSES—CHARIOT-
RACE—BREED AND CARE OF CATTLE, SHEEP, ETC.

I first, from Pindus' brow, if life remain,
Will lead the Muses to the Latian plain,
For thee my native Mantua! twine the wreath,
And bid the palm of Idumæa breathe.
Near the pure stream, amid the green cham-
paign,
I first will rear on high the marble fane,
Where, with slow bend, broad Mincio's waters stray,

And tall reeds tremble o'er his shadowy way.
High in the midst great Cæsar's form divine,
A present god, shall consecrate the shrine.
For him my robes shall flame with Tyrian dye,
Wing'd by four steeds my hundred chariots fly.
All Greece shall scorn her fam'd Olympian field;
Here lash the courser and the cæstus wield.
I, I myself will round my temple twine
The olive wreath, and deck with gifts the shrine,
E'en now the solemn pomp I joy to lead,
E'en now I see the sacred heifers bleed,
Now view the turning scenes, and now behold
Th' inwoven Britons lift the purple fold.
There, on the ivory gates with gold embost
My skill shall sculpture the Gargarian host,
And o'er the foe, in radiant mail array'd,
Quirinus poising his victorious blade.
Here the vast Nile shall wave with war, and there

Columns of naval brass ascend in air.
Niphates here, there Asia's captive tow'rs,
And Parthia's flight conceal'd in arrowy show'rs:
From different nations double trophies torn,
And from each shore Rome twice in triumph borne.

There busts shall breathe, and Parian statues trace
From sire to son Jove's long-descending race:
Assaracus and Tros shall lead the line,
And Cynthius, architect of Troy divine.
Envy shall there th' avenging Furies dread,
The Stygian lake with flaming sulphur fed,
The racking wheel, Ixion's snaky coil,
And the rebounding rock's eternal toil.

Meanwhile, Mæcenat! by thy genius fir'd,
I dare the arduous task by thee inspir'd;
Through woods, and lawns, untrodden urge my way,

While murmuring Dryads chide the long delay.
Oh come! Cithæron shouts her mountains o'er,
Rous'd by Taygetian hounds deep echoes roar,
The neighing steeds o'er Epidaurus, bound
Rock rings to rock, and woods to woods resound.
Erelong, my voice, attun'd to loftier lays,
Shall swell th' adventurous song to Cæsar's praise,

His glowing battles consecrate to fame,
And spread from age to age the Julian name.

Does Fame for Pisa's palm the courser rear,
Or Labour yoke for wealth the vigorous steer.
With prescient care the destin'd mother trace,
And form'd like her expect the promis'd race.
If curling horns the crescent backward bend,
And bristly hairs beneath the ear defend,

If on her knees the pendulous dew-lap float,
Large front, and brawny neck vast strength denote :

If length'ning flanks to boundless measure spread,
Fierce her rough look, and bold her bull-like head,

If snowy spots her mottled body stain,
And her indignant brow the yoke disdain,
With tail wide sweeping, as she stalks the dews;
Thus, lofty, large, and long, the mother choose.

Crown the fourth year with hymeneal pow'rs:
Age, ere the tenth, laments its languid pow'rs.
Inglorious cares the dregs of life infest,
Unfit for labour, and by love unblest.

In youth's full force, by glowing pleasure led,
Loose the fierce savage to the genial bed;
There let him leave, ere yet to death resign'd,
Some bold memorial of his strength behind.
Swift fades our joyful prime: 'tis fled away;
Close on its wings, pant sickness, sore decay,
Relentless pains that lingering life consume,
And age, that calls on death to close the tomb.
Haste, as thy herds thus sickens, droop, and die,

Still with new tides the stream of life supply,
Prevent their loss, a race successive rear,
Nor mourn with vain regret time's fleet career.

Choose with like care the courser's generous breed,

And from his birth prepare the parent steed.
As yet a colt he stalks with lofty pace,
And balances his limbs with flexile grace:
First leads the way, the threat'ning torrent braves;
And dares the unknown arch that spans the waves.

Light on his airy crest his slender head,
His belly short, his loins luxuriant spread:
Muscle on muscle knots his brawny breast,
No fear alarms him, nor vain shouts molest.
But at the clash of arms, his ear afar
Drinks the deep sound, and vibrates to the war:
Flames from each nostril roll in gather'd stream,
His quivering limbs with restless motion gleam,
O'er his right shoulder, floating full and fair,
Sweeps his thick mane, and spreads its pomp of hair:

Swift works his double spine, and earth around
Rings to his solid hoof that wears the ground.
Such ardent Cyllarus, whose rage restrain'd
Foam'd on the bit by Spartan Pollux rein'd:
Such the fam'd steeds that whirl'd Pelides' car,
And o'er the battle wing'd the God of war:
And such the shape, that erst the God disguis'd,
When Saturn fled, by jealous rage surpris'd:
Loose in the gale his mane luxuriant play'd,
And Pelion echoed as the courser neigh'd.
But when with age, or long disease oppress,
Hide him at home in not inglorious rest:
Release the veteran, from the toil remove,
Nor urge reluctant to laborious love;
Vain rage, that flashes with delusive fires,
And, like the stubble, blazes and expires.
Then, chief, their years, and dauntless spirit trace,

What breed ennobles, and what honours grace,

If victory's glorious prize their speed inflame,
Or how, when conquer'd sinks their crest with shame.

Swift at the signal, lo! the chariots bound,
And bursting through the barriers seize the ground.

Now with high hope erect the drivers dart,
Now fear exhausts their palpitating heart.
Prone o'er loose reins they lash th' extended steed,

And the wing'd axle flames beneath their speed.
Now, low they vanish from the aching eye,
Now soar in air, and seem to gain the sky.
Where'er they rush along the hidden ground,
Dust in thick whirlwinds darkens all around.
Each presses each: in clouds from all behind,
Horse, horseman, chariots thundering in the wind,
Breath, flakes of foam, and sweat from every pore

Smoke in the gale, and stream the victor o'er.
Thus glorious thirst of praise their spirit fires,
And shouting victory boundless strength inspires.

Bold Erichthonius first four coursers yok'd,
And urged the chariot as the axle smok'd.
The skilful Lapithæ first taught to guide
The mounted steeds, and rein their temper'd pride,

Taught under arms to prance, and wheel around,
Press their proud steps, and paw th' insulted ground.

Alike their labours, and alike they claim
Youth's boundless force and unabated flame.
Ah! vain in age that Argos' vaunted breed,
Bore in triumphant palms th' exulting steed,
That oft he chas'd the foe, or claim'd his birth
From Neptune's race, that burst the womb of earth.

* * * * *

But if Bellona claim impetuous steeds,
And press to victory where the battle bleeds,
Or Fame, where Alpheus laves the field of Jove,
Urge the wing'd ear amid th' Olympian grove;
Flash on his infant eye the blazing shield,
Pour on his ear the thunder of the field,
Sound the shrill trumpet, roll the iron car,
And rattle o'er his stall the reins of war;
Teach him to love thy praise, and proudly stand,
And arch his crest beneath thy flattering hand.
Wean'd from his dam, yet weak in youthful year,
Thus train'd to martial sounds the courser rear;
Soothe with soft reins, nor dare his lip to wound,
Till summer rolls her fourth revolving round.
Then wheel in graceful orbs his pac'd career,
Let step by step in cadence strike the ear,
His flexile limbs in curves alternate prance,
And seem to labour as they slow advance:
Then give, uncheck'd, to fly with loosen'd rein,
Challenge the winds, and wing th' unprinted plain.

Thus Boreas, rushing fierce from Scythia's coast,
Bears on his wings dark winter's gather'd host:
The undulating fields and billowy grain
Float in the breeze that bristles all the plain;
The high woods roar, long surges swell the deep,
While his fleet wings at once the earth and ocean sweep.

Round Elis' course, thus rear'd, the victor steed
 Shall foam with blood, and triumph in his speed,
 Or, fearless rushing 'mid ranks of war,
 O'er routed armies wheel the Belgic car.
 Now, train'd to will, and pliant to command,
 Let generous grain his growing strength expand:
 The pamper'd steed, ere tam'd, each blow dis-
 dains,
 Scorns the harsh curb, and grinds the galling
 reins.

But, to confirm their force, in youth remove
 Thy steeds, and bullocks from destructive love.
 Banish the bull in distant dells unseen,
 Where rivers spread their torrent tide between,
 Where intervening rocks prone cliffs oppose,
 Or lonely stalls his sullen strength enclose.
 He views the bride, each look new passion fires,
 Slow wastes his strength, and melts his vain
 desires.

When noontide flames, forgetful of the shade,
 His restless footsteps bruise th' untasted blade;
 And oft her wanton look and wily charm
 The rival challengers to battle arm.
 The beauteous heifer indolently roves,
 And feeds at leisure 'mid luxuriant groves:
 Onward they rush, and from alternate blows
 Dark blood through gushing wounds the earth
 o'erflows.

Front clash'd on front their battering horns re-
 bound,

Olympus bellows, and the woods resound.
 The combat o'er, insatiate rage remains,
 The vanquish'd exile roams o'er distant plains;
 Mourns o'er his shame, and each ignoble scar,
 That marks th' insulting victor's might in war.
 And much he mourns, sad wanderer, forc'd to
 rove,

In battle unaveng'd, and lost to love,
 And leave, oft turning ere he quits the plain,
 The native honours of his proud domain.
 Hence by long toils collecting all his might,
 He disciplines his strength to wage the fight:
 Wears through each sleepless night his rocky
 bed,

And strays all day on prickly rushes fed:
 Now tries, contending 'gainst th' invaded oak,
 His iron horns, and batters stroke by stroke;
 Butts at the wind, and with impatient hoof,
 Prelude of battle, whirls the earth aloof;
 Then, gathering all his vigour, seeks his foe,
 Drives unexpected on, and levels at a blow.
 Thus faintly seen along the distant deep,
 Gleams the white wave, and heaves its surgy
 sweep,

Swells as it rolls, 'mid bellowing caverns roars,
 And bursts a mountain on the delug'd shores:
 Vex'd ocean boils, and, high in columns driven,
 Whirls the dark sand, and clouds the face of
 heaven.

Thus all that wings the air and cleaves the flood,
 Herds that or graze the plain or haunt the wood,
 Rush to like flames, when kindred passions
 move,

And man and brute obey the pow'r of love.
 The headlong lioness, by frenzy stung,
 Then fiercer roams, regardless of her young:

Then hideous bears with slaughter strow the
 wood;

Then the grim tigress rages, gorg'd with blood;
 And where 'mid Libyan sands the wanderers
 stray,

Woe! to the traveller on his lonely way.
 Lo! where the steeds, all wild with joy, inhale
 The well-known scent, and quiver in the gale;
 Them nor fierce blows, rude bit, or galling rein,
 Nor interposing crags or cliffs restrain,
 Nor floods that wear the rock's o'erhanging sides,
 And whirl the mountains down their torrent
 tides.

Prone darts the boar from deep Sabellian shades,
 Whets his fierce tusks, the batter'd earth invades,
 Wears the gnarl'd oak, and, rubbing to and fro,
 Steels his tough shoulders, and invites the blow.

What dares not ardent youth, when love in-
 spires,

Boils in his blood, and pours unsated fires?
 Lonely at midnight, when the tempest raves,
 Fearless he flings his bosom to the waves:
 Above dire thunder rolls, seas boil below,
 Round his pale head portentous lightnings glow;
 Nor heaven, nor seas, nor roaring winds appal,
 Nor billows breaking on the rocks recall,
 Nor his deserted parents' boding cry,
 Nor on his corse the virgin doom'd to die.
 Why should I sing how furious dogs engage,
 Wars that fierce wolves and spotted lynxes wage,
 Or how, each native fear by love subdued,
 Stags clash their antler'd brows, and bathe with
 blood?

But chief unbounded rage the mare inspires,
 Venus herself there centres all her fires;
 Such, as erst rag'd, when Potnian coursers tore
 Sad Glaucus' limbs, and dyed their jaws in gore.
 Love o'er Gargarian heights, Ascanian waves,
 Climbs the steep mountain, and the torrent
 braves;

In spring-tide most, when kindling Nature reigns,
 And warmth reviving throbs in fuller veins,
 Lo! on the mountain brow the mares inhale
 With fiery lip soft Zephyr's amorous gale;
 And oft, unwedded, pregnant with the wind,
 Scour o'er the cliffs, and leave the vales behind:
 Not where bright Eurys blows, they shape their
 flight,

Not where the sun first pours the golden light,
 But where keen Boreas dwells, or Auster shrouds
 Heaven's gloomy cope, and chills with weeping
 clouds;

There, while the genial warmth their bosom fills,
 The sov'reign filter, drop by drop, distils,
 That, mixt with herbs, and crown'd with baleful
 spell,

Pluck'd by vile stepdames, drugs the bowl of hell.

But time irreparable flies away,
 While in the maze of love we fondly stray.

Cease we of herds—new themes new cares
 require;

Rough goats and fleecy flocks the song inspire:
 Rough goats and flocks, ye swain, due notice claim;
 Here fix your labours, here aspire to fame.

I, conscious of the toil, will strive to raise
 The lowly theme, and grace with labour'd lays:

Tranc'd by sweet love, o'er unfrequented heights,
Where no smooth trace to Castaly invites,
I pierce the wild by mortal foot untrod,
And lonely commune with th' Aonian god.

Now, venerable Pales! raise the song:
Goddess! to thee the pastoral lays belong.
First I ordain the fodder'd sheep to feed
In shelt'ring cotes till summer shades the mead;
Oft o'er the rugged earth fresh stubble spread,
And litter frequent fern beneath their tread,
Lest piercing ice the tender cattle wound,
Cramp their chill limbs, and spread contagion round.

Next to the goats I turn: the arbuté bring,
And draw fresh water from the fountain spring,
And, fenc'd from bitter blasts, their stalls oppose
Where full the noontide sun in winter glows,
When cold Aquarius, as he quits the sphere,
Turns his prone urn, and floods the parting year.

Swains! tend the lowly goat: though scorn'd
of fame,

Their useful breed no slight protection claim.
Let rich Miletus vaunt her fleecy pride,
And weigh with gold her robes in winter dy'd,
Thou tell thy goats, what countless swarms
abound!

Lo! milk in gushing tides o'erflows the ground!
The more th' insatiate pails new loads demand,
New floods exhaustless froth beneath thy hand.
Clothed in their shaven beards, and hoary hair,
Fence of the ocean spray and nightly air,
The miserable seaman breasts the main,
And camps uninjur'd press the marshy plain.
By day, unwatch'd, they crop their distant food,
Thorns of the rock, and brakes that shag the wood,
Mindful at night return without a guide,
And lead their kids that bound on either side,
While their swoln dugs, distended with their store,

Scarce pass the threshold of thy shelt'ring door.
The less their wants, the more each want supply,
Nor with harsh scorn their little claims deny!
Oh! shield them from the ice and drifting snows,
Beneath thy roof their tender limbs repose,
Scatter their sylvan food, nor day by day
Refuse, all winter long, their dole of hay.
When Spring invites, and Zephyr fans the mead,
Alike both flocks to glades and pastures lead,
While the bright star, fair harbinger of day,
Gems the gray rime that silvers o'er the way.
Fresh the fair prime, and sweet a vernal dawn
To sip the dewdrops that impearl the lawn.
But when the sun's bright beams fierce radiance
fling,

And the loud woods with shrill cicadas ring,
Haste, to deep wells and spreading waters guide,
Or oaken troughs by living rills supplied.
When noontide flames, down cool sequester'd
glades,

Lead, where some giant oak the dell o'ershades,
Or where the gloom of many an ilex throws
The sacred darkness that invites repose.
When sinks the sun beneath the purple main,
Rills and refreshing meads delight again;
Then Vesper stilly breathes the temperate gale,
Cool dewy moonbeams gleam along the vale,

Responsive shores the halcyon's note prolong,
And woodland echoes swell the linnet's song.

Why should my verse recount the Libyan
swains,

And huts thin strewn along the wide champaigns?
Morn after morn, and night succeeding night,
Through all the changes of the lunar light,
Where'er their flocks 'mid houseless deserts stray,
And wander o'er th' illimitable way,
The Libyan shepherds bear, as on they roam,
Their arms, their dog, their bow, their god, their
home.

Not otherwise, in arms, untaught to yield,
Rome's burden'd soldiers seek the iron field,
And fix, ere Fame's swift voice prevents their
way,

'Mid unsuspecting hosts their war array.

But where Mæotis Scythia's waste divides,
And turbid Ister rolls his yellow tides,
And Rhodope, o'er many a realm outspread,
Turns to the pole, and bends her craggy bed;
There stalls enclose the herds that never stray,
No grass the field, no leaves the wood array,
But earth lies hid by ridgy drifts opprest,
And snow, seven ells in height, deforms her
breast.

There blasts that freeze, and winter, ever dwell;
Mist and eternal fog the sun repel;
Whether his fiery steeds high heaven ascend,
Or westering to the wave, his chariot bend.
Prone floods suspended in mid course congeal,
Fix'd ocean rattles to the iron wheel,
Where tossing vessels cross'd the billowy main,
O'er the smooth ice swift glides the loaded wain;
Brass snaps in sunder, and th' infolding vest
Hardens like mail, and stiffens on the breast.
There crystal chains at once whole pools confine,
And hatchets cleave the congelated wine;
Breath palpable to touch at once descends,
And rigid ice from matted beards depends.
Meanwhile o'er all the air snows press on snows,
And the huge limbs of stateliest bulls enclose;
Numb'd with new weight, and press'd in droves,
the deer

Scarce o'er the mass their topmost antlers rear;
Nor toils their flight impede, nor hounds o'ertake,
Nor plumes of purple dye their fears awake;
But while in vain, beneath the load opprest,
They heave the mount that gathers on their breast,
Them, front to front, at will the murderers slay,
Shout to their groan, and bear the spoil away.
There, while delv'd caves their shelter'd limbs
enclose,

The hordes in careless indolence repose,
O'er fires undying oaks gigantic raise,
And scorn the distant sun's forgotten blaze,
Mock with harsh fruit the grape's nectareous
bowls,

While half the year one long carousal rolls.
Beneath the polar sky's keen fury cast,
Cut by the snow and rude Rhipæan blast,
Shagg'd with yellow skins that crown'd their
chase,

Thus live the wild barbarian's lawless race.

Is wool thy care? from thorns the flock restrain,
The wood too rough, and too luxuriant plain;

Soft let the fleece in silver tresses flow,
And fair the sire as flakes of falling snow:
But if dark hues his tongue and palate stain,
Drive the lone exile from thy spotless train,
Lest the dim blemish that the sire defil'd
Infect the fleece, and stain the attune child.
Thus once, if rightly bards the song attune,
Pan wav'd the snowy wool that lur'd the moon;
Nor, when the wanton woo'd thee to the grove,
Didst thou, fair Cynthia! scorn the bribe of love.

Nor slight thy dogs: on whey the mastiffs feed,
Molossian race, and hounds of Spartan breed;
Beneath their sleepless eye repose in peace,
No wolf, the shepherd gone, shall thin thy fleece;
No thief by night invade thy lonely home,
Nor round thy haunts the wild Iberian roam.
Go, the fleet hare and flying hind pursue,
Rous'd from deep fens the bristly boar subdue.
Urge the tall stag along th' aerial height,
And, shouting, press within thy toils his flight.

FROM GEORGIC IV.

THE MANAGEMENT OF BEES—THEIR ACTIONS, INSTINCTS, BATTLES, &c.—THE CORYCIAN OLD MAN.

Now, while th' aerial honey's nectar dews,
Gift of a god, once more, invite the muse,
Mæcenas! yet again, with fond regard
Crown the long labours of thy votive bard.
Worthy of wonder, here at large I trace
Th' unfolded genius of the insect race,
Their chiefs illustrious, and th' embattled field,
Manners and arts, that peaceful studies yield.
The lowly theme shall claim no vulgar praise,
If Phæbus deign to hear th' invoking lays.
First, seek a station where no ruthless gale
Dares the still hive and shelter'd bees assail:
Lest, as they homeward droop, o'erdone with
toil,

Inclement blasts their loaded flight despoil;
Far from the sheep that wasted earth devour,
The wanton kids that bound from flower to
flower,

Heifers whose roving steps the meadow bruise,
And dash from springing herbs nectareous dews.
There let no lizard arm'd with burnish'd scale,
Merops, or bird of prey, their walls assail,
Nor Procne haunt, whose conscious plumes attest
The blood-stain'd hand imprinted on her breast.
These widely waste, and, seiz'd upon the wing,
To feed their nest the bee in triumph bring.
But there let pools invite with moss array'd,
Clear fount and rill that purls along the glade,
Palms o'er their porch a grateful gloom extend,
And the wild olive's shel'ring boughs defend.
There when new kings the swarms at springtide
lead,

And bursting myriads gladden all the mead,
Dim banks at noon may lure to cool repose,
And trees with hospitable arms enclose.
If sleep the stagnant pools, or currents flow,
Huge stones, and willows 'mid the water throw;
That if a breeze across their passage sweep,
And headlong drive the loiterer to the deep,

On many a bridge the bee may safely stand,
And his wet plumes to summer suns expand.
There all her sweets let savoury exhale,
Thyme breathe her soul of fragrance on the gale,
In dulcet streams her roots green casia lave,
And beds of violets drink at will the wave.
Alike, if hollow cork their fabric form,
Or flexile twigs enclose the settled swarm,
With narrow entrance guard the shelter'd cell,
And summer suns and wintry blasts repel.
Dire each extreme: or winter cakes with cold,
Or summer melts the comb to fluid gold.
Hence not in vain the bees their domes prepare,
And smear the chinks that open to the air,
With flowers and fucus close each pervious pore,
With wax cement, and thicken o'er and o'er.
Stor'd for this use they hive the clammy dew,
And load their garners with tenacious glue,
As birdlime thick, or pitch that slow distils
In loitering drops on Ida's pine-crown'd hills,
And oft ('tis said) they delve beneath the earth,
And nurse in gloomy caves their hidden birth,
Amid the crumbling stone's dark concave dwell,
Or hang in hollow trees their airy cell.
Thou aid their toil! with mud their walls o'erlay,
And lightly shade the roof with leafy spray.
There let no yew its baleful shadow cast,
Nor crabs on glowing embers taint the blast;
Far from their roof deep fens that poison breathe,
Thick fogs that float from beds of mud beneath,
Caves from whose depth redoubled echoes rise,
And rock to rock in circling shout replies.
Now when the sun beneath the realms of night
Dark winter drives, and robes the heavens with
light,

The bees o'er hill and dale, from flow'r to flow'r,
In grove and lawn the purple spring devour,
Sip on the wing, and lightly brushing lave
Their airy plumage in th' undimpled wave.
Hence with unusual joy in fondling mood
Cling to their nests, and rear their cherish'd
brood,

With wondrous art their waxen toil renew,
And thicken as they hive the honied dew,
Lo! from their cells when swarms through æther
stream,

And float at noon along the liquid beam,
And on the breeze that rings beneath their flight
Draw out in darkling clouds their airy height,
Observe them as they wind aloft their way,
Where groves o'ershade, and crystal fountains
play;

There strew each rifled herb, that breathes of
spring,

There the bruis'd balm and honeysuckle fling;
And tinkling raise, while echo rings around,
And Cybele's tost cymbals shrilly sound.
Soon shall they haunt the medicated seat,
And to their inmost cells unseen retreat.

But if impending feuds the hive alarm,
When doubtful kings the frantic nation arm,
Tumultuous crowds the dread event prepare,
And palpitating hearts that beat to war;
Deep brazen peals the lingering crowds excite,
And harsh the voice like trumpets hoarse in
fight.

Onward they troop, and, brandishing their wings,
Fit their fierce claws, and point their poison'd
stings;

Throng to th' imperial tent, their king surround,
Provoke the foe, and loud defiance sound.

At length when spring expands th' unclouded
day,

Through opening portals bursts their wing'd
array;

Fierce clash the clust'ring orbs, air rings around,
Prone from the conflict myriads strow the ground,
Thick as tempestuous hail from summer show'rs,
Or streaming acorns dash'd from oaken bow'rs.
Amid the press of war, th' encount'ring kings,
Mark'd by the pomp and spreading 'of their
wings,

While boundless souls their little bosom swell,
To deeds of glory either host impel;

Fiercely they fight, unknowing how to yield,
Till force resistless drive them from the field.

Yet at thy will these dreadful conflicts cease,
Throw but a little dust, and all is peace.

But when the leaders at thy voice recede,
Slay the weak rebel! bid th' usurper bleed!
Slay, ere he waste the hive. Defend the throne,
And let the rightful monarch reign alone.
Doubt you the sov'reign? lo! his golden mail,
His stately port, and brightly burnish'd scale;
The vile usurper 'mid a kindred throng
Scarce trails his loathsome breadth of paunch
along.

Such as their kings, the two-fold nation view,
These base of aspect rough, and squalid hue,
Like the tir'd wretch in summer's sultry day
That spits with fiery lip the dust away;
These gaily shine, all-glorious to behold,
Spangled with equal spots, and dropt with gold;
Be these thy care; for thee their grateful toil
Pours at due times the tributary spoil,
Drains the pure comb, whose liquid sweets
refine

The grape austere, and tame the temper'd wine.

If wavering swarms in æther wildly roam,
Scorn their cold cells, and quit the unfinish'd
comb.

Check their vain sport, to peace the state restore,
Pluck off their monarch's wings, the flight is o'er;
No rebel dares beyond the limits stray,
Or pluck the standard from his tent away.
Let gardens, breathing sweets, the bee invite
To fix on saffron beds his bounded flight;
Priapus there with willow sickle drive
The birds and plunderers from th' entrusted
hive;

Then bring the pine from rocky cliffs sublime,
There plant with toil-worn hand the mountain
thyme,

Fruits, odiferous shrubs, and fragrant flow'rs,
And fresher, as they bloom, with frequent
show'rs.

Ah fav'rite scenes! but now with gather'd sail
I seek the shore, nor trust th' inviting gale;
Else had my song your charms at leisure trac'd,
And all the garden's varied arts embrac'd;
Sung, twice each year, how Pæstan roses blow,
How endive drinks the rill that purls below,

How twisting gourds pursue their mazy way,
Swell as they creep, and widen into day;
How verdant celery decks its humid bed,
How late-blown flowrets round narcissus spread;
The lithe acanthus and the ivy hoar,
And myrtle blooming on the sea-beat shore.

Yes, I remember, where Galæus leads
His flood dark-winding through the golden meads,
Where proud Cebalia's tow'rs o'erlook the plain,
Once I beheld an old Corycian swain;
Lord of a little spot, by all disdain'd,
Where never lab'ring yoke subsistence gain'd,
Where never shepherd gave his flock to feed,
Nor Bacchus dar'd to trust th' ungrateful mead,
He there with scanty herbs the bushes crown'd,
And planted lilies, vervain, poppies round;
Nor envied kings, when late, at twilight close,
Beneath his peaceful shed he sought repose,
And cull'd from earth, with changeful plenty
stor'd,

Th' unpurchas'd feasts that pil'd his varied board.
At spring-tide first he pluck'd the full-blown rose,
From autumn first the ripen'd apple chose;
And e'en when winter split the rocks with cold,
And chain'd th' o'erhanging torrent as it roll'd,
His blooming hyacinths, ne'er known to fail,
Shed sweets unborrow'd of the vernal gale,
As 'mid their rifled beds he wound his way,
Chid the slow sun and Zephyr's long delay.
Hence first his bees new swarms unnumber'd
gave,

And press'd from richest combs the golden wave;
Limes round his haunts diffus'd a grateful shade,
And verdant pines with many a cone array'd;
And every bud, that gem'd the vernal spray
Swell'd into fruit beneath th' autumnal ray.
He lofty elms, transpos'd in order, plac'd,
Luxuriant pears at will his alleys grac'd,
And grafted thorns that blushing plums dis-
play'd,

And planes that stretch'd o'er summer feasts
their shade.

Ah! fav'rite scenes! to other bards resign'd,
I leave your charms, and trace my task assign'd.

Now learn what added arts the race improve,
The meed of old conferr'd by grateful Jove;
What time the bees, by clanging cymbals led,
In Cretan caves the nursing Thunderer fed.
They, they alone a common race supply,
And dwell in towns beneath the public eye,
Love their known household, aid their country's
cause,

Securely live beneath establish'd laws;
Prescient of winter, hoard the rifled spring,
And summer's tribute to the treasury bring.
Some, bound by compact, leave their native home,
And far and wide for daily nurture roam;
Form'd of thick gum and pale narcissus' tear,
Some, in the hive, their new foundations rear;
These, train'd to work, the clinging wax suspend,
These to the race, the nation's hope, attend,
Condense pure honey, and insatiate swell
With liquid nectar each o'erflowing cell.
These, at the gate, their station'd vigils keep,
Mark where the clouds collect, the tempests
sweep,

Unload the labourer, or, embattled, drive
The drone, dull sluggard, from the busy hive:
A nation toils, the work unwearied glows,
And, redolent of thyme, the honey flows.
As when the Cyclops, for the almighty Sire,
Force from the stubborn mass the bolt of fire,
These slumb'ring flames with gather'd winds
awake,

Those plunge the hissing bars beneath the lake;
Heav'd with vast strength their arms in order
rise,

And blow to blow in measur'd chime replies;
While with firm tongs they turn the sparkling ore,
And Ætna's caves with labouring anvils roar.
Not less (if unprov'd, I rightly dare,
Things of low note with wondrous works compare,)

The love of gain th' Hymettian swarm inspires,
Wakes every wish, and all their ardour fires.
To each his part; age claims th' entrusted care
To rear the palace, and the dome repair;
The young, returning home at dead of night,
Faint droop beneath the thyme that loads their
flight.

Where'er a willow waves, or arbuté grows,
Or casia scents the gale, or crocus glows,
Or hyacinth unfolds its purple hue,
Flow'r, shrub, and grove, for them their sweets
renew.

Alike they labour, and alike repose;
Forth from their gates each morn the nation flows,
And when pale twilight, from the wasted mead,
Bids the tir'd race, o'ercharg'd with spoil, recede,
They seek their roof, their drooping frame revive,
And shake with ceaseless hum the crowded hive.
Deep calm succeeds, each laid within his cell,
Where sleep and peace without a murmur dwell.
If tempests low'r, or blust'ring Eurus sound,
Prescient they creep their city walls around,
Sip the pure rill that near their portal springs,
And bound their wary flight in narrower rings;
And with light pebbles, like a balanc'd boat,
Pois'd through the air on even pinions float.

Nor shall the bees the less thy wonder move,
That none indulge the joys of mutual love:
None waste their strength by amorous toils sub-
du'd,

No pangs of labour renovate the brood.
By instinct led, at springtide's genial hour,
They gather all the race from herb and flower;
Hence springs the people, hence th' imperial lord,
Their domes and waxen kingdoms rise restored.
And oft they roam where crags their feathers
bruise,

And oft their lives beneath the burden lose;
Such their fond zeal that every flower explores,
And glorious strife to swell their golden stores.

Hence, though harsh fate, when seven fleet
summers end,

At once their labours and their lives suspend,
The race and realm from age to age remain,
And time but lengthens with new links the chain.
Not Lydia's sons nor Parthia's peopled shore,
Mede or Ægyptian thus their king adore.

He lives, and pours through all th' accordant soul;
He dies, and by his death dissolves the whole:

Rage and fierce war their wondrous fabric tear,
Scatter their combs, and waste in wild despair.
He guards their works, his look deep rev'rence
draws;

Crowds swarm on crowds, and hum their loud
applause,

Bear 'mid the press of battle on their wing,
And, proud to perish, die around their king.
Hence, to the bee some sages have assign'd
A portion of the God, and heavenly mind;
For God goes forth, and spreads throughout the
whole,—

Heaven, earth, and sea, the universal soul;
Each at its birth from him all beings share,
Both man and brute, the breath of vital air;
There all return, and loos'd from earthly chain,
Fly whence they sprung, and rest in God again,
Spurn at the grave, and, fearless of decay,
Live 'mid the host of heaven, and star th' ethe-
real way.

But if thy search their sacred realm explore,
And from their treasures draw the honied store,
With spirted water damp their ready wing,
And, veil'd in clouds of smoke, elude the sting.
The golden harvest twice each year o'erflows,
Thou twice each year the plenteous cells unclose,
Soon as fair Pleias, bright'ning into day,
Scorns with indignant foot the watery way,
Or, when descending down the ærial steep,
She pours her pale ray on the wintry deep.
The injur'd swarms with rage insatiate glow,
Barb every shaft and poison every blow,
Deem life itself to vengeance well resign'd,
Die on the wound, and leave their stings behind.

If wintry dearth thy prescient fears create,
Or rouse thy pity for their ruin'd state,
With thymy odours scent their smoking halls,
And pare th' unpeopled cells that load their walls.
There oft, unseen, dark newts insidious prey,
The beetle there that flies the light of day,
There feasts th' unbidden drone, there ring the
alarms

Of hornets battling with unequal arms,
Dire gnaws the moth, and o'er their portals
spread

The spider watches her ærial thread.
Yet still, when most oppress'd, they mostly strive,
And tax their strength to renovate the hive;
Contending myriads urge exhaustless powers,
Fill every cell, and crowd the comb with flowers.

But (since dread ills both bees and man molest)
If e'er disease the languid hive infest,
Pale haggard looks th' undoubted sign display,
Their vigour wastes, and all their hues decay.
The dead are carried forth, and sad and slow
The long procession swells the pomp of woe;
Then lurk the sick within their dark retreat,
Or cling around the doors with pensive feet,
Their drooping pinions, weak with famine, close,
Or, shrunk with cold, their torpid limbs repose.
Then long-drawn hums wind on from cell to cell,
Like gales that murmur down the woodland dell,
Or ebbing waves that roll along the shore,
Or flames that in the furnace inly roar,
Then round the hive in many a smoky wreath,
Let burning galbanum rich incense breathe,

Through ready channels pour the golden flood,
Lure their coy taste, and court with tempting food.

There the dried rose and pounded galls combine,
And centaur strong-breath'd, and sodden wine,
Grapes that long ripe on Pythian vineyards hung,
And thyme that on the breeze rich fragrance flung.

In fields there grows a flow'r of pastoral fame,
Amellus, so the shepherds call its name;
Sprung from one root its stalks profusely spread,
A golden circle glitters on its head,
But many a leaf with purple violet crown'd
Throws a soft shade the yellow disk around.
Though rough the taste, yet wreath'd round many a shrine,

In rich festoons its golden blossoms shine,
And by meand'ring Mella's pastur'd plain
With radiant lustre tempt the shepherd swain.
Seethe in rich wine its roots, and, oft renew'd,
High pile before their gates th' alluring food.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

"**GREAT** is thy guilt; on thy devoted head
Indignant gods no common vengeance shed;
Sad Orpheus, doom'd, without a crime, to mourn
His ravish'd bride that never shall return;
Wild for her loss, calls down th' inflicted woes,
And deadlier threatens, if no fate oppose.
When urg'd by thee along the marshy bed,
Th' unhappy nymph in frantic terror fled;
She saw not, doom'd to die, across her way,
Where, couch'd beneath the grass, the serpent lay.

But every Dryad, their companion dead,
O'er the high rocks their echo'd clamour spread,
The Rhodopeian mounts with sorrow rung,
Deep wailings burst Pangea's cliffs among
Sad Orithyia, and the Gætæ wept,
And loud lament down plaintive Hebrus swept.
He, lonely, on his harp, 'mid wilds unknown,
Sooth'd his sad love with melancholy tone:
On thee, sweet bride! still dwelt th' undying lay,
Thee first at dawn deplor'd, thee last at close of day.

For thee he dar'd to pass the jaws of hell,
And gates where death and darkness ever dwell,
Trod with firm foot in horror's gloomy grove,
Approach'd the throne of subterranean Jove,
Nor fear'd the manes and stern host below,
And hearts that never felt for human woe.
Drawn by his song from Erebus profound
Shades and unbodied phantoms flock around,
Countless as birds that fill the leaf'y bow'r
Beneath pale eve, or winter's driving show'r.
Matrons and sires, and unaffianc'd maids,
Forms of bold warriors and heroic shades,
Youths and pale infants laid upon the pyre,
While their fond parents saw th' ascending fire:
All whom the squalid reeds and sable mud
Of slow Cocytus' unrejoicing flood,
All whom the Stygian lake's dark confine bounds,
And with nine circles, maze in maze, surrounds.
On him, astonish'd Death and Tartarus gaz'd,
Their viper hair the wond'ring Furies rais'd:

Grim Cerberus stood, his triple jaws half clos'd,
And fix'd in air Ixion's wheel repos'd.

"Now ev'ry peril o'er, when Orpheus led
His resen'd prize in triumph from the dead,
And the fair bride, so Proserpine enjoin'd,
Press'd on his path, and follow'd close behind,
In sweet oblivious trance of amorous thought
The lover err'd, to sudden frenzy wrought:
Ah! venial fault! if hell had ever known
Mercy, or sense of suffering not its own.
He stopp'd, and, ah! forgetful, weak of mind,
Cast, as she reach'd the light, one look behind.
There die his hopes, by love alone betray'd,
He broke the law that hell's stern tyrant made;
Thrice o'er the Stygian lake a hollow sound
Portentous murmur'd from its depth profound.
'Alas! what fates our hapless love divide,
What frenzy, Orpheus, tears thee from thy bride!
Again I sink;' a voice resistless calls,
'Lo! on my swimming eye cold slumber falls.
Now, now farewell! involv'd in thickest night,
Borne far away, I vanish from thy sight,
And stretch towards thee, all hope for ever o'er,
These unavailing arms, ah! thine no more.'—
She spoke, and from his gaze for ever fled,
Swift as dissolving smoke through æther spread,
Nor more beheld him, while he fondly strove
To catch her shade, and pour the plaints of love.

Deaf to his pray'r no more stern Charon gave
To cross the Stygian lake's forbidden wave.
What shall he do? where, dead to hope, reside?
'Reft of all joy, and doubly lost his bride;
What tears shall soothe th' inexorable god?
Pale swam her spirit to its last abode.

"Ah! many a month he wept in lofty caves
By frozen Strymon's solitary waves;
With melting melodies the beasts subdu'd,
And drew around his harp the list'ning wood.
Thus Philomel, beneath the poplar spray,
Mourns her lost brood untimely snatch'd away,
Whom some rough hind, that watch'd her fost'ring nest.

Tore yet unfleg'd from the maternal breast:
She on the bough, all night her p'aint pursues,
Fills the far woods with woe, and each sad note renews.

No earthly charms had pow'r his soul to move,
No second hymeneal hur'd to love.

'Mid climes where Tanais freezes as it flows,
'Mid deserts hoary with Rhipæan snows,
Lone roam'd the bard, his ravish'd bride deplor'd,

And the vain gift of hell's relenting lord.
Scorn'd of the youth, when grief alone could charm,

Rage and revenge the Thracian matrons arm;
'Mid the dark orgies of their god, they tore
His mangled limbs, and tost along the shore.
Ah! at that time while roll'd the floating head
Torn from his neck, down Hebrus' craggy bed,
His last, last voice, his tongue now cold in death,

Still nam'd Eurydice with parting breath;
'Ah! poor Eurydice!' his spirit sigh'd,
And all the rock Eurydice replied."

FROM THE ÆNEIS.

Book. II.

HECTOR'S GHOST.

'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears;
Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were

thrust

Through the bor'd holes: his body black with
dust:

Unlike that Hector, who return'd, from toils
Of war, triumphant in Æacian spoils,
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
And all the wounds he for his country bore,
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
I wept to see the visionary man,
And while my trance continued, thus began:
"O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art thou so late return'd for our defence?
Do we behold thee, wearied as we are,
With length of labours, and with toils of war?
After so many fun'rals of thy own,
Art thou restor'd to our declining town?
But say, what wounds are these? what new dis-

grace

Deforms the manly features of thy face?"
To this the spectre no reply did frame,
But answer'd to the cause for which he came;
And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
This warning, in these mournful words, ex-
press'd:

"O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess'd the wall:
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone.
Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their assistance, bappier walls expect,
Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect."
He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
The venerable statues of the gods,
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir,
The wreaths and reliques of th' immortal fire.

* * * * *

THE DEATH OF PRIAM.

PERHAPS you may of Priam's fate inquire?
He—when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his enter'ing foes,
On every side inevitable woes—
In arms dissolv'd invests his limbs, decay'd,
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain.

Uncovered but by heaven, there stood in view
An altar: near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass
round

The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain,
Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
"What rage," she cried, "has seiz'd my hus-
band's mind?"

What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
These times want other aids! Were Hector here?
E'en Hector now in vain, like Priam, would ap-
pear.

With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd."
She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Phyrus, there for safety runs.
Through swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies
Through empty courts, and open galleries.
Him Phyrus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
Expires before his wretched parents' eyes:
Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law;
And, shaking more with anger than with age,
"The gods," said he, "requite thy brutal rage!
As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must,
If there be gods in heaven, and gods be just—
Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his—not he, thy vaunted sire,
Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;
Pitied the woes a parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his tent."

This said, his feeble hand a jav'lin threw,
Which, flut'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.

Then Pyrrhus thus: "Hence dotard! meet thy
fate,

And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die!"—With that he dragg'd the trembling
sire,

Slidd'ring through clott'd blood and holy mire,
(The mingled paste his murder'd son had made)
Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody falchion bare;
His left he twisted in his hoary hair:
Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came rushing through the
wound,

And sanguine streams stain'd the sacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state—

He, who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd,
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd.
On the bleak shores now lies th' abandoned
king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.

Book IV.

DIDO'S PASSION FOR ÆNEAS.

BUT anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unseen;
The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her sister first with early care she sought,
And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought:
"My dearest Anna! what new dreams affright
My lab'ring soul! what visions of the night
Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest!
His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
A man descended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind;
His birth is well asserted by his mind.
Then, what he suffer'd when by Fate betray'd,
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage—never to be curs'd
With second love, so fatal was my first—
To this one error I might yield again:
For, since Sichæus was untimely slain,
This only man is able to subvert
The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
And, to confess my frailty—my shame,—
Somewhat I find within, if not the same,
Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
And let me through the dark abyss descend—
First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky,
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie—
Before I break the plighted faith I gave!
No! he who had my vows shall ever have:
For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the
grave."

She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes,
And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies:
"O, dearer than the vital air I breathe!
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath,
Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother, or of wife!
Think you these tears, this pompous train of
woe,

Are known or valued by the ghosts below?
I grant that while your sorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman, and a queen,
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject,
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name:
But will you fight against a pleasing flame?
This little spot of land which heaven bestows,
On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes:

Gætulian cities here are spread around,
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound:
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand:
Barcean troops besiege the narrow shore,
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious heaven, and gracious Juno, lead
This wand'ring navy to your needful aid:
How will your empire spread, your city rise,
From such a union, and with such allies!
Implore the favour of the pow'rs above;
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay,
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to
threat,

And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet."

These words, which from a friend and sister
came,

With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.

* * * * *

Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving Dido roves.
So, when the watchful shepherd, from the blind,
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods—
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.
And now she leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
This pomp she shows, to tempt her wand'ring
guest,

Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight;
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate.
He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain,
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends,
And thus the tragic story never ends.

Then, when they part, when Phæbe's paler
light

Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
She last remains, when ev'ry guest is gone,
Sits on the couch he press'd, and sighs alone;
Absent, her absent hero sees and hears;
Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears,
And seeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.

* * * * *

Æneas, being warned by Jupiter from settling
in Africa, prepares for his departure, endeavour-
ing, however, (though in vain,) to conceal his
design from the unhappy queen.

Meantime

The loud report through Libyan cities goes,
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows—
Swift from the first; and ev'ry moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her
wings.

Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
Enrag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
Produc'd her, last of the Titanian birth—
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste—
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast.
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
Millions of op'ning mouths to Fame belong;
And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a tongue;
And round with listening ears the flying plague
is hung.

She fills the peaceful universe with cries:
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes:
By day, from lofty tow'rs her head she shews,
And spreads through trembling crowds disastrous
news,

With court informers haunts, and royal spies;
Things done relates; not done she feigns; and
mingles truth with lies.

Talk is her bus'ness; and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
Who, "lost to honour and the sense of shame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wand'ring guest, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him she passes in delights,
And wastes in luxury long winter nights,
Forgetful of her fame and royal trust,
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust."

* * * * *

But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise:
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)
She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and e'en in safety fears.
Nor impious Fame was wanting to report
The ships repair'd, the Trojans quick resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind she roves the city round.
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy
spear.

At length she finds the dear perfidious man;
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began:
"Base and ungrateful! could you hope to fly,
And undiscover'd, 'scape a lover's eye?
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
Or is the death of a despairing queen
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?
E'en when the wintry winds command your stay,
You dare the tempest, and defy the sea.
False as you are, suppose you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;
Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
See, whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?
Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,
By this right hand (since I have nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave before)
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;

If ever Dido, when you were most kind,
Was pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind:
By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have
place,

Pity the fortune of a falling race!
For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
For you alone, I suffer in my fame,
Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame!
Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?
(That only name remains of all the rest!)
What have I left? or whither can I fly?
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,
Or till Iarbas shall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed!
Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight,
Some young Æneas to supply your place,
Whose features might express his father's face;
I should not then complain to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left."

Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd he holds
his eyes,
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
Though heaving in his heart; and thus at length
replies:

"Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
This only let me speak in my defence—
I never hop'd a secret flight from hence,
Much less pretended to the lawful claim
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.
For, if indulgent heaven would leave me free,
And not submit my life to Fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
Those relics to review, their dust adore,
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.
And now the Delphian oracle commands,
And Fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd place to which I steer;
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian and stranger born,
With walls and tow'rs, a Libyan town adorn,
Why may not we—like you, a foreign race—
Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears:
And young Ascanius justly may complain,
Defrauded of his fate, and destin'd reign.
E'en now the herald of the gods appear'd—
Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
From Jove he came commission'd, heavenly
bright

With radiant beams, and manifest to sight:
(The sender and the sent I both attest)
These walls he enter'd, and these words ex-
press'd."

Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command:
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.
Thus while he spoke, already she began
With sparkling eyes to view the guilty man,

From head to foot, survey'd his person o'er,
 Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore :
 "False as thou, and more than false, forsworn !
 Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
 But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock !
 And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck !
 Why should I fawn ? what have I worse to fear ?
 Did he once look, or lend a list'ning ear,
 Sigh when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear ?
 All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
 So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
 Of man's injustice why should I complain ?
 The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
 Triumphant treason ; yet no thunder flies ;
 Nor Juno views my wrongs, with equal eyes :
 Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies !
 Justice has fled, and truth is now no more !
 I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore ;
 With needful food his hungry Trojans fed ;
 I took the traitor to my throne and bed :
 Fool that I was—'tis little to repeat
 The rest—I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
 I rave, I rave ! a god's command he pleads,
 And makes heaven accessory to his deeds.
 Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
 Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
 To warn him hence ; as if the peaceful state
 Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human
 fate.

But go ! thy flight no longer I detain—
 Go ! seek thy promis'd kingdom through the
 main !

Yet, if the heavens will hear my pious vow,
 The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
 Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
 To the proud vessels, and their perjurd lord.
 Then shalt thou call on injurd Dido's name :
 Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame :
 When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame—
 Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep :
 Her angry ghost arising from the deep,
 Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
 At least my shade thy punishment shall know ;
 And Fame shall spread the pleasing news be-
 low."

Abruptly here she stops—then turns away
 Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
 Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
 What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
 Her fearful maids their fearful mistress led,
 And softly laid her on her iv'ry bed.

But good Æneas, though he much desir'd
 To give that pity which her grief requir'd—
 Though much he mourn'd, and labour'd with his
 love—

Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove ;
 Reviews his forces : they with early care
 Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
 The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride ;
 And well-cank'd galleys in the harbour ride.
 Then oaks for oars they fo'ld : or as they stood,
 Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
 Stubious of flight. The bench is cover'd o'er
 With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore :
 On ev'ry side are seen descending down,
 Thick swarms of soldiers, laden from the town.

Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
 Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
 T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
 The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
 The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
 Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs :
 Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain ;
 Some guard the spoil, some lash the lagging train ;
 All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain.
 What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
 When from the tow'r she saw the cover'd shore,
 And heard the shouts of sailors, from afar,
 Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war !
 All-powerful Love ! what changes canst thou
 cause

In human hearts, subjected to thy laws !
 Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends :
 To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends.
 No female arts or aids she left untried,
 Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she died.
 "Look, Anna ! look ! the Trojans crowd to sea ;
 They spread their canvas, and their anchors
 weigh.

The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,
 Invoke the sea gods, and invite the wind.
 Could I have thought his threat'ning blow so near,
 My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
 But do not you my last request deny :
 With yon perfidious man your int'rest try,
 And bring me news, if I must live or die.
 You are his fav'rite : you alone can find
 The dark recesses of his inmost mind :
 In all his trusted secrets you have part,
 And know the soft approaches of his heart.
 Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe ;
 Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go,
 Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
 Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
 Nor mov'd with hands profane his father's dust :
 Why should he then reject a suit so just ?
 Whom does he shun ? and whither would he fly ?
 Can he this last, this only pray'r deny ?
 Let him at least his dangerous flight delay,
 Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.

The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more :
 Let him pursue the promis'd Latin shore.
 A short delay is all I ask him now—
 A pause of grief, an interval from wo,
 Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
 Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
 If you in pity grant this one request,
 My death shall glut the hatred of his breast."
 This mournful message pious Anna bears,
 And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears :
 But all her arts are still employ'd in vain :
 Again she comes, and is refus'd again.
 His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threat'nings
 move ;

Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.
 As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
 Justling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
 This way and that the mountain oak they bend ;
 His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend ;
 With leaves and falling mast they spread the
 ground ;
 The hollow valleys echo to the sound :

Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks:
Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
And banded words, still beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward
pains;

But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursued by cruel Fate,
Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,
And loaths to live. Then dire portents she sees,
To hasten on the death her soul decrees—
Strange to relate! for when before the shrine,
She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood;
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and e'en her sister, she conceal'd.

A marble temple stood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honour'd chapel she had hung around
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Of, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note
The solitary screech-owl strains her throat,
And, on a chimney's top or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the
night.

Besides, old prophecies augment her fears;
And stern Æneas in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day: she seems, alone,
To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark; or, in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain—
Like Pentheus, when distracted with his fear,
He saw two suns and double Thebes appear;
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,
And shook her snakey locks: he shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;
The Furies guard the door, and intercept his
flight.

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief.

* * * * *
'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murmur'ing tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order moved around;
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on
the ground.

The flocks and herds, and particolour'd fowl
Which haunt the woods or swim the weedy
pool,

Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find:
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.

Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart;
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater
part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind:
"What shall I do? what succour can I find?
Become a suppliant to Iarbas' pride,
And take my turn to court and be denied?
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himself I refuged, and his train reliev'd—
'Tis true—but am I sure to be receiv'd?
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place?
Laomedon still lives in all his race!
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
Or with my fleet, their flying sails pursue?
What force have I but those, who scarce before
I drew reluctant from their native shore?
Will they again embark at my desire,
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second
Tyre?"

Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
Had I continued free, and still my own—
Avoiding love, I had not found despair,
But shar'd with savage beasts the common air.
Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead."
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious
breast.—

* * * * *
Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heavens o'erspread,
When from a tower, the queen, with wakeful
eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.
She look'd to seaward: but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descried.
Stung with despite, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
"And shall th' ungrateful traitor go, (she said,)
My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm? not rush from ev'ry street?
To follow, sink, and burn, his perjur'd fleet?
Haste! haul my galleys out! pursue the foe!
Bring flaming brands! set sail, and swiftly row!
What have I said! where am I? Fury turns
My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns;
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore
The burden of his feeble father bore!
I should have torn him piece-meal—strew'd in
floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods—
Destroy'd his friends and son—and from the
fire
Have set the reeking boy before the sire.
Events are doubtful, which on battle wait!
Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate?
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band;

At once extinguished all the faithless name;
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend the funeral
flame.

Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below!
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow!
Thou Hecat, hearken from thy dark abodes!
Ye Furies, Fiends, and violated Gods!
All powers invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses and avenge her death!
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian
lands.

Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:
Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace:
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand!
These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will:
And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfil.
Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim
Against the prince, the people, and the name.
These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow;
Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know!
Now, and from hence, in ev'ry future age,
When rage excites your arms, and strength sup-
plies the rage,

Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,
With fire and sword pursue the perjurd brood—
Our arms, our seas, our shores oppos'd to theirs—
And the same hate descend on all our heirs.

* * * * *

Book VI.

AT the request of Æneas, the Sibyl attends
him to the shades below, describing to him the
various scenes of the place, and conducting him
to his father, who shows him the glorious race of
heroes which was to descend from him.

So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,
His hand upon the holy altar laid.
Then thus replied the prophetess divine:
"O goddess-born, of great Anchises' line!
The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
But, to return, and view the cheerful skies—
In this the task and mighty labour lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
And those of shining worth, and heavenly race.
Betwixt those regions and our upper light,
Deep forests and impenetrable night
Possess the middle space: th' infernal bounds
Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.
But, if so dire a love your soul invades,
As twice below to view the trembling shades;
If you so hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to pass th' innavigable lake;

Receive my counsel. In the neighb'ring grove
There stands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own: thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears; but (wondrous to behold)
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
Ere leave be giv'n, to tempt the nether skies.
The first thus rent, a second will arise;
And the same metal the same room supplies.
Look round the wood with lifted eyes, to see
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command:
The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease, if, favoured by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
If not, no labour can the tree constrain;
And strength of stubborn arms, and steel, are
vain.

Scarce had she said, when, full before his sight,
Two doves descending from their airy flight,
Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds, and thus he pray'd:
"Be you my guides with your auspicious aid;
And lead my footsteps till the branch be found,
Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the sacred ground.
And thou, great parent! with celestial care,
In this distress, be present to my pray'r."
Thus having said, he stopp'd, with watchful sight,
Observing still the motions of their flight,
What course they took, what happy signs they
show.

They fed, and fluttering by degrees, withdrew
Still farther from the place, but still in view:
Hopping and flying thus they led him on
To the slow lake, whose baleful stench to shun,
They wing'd their flight aloft, then stooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden
bough.

Through the green leaves the glitt'ring shadows
glow

As, on the sacred oak, the wintry mistletoe.
Such was the glitt'ring; such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves that wanton'd in the wind.
He seiz'd the shining bough with gripping hold,
And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring gold,
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.

* * * * *

Due rites perform'd, the prince without delay,
Hastes, to the nether world, his destin'd way.
Deep was the cave: and, downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;
And here th' access a gloomy grove defends;
And here th' innavigable lake extends,
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight:
And deadly stench from the depth arise,
And streaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake.
Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
For sacrifice, the pious hero brought.
The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns;
Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation
burns,

Invoking Hecat hither to repair—
 A powerful name in hell and upper air.
 The sacred priests, with ready knives, bereave
 The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive
 The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell and Night
 (The sable wool without a streak of white)
 Æneas offers; and by Fate's decree,
 A barren heifer, Proserpine to thee.
 With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills:
 Seven brawny bulls with his own hand he
 kills:

Then, on the broiling entrails, oil he pours:
 Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.
 Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,
 Nor ended, till the next returning sun.
 Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
 And howling dogs in glimm'ring light advance,
 Ere Hecat came—"Far hence be souls profane!"
 The Sibyl cried—"and from the grove abstain!
 Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford:
 Assume thy courage, and unsheath thy sword."
 She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space:
 The prince pursu'd her steps with equal pace.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight!
 Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night!
 Ye gliding ghosts! permit me to relate
 The mystic wonders of your silent state.

Obscure they went through dreary shades, that
 spread

Along the waste dominions of the dead.
 Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
 By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,
 When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
 And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their
 eyes.

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
 Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,
 And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
 Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
 Here, Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother,
 Sleep,

(Forms terrible to view) their sentry keep;
 With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
 Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind;
 The Furies' iron beds; and Strife, that shakes
 Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes:
 Full in the midst of this infernal road,
 An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:
 The God of Sleep there hides his heavy head:
 And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.
 Of various forms, unnumber'd spectres more,
 Centaurs, and double shapes, besiege the door.
 Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,
 And Briareus with all his hundred hands;
 Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;
 And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.
 The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, pre-
 par'd,

Though seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the
 guard,

Off'ring his brandish'd weapon, at their face;
 Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,
 And told him what those empty phantoms were—
 Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
 Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
 Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,

Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost:
 There Charon stands, who rules the dreary
 coast—

A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
 A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean:
 His eyes, like hollow furraces on fire;
 A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.
 He spreads his canvas; with his pole he steers;
 The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom
 bears.

He look'd in years; yet, in his years, were seen
 A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
 An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
 Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood—
 Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
 And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
 And youths, entomb'd before their fathers' eyes,
 With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.
 Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,
 Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
 And wing their hasty flight to happier lands—
 Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring army stands,
 And press for passage with extended hands.

Now these, now those, the surly boatmen
 bore:

The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
 The hero, who beheld, with wond'ring eyes,
 The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and
 cries,

Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse
 meant?

Why to the shore the thronging people bent?
 What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd?
 Why some were ferried o'er, and some refus'd?
 "Son of Anchises! offspring of the gods!

(The Sibyl said) you see the Stygian floods,
 The sacred streams, which heaven's imperial
 state

Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
 The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew
 Depriv'd of sepulchres and fun'ral due:
 The boatman, Charon: those, the buried host,
 He ferries over to the farther coast;
 Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
 With such whose bones are not compos'd in
 graves.

A hundred years they wander on the shore;
 At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er."

* * * * *

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw:
 Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw;
 Observ'd their passage through the shady wood,
 And mark'd their near approaches to the flood:
 Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath:
 "Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
 In arms presum'st to tread! I charge thee, stand
 And tell thy name, and bus'ness in the land.
 Know, this the realm of night—the Stygian shore:
 My boat conveys no living bodies o'er:
 Nor was I pleas'd, great Theseus once to bear,
 (Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear,
 Nor strong Alcides—men of mighty fame;
 And from th' immortal gods their lineage came;
 In fetters once the barking porter tied,
 And took him trembling from his sov'reign's side:
 Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride."

To whom the Sibyl thus: "Compose thy mind:
No frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
Still may the dog the wand'ring troops constrain
Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train;
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.

The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian grove.
If neither piety, nor heaven's command,
Can gain his passage to the Stygian land,
This fatal present shall prevail, at least"—
Then show'd the shining bough, conceal'd within
her vest.

No more was needful: for the gloomy god
Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod;
Admir'd the destin'd off'ring to his queen—
A venerable gift, so rarely seen.
His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land:
The ghosts forsake their seats at his command:
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight;
The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides:
The pressing water pours within her sides.
His passengers at length are wafted o'er,
Expos'd, in muddy weeds, upon the miry shore
No sooner landed, in this den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian bound,
Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair,
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;
Which, mix'd with powerful drugs, she cast before

His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to roar.
With three enormous mouths he gapes; and
straight,

With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs en-
slave;

He reels, and falling, fills the spacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Pass'd on, and took th' irremovable way.
Before the gates, the cries of babes new-born,
Whom Fate had from their tender mothers torn,
Assault his ears: then those, whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their
cause.

Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
The wrongful sentence, and award anew.
Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;
And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
Round in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
The next in place and punishment, are they
Who prodigally threw their souls away—
Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,
And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
With late repentance, now they would retrieve
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;
Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
To view the light of heaven, and breathe the
vital air:

But Fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
And with nine circling streams, the captive souls
enclose.

Not far from hence, the Mournful Fields ap-
pear,

So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.
The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In secret solitude and myrtle shades
Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
Here Procris, here Eriphyle he found
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphæ there,
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair.
There Laodameia, with Evadne, moves—
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves:
Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man,
But ending in the sex she first began.
Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood,
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood;
Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,
(Doubtful as he who sees, through dusky night,
Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light)
With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade;
And as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
"Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death,
And I, alas! the cause?—By heaven, I vow,
And all the powers that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
Commanded by the Gods, and forc'd by Fate—
Those Gods, that Fate, whose unresisted might
Have sent me to these regions void of light,
Through the vast empire of eternal night.
Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows!
'Tis the last interview that Fate allows!"
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move
With tears and pray'rs, and late-repenting love.
Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
She fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground,
And, what he says and swears, regards no more,
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
But whirl'd away to shun his hateful sight,
Hid in the forest, and the shades of night;
Then sought Sicheus through the shady grove,
Who answer'd all her cares, and equall'd all her
love.

Now looking on the left the hero spied
A lofty tower, and strong on e'ry side
With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,
Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds:
And, press'd betwixt the rocks, the bellying
noise resounds.

Wide is the fronting gate, and rais'd on high
With adamant columns, threatens the sky.
Vain is the force of man, and heaven's as vain,
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.
Sublime on these, a tower of steel is rear'd;
And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward,
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,
Observant of the souls that pass the downward
way.

From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the
pains
Of sounding lashes and of dragging chains.

The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,
And ask'd his guide, from whence those yells
arise;

And what the crimes, and what the tortures were,
And loud laments that rent the liquid air.

She thus replied: "The chaste and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.

But Hecat, when she gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling through these dire abodes,

And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
These are the realms of unrelenting Fate;

And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
He hears and judges each committed crime;

Inquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,

(Loth to confess, unable to conceal)

From the first moment of his vital breath,
To his last hour of unrepenting death.

Straight o'er the guilty ghost, the Fury shakes
The sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes,

And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes.

Then of itself, unfolds the eternal door:

With dreadful sounds, the brazen hinges roar.

You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
Commands the guard, what sentries keep the post.

More formidable Hydra stands within,
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.

The gaping gulf low to the centre lies,

And twice as deep as earth is distant from the
skies.

The rivals of the gods, the Titah race,

Here, sing'd with lightning, roll within th' un-
fathom'd space.

Here lie th' Aloeon twins, (I saw them both)

Enormous bodies of gigantic growth,

Who dar'd in fight the Thund'rer to defy,

Affect his heaven, and force him from the sky.

Salmoneus, suffering cruel pains, I found,

For emulating Jove; the rattling sound

Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze

Of pointed lightnings, and their fork'y rays.

Through Elis, and the Grecian towns he flew:

The audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew:

He way'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,

Sought godlike worship from a servile train.

Ambitious fool! with horny hoofs to pass

O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,

To rival thunder in its rapid course,

And imitate inimitable force!

But he, the king of heaven, obscure on high,

Bar'd his red arm, and launching from the sky

His writen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,

Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon struck.

Here Tityus was to see, who took his birth

From heaven, his nursing from the foodful earth.

Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,

Infold nine acres of infernal space.

A rav'nous vulture, in his open'd side,

Her crooked beak and cruel talons tried;

Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast:

The growing liver still supplied the feast;

Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:

Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food re-
mains.

Ixion and Pirithoüs I could name,

And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame.

High o'er their heads a mould'ring rock is plac'd,

That promises a fall, and shakes at ev'ry blast

They lie below on golden beds display'd;

And genial feasts, with regal pomp are made.

The queen of Furies by their side is set,

And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat,

Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,

Tossing her torch and thund'ring in their ears.—

Then they, who brothers' better claim disown,

Expel their parents, and usurp the throne;

Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,

Sit brooding on unprofitable gold—

Who dare not give, and e'en refuse to lend,

To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend—

Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train

Of lustful youths, for foul adul'try slain—

Hosts of deserters, who their honour sold,

And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold.

All these within the dungeon's depth remain,

Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.

Ask not what pains; nor further seek to know

Their process, or the forms of law below:

Some roll a mighty stone; some, laid along,

And bound with burning wires, on spokes of
wheels are hung,

Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,

Is fix'd by Fate on his eternal chair:

And wretched Phlegyas warns the world with
cries,

(Could warning make the world more just or
wise)

'Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging
deities.'

To tyrants, others have their countries sold,

Imposing foreign lords, for foreign gold:

Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,

Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.

With incest some their daughter's bed profan'd.

All dar'd the worst of ills, and, what they dar'd,
attain'd.

Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,

And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,

I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,

Nor half the punishment those crimes have met.

But let us haste, our voyage to pursue:

The walls of Pluto's palace are in view,

The gate, and iron arch above:—it stands—

And anvils labour'd by the Cyclops' hands.

Before our farther way the Fates allow,

Here must we fix on high the golden bough."

She said: and through the gloomy shades they
past,

And chose the middle path.—Arriv'd at last,

The prince, with living water, sprinkled o'er

His limbs and body, then approach'd the door,

Possess'd the porch, and on the front above

He fix'd the fatal bough, requir'd by Pluto's love.

These holy rites perform'd, they took their way,

Where long extended plains of pleasure lay.

The verdant fields with those of heaven may vie,

With ether vested, and a purple sky—

The blissful seats of happy souls below:

Stars of their own, and their own suns, they
know.

Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,

And, on the green, contend th' wrestler's prize.

Some, in heroic verse, divinely sing:
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest.
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike seven distinguish'd notes, and seven at
once they fill.

Here found they Teucer's old heroic race,
Born, better times, and happier years to grace,
Assaracus and Illus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their shining arms and coursers train'd to war.
Their lances fix'd in earth—their steeds around,
Free from their harness, graze the flowery ground.
The love of horses which they had, alive,
And care of chariots after death, survive.
Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain;
Some did the song, and some the choir maintain,
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head
below.

Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood:
Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,
And poets worthy their inspiring god;
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts;
Those who to worth, their bounty did extend,
And those who knew that bounty to commend.
The heads of these, with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.

To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd,
And first to him surrounded by the rest—
"Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast.)
"Say, happy souls! divine Musæus! say,
Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whose only sake
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter
lake."

To this the sacred poet thus replied:
"In no fix'd place the happy souls reside,
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams, that murmur through the
meads:

But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;
The path conducts you to your journey's end."
This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And shows them all the shining fields below.
They wind the hill, and through the blissful
meadows go.

But old Anchises, in a flow'ry vale,
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale—
Those happy spirits, which, ordain'd by Fate,
For future being and new bodies wait—
With studious thought, observ'd th' illustrious
throng

In Nature's order, as they pass'd along—
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their
care,

In peaceful senates, and successful war.
He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
"Welcome," he said, "the gods' undoubted race!
O long expected to my dear embrace;
Once more, 'tis giv'n me to behold your face!

The love and pious duty which you pay,
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd
The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes
deceiv'd.

What length of lands, what oceans have you
pass'd,

What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been
cast!

How have I fear'd your fate, but fear'd it most,
When Love assail'd you on the Libyan coast."
To this, the filial duty thus replies:

"Your sacred ghost, before my sleeping eyes,
Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enter-
prise.

After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, oh parent shade! nor shun
The dear embraces of your longing son!"

He said; and falling tears his face bedew:
Then thrice, around his neck, his arms he threw;
And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.

Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
A sep'rate grove through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers
through the trees:

And, just before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden
dew,

In summer's heat; on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy
seed:

The winged army roams the field around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
Æneas wond'ring stood, then ask'd the cause,
Which to the stream the crowding people draws.
Then thus the sire: "The souls that throng the
flood

Are those, to whom by Fate, are other bodies
ow'd:

In Lethe's lake, they long oblivion taste,
Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
Long has my soul desir'd this time and place,
To set before your sight your glorious race,
That this presaging joy may fire your mind,
To seek the shores by destiny design'd."

"O father! can it be, that souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial clime,
And that the gen'rous mind, releas'd by death,
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?"

Anchises then, in order, thus begun
To clear those wonders to his godlike son:
"Know, first, that heaven, and earth's compacted
frame,

And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires and feeds—and animates the whole.
This active mind, infus'd through all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
Th' eternal vigour is in all the same;
And ev'ry soul is fill'd with equal flame—

As much as earthly limbs and gross alloy
Of mortal members, subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heaven and edge of day.
From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
And grief, and joy: nor can the grov'ling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Assert the native skies, or own its heavenly kind:
Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
But long-contracted filth e'en in the soul remains.
The relics of invet'rate vice they wear;
And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.
For this are various penances enjoind;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust
expires.

All have their manes, and those manes bear:
The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
And breathe in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when by length of time
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;
No speck is left of their habitual stains;
But the pure ether of the soul remains.
But, when a thousand rolling years are past,
(So long their punishments and penance last)
Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethean flood,
In large forgetful draughts, to steep the cares
Of their past labours and their irksome years,
That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again."
Thus having said, the father-spirit leads
The priestess and his son through swarms of
shades,

And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny.
"Survey (pursued the sire) this airy throng,
As, offer'd to the view, they pass along.
These are th' Italian names, which Fate will join
With ours, and graff upon the Trojan line.
Observe the youth who first appears in sight,
And holds the nearest station to the light,
Already seems to snuff the vital air,
And leans just forward on a shining spear:
Silvius is he, thy last begotten race,
But first in order sent, to fill thy place—
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood:
Born in the covert of a shady wood,
Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.
In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,
And, born a king, a race of kings beget;—
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.
A second Silvius after these appears—
Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears—
For arms and justice equally renown'd;
Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
How great they look! how vigorously they wield
Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths ap-
pear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidæne rear;
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;
And raise Collatian towers on rocky ground.

And these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
Though now they lie obscure, and lands without
a name.

See Romulus the great, born to restore
The crown that once his injur'd grandsire wore.
This prince a priestess of our blood shall bear;
And like his sire in arms he shall appear.
Two rising crests his royal head adorn:
Born from a god, himself to godhead born:
His sire already signs him for the skies,
And marks his seat amid the deities.
Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,
Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome—
Rome whose ascending towers shall heaven in-
vade,

Involving earth and heaven into her shade;
High as the mother of the gods in place,
And proud, like her, of an immortal race,
Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian
round,

With golden turrets on her temples crown'd:
A hundred gods her sweeping train supply,
Her offspring all; and all command the sky.
Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
There mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour,
Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd
power.

But next behold the youth of form divine—
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line—
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to restore a better age of gold.
Afric and India shall his power obey;
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way.
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,
And his broad shoulders with their lights are
crown'd.

At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.
Their seers behold the tempest from afar;
And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his ne-
phew's fates.

Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Nor though the brazen-footed hind he slew,
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernean gore.
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nysa's top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour, and a crown in view?—
But what's the man, who from afar appears,
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censor
bears?

His hoary beard and holy vestments bring
His lost idea back. I know the Roman king.
He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,
Call'd from his mean abode, a sceptre to sus-
tain.

Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.

He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
 Disus'd to toils and triumphs of the war.
 By dint of sword, his crown he shall increase,
 And scour his armour from the rust of peace.
 Whom Ancus follows with a fawning air,
 But vain within, and proudly popular.
 Next view the Tarquin kings, th' avenging sword
 Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
 He first renews the rods and axe severe,
 And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.
 His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
 And long for arbitrary lords again,
 With ignominy scourg'd in open sight,
 He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting public
 right.

Unhappy man! to break the pious laws
 Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
 Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
 'Tis love of honour, and his country's good,
 The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
 Behold Tarquatus the same track pursue;
 And next the two devoted Decii view—
 The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
 With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes
 o'ercome.

The pair you see, in equal armour shine,
 Now, friends below, in close embraces join:
 But, when they leave the shady realms of night,
 And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light,
 With mortal hate each other shall pursue:
 What wars, what wounds, what slaughter, shall
 ensue?

From Alpine heights the father first descends;
 His daughter's husband in the plain attends:
 His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.
 Embrace again my sons! be foes no more;
 Nor stain your country with her children's gore!
 And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
 Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name!
 Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
 And to the Capitol his chariot guide,
 From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
 And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
 On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,
 And on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan cause;
 Shall drag in chains their Achillean race;
 Shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace,
 And Pallas, for her violated place.
 Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
 And conq'ring Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.
 Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare
 The Scipio's worth, those thunderbolts of war,
 The double bane of Carthage? Who can see,
 Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
 Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
 The ploughman consul in his coarse attire?
 Tired as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
 And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
 Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
 And, by delays, to put a stop to Fate!
 Let others better mould the running mass
 Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
 And soften into flesh, a marble face;
 Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
 And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
 But Rome! 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,

To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
 Disposing peace and war, thy own majestic way:
 To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:—
 These are imperial arts and worthy thee.”
 He paus'd—and, while with wond'ring eyes they
 view'd

The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
 “See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
 He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal
 spoils!

He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
 Requires his courage, and his conq'ring arms,
 Shall more than once the Punic arms affright;
 Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight;
 Then to the Capitol in triumph move:
 And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove.”
 Æneas here beheld, of form divine,
 A godlike youth, in glitt'ring armour shine,
 With great Marcellus keeping equal pace:
 But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
 He saw, and wond'ring, ask'd his airy guide,
 What and of whence was he, who press'd the
 hero's side?

“His son, or one of his illustrious name?
 How like the former, and almost the same?
 Observe the crowds, that compass him around:
 All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting
 sound:

But hovering mists around his brows are spread;
 And night with sable shades involves his head.”

“Seek not to know, (the ghost replied with tears)
 The sorrows of thy sons in future years.

This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
 Shall just be shown on earth, then snatch'd away.
 The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state,
 Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
 What groans of men shall fill the Martian Field!
 How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
 What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
 When, rising from his bed, he views the sad
 solemnity!

No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
 No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
 The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast,
 Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!
 Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
 Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
 No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting field
 Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and
 shield!

Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
 When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming
 horse.

Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's severe
 decree,

A new Marcellus shall arise in thee! *
 Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
 Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring:
 Let me with fun'ral flowers his body strow,
 This gift, which parents to their children owe,
 This unavailing gift, at least I may bestow!”
 Thus having said, he led the hero round
 The confines of the blest Elysian ground;

* Every one knows how liberally this affecting tribute
 to the virtues of the young Marcellus was rewarded by
 his mother Octavia.

Which when Anchises to his son had shown,
And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
He tells the future wars, ordain'd by Fate;
The strength and customs of the Latian state;
The prince, and people; and forearms his care
With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn:
True visions through transparent horn arise,
Through polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lies.
Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
Anchises hither bends his steps at last.
Then, through the gate of iv'ry he dismiss'd
His valiant offspring, and divining guest.
Straight to the ships Æneas took his way,
Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea,
Still coasting, till he gain'd Caieta's bay.
At length on oozy ground his galleys moor:
Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

Book VII.

JUNO, favouring Turnus, sends Alecto to stir up a quarrel, and to break the treaty which had been made, between the Trojans and Latians.

WHILE Turnus urges thus his enterprise,
The Stygian Fury to the Trojans flies;
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds, a hunting match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
The Fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies.
From this light cause, th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.

The stately beast the two Tyrrhidæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.

Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring,
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king.
Their sister Silvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns; with ribands tied
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide,
And bath'd his body. Patient of command
In time he grew, and growing, us'd to hand,
He waited at his master's board for food;
Then sought his savage kindred in the wood,
Where grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,

Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds.
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat.
Ascanius, young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels through his panting sides.

The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,
His old familiar hearth, and household gods.

He falls; he fills the house with heavy groans,
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood:
The churls assemble; for the fiend who lay
In the close woody covert, urg'd their way.
One with a brand yet burning from the flame,
Arm'd with a knotty club another came;
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.
Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,
But held his hand from the descending stroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage, and their rage invoke.
And now the Goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath. The rocks and woods
around,

And mountains tremble at th' infernal sound.
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.

Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.

CAMILLA COMES TO THE AID OF TURNUS.

LAST from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame:
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
Mix'd with the first, the fierce Virago fought,
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the dangers sought;
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the field, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She swept the seas, and, as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet, unbath'd, on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes fix their wond'ring eyes:
Longing they look, and gaping at the sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight;
Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face;
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd;
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle jav'lin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

* * * * *
Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volscians, and their virgin leader, wait
His last commands. Then, with a graceful mien,
Lights from her lofty steed the warrior queen:
Her squadron imitates, and each descends;
Whose common suit Camilla thus commends:
"If sense of honour, if a soul secure
Of inborn worth that can all tests endure,
Can promise aught, or on itself rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die;
Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown:
You, gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the town."

Book VIII.

THE SHIELD OF ÆNEAS.

Most head admires the shield's mysterious mould,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold:
For there, emboss'd, the heavenly smith had wrought

(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.
The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens:
There, by the wolf, were laid the martial twins.
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung:
The foster dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
They suck'd secure, while bending back her head,

She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as they fed.

Not far from thence, new Rome appears, with games

Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit resounds with shrieks: a war succeeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds,

Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend:
The Romans there with arms their prey defend.
Wearied with tedious war, at length they cease;
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.

The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
With imprecations on the perjurd head.
Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood;
And his torn limbs are left, the vulture's food.
There, Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights:
The Roman youth assert their native rights.
Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
Their king, half threat'ning, half disdain'ing stood,
While Coeles broke the bridge and stemm'd the flood,

The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
Scap'd from their chains, with Clælia for their guide.

High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
To guard the temple and the temple's god.
Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold

The palace, thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold;

The silver goose before the shining gate
There flew, and by her cackle, sav'd the state,
She told the Gauls' approach: th' approaching Gauls,

Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
The gold dissembled well their yellow hair;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear:

Gold are their vests: long Alpine spears they wield

And their left arm sustains a length of shield.

Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance:
And naked through the streets the mad Luperci dance

In caps of wool; the targets dropt from heaven.
Here modest matrons, in soft litters driv'n,
To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear:
And od'rous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen;
Pains of the damn'd; and punish'd Catiline,
Hung on a rock—the traitor; and around,
The Furies hissing from the nether ground.
Apart from these, the happy souls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.

Betwix the quarters flow a golden sea:
But foaming surges there in silver play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
The glittering waves, and cut the precious tide
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage—
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize:
Leucate's wat'ry plain with foaming billows fries.
Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
Agrippa seconds him, with prosp'rous gales,
And, with propitious gods, his foes assails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.

Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings,
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war;
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him—th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight: with oars and fork'y prow's
The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.
It seems, as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and justled in the main;
Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown, and pointed javelins fly
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warns—
Fool as she was! who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate; nor saw the snakes behind.
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and Love's queen, defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
Nor longer dares oppose th' ethereal train.
Mars in the middle of the shining shield,
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
The Diræ souse from heaven with swift descent:
And Discord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the crowd: her steps Bellona treads,
And shakes her iron rod above their heads,
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his arrows; at whose winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
And soft Sabreans quit the wat'ry field.
The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
And shrieking from the fight, invokes the gales.
Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.

The god had figur'd her, as driven along
By winds and waves, and scudding through the
 throng.

Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide,
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the
 flying host.

The victor to the gods, his thanks express'd,
And Rome triumphant with his presence bless'd.
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
With spoils and altars every temple grac'd.
Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
The fields resound with shouts, the streets with
 praise,

The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,
Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;
Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,
And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,
With Scythians, expert in dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides;
And there the Rhine submits his swelling tides,
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
The Dane's unconquer'd offspring march behind;
And Morini, the last of human kind.
These figures on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

Book IX.

NISUS AND EURYALUS.

NIGH where the foes their utmost guards advance,
To watch the gate, was warlike Nisus' chance.
His father Hyrtacus of noble blood;
His mother was a huntress of the wood,
And sent him to the wars. Well could he bear
His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear,
But better skill'd unerring shafts to send,
Beside him stood Euryalus, his friend—
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
No fairer face, or sweeter air, could boast.
Scarce had the dawn to shade his cheeks begun.
One was their care, and their delight was one.
One common hazard in the war they shar'd;
And now were both by choice upon the guard.

Then Nisus thus: "Or do the gods inspire
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
A gen'rous ardour boils within my breast,
Eager of action, enemy to rest:
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou seest the foe secure; how faintly shine
Their scatter'd fires! the most, in sleep supine,

Along the ground, an easy conquest lie.
The wakeful few the fuming flaggon ply:
All hush'd around. Now hear what I revolve—
A thought unripe—and scarcely yet resolve.
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
By message both would harken his return:
If they confer what I demand, on thee,
(For fame is recompense enough for me)
Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espied
A way that safely will my passage guide."
Euryalus stood listening while he spoke;
With love of praise, and noble envy struck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind:
"All this alone, and leaving me behind!
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field?
Not so my father taught my childhood arms—
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms,
The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim,
And think it over-sold to purchase fame."

Then Nisus thus: "Alas! thy tender years
Would minister new matters to my fears,
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life.
Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust)
This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance—as many chances are,
And doubtful hazards, in the deeds of war—
If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
And spare thy life: I would not perish all.
Thy blooming youth deserves a longer date:
Live thou to mourn thy friend's unhappy fate,
To bear my mangled body from the foe,
Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites bestow.
Or if hard fortune shall those dues deny,
Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
O! let not me the widow's tears renew;
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue—
Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
Her age committing to the seas and wind,
When ev'ry weary matron staid behind."
To this, Euryalus: "You plead in vain,
And but protract the cause you cannot gain.
No more delays! but haste!" With that he
 wakes

The nodding watch: each to his office takes.
The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous couple went
To find the council at the royal tent.
All creatures else forgot their daily care,
And sleep, the common gift of nature, share;
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sate
In nightly counsel for the endanger'd state.
They vote a message to their absent chief,
Show their distress, and beg a swift relief.
Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,
Remote from clamour, and secure from foes.
On their left arms their ample shields they
 bear,
Their right inclin'd upon the bending spear.
Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
And beg admission, eager to be heard—
Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
Ascanius bids them be conducted in,
Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.

Then Nisus thus: "Ye fathers, lend your ears;
Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine;
And, where the smoke in cloudy vapours flies,
Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the skies,
Betwixt two paths which at the gate divide,
Close by the sea a passage we have spied,
Which will our way to great Æneas guide.
Expect each hour to see him safe again,
Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
Snatch we the lucky minute while we may:
Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
For, hunting in the vales, we both have seen
The rising turrets, and the stream between;
And know the winding course, with ev'ry ford."
He ceas'd: and old Alethes took the word.

"Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,
Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race,
While we behold such dauntless worth appear
In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear."
Then into tears of joy the father broke;
Each in his longing arms by turns he took;
Panted and paus'd; and thus again he spoke:
"Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
In recompense of such desert, decree?
The greatest sure, and best you can receive,
The gods and your own conscious worth will give.

The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow,
And young Ascanius, till his manhood, owe."
"And I, whose welfare in my father lies,"
Ascanius adds, "by the great deities,
By my dear country, by my household gods,
By hoary Vesta's rites and dark abodes,
Adjure you both—(on you my fortune stands;
That and my faith I plight into your hands)—
Make me but happy in his safe return,
Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;
Your common gift shall two large goblets be
Of silver, wrought with curious imagery,
And high emboss'd, which when old Priam reign'd,

My conqu'ring sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd,
And, more, two tripods cast in antique mould,
With two great talents of the finest gold;
Beside a costly bowl, engrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.
But, if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain—
Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,
That, Nisus! and his arms, and nodding crest,
And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share;

Twelve lab'ring slaves, twelve handmaids young and fair,

All clad in rich attire, and train'd with care;
And, last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains:
But thou whose years are more to mine allied,
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
From thee, heroic youth! Be wholly mine:
Take full possession: all my soul is thine.
One faith, one fame, and fate, shall both attend:
My life's companion, and my bosom friend—

My peace shall be committed to thy care;
And, to thy conduct, my concerns in war."

Then thus the young Euryalus replied:
"Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
The same shall be my age, as now my youth:
No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your goodness let me gain—
(And, this ungranted, all rewards are vain)
Of Priam's royal race my mother came—
And sure the best that ever bore the name—
Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold
From me departing, but, o'erspent and old,
My fate she follow'd. Ignorant of this
(Whatever) danger, neither parting kiss
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,
And in this only act of all my life deceive.
By this right hand, and conscious night I swear,
My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place;
(Permit me to presume so great a grace)
Support her age, forsaken and distress'd.
That hope alone will fortify my breast
Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears."
He said. The mov'd assistants melt in tears.
Then thus Ascanius, wonder-struck to see
That image of his filial piety;
"So great beginnings, in so green an age,
Exact the faith which I again engage.
Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim,
Creüsa had, and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,
'Tis merit to have born a son so brave.
Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
(My father us'd it) what, returning here
Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share."
He said, and weeping while he spoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
And in an iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the blade.
This was his gift. Great Mnestheus gave his friend

A lion's hide, his body to defend;
And good Alethes furnish'd him beside,
With his own trusty helm, of temper tried.
Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate
With prayers and vows. Above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,
And messages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd; then took their way

Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;
To many fatal, ere themselves were slain.

They found the careless host dispers'd upon the plain,

Who gorg'd and drunk with wine, supinely snore.

Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore:

Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,

A medley of debauch and war, they lie.

Observing Nisus show'd his friend the sight,

"Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.

Occasion offers; and I stand prepar'd:

There lies our way: be thou upon the guard,

And look around, while I securely go,
And hew a passage through the sleeping foe."
Softly he spoke; then, striding, took his way,
With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes
lay;

His head rais'd high on tapestry beneath,
And heaving from his breast, he drew his
breath—

A king and prophet, by King Turnus lov'd;
But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd.
Him and his sleeping slaves he slew; then spies
Where Rhemus, with his rich retinue, lies.
His armour-bearer first, and next he kills
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels
And his lov'd horses; last invades their lord:
Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword:
The gasping head flies off; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood,
Which, by the spurning heels dispers'd around,
The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the strong,
He slew, and then Serranus fair and young.
From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
And puff'd the tummy god from out his breast:
E'en then he dream'd of drink and lucky play—
More lucky, had it lasted till the day.

The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,
And tears the peaceful flocks: with silent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employs
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys:
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhætus slew.
Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,
But Rhætus wakeful, and observing all:
Behind a spacious jar he slunk for fear:
The fatal iron found and reach'd him there;
For, as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson dy'd.
The wound pours out a stream of wine and
blood,

The purple soul comes floating in the flood.

Now, where Messapus quarter'd, they arrive.
The fires were fainting there, and just alive:
The warrior-horses, tied in order, fed.
Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said:
"Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;
And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
Foe to nocturnal thefts. No more, my friend:
Here let our glutted execution end.

A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made
The bold Euryalus, though loth obey'd.
Of arms and arras, and of plate they find
A precious load; but these they leave behind.
Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay
To make the rich carparison his prey,
Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
The girdle-belt, with nails and burnish'd gold.
This present Cædicus the rich bestow'd
On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd,
And, absent, join'd in hospitable ties:
He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize;
Till by the conqu'ring Ardean troops oppress'd,
He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.

These glittering spoils (now made the victor's
gain)

He to his body suits, but suits in vain.
Mesapus' helm he finds among the rest.
And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
They leave the camp, and take the ready way.

But far they had not pass'd, before they spied
Three hundred horse, with Volscens for their
guide,

The queen a legion to King Turnus sent:
But the swift horse the slower foot prevent,
And now, advancing, sought the leader's tent.
They saw the pair; for, through the doubtful
shade,

His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
"Tis not for nought," cried Volscens from the
crowd,

"These men go there:" then rais'd his voice aloud:
"Stand! stand! why thus in arms? and whither
bent?

From whence, to whom, and on what errand
sent?"

Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
To neighbouring woods, and trust themselves to
night.

The speedy horse all passages belay,
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their
way;

And watch each entrance of the winding wood,
Black was the forest: thick with beech it stood,
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn:
Few paths of human feet, or tracks of beasts,
were worn.

The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
And fear, misled the younger from his way.
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd,
And, Alban plains (from Alba's name so call'd)
Where King Latinus then his oxen stall'd;
Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around.
"Ah wretch!" he cried—"where have I left be-
hind

Th' unhappy youth? where shall I hope to find?
Or what way take?" Again he ventures back.
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and, list'ning, hears the noise
Of trampling coursers, and the riders' voice.
The sound approach'd; and suddenly he view'd
The foes enclosing, and his friend pursued,
Forelaid and taken, while he strove in vain
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
What should he next attempt? what arms employ,
What fruitless force to free the captive boy?
Or desperate should he rush, and lose his life,
With odds oppress'd, in such unequal strife!
Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he shook;
And casting on the moon a mournful look:
"Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night!
Fair queen!" he said, "direct my dart aright.
If e'er my pious father for my sake,
Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make,
Or I increas'd them with my silvan toils,
And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils,

Give me to scatter these." Then from his ear
He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling
spear.

The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
And in his body left the broken wood.
He staggers round: his eyeballs roll in death,
And, with short sobs, he gasps away his breath.
All stand amaz'd:—a second jav'lin flies
With equal strength, and quivers through the
skies.

This through thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing
round,

Descried not him who gave the fatal wound,
Nor knew to fix revenge. "But thou," he cries,
"Shalt pay for both," and at the pris'ner flies
With his drawn sword. Then, struck with deep
despair,

That cruel sight his comrade could not bear;
But from the covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew:
"Me! me!" he cried—"turn all your swords alone
On me—the fact confess'd, the fault my own.
He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth—
Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth!
His only crime (if friendship can offend)
Is too much love to his unhappy friend."

Too late he speaks:—the sword with fury guides,
Driven with full force, had pierc'd his tender
sides.

Down fell the beauteous youth: the yawning
wound

Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the
ground.

His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd—
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Despair and rage, and vengeance justly row'd,
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd.
Volscens he seeks; on him alone he bends;
Borne back and bor'd by his surrounding friends,
Onward he press'd, and kept him still in sight,
Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might:
Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke,
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and through his weasand
broke.

Dying he slew; and staggering on the plain,
With swimming eyes he sought his comrade slain;
Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell,
Content, in death, to be reveng'd so well.

O happy friends! for, if my verse can give
Immortal life, your fame shall ever live.
Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies,
And spread, where'er the Roman eagle flies.

Book X.

DEATH OF PALLAS.

YOUNG Pallas, when he saw the chief advance
Within due distance of his flying lance,
Prepares to charge him first—resolv'd to try
If fortune would his want of force supply;

And thus to heaven and Hercules address'd:
"Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest!

His son adjures thee, by those holy rites,
That hospitable board, those genial nights,
Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His ravish'd spoils." 'Twas heard, the vain re-
quest;

Alcides mourn'd, and stifled sighs within his
breast.

Then Jove, to soothe his sorrow, thus began:

"Short bounds of life are set to mortal man.

'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow
span.

So many sons of gods, in bloody fight
Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light:

My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe;

Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.

E'en Turnus shortly shall resign his breath,

And stands already on the verge of death."

This said, the god permits the fatal fight,

But from the Latian fields averts his sight.

Now with full force his spear young Pallas
threw;

And, having thrown, his shining falchion drew,

The steel just graz'd along the shoulder-joint,

And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point.

Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,

And pois'd his pointed spear, before he threw:

Then as the winged weapon whizz'd along,

"See now," said he, "whose arm is better strung.

The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd

By plates of iron, which o'er the shield were laid:

Through folded brass, and tough bull-hides, it
pass'd,

His corslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last,

In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood:

The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:

He falls: his arms upon his body sound:

And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.

Turnus bestrode the corpse: "Arcadians,
hear,"

Said he: "my message to your master bear:

Such as the sire deserv'd, the son I send:

It cost him dear to be the Phrygian's friend.

The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow

Unask'd, to rest his wand'ring ghost below."

He said, and trampled down, with all the force

Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corpse;

Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid—

The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made;

Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to sight,

All in the compass of one mournful night,

Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.

In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore

Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.

O mortals! blind in fate, who never know

To bear high fortune, or endure the low!

The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,

Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain—

Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,

And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

THE DEATH OF LAUSUS.

His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief:
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.

THE HISTORY AND DEATH OF CAMILLA.

And here heroic youth, 'tis here I must
To thy immortal memory be just,
And sing an act so noble and so new,
Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
Pain'd with the wound, and useless for the
fight,

The father sought to save himself by flight:
Encumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along.
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
The pious youth, resolv'd on death, below
The lifted sword, springs forth to face the foe;
Protects his parent, and prevents the blow,
Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield.
All fir'd with gen'rous indignation, strive,
And, with a storm of darts, to distance drive
The Trojan chief, who, held at bay from far,
On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.

As, when thick hail comes ratt'ling in the wind,
The ploughman, passenger, and lab'ring hind,
For shelter to the neighb'ring covert fly,
Or, hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns, lie;
But, that o'erblown, when heaven above them
smiles,

Return to travail, and renew their toils:
Æneas, thus o'erwhelm'd on every side,
The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threat'ning
cried:

"Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage,
In such attempts, beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious love?"—Nor, thus forborn
The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
Provokes the ling'ring prince, whose patience
tir'd,

Gave place; and all his breast with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd
shears;

And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
Which, full descending, with a frightful sway,
Through shield and corslet forc'd the impetuous
way,

And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
The purple streams through the thin armour
strove,

And drench'd the embroider'd coat his mother
wove;

And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood and paleness all o'er-
spread,

The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead,
He griev'd, he wept; (the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love—a sadly pleasing thought)
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and
said:

"Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To love so great, to such transcendent store
Of early worth, and sure presage of more?
Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword;
And all that pleas'd the living, still remain
Invio'ate, and sacred to the slain.
Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
To rest thy soul, at least, if shadows know,
Or have a sense of human things below.

MEANTIME, Latonian Phœbe, from the skies,
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her most belov'd and ever-trusty maid;
Then with a sigh began: "Camilla goes
To meet her death amidst her fatal foes—
The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train
Invested with Diana's arms in vain.
Nor is my kindness for the virgin new:
'Twas born with her; and with her years it grew.
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away
From old Privernum, for tyrannic sway,
Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Casmilla was her mother: but he drown'd,
One hissing letter in a softer sound,
And call'd Camilla. Through the woods he flies;
Wrapp'd in his robe, the royal infant lies.
His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace;
With shouts and clamours they pursue the chase.
The banks of Amasene at length he gains:
The raging flood his further flight restrains,
Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains.
Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears,
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious, he stops a while, and thinks in haste,
Then, desprate in distress, resolves at last.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore:
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow space,
With twigs of bending osier bound the case.
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight,
And thus invok'd my favour for the freight:
'Accept, great goddess of the woods,' he said,
'Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid!
Through air she flies, a suppliant to thy shrine;
And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.'
He said; and with full force the spear he threw:
Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.
Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide,
And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther side.
His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground,
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph un-
bound:

Nor, after that, in towns which walls enclose,
Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes;
But, rough, in open air he chose to lie:
Earth was his couch; his covering was the sky.
On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
He shunn'd the dire society of men.
A shepherd's solitary life he led:
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed;
The dogs of bears, and ev'ry savage beast,
He drew, and through her lips the liquor press'd.
The little Amazon could scarcely go—
He loads her with a quiver and a bow;
And, that she might her staggr'ing steps com-
mand,

He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand.
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.
Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head.

The flying dart she first attempts to fling,
And round her tender temples toss'd the sling;
Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan,
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane.

The Tuscan matrons with each other vied
To bless their rival sons with such a bride:
But she disdains their love, to share with me
The sylvan shades, and vow'd virginity.
And, oh! I wish, contented with my cares
Of savage spoils, she had not sought the wars:
Then had she been of my celestial train,
And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.
But since, opposing heaven's decree, she goes
To find her death among forbidden foes,
Haste with these arms, and take thy steep flight,
Where with the gods averse, the Latians fight.
This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath;
This chosen arrow to revenge her death:
By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain,
Or of the Trojan or Italian train,
Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.
Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid
To bear the breathless body of my maid.
Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprofan'd
Her holy limbs with any human hand,
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land."

She said. The faithful nymph descends from high

With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:
Black clouds and stormy winds around her body fly.

* * * * *
Resistless, through the war Camilla rode,
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
One side was bare for her exerted breast;
One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd.
Now from afar her fatal jav'lins play:
Now with her axe's edge she hews her way.
Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;
And when too closely press'd, she quits the ground,

From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side,
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia, ride—
Italians all—in peace, their queen's delight,
In war, the bold companions of the fight,

So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen:
Such to the field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled;
With such return'd triumphant from the war,
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;
They clash with manly force their moony shields;
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields

* * * * *
Then Butes and Orsilochus she slew,
The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew—
But Butes breast to breast: the spear descends
Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
And o'er the shield which his left side defends.
Orsilochus, and she, their coursers ply;
He seems to follow, and she seems to fly.

But in a narrower ring she makes the race;
And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.
Gath'ring at length on her deluded foe,
She swings her axe, and rises to the blow:
Full on the helm behind, with such a sway
The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way:
He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace;
Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.
Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,
To see his fall, nor further dares advance;
But, fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly;
Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At least while Fortune favour'd his deceit)
Cries out aloud, "What courage have you shown,
Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?"

Forego the 'vantage of your horse, alight;
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
When, foot to foot, you combat with a man."
He said. She glows with anger and disdain,
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain,
And leaves her horse at large among her train;
With her drawn sword defies him to the field,
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield.
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed,
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.

"Vain fool, and coward!" said the lofty maid,
"Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid!
On others practise thy Ligurian arts:
Thine stratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
Are lost on me: nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious sire."

At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head:
Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaster grov'ling on the plain.
Not with more ease the falcon from above,
Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove,
Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound:

The feathers, foul with blood, come tumbling to the ground.

Then Arruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd,
To murder, unespied, the Volscian maid:
This way and that, his winding course he bends,
And, wheresoe'er she turns, her steps attends,
When she retires victorious from the chase,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:
When, rushing on, she seeks her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, and keeps her still in sight:
He threatens and trembles, trying ev'ry way
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.

Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far,
Glittering in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd. The steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er:
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gall'd the distant foe;
Ghossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:
A golden helm his front and head surrounds;
A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.

Gold weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
With flowers of needle-work distinguish'd o'er,
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.

Him the fierce maid beheld with ardent eyes,
Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize,
Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold.
Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,
And seeks his life, regardless of her own.
This lucky moment the sly traitor chose;
Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,
And threw, but first to heaven address'd his vows:
"O patron of Soracte's high abodes!

Phœbus, the ruling power among the gods!
Whom first we serve! whole woods of unctuous
pine

Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;
By thee protected, with our naked soles,
Through flames unsing'd we march, and tread
the kindled coals.

Give me, propitious Power, to wash away
The stains of this dishonourable day:
Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;
But with my future actions trust my fame.
Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome,
And from the field return inglorious home."

Apollo heard, and, granting half his pray'r,
Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.
He gives the death desir'd: his safe return
By southern tempests to the seas is borne.
Now, when the jav'lin whizz'd along the skies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,
Directed by the sound. Of either host,
Th' unhappy virgin, though concern'd the most,
Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent;
Till in her pap the winged weapon stood
Infix'd, and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling Arruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
Nor dares he further to pursue his blow,
Or e'en to bear the sight of his expiring foe.

As, when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side,
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quivering tail between his thighs:
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends,
But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands:
But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands:
The wood she draws, the steely point remains;
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains;
(A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes;
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies)
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
"Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death: and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus: fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed,
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:—
Farewell! and in this kiss my parting breath
receive."

She said, and, sliding, sunk upon the plain:
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein;
Short and more short she pants: by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees,
She drops her sword; she nods her plumy crest,
Her drooping head declining on her breast:
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires,
And, mum'ring with disdain, to Stygian sounds
retires.

Book XII.

DEATH OF TURNUS.

Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear
Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
"What further subterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight:
Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
What skill and courage can attempt in war:
Wish for the wings of winds, to mount the sky;
Or hid within the hollow earth to lie!"
The champion shook his head, and made this
short reply:

"No threats of thine my manly mind can move:
'Tis hostile heaven I dread, and partial Jove."
He said no more, but, with a sigh, repress'd
The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.
Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
An antique stone he saw, the common bound
Of neighb'ring fields, and barrier of the ground—
So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly
raise.

He heav'd it at a lift, and, pois'd on high,
Ran stagg'ring on against his enemy.
But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
His way, or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load;
And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.
The stone drops from his arms, and, falling
short

For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy sleep has closed the sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night;
We seem to run; and, destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:
The nerves, unbrac'd, their usual strength deny;
And on the tongue th' falt'ring accents die:
So Turnus far'd: whatever means he tried
All force of arms, and points of art employ'd,
The Fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour
void.

A thousand various thoughts his soul confound:
He star'd about; nor aid, nor issue found:
His own men stop the pass; and his own walls
surround.

Once more he pauses, and looks out again,
And seeks the goddess-charioteer in vain.
Trembling he views the thund'ring chief ad-
vance,

And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:
Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conqu'ring foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.

Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his shield, he sees th' impending spear.

The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
The destin'd mark; and, rising as he threw,
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew,
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or stones from batt'ring-engines break the walls;
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
The lance drove on, and bore the death along:
Nought could his seven-fold shield the prince avail,
Nor aught beneath his arms, the coat of mail:
It pierc'd through all, and with a grisly wound
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.

Now, low on earth, the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes cast upwards, and with arms display'd,
And recreant, thus to the proud victor pray'd.
"I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give.
Yet think, oh! think, if mercy may be shown,
(Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son)—
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave,
And for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save!
Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death,
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life:
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife:
Against a yielded man, 'tis mean, ignoble strife."

In deep suspense, the Trojan seem'd to stand,
And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt;
When, casting down a casual glance, he spied
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side,
The fatal spoil which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries,
(Flames while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes.)

"Traitor! dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
Clad as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go!
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow."
He rais'd his arm aloft, and at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
The streaming blood stain'd his arms around;
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound.

* * It has been objected against Virgil, that he is wanting in originality,—that he transcribes his battles from Homer, and, in truth, "it was not easy," (as Professor Wilson very justly observes,) "with the fights of the Homeric age, to do otherwise. However, Virgil has done otherwise if any one will be at the pains to look. For instance, an incident, not in the battles by the Xanthus, is the following:—

"A powerful Tuscan warrior, infuriated by the ill-fighting of his men, distinguishes himself by an extraordinary feat. Claspings round the body, and so unhorsing a lighter antagonist, he rides off with him; snaps the javeline, which his captive still grasps, near the head, and with its point probes and

aims for a vulnerable place. The unfortunate Latin, as he lies across the horse's neck, struggles and will baffle the deathly blow. Landseer could suggest no more vivid comparison, than one which leaps into your own imagination—a snake soused upon by an eagle.

"So stoops the yellow Eagle from on high,
And bears a speckled Serpent through the sky,
Fastening his crooked talons on the prey:
The prisoner hisses through the liquid way;
Resists the royal hawk: and though oppress,
Still fights in volumes, and erects her crest:
Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens every scale,
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threatening tail.

Against the victor all defence is weak;
Th' imperial Bird still plies her with his beak,
He tears her bowels and her heart he gores;
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars."

"This is an incident more like a knight of Ariosto's, the terrible Sarazin Rhodomont, or Orlando himself, than Homer's, who did not indeed combat on horseback.

"But speaking of the moderns, we will venture to say, that if Virgil has copied, he is also an original who has been copied. For who is the prototype of the Ladies turned Knights, that flourish in favour with our poets of romance? With Ariosto, with Tasso, with our own Spenser? Who but the heroic virgin ally of the Rutulian Prince—Who but CAMILLA!—Camilla is as much Virgil's, as any thing in the Iliad is Homer's. The painting, too, throughout is to the life, and perfectly graceful.

"The destruction of Troy," (continues Mr. Wilson,) "the love of Dido, the descent into hell, (entire cantos of the poem,) take deep and lasting impression of the reader; and like the first and second books of Paradise Lost, too much seduce admiration from the remainder of the work. You pick out from the whole Italian war, Lausus, Pallas, Nisus and Euryalus, and think that you have done with Virgil. Now we beg to propose a literary experiment. Homer has left us *two* poems,—War, and a Wandering—Virgil has bequeathed us *one*, representing those two, and that proportionally; although in the Latin the Odyssey comes first, and the Iliad follows. For the first six Æneids relate the wandering, while the latter six display the war. Let us, therefore, fairly cut the great out-rolling, unfolding picture in two; let us have two poems, distinct, although closely allied, and we dare predict that the poem of "Æneas in Italy," now considered with its own independent interests, and after its own art and management, will duly compete with its rival, Æneas Fugitive."

"How the whole movement, and march, and original conduct of the Italian war will come out! The peaceful entertainment of the Trojans by Latinus, moved with old and new prophecies, and his ready offer of his daughter, Lavinia, to Æneas in marriage—the adverse interposition of Juno—her summoning of Alecto, from hell—the glad Fury's fine discharge of her part—her maddening of the Queen Amata, who loves Turnus, hates the strangers, and catches in her own madness all the Latin mothers—the INFURIATING of the young,

gallant, ardent, defrauded, princely lover himself—a splendid scene, where the hot warrior's jeers of the fiend in her beldam disguise, sting her Tartarean heart as if it had been a woman's, and for very wrath she reveals her terrible self—then that exquisite incident, won from the new matter of the poet, from the PASTORAL manners with which he is historically obliged to deal in Italy—the Fury's third and last feat—her drawing-on of Ascanius' hounds to hunt the beautiful favourite stag, which the daughter of the king's chief herdsman petted—and, thence, a quarrel, a skirmish, a slaughter begun, and the whole population of the plains aroused. And so with bacchanal women, with Rutulians, and with his own rude liegemen in tumult, the old king overborne—shutting himself up in his palace; and war inflamed in Hesperia, to the full heart's-wish of Jove's imperial wife, who has nothing left her to do more than, descending again from the sky, to push open with her own hands the brazen-gated temple of Janus.

"All this is very poetical—is very different from the *Iliad*, and is perfectly measured to the scale of a war, moved not by confederated Greece for the overthrow of an Asiatic empire, but by the tribes of the coast for beating back the crews of a few straggling ships from planting a colony, who have no-

thing on their side but their valour, their fame, and their fates.

"Analyze this war; make out for yourself, distinctly, the story, of which in a poem one always too easily loses the sequence, delight and emotion making one less observant; then understand the poetical workings out, in their places and after their bearings; and you will satisfy yourself, that although the cleaving of heads, and the hewing of limbs, are processes that must always keep up a certain general resemblance to themselves, you have not a campaign imitated from the *Iliad*; but an original one—proper to person and place."

The foregoing extract from the writings of Professor Wilson has been here introduced, in consequence of the assaults made on the *Æneid* by certain modern critics, who venture to decry it, as poor in invention, servile in manner, and almost destitute of every thing like epic genius or poetic power!—Now, that the *Æneid* is an immature and unfinished production, and was so considered by its illustrious Author, whose dying injunction to his Friends was that they should destroy it, has never been disputed; but that it is of the inferior order described by its censors, is an assertion which can only reflect discredit on the judgment, candour, and good taste of those who make it.

HORACE.

[Born 65,—Died 8, B. C.]

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS was the son of a freedman and taxgatherer, and was born at Venusium on the frontiers of Apulia and Lucania. His father, an excellent man of whom the son was justly proud, spared neither pains nor expense in his education, placing him under the best masters in Rome, and sending him afterwards to complete his studies at Athens. Quitting Athens at twenty-three, he attached himself to Brutus, received from him the rank of military tribune, and was present at the battle of Philippi.*—On the fall of his noble leader, he lost all his little patrimony which, like that of his friend Virgil, was allotted to the soldiers of the Triumvirate. Being thus thrown on his own resources, he sought a subsistence from literature, —[*Paupertas impulit audax ut versus faceret*—] and acquired for himself a name, which soon

introduced him into the best society of Rome. Amongst the most intimate of his new friends were Virgil and Varius, by whom he was recommended to Mæcenas and, through him, to Augustus himself. From this period Horace seems to have led a life of uninterrupted enjoyment and repose, mingling with the wise and great on terms of the most perfect independence, and living at the tables of his illustrious patrons, Augustus and Mæcenas, as if he were in his own house. He died in his fifty-seventh year, only three weeks after the decease of the latter, whom he had loved with the most disinterested affection, and whose loss he had, on more than one occasion, declared his inability to survive.

The works of Horace have been always numbered amongst the most valuable remains of antiquity. In his Odes there is a "*Curiosa Felicitas*," a delicacy, an elegance of expression, almost unrivalled in Roman literature, while the good sense, sound morality, and true philosophy, of his satires and epistles have become quite proverbial.

Horace was buried on the Esquiline hill, in a tomb next to that of his beloved Mæcenas.

* At Philippi he lost his shield, which has given occasion to many writers to bring against him the charge of cowardice—a charge, in no way warranted by the circumstances of the case. Had Horace been really the coward he is represented, he would have been the last person to allude to the battle in the manner he has done. See *Book II. Ode VII.*

FROM THE ODES.

*Book I.*ODE III.—TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL SAILED
TO ATHENS.

So may the auspicious Queen of Love,
And the twin Stars (the seed of Jove),
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred ship, be kind,
And gentle breezes fill thy sails,
Supplying soft Etesian gales,
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore;
And save the better part of me
From perishing with him at sea.
Sure he, who first the passage tried,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side!
Or his at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny flood;
Nor fear'd the winds' contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore;
Nor Hyades portending rain;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright
Who, unconcern'd, with steadfast sight,
Could view the surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep?
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below?
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships, and men profane,
Invade the inviolable main;
The eternal fences overleap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious man inured to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from heaven the reed of fire:
A train of ills, a ghastly crew,
The robber's blazing track pursue;
Fierce Famine, with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In swarms the offending wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground;
And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Dedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in air:
To hell Alcides forced his way,
Plunged through the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
Nay, scarce the gods, or heavenly climes,
Are safe from our audacious crimes:
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull the unwilling thunder down.

ODE V.—TO PYRRHA.

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
Of faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire!

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who, always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they

To whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me, in my
vow'd

Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea.*

ODE IX.—TO THALIARCHUS.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the labouring woods below:
And streams with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly wit of love inspires.
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toss and turn the world below:
At his command the storms invade;
The winds by his commission blow;
Till with a nod he bids them cease,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

To-morrow and her works defy,
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of Fortune's power.
Nor Love, nor Love's delights, disdain;
Whate'er thou get'st to-day is gain.

Secure those golden, early joys,
That youth, unsour'd by sorrow, bears,
Ere withering Time the taste destroys
With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possess;
The best is but in season best.

The appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half-unwilling, willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again:
These, these are joys, the gods for youth ordain.

ODE XXII.—TO ARISTICUS FUSCUS.

THAT happy man, whose virtuous heart
Is free from guilt and conscious fear,
Needs not the poison'd Moorish dart,
Nor bow, nor sword, nor deadly spear.

* This alludes to a custom among the Romans of offering some votive tablet or picture to the god by whose power they had been preserved from shipwreck. In these pictures the storm and circumstances of the escape were generally represented.

Whether on shores that Ganges laves,
 Or Syrtes' quivering sands among;
 Or where Hydaspes' fabled waves
 In strange meanders wind along.
 When free from care I dared to rove,
 And Lalage inspired my lay;
 A wolf within the Sabine grove
 Fled wild from his defenceless prey.
 Such prodigy the Daunian bands
 In their drear haunts shall never trace;
 Nor barren Libya's arid sands,
 Rough parent of the lion race.
 O place me where no verdure smiles,
 No vernal zephyrs fan the ground,
 No varied scene the eye beguiles,
 Nor murmuring rivulets glide around!
 Place me on Thracia's frozen lands,
 Uncheer' by genial light of day!
 Place me on Afric's burning sands,
 Scorch'd by the sun's inclement ray!
 Love in my heart shall pain beguile,
 Sweet Lalage shall be my song;
 The gentle beauties of her smile,
 The gentle music of her tongue.

ODE XXIV.—TO VIRGIL.

HORACE admonishes his friend to bear with patience the death of Quintilius.

WHEREFORE restrain the tender tear?
 Why blush to weep for one so dear?
 Sweet Muse, of melting voice and lyre,
 Do thou the mournful song inspire.
 Quintilius—sunk to endless rest,
 With Death's eternal sleep oppress'd!
 Oh! when shall Faith, of soul sincere,
 Of Justice pure the sister fair,
 And Modesty, unspotted maid,
 And Truth in artless guise array'd,
 Among the race of humankind
 An equal to Quintilius find?
 How did the good, the virtuous mourn,
 And pour their sorrows o'er his urn?
 But, Virgil, thine the loudest strain;
 Yet all thy pious grief is vain.
 In vain dost thou the gods implore
 Thy loved Quintilius to restore;
 Whom on far other terms they gave,
 By nature fated to the grave.

What though thou canst the lyre command,
 And sweep its tones with softer hand
 Than Orpheus, whose harmonious song
 Once drew the listening trees along,
 Yet ne'er returns the vital heat
 The shadowy form to animate;
 For when the ghost-compelling god
 Forms his black troops with horrid rod,
 He will not, lenient to the breath
 Of prayer, unbar the gates of death.
 'Tis hard; but patience must endure,
 And soothe the woes it cannot cure.

ODE XXXV.—TO FORTUNE.

O THOU, whom Antium's power obeys,
 Dread Goddess! whose resistless breath
 The wretch from lowest depths can raise,
 Or triumphs turn to flight and death!

Thee with fond vows the labouring swain—
 Thee, mistress of the stormy main,
 Bithynia's mariner implores,
 As round his wave-rock'd bark the loud Carpa-
 thian roars.

Thee Thrace, thee Scythia's wandering hordes,
 Thee widowed matrons, lone and drear,
 Realms, cities, Latium's warlike lords,
 And purple tyrants watch with fear,
 Lest thou this standing pile o'erthrow;
 Lest, rous'd by an aggressive foe,
 War, war invade the slumbering world,
 And Rome imperial sink, to shame and ruin
 hurl'd.

Before thee, arm'd with tortures dread,
 See stern Necessity appear!
 With iron wedge, and liquid lead,
 Impaling spikes, and hook severe.—
 Thee Hope, thee white-rob'd Faith, (of friends
 On earth the rarest found,) attends;
 Change garb, change mansions, at thy will,
 Exalt, oppress, destroy,—yet *these* are with thee
 still.

Not so the rabble, false as vain,
 The parasite, the painted whore,—
 Our wine-cask to its dregs *they* drain,
 Then off, to richer boards, for more.—
 O Goddess, on thy Cæsar smile,
 Now bound for Britain's farthest isle;
 Make, too, our new-rais'd hosts thy care,
 Who, wide o'er eastern fields, Rome's conquering
 eagles bear.

Alas! for our dishonouring scars,
 And brothers' blood by brothers spilt,—
 Foul, fated curse of civil wars!
 From what extremity of guilt
 Have we shrunk back? what deeds not dar'd?
 What gods rever'd? what altars spar'd?
 Oh!—if not destin'd to repose,—
 Be our rewhetted swords now flesh'd on foreign
 foes!

Book II.

ODE III.—TO DELLIIUS.

WHEN dangers press, a mind sustain
 Unshaken by the storms of Fate;
 And when delight succeeds to pain,
 With no glad insolence elate;
 For death will end the various toys
 Of hopes, and fears, and cares, and joys.
 Mortal alike, if sadly grave
 You pass life's melancholy day,
 Or, in some green retired cave
 Wearing the idle hours away,
 Give to the Muses all your soul,
 And pledge them in the flowing bowl;
 Where the broad pine, and poplar white,
 To join their hospitable shade
 With intertwined boughs delight;
 And, o'er its pebbly bed convey'd,
 Labours the winding stream to run,
 Trembling, and glittering to the sun.

Thy generous wine, and rich perfume,
And fragrant roses hither bring,
That with the early zephyrs bloom,
And wither with declining spring,
While joy and youth not yet have fled,
And Fate still holds the uncertain thread.

You soon must leave your verdant bowers,
And groves yourself had taught to grow,
Your soft retreats from sultry hours
Where Tiber's gentle waters flow,
Soon leave; and all you call your own
Be squander'd by an heir unknown.

Whether of wealth and lineage proud,
A high patrician name you bear,
Or pass ignoble in the crowd,
Unshelter'd from the midnight air,
'Tis all alike; no age or state
Is spared by unrelenting Fate.

To the same port our barks are bound;
One final doom is fix'd for all:
The universal wheel goes round,
And, soon or late, each lot must fall,
When all together shall be sent
To one eternal banishment.

ODE X.—TO LICINIUS.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach;
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse Fortune's power;
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes, in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky.
The god, that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the Muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But oh! if Fortune fill thy sail,
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

ODE XII.—TO MECÆNAS.

DIRE Hannibal, the Roman dread,
Numantian wars, which raged so long,
And seas with Punic slaughter red,
Suit not the softer lyric song;

Nor savage centaurs, mad with wine;
Nor Earth's enormous rebel brood,
Who shook with fear the Powers divine,
Till by Alcides' arms subdued.

Better, Mecænas, thou in prose
Shalt Cæsar's glorious battles tell;
With what bold heat the victor glows,
What captive kings his triumphs swell.

Thy mistress all my Muse employs;
Licinia's voice, her sprightly turns,
The fire that sparkles in her eyes,
And in her faithful bosom burns.

When she adorns Diana's day,
And all the beauteous choirs advance,
With sweetest airs, divinely gay,
She shines, distinguish'd in the dance!

Not all Arabia's spicy fields
Can with Licinia's breath compare;
Nor India's self a treasure yields,
To purchase one bright flowing hair:

When she with bending neck complies
To meet the lover's eager kiss,
With gentle cruelty denies,
Or snatches first the fragrant bliss.

ODE XIV.—TO POSTUMUS.

SWIFT fly the rolling years, my friend!
Nor can your anxious prayers extend
The fleeting joys of youth;
The trembling hand, the wrinkled cheek,
Too plainly life's decay bespeak,
With sad but silent truth.

What though your daily offerings rise
In fragrant clouds of sacrifice
To Jove's immortal seat;
You cannot fly death's cold embrace,
Where peasants—chiefs of kingly race
An equal welcome meet.

In vain, from battle fields afar,
You gently dream of raging war,
Secure in peace and wealth:
In vain you shun the stormy wave,
The scorching breeze, that others brave,
Profuse of vigorous health.

Though zealous friends your portals throng,
They cannot still your life prolong
By one short lingering hour;
Whate'er our plans, whate'er our state,
We mortals own one common fate,
One stern, unbending power.

When your parch'd lips shall faintly press
On your fond wife their last caress,
And farewell murmurs breathe,
Your wandering eyes shall feebly rove,
O'er each loved wood, and well-train'd grove,
To seek a funeral wreath.

The purple vineyard's luscious stores,
Secured by trebly bolted doors,
Excite, in vain, your care;
Soon shall the rich and sparkling hoard
Flow largely o'er the festive board
Of your unsparing heir.

ODE XV.

GLEAMING on Baia's golden shore,
Yon marble domes their sunny wings expand;
And glittering villas crown the yellow strand;
But, ah! its wealthy harvests wave no more,
The faithful ploughshare quits the encumber'd
land.

Mark yon broad lakes their glittering bosoms
spread,

Wide, as the Lucrine wave, their waters sheen;
And lo! the solitary plane is seen,
Spreading its broad and fruitless boughs of
green,

Were erst above the maple's social head,
Laden with grapes, the tendrils wont to twine;
And thou, thy purple clusters shed
Oh! Italy's beloved vine!

How rich the balm Favonius breathes,
From banks with rose, and spicy myrtle set!

How fair his fragrant blossoms wreathes
Of the dark-eyed violet.

But, ah! the sons of joy forget,
(Who the fierce splendours of the summer sky,
In the green depth of laurel-groves defy;)

How autumn's ripening hand was wont to
pour

The orchard fruits from every golden tree,
And o'er the ruddy fallows smiled to see

The olive drop its fat and mellow shower.

How stern old Cato's shaggy brows would bend;

How darkly glare our founder's angry look;

For ill could they the conscript fathers brook

To see yon marble porticos extend

Wooping the North his breezy shades to lend

From many a mountain nook.

The green turf was their humble bed,

Their costliest canopy the wild-wood tree;

While its rich breast the marble quarry spread,

And high the temple rear'd its stately head

In honour of the deity.

Book III.

ODE I.—PARAPHRASED.

HENCE, ye profane! I hate you all;

Both the great vulgar, and the small.

To virgin minds, which yet their native white-
ness hold,

Nor yet discoloured with the love of gold,

That jaundice of the soul,

(Which makes it look so gilded and so foul,)

To you, ye very few, these truths I tell;

The Muse inspires my song; hark, and observe
it well.

We look on men, and wonder at such odds

'Twixt things that were the same by birth;

We look on kings, as giants of the earth,

These giants are but pigmies to the gods.

The humblest bush and proudest oak
Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.
Beauty and strength, and wit, and wealth, and
power,

Have their short flourishing hour;

And love to see themselves, and smile,

And joy in their pre-eminence awhile:

Ev'n so in the same land,

Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand;

Alas! death mows down all with an impartial
hand:

And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,

Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles:

If ye your eyes could upwards move,

(But ye, I fear, think nothing is above,)

Ye would perceive by what a little thread

The sword still hangs over your head:

No tide of wine would drown your cares;

No mirth or music over-noise your fears:

The fear of death would you so watchful keep,

As not 't admit the image of it, Sleep.

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,

And yet so humble too, as not to scorn

The meanest country cottages:

His poppy grows among the corn.

The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest

In any stormy breast.

'Tis not enough that he does find

Clouds and darkness in their mind;

Darkness but half his work will do:

'Tis not enough; he must find quiet too.

The man, who in all wishes he does make,

Does only Nature's counsel take,

That wise and happy man will never fear

The evil aspects of the year;

Nor tremble, though two comets should appear;

He does not look in almanacs, to see

Whether he fortunate shall be:

Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,

And what they please against the world de-
sign,

So Jupiter within him shine.

If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,

God to your cares and fears will set no bound.

What would content you? who can tell?

Ye fear so much to lose what ye have got,

As if ye liked it well:

Ye strive for more, as if ye liked it not.

Go, level hills, and fill up seas,

Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please:

But, trust me, when you have done all this,

Much will be missing still, and much will be
amiss.

ODE II.—TO HIS FRIENDS.

How bless'd is he who for his country dies,

Since death pursues the coward as he flies!

The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,

With trembling knees and terror at his back;

Though fear should lend him pinions like the
wind,

Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repulsed, yet knows not to repine,

But shall with unattainted honour shine;

Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,

Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new untrodden passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd!
He who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me;
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest, with the wicked, Heaven involve the just?
And though the villain 'scape awhile, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound at his heels.

ODE VI.—TO THE ROMANS.

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The falling temples which the gods provoke,
And statues sullied yet with sacrilegious smoke.
Propitious Heaven, that raised your fathers high,
For humble, grateful piety,
(As it rewarded their respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your neglect.
All empires on the gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command they
end.

Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell
How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,
And with insulting pride,
Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride.
The Scythian and Egyptian scum
Had almost ruin'd Rome,
While our seditions took their part,
Fill'd each Egyptian sail, and wing'd each Scy-
thian dart.

First, these flagitious times
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
From which polluted head
Infectious streams of crowding sins began,
And through the spurious breed and guilty nation
ran.

Behold a fair and melting maid
Bound 'prentice to a common trade;
Ionian artists at a mighty price
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice,
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
And with an early hand they form the temper'd
clay.

'Tis not the spawn of such as these
That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides;
Made the proud Asian monarch feel
How weak his gold was 'gainst Europe's steel;
Fore'd e'en dire Hannibal to yield,
And won the long disputed world at Zama's fatal
field.

But soldiers of a rustic mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the stubborn ground,
Or through hewn woods their weighty strokes
did sound;

And after the declining sun
Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was
done,

Home with their weary team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the
day.

Time sensibly all things impairs;
Our fathers have been worse than theirs;
And we than ours; next age will see
A race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough
to be.

ODE IX.—HORACE AND LYDIA.

HORACE.

WHILST I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer youth, reclined
On your soft bosom, sought to rest,
Phraates was not half so bless'd.

LYDIA.

Whilst you adored no other face,
Nor loved me in the second place,
My happy celebrated fame
Outshone e'en Ilia's envied flame.

HORACE.

Me Chloe now possesses whole,
Her voice and lyre command my soul;
Nor would I death itself decline,
Could her life ransom'd be with mine.

LYDIA.

For me the lovely Calais burns,
And warmth for warmth my heart returns.
Twice would I life with joy resign,
Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

HORACE.

What if sweet love, whose bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke;
Should banish'd Chloe cease to reign,
And Lydia her lost power regain?

LYDIA.

Though Hesper be less fair than he,
Thou wilder than the raging sea,
Lighter than down; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

ODE XIII.—TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA.

YE waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,
Bandusian fount! to whom the products sweet

Of richest wines belong,
And fairest flowers of spring;
To thee a chosen victim will I slay,
A kid, who glowing in lascivious youth,
Just blooms with budding horn,
And, in vain thought elate,
Yet destines future war: but, ah! too soon
His reeking blood with crimson shall enrich
Thy pure translucent flood,
And tinge thy crystal clear.

Thy sweet recess the sun in mid-day hour
Can ne'er invade, thy streams the labour'd ox
Refresh with cooling draught,
And glad the wand'ring herds.
Thyname shall shine, with endless honours graced,
While on my shell I sing, the nodding oak,
That o'er thy cavern deep
Waves his embowering head.

ODE XVI.—TO MECENAS.

"THE lone gray tower on Argo's mountain-shore,
The faithful watch dog at the midnight door,"
Safe in their guard imprison'd love had slept,
Her baffled suitors youthful Danae wept.
But with rich bribes the laughing gods betray'd
The yielding guardian, and the enamour'd maid.
Through armed satellites, and walls of stone
Gold wings its flight, resistless though alone.

Ah! who the wiles of womankind hath tried?
By gold, the priest, the blameless augur died.
Mark Philip's march! the obedient cities fall,
Ope the wide gates, and yields the embattled wall.

To gold, each petty tyrant sank a prey,
King after king confess'd its powerful sway,
On wisdom's patriot voice the siren hung,
And stay'd the thunders of the Athenian tongue,
The war-worn veteran oft his trophies sold,
And venal navies own'd the power of gold.

Enlarging wealth increasing wishes share,
The gods have curs'd the miser's hoard with care;

To modest worth are choicest blessings sent,
Heaven loves the humble virtues of content.
Far from the rich thy poet loves to dwell,
And share the silence of the hermit's cell.

The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side,

The chestnut copse that spreads its leafy pride,
The garden plot that asks but little room,
The ripening corn field, and the orchard's bloom,
These simple pleasures, trust me, are unknown
To the rich palace, or the jewell'd throne;
The wealthy lords of Afric's wide domain
Would spurn my lowly roof and bounded plain.

Cold are the Sabine hills! hives not for me
Its hoarded nectar the Calabrian bee.
Here no rich vines their amber clusters rain,
Not mine the fleece that decks Gallicia's plain.
Yet want, for once, avoids a poet's door,
Content and grateful, can I ask for more?
But should thy bard seek ampler means to live,
Patron and friend! thy liberal hand would give.

What if increasing wealth withholds its shower,
If the rich widow guards her jealous dower;
Then wiser learn the effect is still the same,
From humbler wishes, and contracted aim.
More wealthy thou, than if thy lands could join
All Phrygia's harvests to the Lydian mine;
Not want alone surrounds the opening door,
For pride and avarice are ever poor;
Delusive hope, and wild desire combined,
Feed with vain thoughts the hunger of the mind.

But bless'd is he to whom indulgent Heaven
Man's happiest state, enough, not more, has given.

ODE XVII.—TO FAUNUS.

FAUNUS, who lov'd to chase the light-foot nymphs,
Propitious guard my fields and sunny farm,
And nurse with kindly care
The promise of my flock.

So to thy power a kid shall yearly bleed,
And the full bowl to genial Venus flow;
And on thy rustic shrine
Rich odours incense breathe:

So through the vale the wanton herds shall bound,
When thy December comes, and on the green
The steer in traces loose
With the free village sport:

No more the lamb shall fly the insidious wolf,
The woods shall shed their leaves, and the glad
hind
The ground, where once he dug,
Shall beat in sprightly dance.

ODE XXIX.—TO MECENAS.

Paraphrased.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:
The rosy wreath is made;
And artful hands prepare

The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy hair.
When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, come away;
Make haste and leave thy business and thy care,
No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.
Leave, for a while, thy costly country seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great.

Make haste and come:
Come and forsake thy cloying store;
Thy turret that surveys, from high
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome,
And all the busy paganry
That wise men scorn, and fools adore.
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the poor.

Sometimes 'tis grateful for the rich to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty:
A savoury dish, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

The sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The Syrian star barks from afar,
And with his sultry breath infects the sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heavens above
us fry.

The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh:
The sylvans to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams new shades and
streams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the
raging fire.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor;
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:
But God has wisely hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,

And sown their seeds in depths of night.

He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,
Where mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power;
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.

Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft its head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;

And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne,
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine.

Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.

I can enjoy her while she is kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away;
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd:

Content with poverty my soul I arm,
And Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain,
And pray to gods that will not hear
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth unto the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

Book IV.

ODE IV.—THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

As the wing'd minister of thund'ring Jove
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
Faithful assistant of his master's love,
King of the wand'ring nations of the air,
When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In slight essays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fired his generous breast;
Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractised foe;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown,
The scaly snake and crested dragon know;
Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The gazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood:
Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight:
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd,
So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.
Tamed by a boy, the fierce barbarians find
How guardian prudence guides the youthful flame;
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame;
A valiant son springs from a valiant sire:
Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove.
But education can the genius raise,
And wise instructions native virtue aid;
Nobility without them is disgrace,
And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.
Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,
Let mighty Asdrubal subdued, confess
How much of empire and of fame is owed
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.
Of this be witness that auspicious day
Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,
First smiled on Latium with a milder ray,
And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawn-
ing light.
Since the dire African with wasteful ire
Rode o'er the ravaged towns of Italy;
As through the pine trees flies the raging fire,
Or Eurys o'er the vex'd Sicilian sea.
From this bright era, from this prosperous field,
The Roman Glory dates her rising power;
From hence 'twas given her conquering sword
to wield,
Raise her fallen gods, and ruin'd shrines re-
store.
Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke:
"Like stags, to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
Whom to elude and 'scape were victory:
"A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
Hostile Ausonia, to thy destined shore
Her gods, her infant sons, and aged sires,
Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore:

"As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness
feel,
Improves by loss, and thriving with the stroke,
Draws health and vigour from the wounding
steel.

"Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
So tired the baffled force of Hercules;
Nor Thebes, nor Colehis, such a monster bred,
Pregnant of ills, and famed for prodigies.

"Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun,
Brighter she rises from the depths below:
To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
Recruits her strength, and foils the wond'ring foe.

"No more of victory the joyful fame
Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name!
With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die!"

What shall the Claudian valour not perform
Which power divine guards with propitious
care;

Which wisdom steers through all the dangerous
storm,

Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war?

ODE VII.—TO TORQUATUS.

THE snow, dissolved, no more is seen;
The fields and woods, behold, are green;
The changing year renews the plain;
The rivers know their banks again;
The sprightly Nymph and naked Grace
The mazy dance together trace:
The changing year's successive plan
Proclaims mortality to man.
Rough winter's blasts to spring give way;
Spring yields to summer's sovereign ray;
Then summer sinks in autumn's reign;
And winter chills the world again.
Her losses soon the moon supplies;
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his sons are laid,
Is nought but ashes and a shade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our score,
Will rouse us in a morning more?
What with your friend you nobly share,
At least you rescue from your heir.
Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
Or virtue, shall replace on earth.
Hippolytus, unjustly slain,
Diana calls to life in vain;
Nor can the might of Theseus rend
The chains of hell that hold his friend.

ODE IX.—TO LOLLIVS.

THE poet endeavours, by his verses, to rescue Lolliv's
name from oblivion.

WHILE with the Grecian bards I vie,
And raptured tune the social string,
Think not the song shall ever die,
Which with no vulgar art I sing,
Though born where Aufid rolls his sounding
stream,
In lands far distant from poetic fame.

What though the Muse her Homer thrones
High above all th' immortal choir,
Nor Pindar's rapture she disowns,
Nor hides the plaintive Cæan lyre?
Alcæus strikes the tyrant's soul with dread,
Nor yet is grave Stesichorus unread.

Whatever old Anacreon sung,
(However tender was his lay,)
In spite of time is ever young,
Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay;
Her living songs preserve their charming art,
Her love still breathes the passions of her heart.

Helen was not the only fair
By an unhappy passion fired,
Who the lewd ringlets of the hair
Of an adulterous beau admired;
Court arts, gold lace, and equipage have charms
To tempt weak woman to a stranger's arms.

Nor first from Teucer's vengeful bow
The feather'd death unerring flew,
Nor was the Greek the single foe
Whose rage ill-fated Ilium knew;
Greece had with heroes fill'd th' embattled plain,
Worthy the Muse in her sublimest strain.

Nor Hector first transported heard
With fierce delight the war's alarms,
Nor brave Deiphobus appear'd
Amid the tented field in arms,
With glorious ardour prodigal of life,
To guard a darling son and faithful wife.

Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
In the small compass of a grave:
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,
No bard had they to make all time their own.*

In earth if it forgotten lies,
What is the valour of the brave?
What difference, when the coward dies,
And sinks in silence to his grave?
Nor, Lolliv, will I not thy praise proclaim,
But from oblivion vindicate thy fame.

Nor shall its livid power conceal
Thy toils—how glorious to the state!
How constant to the public weal
Through all the doubtful turns of fate!
Thy steady soul, by long experience found
Erect, alike when fortune smiled or frown'd.

* Had envious silence left unsung
The child from Mars and Ilia sprung,
How had we known the hero's fame,
From whom the Roman empire came?
The poet's favour, voice, and lays,
Could Æacus from darkness raise,
Snatch'd from the Stygian gulfs of hell,
Among the blissful isles to dwell.
The Muse forbids the brave to die,
The Muse enthrones him in the sky;
Alcides, thus, in heaven is placed,
And shares with Jove the immortal feast;
Thus the twin-stars have power to save
The shatter'd vessel from the wave,
And vine-crown'd Bacchus with success
His jovial votaries can bless.—From Ode VIII.

Villains, in public rapine bold,
 Lollius, the just avenger, dread,
 Who never by the charms of gold,
 Shining seducer! was misled;
 Beyond thy year such virtue shall extend,
 And death alone thy consulate shall end.
 Perpetual magistrate is he,
 Who keeps strict justice full in sight;
 With scorn rejects th' offender's fee,
 Nor weighs convenience against right;
 Who bids the crowd at awful distance gaze,
 And virtue's arms victoriously displays.
 Not he, of wealth immense possess'd
 Tasteless who piles his massy gold,
 Among the number of the bless'd
 Should have his glorious name enroll'd;
 He better claims the glorious name who knows
 With wisdom to enjoy what Heaven bestows:
 Who knows the wrongs of want to bear,
 Even in its lowest, last extreme;
 Yet can with conscious virtue fear,
 Far worse than death, a deed of shame;
 Undaunted, for his country or his friend
 To sacrifice his life—oh glorious end!

EPODE II.

How happy in his low degree,
 How rich, in humble poverty, is he,
 Who leads a quiet country life;
 Discharg'd of business, void of strife,
 And from the griping scrivener free!
 Thus, ere the seeds of vice were sown,
 Liv'd men in better ages born,
 Who plough'd, with oxen of their own,
 Their small paternal field of corn.
 Nor trumpets summon him to war,
 Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
 Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
 Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
 The clamours of contentious law,
 And court and state he wisely shuns,
 Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
 To servile salutations runs;
 But either to the clasping vine
 Does the supporting poplar wed,
 Or with his pruning hook disjoin
 Unbearing branches from their head,
 And grafts more happy in their stead;
 Or climbing to a hilly steep,
 He views his buds in vales afar,
 Or shears his overburden'd sheep,
 Or mead for cooling drink prepares
 Of virgin honey in the jars,
 Or, in the now declining year,
 When beauteous Autumn rears his head,
 He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
 And clust'ring grapes with purple spread.
 Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
 Or on the matted grass he lies:
 No God of Sleep he need invoke;
 The stream, that o'er the pebble flies,
 With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.

The wind, that whistles through the sprays,
 Maintains the concert of the song:
 And hidden birds with native lays,
 The golden sleep prolong.
 But when the blast of winter blows,
 And hoary frost invests the year,
 Into the naked woods he goes,
 And seeks the tusky boar to rear,
 With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed spear!
 Or spreads his subtle nets from sight,
 With twinkling glasses, to betray
 The larks that in the meshes light,
 Or makes the fearful bear his prey.
 Amidst his harmless, easy joys,
 No anxious care invades his health,
 Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
 But, if a chaste and pleasing wife,
 To ease the business of his life,
 Divides with him his household care,
 Such as the Sabine matrons were,
 Such as the swift Apulian's bride,
 Sunburnt and swarthy though she be,
 Will fire for winter nights provide,
 And—without noise—will oversee
 His children and his family:
 And order all things till he come,
 Sweaty and overlabour'd home;
 If she in pens his flocks will fold,
 And then produce her dairy store
 With wine to drive away the cold,
 And unbought dainties for the poor;
 Not oysters of the Lucrine lake
 My sober appetite would wish,
 Nor turbot, or the foreign fish
 That rolling tempests overtake,
 And hither waft the costly dish.
 Not heathpoult, or the rarer bird,
 Which Phasis or Ionia yields
 More pleasing morsels would afford
 Than the fat olives of my fields;
 Than shards or mallows for the pot,
 That keep the loosened body sound,
 Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
 To the just guardian of my ground,
 Amidst these feasts of happy swains,
 The jolly shepherd smiles to see
 His flock returning from the plains;
 The farmer is as pleas'd as he,
 To view his oxen sweating smoke,
 Bear on their necks the loosen'd yoke:
 To look upon his menial crew,
 That sit around his cheerful hearth,
 And bodies spent in toil renew
 With wholesome food and country mirth.

This Alpius said within himself;
 Resolv'd to leave the wicked town,
 And live retir'd upon his own,
 He call'd his money in:
 But the prevailing love of pelf,
 Soon split him on the former shelf,—
 He put it out again.

FROM THE SATIRES.

Book I.

FROM SATIRE I.—AVARICE AND DISCONTENT.

MECENAS, what's the cause, that no man lives
Contented with the lot which reason gives,
Or chance presents; but all with envy view
The schemes that others variously pursue.
Happy the merchant, the old soldier cries;
The merchant, beaten with tempestuous skies,
Happy the soldier; one half hour to thee
Gives speedy death or glorious victory.
The lawyer, knock'd up early from his rest
By restless clients, calls the peasant bless'd;
The peasant, when his labours ill succeed,
Envy's the mouth which only talk does feed.
'Tis not (I think you'll say) that I want store
Of instances, if here I add no more;
They are enough to reach at least a mile
Beyond long Orator Fabius his style.
But, hold, you whom no fortune e'er endears,
Gentlemen, mal-contents, and mutineers,
Whom bounteous Jove so often cruel call,
Behold, Jove's now resolv'd to please you all.
Thou, soldier, be a merchant; merchant, thou
A soldier be; and lawyer, to the plough.
Change all your stations straight; why do you
stay?—

The devil a man will change, now when he
may.

Were I in General Jove's abused case,
By Jove, I'd cudgel this rebellious race:
But he's too good. Be all then as you were,
However, make the best of what you are,
And in that state be cheerful and rejoice,
Which either was your fate or was your choice.
No; they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,
And very miserable be awhile;
But 'tis with a design only to gain
What may their age with plenteous ease maintain.

The prudent pismire does this lesson teach,
And industry to lazy mankind preach:
The little drudge does trot about and sweat,
Nor does he straight devour all he can get,
But in his temp'rate mouth carries it home,
A stock for winter, which he knows must come;
And when the rolling world to creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong side of the year,
And shuts him in with storms, and cold, and
wet,

He cheerfully does his past labours eat,
And weighing justly a mortal ant's condition,
Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.
Thee neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor cold,
From thy unnatural diligence can withhold:
To th' Indies thou wouldst run, rather than see
Another, though a friend, richer than thee.
Fond man! what good or beauty can be found
In heaps of treasure buried under ground?
Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see,
Thou wouldst thyself, too, buried with them be.
And what's the difference? Is it not quite as bad
Never to use, as never to have had?
In thy vast barns millions of quarters store;
Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more

Than mine does. Ev'ry baker makes much
bread;
What then? he's with no more than others fed.
But pleasant 'tis to take from a great store.
What, man! though you're resolv'd to take no
more

Than I do from a small one? If your will
Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill,
To some great river for it must you go,
When a clear spring just at your feet does flow?
Give me the spring which does to human use
Safe, easy, and untroubled stores produce:
He who scorns these, and needs will drink at
Nile

Must run the danger of the crocodile,
And of the rapid stream itself, which may
At unawares bear him, perhaps, away.
In a full flood Tantalus stands, his skin
Wash'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within;
He catches at the stream with greedy lips,
From his touch'd mouth the wanton torrent
slips.

You laugh, now, and expand your careful brow;
'Tis finely said, but what's all this to you?
Change but the name, this fable is thy story;
Thou in a flood of useless wealth dost glory,
Which thou canst only touch, but never taste;
Th' abundance still, and still the want does last.
The treasures of the gods thou wouldst not spare,
But when they're made thy own, they sacred
are,

And must be kept with reverence, as if thou
No other use of precious gold didst know,
But that of curious pictures, to delight,
With the fair stamp, thy virtuoso sight.
The only true and genuine use is this,
To buy the things which Nature cannot miss
Without discomfort; oil, and vital bread,
And wine, by which the life of Life is fed,
And all those few things else by which we live;
All that remains is giv'n for thee to give.
If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,
The bitter fruits be which fair Riches bear,
If a new poverty grow out of store,
The plain old way, ye gods! let me be poor.

FROM SATIRE III.—ALL CRIMES NOT TO BE
RANKED AND PUNISHED ALIKE.

Who say that crimes are sins alike,
At common sense and manners strike:
And e'en utility despise,
Whence equity and law arise.
When creatures first, at Nature's birth,
Dumb and unseemly crawl'd on earth:
For acorns and for beds of leaves,
They strove with fists, and then with staves:
Next use with iron arms supplied,
And wars were fought, and warriors died:
Then speech was found, then language rose,
And peaceful words succeeded blows.
Now towns were built, and laws were framed,
That punish'd villany, or shamed;
Preserving all the goods of life,
The person, property, and wife.
Inquire of ages past the cause,
The fear of crimes invented laws:

Not simple Nature taught the skill,
To draw the line 'twixt good and ill;
'Twixt certain virtues, certain sins,
Whence merit ends, and crime begins.
Nor reason, sure can say that he
Must just as great a villain be,
Who idly breaks his neighbour's bounds,
As he, who steals a thousand pounds.

FROM SATIRE IV.—HORACE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS
FATHER AND HIMSELF.

THE best of fathers, on my youthful breast
The detestation of a vice impress'd
By strong examples. Would he have me live
Content with what his industry could give,
In frugal, sparing sort, "Behold, my son,
Young Albius there, how wretchedly undone!
Yet no mean lesson is the spendthrift's fate
To caution youth from squandering their estate."
To fright me from the harlot's vagrant bed,
"Behold Scetanius, and his ruin dread;"
That I might ne'er pursue the wedded dame,
"A lawful Venus will indulge your flame.
My son, by poor Trebonius be advised;
Sure 'tis no pleasant tale to be surprised."

"'Twixt right and wrong the learned may
decide,
With wise distinctions may your conduct guide;
Be mine the common wisdom, that inspires
The frugal manners of our ancient sires,
And, while your mouth may yet a tutor claim,
To guard your virtue, and preserve your fame,
But soon as time confirms, with stronger tone,
Your strength and mind, your conduct be your
own."

Thus did he form my youth with lenient hand;
When he for virtue urged the soft command,
Pointing some awful senator to view,
"His grave example constantly pursue."
Would he dissuade me; "Can you doubt," he
cries,
"That equal ruin and dishonour rise
From such an action, when that scoundrel's name
Is branded with the flagrant marks of shame?"
A neighbour's funeral, with dire affright,
Checks the sick man's intemperate appetite;
So is the shame of others oft impress'd
With wholesome terrors on the youthful breast.

FROM SATIRE VI.—TO MECÆNAS.—WITH A FURTHER
ACCOUNT OF HIS FATHER AND HIMSELF.

Nor yet to chance my happiness I owe;
Friendship like yours it had not to bestow.
First, my best Virgil, then my Varius, told
Among my friends what character I hold;
When introduced, in few and faltering words
(Such as an infant modesty affords)
I did not tell you my descent was great,
Or that I wander'd round my country seat
On a proud steed in richer pastures bred;
But what I really was, I frankly said.

Short was your answer, in your usual strain;
I take my leave, nor wait on you again,

Till, nine months past, engaged and bid to hold
A place among your nearer friends enroll'd.
An honour this, methinks, of nobler kind,
That innocent of heart and pure of mind,
Though with no titled birth, I gain'd his love,
Whose judgment can discern, whose choice ap-
prove.

If some few venial faults deform my soul,
(Like a fair face when spotted with a mole,)
If none with avarice justly brand my fame
With sordidness, or deeds too vile to name:
If pure and innocent: if dear (forgive
These little praises) to my friends I live,
My father was the cause, who, though maintain'd
By a lean farm but poorly, yet disdain'd
The country schoolmaster, to whose low care
The mighty captain sent his high-born heir,
With satchel, copy book, and pelf to pay
The wretched teacher on th' appointed day.

To Rome by this bold father was I brought,
To learn those arts which well-born youth are
taught;

So dress'd and so attended, you would swear
I was some senator's expensive heir;
Himself my guardian, of unblemish'd truth,
Among my tutors would attend my youth,
And thus preserv'd my chastity of mind,
(That prime of virtue in its highest kind.)
Not only pure from guilt, but even the shame
That might with vile suspicion hurt my fame:
Nor fear'd to be reproach'd, although my fate
Should fix my fortune in some meaner state,
From which some trivial perquisites arise,
Or make me, like himself, collector of excise.

For this my heart, far from complaining, pays
A larger debt of gratitude and praise;
Nor, while my senses hold, shall I repent
Of such a father, nor with pride resent,
As many do, th' involuntary disgrace
Not to be born of an illustrious race.
But not with theirs my sentiments agree
Or language; for if Nature should decree
That we from any stated point might live
Our former years, and to our choice should give
The sires, to whom we wished to be allied,
Let others choose to gratify their pride;
While I, contented with my own, resign
The titled honours of an ancient line.

FROM SATIRE X.—ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

WOULD you a reader's just esteem engage,
Correct with frequent care the blotted page;
Nor strive the wonder of the crowd to raise,
But the few better judges learn to please.
Let Plotius, Varius, and Mæcenas deign
With Virgil, Valgius, to approve my strain;
Let good Octavius even endure my lays;
Let Fuscus read, and either Viscus praise:
Let Pollio and Messala be my own,
And Furnius for a critic's candour known;
Among my learned friends are many more,
Whose names I pass in modest silence o'er;
These I can wish to smile; enjoy their praise,
Hope to delight, and grieve if I displease.

Book II.

FROM SATIRE I.—LUCILIUS; AND HORACE'S DESIRE TO WRITE LIKE HIM.

H. Tell me, Trebatius, are not all mankind
To different pleasures, different whims inclined?
Millonius dances when his head grows light,
And the dim lamp shines double to his sight.
The twin-born brothers in their sports divide;
Pollux loves boxing; Castor joys to ride.
Indulge me then in this my sole delight,
Like great and good Lucilius, let me write.

Behold him frankly to his book impart
As to a friend, the secrets of his heart:
To write was all his aim; too heedless bard,
And well or ill, unworthy his regard.
Hence the old man stands open to your view,
Though with a careless hand the piece he drew.

His steps I follow in pursuit of fame,
Whether Lucania or Apulia claim
The honour of my birth; for on the lands,
By Samnites once possess'd, Venusium stands,
A forward barrier, as old tales relate,
To stop the course of war, and guard the state.

Let this digression, as it may, succeed—
No honest man shall by my satire bleed;
It guards me like a sword, and safe it lies
Within the sheath, till villains round me rise.

Dread king and father of the mortal race,
Behold me, harmless bard, how fond of peace!
And may all kinds of mischief-making steel
In rust, eternal rust, thy vengeance feel!
But who provokes me, or attacks my fame,
"Better not touch me, friend,"—I loud exclaim;
His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad sung.

Then, whether age my peaceful hours attend,
Or Death his sable pinions round me bend;
Or rich, or poor, at Rome; to exile driven;
Whatever lot by powerful Fate is given,
Yet write I will.

T. Oh boy, thy fate is sped,
And short thy days. Some lord shall strike thee dead,
With freezing look—

H. What! in his honest page
When good Lucilius lash'd a vicious age,
From conscious villains tore the mask away,
And stripp'd them naked to the glare of day,
Were Lælius or his friend, (whose glorious name
From conquer'd Carthage deathless rose to fame,)
Were they displeased, when villains and their crimes

Were cover'd o'er with infamy and rhymes?
The factious demagogue he made his prize,
And durst the people tribe by tribe chastise;
Yet true to virtue, and to virtue's friends,
To them alone with reverence he bends.
When Scipio's virtue, and, of milder vein,
When Lælius' wisdom, from the busy scene,
And crowd of life, the vulgar and the great,
Could with their favourite satirist retreat,
Lightly they laugh'd at many an idle jest,
Until their frugal feast of herbs was dress'd.

What though with great Lucilius I disclaim
All saucy rivalry of birth or fame,

Spite of herself even Envy must confess
That I the friendship of the great possess,
And, if she dare attempt my honest fame,
Shall break her teeth against my solid name.
This is my plea; on this I rest my cause.—

FROM SATIRE III.—MADMEN.

For all are fools or mad, as well as you,
At least, if what Stertinius says be true,

Whom vicious follies, or whom falsehood, blind,
Are by the stoics held of maddening kind.
And they, who call you fool, with equal claim
May plead an ample title to the name.

When in a wood we leave the certain way,
One error fools us, though we various stray,
Some to the left, some turn to 'other side;
So he, who dares thy madness to deride,
Though you may frankly own yourself a fool,
Behind him trails his mark of ridicule.

Come all, whose breasts with bad ambition
rise

Or the pale passion, that for money dies,
With luxury, or superstition's gloom,
Whate'er disease your health of mind consume,
Compose your robes; in decent ranks draw near,
And, that ye all are mad, with reverence hear.

If a man fill'd his cabinet with lyres,
Whom neither music charms, nor muse inspires;
Should he buy lasts and knives, who never made
A shoe; or if a wight, who hated trade,
The sails and tackle for a vessel bought,
Madman or fool he might be justly thought.
But, prithee, where's the difference to behold
A wretch, who heaps and hides his darling gold;
Who knows not how to use the massy store,
Yet dreads to violate the sacred ore?

With a long club, and ever-open eyes,
To guard his corn its wretched master lies,
Nor dares, though hungry, touch the hoarded
grain,

While bitter herbs his frugal life sustain;
If in his cellar lie a thousand flasks
(Nay, let them rise to thrice a thousand casks)
Of old Falernian, or the Chian vine,
Yet if he drink mere vinegar for wine;
If, at fourscore, of straw he made his bed,
While moths upon his rotting carpet fed,
By few, forsooth, a madman he is thought,
For half mankind the same disease have caught.

FROM SATIRE VI.—COUNTRY LIFE.

I OFTEN wish'd I had a farm,
A decent dwelling, snug and warm,
A garden, and a spring as pure
As crystal, running by my door;
Besides a little ancient grove,
Where at my leisure I might rove.

The gracious gods, to crown my bliss,
Have granted this, and more than this:
I have enough in my possessing,
'Tis well: I ask no other blessing,
Oh Hermes! than remote from strife
To have and hold them for my life.

If I was never known to raise
My fortune by dishonest ways;
Nor, like the spendthrifts of the times,
Shall ever sink it by my crimes:

If thus I neither pray nor ponder,—
 Oh! might I have that angle yonder,
 Which disproportions now my field,
 What satisfaction it would yield!
 Oh that some lucky chance but threw
 A pot of silver to my view,
 As lately to the man, who bought
 The very land on which he wrought!
 If I am pleased with my condition,
 Oh hear, and grant this last petition:
 Indulgent, let my cattle batten;
 Let all things, but my fancy, fatten;
 And thou continue still to guard,
 As thou art wont, thy suppliant bard!

Whilst losing, in Rome's busy maze,
 The calm and sunshine of my days,
 How oft, with fervour I repeat
 "When shall I see my sweet retreat?
 Oh, when with books of sages deep,
 Sequester'd ease and gentle sleep,
 In soft oblivion, blissful balm,
 The busy cares of life becalm?
 Oh, when shall I enrich my veins,
 Spite of Pythagoras, with beans?
 Or live luxurious in my cottage
 On bacon-ham and savoury pottage?
 O joyous nights! delicious feasts!
 At which the gods might be my guests!"
 My friends and I regaled, my slaves
 Enjoy what their rich master leaves.
 There every guest may drink and fill
 As much, or little, as he will,
 Exempted from the bedlam rules
 Of roaring prodigals and fools.
 Whether in merry mood or whim,
 He fills his bumper to the brim;
 Or, better pleased to let it pass,
 Grows mellow with a moderate glass.

FROM SATIRE VII.—FREEDOM.

H. Who then is free?

D. The wise, who well maintains
 An empire o'er himself: whom neither chains,
 Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire,
 Who boldly answers to his warm desire,
 Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise,
 Firm in himself, who on himself relies,
 Polish'd and round, who runs his proper course,
 And breaks misfortune with superior force.

FROM THE EPISTLES.

Book I.

FROM EPISTLE I.—TO MECENAS.

YOU ask, perhaps, what sect, what chief I own;
 I'm of all sects, but blindly sworn to none;
 For as the tempest drives I shape my way,
 Now active plunge into the world's wide sea;
 Now Virtue's precepts rigidly defend,
 Nor to the world—the world to me shall bend:
 Then make some looser moralist my guide,
 And to the school less rigid smoothly glide.

As night seems tedious to th' expecting youth
 Whose fair one breaks her assignation-truth;
 As to a slave appears the lengthen'd day,
 Who owes his task—for he received his pay;
 As, when the guardian mother's too severe,
 Impatient minors waste their last long year;
 So sadly slow the time ungrateful flows
 Which breaks th' important systems I propose;
 Systems, whose useful precepts might engage
 Both rich and poor; both infancy and age;
 But meaner precepts now my life must rule,
 These, the first rudiments of Wisdom's school.
 You cannot hope for Lynceus' piercing eyes:
 But will you then a strengthening salve des-
 pise?

You wish for matchless Glycon's limbs, in vain,
 Yet why not cure the gout's decrepit pain?
 Though of exact perfection you despair,
 Yet every step to virtue's worth your care.

Even while you fear to use your present
 store,

Yet glows your bosom with a lust of more?
 The power of words, and soothing sounds can
 ease

The raging pain, and lessen your disease.
 Is fame your passion? Wisdom's powerful charm,
 If thrice read over, shall its force disarm.
 The slave to envy, anger, wine, or love,
 The wretch of sloth, its excellence shall prove:
 Fierceness itself shall hear its rage away,
 When listening calmly to th' instructive lay.
 Even in our flight from vice some virtue lies;
 And, free from folly, we to wisdom rise.

Silver to gold, we own, should yield the prize,
 And gold to virtue; but loud Folly cries,
 "Ye sons of Rome, let money first be sought;
 Virtue is only worth a second thought."
 This maxim echoes through the banker's street,
 While young and old the pleasing strain repeat:
 For though you boast a larger fund of sense,
 Untainted morals, honour, eloquence,
 Yet want a little of the sum that buys
 The titled honour, and you ne'er shall rise;
 Yet if you want the qualifying right
 Of such a fortune to be made a knight,
 You're a plebeian still. Yet children sing,
 Amid their sports, "Do right, and be a king."

Be this thy brazen bulwark of defence,
 Still to preserve thy conscious innocence,
 Nor e'er turn pale with guilt. But, prithee, tell,
 Shall Otho's law the children's song excel?
 The sons of ancient Rome first sung the strain
 That bids the wise, the brave, the virtuous reign.

My friend, get money; get a large estate,
 By honest means; but get, at any rate,
 That you with knights and senators may sit,
 And view the weeping scenes that Pupius writ.
 But is he not a friend of nobler kind
 Who wisely fashions, and informs thy mind,
 To answer, with a soul erect and brave,
 To Fortune's pride, and scorn to be her slave?

But should the people ask me, while I choose
 The public converse, wherefore I refuse
 To join the public judgment, and approve,
 Or fly whatever they dislike, or love;

Mine be the answer prudent reynard made
To the sick lion—"Truly, I'm afraid,
When I behold the steps, that to thy den
Look forward all, but none return agen."

FROM EPISTLE II.

DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION.

BEGIN; be bold; and venture to be wise;
He who defers the work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
'Till the whole stream that stopp'd him, shall be
gone,

That runs, and, as it runs, for ever will run on.

FROM EPISTLE III.—TO A PLAGIARIST.

LET Celsus be admonish'd, o'er and o'er,
To search the treasures of his native store,
Nor touch what Phæbus consecrates to fame,
Lest, when the birds their various plumage claim,
Stripp'd of his stolen pride, the crow forlorn
Shall stand ridiculous,—the public scorn!—

FROM EPISTLE V.—WINE.

SAY, what are Fortune's gifts, if I'm denied
Their cheerful use? for nearly are allied
The madman, and the fool, whose sordid care
Makes himself poor, to enrich a worthless heir.
Give me to drink, and, crown'd with flowers,
despise

The grave disgrace of being thought unwise.

What cannot wine perform? It brings to light
The secret soul; it bids the coward fight;
Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts
Drives out dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.
Is there a wretch, whom bumpers have not taught
A flow of words, and loftiness of thought?
Even in th' oppressive grasp of poverty
It can enlarge, and bid the soul be free.

FROM EPISTLE VI.—VIRTUE OR WEALTH?

WOULD you not wish to cure th' acuter pains,
That rack your tortured side, or vex your reins?
Would you, and who would not, with pleasure live?
If Virtue can alone the blessing give,
With ardent spirit her alone pursue,
And with contempt all other pleasures view.
Yet if you think that virtue's but a name;
That groves are groves, nor from religion claim
A sacred awe; sail to the distant coast,
Nor let the rich Bithynian trade be lost.
A thousand talents be the rounded sum
You first design'd; then raise a second plumb;
A third successive be your earnest care,
And add a fourth to make the mass a square;
For gold, the sovereign queen of all below,
Friend, honour, birth, and beauty can bestow;
The goddess of persuasion forms a train,
And Venus decks the well-bemonied swain.

FROM EPISTLE VII.—CALABRIAN HOSPITALITY.

"THESE pears are excellent, then, prithee, feed."
"I've eaten quite enough."
"Well, you indeed
Shall take some home—as many as you please,
For children love such little gifts as these."
"I thank you, sir, as if they all were mine!"
"Well, if you leave, you leave them for the
swine."

THE MOUSE AND THE WEASEL.

INTO a wicker cask where corn was kept,
Perchance of meagre corse, a field-mouse crept;
But when she fill'd her paunch, and sleek'd her
hide,

How to get out again, in vain she tried.
A weasel, who beheld her thus distress'd,
In friendly sort the luckless mouse address'd:
"Would you escape, you must be lean and thin;
Then try the cranny where you first got in."

EPISTLE VIII.—TO CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

COMPLAINING OF ILL HEALTH.

To Celsus, Muse, my warmest wishes bear,
And if he kindly ask you how I fare,
Say, though I threaten many a fair design,
Nor happiness, nor wisdom, yet are mine.
Not that the driving hail my vineyards beat;
Not that my olives are destroy'd with heat;
Not that my cattle pine in distant plains—
More in my mind than body lie my pains.
Reading I hate, and with unwilling ear
The voice of comfort, or of health I hear;
Friends or physicians I with pain endure,
Who strive this languor of my soul to cure.
Whate'er may hurt me, I with joy pursue;
Whate'er may do me good, with horror view.
Inconstant as the wind, I various rove;
At Tibur, Rome; at Rome, I Tibur love.

Ask how he does; what happy arts support
His prince's favour, nor offend the court;
If all be well, say first, that we rejoice,
And then, remember, with a gentle voice
Instil this precept on his listening ear,
"As you your fortune, we shall Celsus bear."

EPISTLE X.—TO FUSCUS ARISTUS.

HEALTH from the lover of the country, me,
Health to the lover of the city, thee.
A difference in our souls this only proves;
In all things else, we pair like married doves.
But the warm nest and crowded dove-house
thou
Dost like: I loosely fly from bough to bough,
And rivers drink, and all the shining day
Upon fair trees or mossy rocks I play;
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire
From all that you equal with heaven admire;
Like one at last from the priest's service fled,
Loathing the honied cakes, I long for bread.
Would I a house for happiness erect,
Nature alone should be the architect;
She'd build it more convenient than great,
And doubtless in the country choose her seat:
Is there a place doth better help supply
Against the wounds of winter's cruelty?
Is there an aid that gentler does assuage
The mad celestial dog's, or lion's rage?
Is it not there that sleep (and only there)
Nor noise without, nor cares within does fear?
Does art through pipes a purer water bring
Than that which Nature strains into a spring?
Can all your tap'stries, or your pictures, show
More beauties than in herbs and flowers do
grow?

Fountains and trees our wearied pride do please,
 Ev'n in the midst of gilded palaces;
 And in your towns that prospect gives delight
 Which opens round the country to our sight.
 Men to the good from which they rashly fly,
 Return at last; and their wild luxury
 Does but in vain with those true joys contend,
 Which Nature did to mankind recommend.
 The man who changes gold for burnish'd brass,
 Or small right gems for larger ones of glass,
 Is not at length more certain to be made
 Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,
 Than he who sells a solid good to buy
 The painted goods of pride and vanity.
 If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,
 Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to lose;
 For, when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,
 With trifles, too, unwillingly we part.
 An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,
 More clear untainted pleasures do afford
 Than all the tumult of vain greatness brings
 To kings, or to the favourites of kings.
 The horned deer by Nature arm'd so well,
 Did with the horse in common pasture dwell;
 And when they fought, the field it always
 won;

Till the ambitious horse begg'd help of man,
 And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign
 Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain.
 But never after could he the rider get
 From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.
 So they, who poverty too much do fear,
 T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear;
 That they might power above their equals have,
 To cruel masters they themselves enslave.
 For gold, their liberty exchang'd we see,
 That fairest flower which crowns humanity.
 And all this mischief does upon them light,
 Only, because they know not how, aright,
 That great, but secret, happiness to prize,
 That's laid up in a little, for the wise:
 That is the best and easiest estate
 Which to a man sits close, but not too straight;
 'Tis like a shoe, it pinches and it burns,
 Too narrow; and too large, it overturns.
 My dearest friend! stop thy desires at last,
 And cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou hast:
 And, if me seeking still for more you see,
 Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.
 Money was made, not to command our will,
 But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil:
 Shame! woe to us, if we our wealth obey:
 The horse doth with the horseman run away.

FROM EPISTLE XVI.—THE GOOD.

FALSE praise can charm, unreal shame control—
 Whom, but a vicious or a sickly soul?
 Who then is good?—Who carefully observes
 The senate's wise decrees, nor ever swerves
 From the known rules of justice and the laws:
 Whose bail secures, whose oath decides a cause.—
 Yet his own house, his neighbours, through his
 art

Behold an inward baseness in his heart.
 Suppose a slave should say, "I never steal;
 I never ran away"—"Nor do you feel

The flagrant lash."—"No human blood I shed"—
 "Nor on the cross the ravening crows have fed."—

Your honest man, on whom with awful praise
 The forum and the courts of justice gaze,
 If e'er he made a public sacrifice,
 Dread Janus, Phœbus, clear and loud he cries;
 But when his pray'r in earnest is preferr'd,
 Scarce moves his lips, afraid of being heard:
 "Beauteous Laverna, my petition hear;
 Let me with truth and sanctity appear:
 Oh! give me to deceive, and with a veil
 Of darkness and of night my crimes conceal."

Behold the miser bending down to earth
 For a poor farthing, which the boys in mirth
 Fix'd to the ground; and shall the caitiff dare
 In honest freedom with a slave compare?

Whoever wishes, is with fear possess'd;
 And he, who holds that passion in his breast
 Is in my sense a slave; hath left the post
 Where Virtue placed him, and his arms hath
 lost.

* * * * *

The good, the wise, like Bacchus in the play,
 Dare, to the king of Thebes, undaunted say,
 "What can thy power? Thy threatenings I dis-
 daign."

King. I'll take away thy goods.

Bac. Perhaps you mean
 My cattle, money, moveables, or land.
 Well, take them all.

K. But, slave, if I command,
 A cruel jailor shall thy freedom seize.

B. A god shall set me free when'er I please.*
 —Death is that god the poet here intends,
 That utmost bound, where human sorrow ends.

Book II.

FROM EPISTLES I, II.—POETS.

Now the light people bend to other aims;
 A lust of scribbling every breast inflames;
 Our youth, our senators, with bays are crown'd,
 And rhymes eternal at our feasts go round.
 Even I, who verse and all its works deny,
 Can faithless Parthia's lying sons outlie;
 And, ere the rising sun displays his light,
 I call for tablets, papers, pens, and—write.

A pilot only dares a vessel steer;
 A doubtful drug unlicensed doctors fear;
 Musicians are to sounds alone confined,
 And each mechanic hath his trade assigned;
 But every desperate blockhead dares to write;
 Verse is the trade of every living wight.

And yet this wandering frenzy of the brain
 Hath many a gentle virtue in its train.
 No cares of wealth a poet's heart control;
 Verse is the only passion of his soul.
 He laughs at losses, flight of slaves, or fires;
 No wicked scheme his honest breast inspires
 To hurt his pupil, or his friend betray.
 Brown bread and roots his appetite allay;
 And though unfit for war's tumultuous trade,
 In peace his gentle talents are display'd,

* The whole passage is almost an exact translation
 from a scene in the *Bacchantes* of Euripides.

If you allow that things of trivial weight
May yet support the grandeur of a state.

He forms the infant's tongue to firmer sound,
Nor suffers vile obscenity to wound
His tender ears. Then with the words of truth
Corrects the passions, and the pride of youth.
Th' illustrious dead, who fill his sacred page,
Shine forth examples to each rising age;
The languid hour of poverty he cheers,
And the sick wretch his voice of comfort hears.

Did not the muse inspire the poet's lays,
How could our youthful choir their voices raise
In prayer harmonious, while the gods attend,
And gracious bid the fruitful shower descend;
Avert their plagues, dispel each hostile fear,
And with glad harvests crown the wealthy year?
Thus can the sound of all-melodious lays
Th' offended powers of heaven and hell appease.

Our ancient swains, of vigorous, frugal kind,
At harvest-home used to unbend the mind
With festal sports; those sports, that bade them
bear,

With cheerful hopes, the labours of the year.
Their wives and children shared their hours of
mirth,

Who shared their toils; when to the goddess
Earth

Grateful they sacrificed a teeming swine,
And pour'd the milky bowl at Sylvan's shrine.
Then to the genius of their fleeting hours,
Mindful of life's short date, they offer'd wine and
flowers.

Here, in alternate verse, with rustic jest
The clowns their awkward raillery express'd;
And as the year brought round the jovial day,
Freely they sported, innocently gay,
Till cruel wit was turn'd to open rage,
And dared the noblest families engage.
When some, who by its tooth envenom'd bled,
Complain'd aloud, and others struck with dread,
Though yet untouch'd, as in a public cause,
Implor'd the just protection of the laws,
Which from injurious libels wisely guard
Our neighbour's fame; and now the prudent
bard,

Whom the just terrors of the lash restrain,
To pleasure and instruction turns his vein.

When conquer'd Greece brought in her captive
arts

She triumph'd o'er her savage conqueror's hearts;
Taught our rough verse its numbers to refine,
And our rude style with elegance to shine.

* * * * *

Bad poets ever are a standing jest,
But they rejoice, and, in their folly bless'd,
Admire themselves; nay, though you silent sit,
They bless themselves in wonder at their wit.
But he who studies masterly to frame
A finish'd piece, and build an honest fame,
Acts to himself the friendly critic's part,
And proves his genius by the rules of art,
Boldly blots out whatever seems obscure,
Or lightly mean, unworthy to procure
Immortal honour, though the words give way
With warm reluctance, and by force obey;

Though yet enshrined within his desk they stand,
And claim a sanction from his parent hand.

As from the treasure of a latent mine,
Long darken'd words he shall with art refine;
Bring into light, to dignify his page,
The nervous language of a former age,
Used by the Catos, and Cethegus old,
Though now deform'd with dust, and cover'd
o'er with mould.

New words he shall endenizen, which use
Shall authorize, and currently produce;
Then, brightly smooth, and yet sublimely strong,
Like a pure river, through his flowing song
Shall pour the riches of his fancy wide,
And bless his Latium with a vocal tide;
Prune the luxuriant phrase; the rude refine,
Or blot the languid, and unsinew'd line.
Yet hard he labours for this seeming ease;
As art, not nature, makes our dancers please.
A stupid scribbler let me rather seem,
While of my faults with dear delight I deem,
Or not perceive, than sing no mortal strain,
And bear this toil, this torture of the brain.

At Argos lived a citizen, well known,
Who long imagined that he heard the tone
Of deep tragedians on an empty stage,
And sat applauding in extatic rage:
In other points a person, who maintain'd
A due decorum, and a life unstrain'd,
A worthy neighbour, and a friend sincere,
Kind to his wife, nor to his slaves severe,
Nor prone to madness, though the felon's fork
Defaced the signet of a bottle cork;*
And wise to shun (well knowing which was
which)

The rock high pendant, and the yawning ditch.
He, when his friends, at much expense and pains,
Had amply purged with hellebore his brains,
Came to himself—"Ah! cruel friends!" he cried,
"Is this to save me? Better far have died,
Than thus be robb'd of pleasure so refined,
The dear delusion of a raptur'd mind."

OTHER VICES BESIDES COVETOUSNESS.

YOU are not covetous: be satisfied.
But are you tainted with no vice beside?
From vain ambition, dread of death's decree,
And fell resentment, is thy bosom free?
Say, can you laugh indignant at the schemes
Of magic terrors, visionary dreams,
Portentous wonders, witching imps of hell,
The nightly goblin, and enchanting spell?
Can you recount with gratitude and mirth
The day revolved that gave thy being birth,
Indulge the failings of thy friends, and grow
More mild and virtuous, as thy seasons flow?

FROM THE ART OF POETRY.

* * * * *

NEW words, and lately made, shall credit claim,
If from a Grecian source they gently stream;
For Virgil, sure, and Varius may receive
That kind indulgence, which the Romans give

* The Romans generally sealed a full bottle, to prevent
their slaves from stealing the wine.

To Plautus and Cæcilius : or shall I
Be envied, if my little fund supply
Its frugal wealth of words, since bards, who sung
In ancient days, enrich'd their native tongue
With large increase ? An undisputed power
Of coining money from the rugged ore,
Nor less of coining words, is still confess'd,
If with a legal, public stamp impress'd.

As when the forest, with the bending year,
First sheds the leaves which earliest appear,
So an old age of words maturely dies,
Others new-born in youth and vigour rise.

We and our noblest works to fate must yield ;
Even Cæsar's mole, which royal pride might
build,

Where Neptune far into the land extends,
And from the raging north our fleet defends ;
That barren marsh, whose cultivated plain
Now gives the neighbouring towns its various
grain ;

Tiber, who taught a better current, yields
To Cæsar's power, nor deluges our fields :
All these must perish, and shall words presume
To hold their honours, and immortal bloom ?
Many shall rise, that now forgotten lie ;
Others, in present credit, soon shall die,
If custom will, whose arbitrary sway,
Words, and the forms of language, must obey.

Your style should an important difference make
When heroes, gods, or awful sages speak ;
When florid youth, whom gay desires inflame ;
A busy servant, or a wealthy dame ;
A merchant, wandering with incessant toil,
Or he, who cultivates the verdant soil ;
But if in foreign realms you fix your scene,
Their genius, customs, dialects maintain.

Or follow fame, or in th' invented tale
Let seeming, well-united truth prevail :
If Homer's great Achilles tread the stage,
Intrepid, fierce, of unforgiving rage,
Like Homer's hero, let him spurn all laws,
And by the sword alone assert his cause.
With untamed fury let Medea glow,
And Ino's tears in ceaseless anguish flow.
From realm to realm her griefs let Io bear,
And sad Orestes rave in deep despair.
But if you venture on an untried theme,
And form a person yet unknown to fame,
From his first entrance to the closing scene,
Let him one equal character maintain.

'Tis hard a new-form'd fable to express,
And make it seem your own. With more success
You may from Homer take the tale of Troy,
Than on an untried plot your strength employ.
Yet would you make a common theme your
own,

Dwell not on incidents already known ;
Nor word for word translate with painful care,
Nor be confined in such a narrow sphere,
From whence (while you should only imitate)
Shame and the rules forbid you to retreat.

Begin your work with modest grace and plain,
Nor like the bard of everlasting strain,
"I sing the glorious war and Priam's fate"—
How will the boaster hold this yawning rate ?

The mountains labour'd with prodigious throes,
And, lo ! a mouse ridiculous arose.

Far better he, who ne'er attempts in vain,
Opening his poem in this humble strain ;
Muse, sing the man who, after Troy subdued,
Manners and towns of various nations view'd ;
He does not lavish at a blaze his fire,
Sudden to glare, and in a smoke expire ;
But rouses from a cloud of smoke to light,
And pours his specious miracles to sight ;
Antiphates his hideous feast devours,
Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars.

He would not, like our modern poet, date
His hero's wanderings from his uncle's fate ;
Nor sing ill-fated Ilium's various woes,
From Helen's birth, from whom the war arose ;
But to the grand event he speeds his course,
And bears his readers with resistless force
Into the midst of things, while every line
Opens, by just degrees, his whole design.
Artful he knows each circumstance to leave
Which will not grace and ornament receive :
Then truth and fiction with such skill he blends,
That equal he begins, proceeds, and ends.

Mine and the public judgment are the same ;
Then hear what I, and what your audience claim.
If you would keep us till the curtain fall,
And the last chorus for a plaudit call,
The manners must your strictest care engage,
The levities of youth and strength of age.
The child, who now with firmer footing walks,
And with unfaltering, well-form'd accents talks,
Loves childish sports ; with causeless anger burns,
And idly pleased with every moment turns.

The youth, whose will no froward tutor bounds,
Joys in the sunny field, his horse and hounds ;
Yielding, like wax, th' impressive folly bears ;
Rough to reproof, and slow to future cares ;
Profuse and vain ; with every passion warm'd,
And swift to leave what late his fancy charm'd.

With strength improved, the manly spirit
bends

To different aims, in search of wealth and friends ;
Bold and ambitious in pursuit of fame,
And wisely cautious in the doubtful scheme.

A thousand ills the aged world surround,
Anxious in search of wealth, and when 'tis found,
Fearful to use what they with fear possess,
While doubt and dread their faculties depress.
Fond of delay, they trust in hope no more,
Listless, and fearful of th' approaching hour ;
Morose, complaining, and with tedious praise
Talking the manners of their youthful days ;
Severe to censure ; earnest to advise,
And with old saws the present age chastise.

The blessings flowing in with life's full tide
Down with our ebb of life decreasing glide ;
Then let not youth or infancy engage
To play the parts of manhood or of age ;
For where the proper characters prevail,
We dwell with pleasure on the well-wrought
tale.

The business of the drama must appear
In action or description. What we hear,
With weaker passion will affect the heart,
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part.

But yet let nothing on the stage be brought,
Which better should behind the scenes be
wrought;

Nor force th' unwilling audience to behold
What may with grace and eloquence be told.
Let not Medea, with unnatural rage,
Slaughter her mangled infants on the stage;
Nor Atreus his nefarious feast prepare,
Nor Cadmus roll a snake, nor Procne wing the
air;

For while upon such monstrous scenes we gaze,
They shock our faith, our indignation raise.

* * * * *
Make the Greek bards your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night.—
* * * * *

Thespis, inventor of the tragic art,
Carried his vagrant players in a cart:
High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
And play'd and sung, with lees of wine be-
smear'd.

Then Æschylus a decent vizard used;
Built a low stage; the flowing robe diffused.
In language more sublime his actors rage,
And in the graceful buskin tread the stage.
And now the ancient comedy appear'd,
Nor without pleasure and applause was heard;
But soon its freedom rising to excess,
The laws were forced its boldness to suppress,
And, when no longer licensed to defame,
It sunk to silence with contempt and shame.

Good sense, the fountain of the muse's art,
Let the strong page of Socrates impart,
And if the mind with clear conceptions glow,
The willing words in just expression flow.

The poet, who with nice discernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes;
How various nature warms the human breast,
To love the parent, brother, friend or guest;
What the great offices of judges are,
Of senators, of generals sent to war;
He surely knows, with nice, well-judging art,
The strokes peculiar to each different part.

Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue;
For when the sentiments and diction please,
And all the characters are wrought with ease,
Your play, though void of beauty, force and art,
More strongly shall delight and warm the heart,
Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,
And with sonorous trifles charms our ears.

* * * * *
'Tis long disputed, whether poets claim
From art or nature their best right to fame;
But art, if not enrich'd by nature's vein,
And a rude genius, of uncultured strain,
Are useless both; but when in friendship join'd,
A mutual succour in each other find.

A youth who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
All arts must try, and every toil sustain;
Th' extremes of heat and cold must often prove,
And shun the weakening joys of wine and
love.

Who sings the Pythic song, first learn'd to raise
Each note distinct, and a stern master please;
But now—"Since I can write the true sublime,
Curse catch the hindmost!" cries the man of
rhyme.

"What! in a science own myself a fool,
Because, forsooth, I learn'd it not by rule?"

TIBULLUS.

[Born about 62,—Died 18, B. C.]

ALBIUS TIBULLUS was a Roman knight, and a friend and associate of Horace, Propertius, and Ovid. He served, when young, under Brutus and Cassius; was present with them at Philippi, and, afterwards, on the overthrow of their righteous cause, retired to his country seat at Pedum, between which and Rome, except when called into the field by his illustrious friend and patron Messala Corvinus, he continued to divide his days.

The following portrait of him has been left to us by Horace in one of his *Epistles*:—

Albius! in whom my satires find
A critic, most sincere and kind,
What dost thou now on Pedan plains?
Write verse, outvying Cassius' strains?

Steal, silent, through the healthful wood,
With thoughts that fit the wise and good?
Thou art not body without mind;
The gods to thee a form assign'd,
But form, with sense and worth combin'd;
Have given thee wealth, with art to know
How best to use what they bestow.
Then what could fondest nurse—what more—
For her dear foster-child—implore,
Of wit and eloquence possess,
In health, grace, fame, and station blest,
A hospitable board, with friends,
And means sufficient for his ends?

Book I. Epistle IV.

Tibullus is believed to have died at the age of forty-four or forty-five, the year after Virgil's death, and about eighteen years before the Christian era.

FROM THE ELEGIES.

Book I.

FROM ELEGY I.—TO DELIA.

LET others heap of wealth a shining store,
And, much possessing, labour still for more;
Let them disquieted with dire alarms
Aspire to win a dang'rous fame in arms;
Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
Humbly secure and indolently blest;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth
I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth;
In summer pleas'd, attend the harvest toils,
In autumn, press the vineyard's purple spoils,
And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
Some kid or lamb which wants its mother's care:
With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay;
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck, with ripen'd fruits, Pomona's bower.
At night how soothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;
Or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber, assisted by the beating shower!
Ah! how much happier than the fool who braves,
In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!

While I, contented with my little store,
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore;
But idly lolling on some shady seat,
Near cooling fountains, shun the Dog-star's heat:
For what reward so rich could Fortune give
That I by absence should my Delia grieve?

Let great Messala shine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal spoils,
Me beauty holds in strong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
With thee, my love! to pass my tranquil days
How would I slight ambition's painful praise!
How would I joy with thee, my love! to yoke
The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
How downy would I think the woodland bed!
Hard were his heart who thee, my fair! could
leave

For all the honours prosp'rous war can give,
Though through the vanquish'd east he spread
his fame,

And Parthian tyrants tremble at his name,
Though bright in arms, while hosts around him
bleed,

With martial pride he prest the foaming steed.
No pomps like these my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
Thee, may my closing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my falt'ring hand yet strive to hold!
Then, Delia! then thy heart will melt in woe,
Then, o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
But ah! fair mourner! I conjure thee, spare
Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevell'd hair;
Wound not thy form, lest on th' Elysian coast
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.

But now, nor death nor parting should employ
Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:

We'll live, my Delia! and from life remove
All care, all business, but delightful love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give:
Then let us snatch the moment to be blest;
This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

FROM ELEGY III.—THE GOLDEN AGE.

How blest the man in Saturn's golden days,
Ere distant climes were join'd by lengthen'd ways.
Secure the pines upon the mountains grew,
Nor bounding barks o'er ocean's billows flew;
Then every clime a wild abundance bore,
And man liv'd happy on his native shore;
Then had no steer submitted to the yoke;
Then had no steed to feel the bit been broke;
No house had gates, (blest times!) and, in the
grounds

No scanty landmarks parcell'd out the bounds;
From every oak redundant honey ran,
And ewes spontaneous bore their milk to man;
No deathful arms were forg'd, no war was wag'd,
No rapine plunder'd, no ambition rag'd.
How chang'd alas! Now cruel Jove commands;
Gold fires the soul, and falchions arm our hands;
Each day the main unnumber'd lives destroys,
And slaughter, daily, o'er her myriads joys.
Yet spare me, Jove; I ne'er disown'd thy sway;
I ne'er was perjurd,—spare me, Jove, I pray.
But, if the Sisters have pronounc'd my doom,
Be this inscrib'd upon my humble tomb:
"Following Messala over earth and wave,
Here rests Tibullus, in his early grave."

FROM ELEGY X.—WAR AND PEACE.

Who was the first that forg'd the deadly blade?
Of rugged steel his savage soul was made;
Then slaughter rag'd, then war his banners
rear'd,

And shorter ways to dreadful death appear'd.
Yet wherefore blame him? We're ourselves to
blame;

Who turn'd on man, arms meant for savage game.
Death-dealing battles were unknown of old,
Death-dealing battles took their rise from gold.
When beachen bowls on oaken tables stood,
When temperate acorns were our father's food,
The swain slept peaceful, with his flocks around;
No trench was open'd, and no fortress frown'd.

O had I lived in gentle days like these,
To love devoted and to home-felt ease!
But now I'm dragg'd to war; perhaps my foe
E'en now prepares the inevitable blow.

Come then, paternal gods, whose help I've
known

From birth to manhood, still protect your own;
Nor blush, my gods, though carv'd of ancient
wood,—

So carv'd in our forefathers' time ye stood;
And, though in no proud temples ye were prais'd,
Nor foreign incense on your altars blaz'd;
Yet white-robed Faith conducted every swain,
Yet meek-eyed Piety seren'd the plain,
While clustering grapes or wheat-wreaths round
your hair,

Appeas'd your anger and engaged your care,

Or dulcet cakes himself the farmer paid,
When crown'd his wishes by your powerful aid;
While his fair daughter brought with her from
home,
The luscious offering of a honey-comb;
If now you'll aid me in the hour of need,
Your care I'll recompense—a boar shall bleed.

* * * * *
In a thatch'd cottage happier by far,
Who never hears of arms, of gold or war;
His chaste embrace a numerous offspring crown
He courts not Fortune's smile nor dreads her
frown;

While lenient baths at home his wife prepares,
He, and his sons, attend their fleecy cares;
As old, as poor, as peaceful may I be,
So guard my flocks, and such an offspring see;
Meantime may Peace descend and bless our
plains;

Soft Peace to plough, with oxen, taught the
swains;

Peace nurs'd the orchard, and matur'd the vine,
And, first, gay laughing press'd the ruddy wine;
The father quaff'd, deep quaff'd his joyous
friends;

Yet to the son a well-stored vault descends.

Book III.

FROM ELEGY II.

AND when, a slender shade, I shall aspire
From smouldering embers and the funeral fire,
May sad *Næra* to my pile repair,
With tears (how precious!) and unbraided hair,
Mix'd with a mother's sighs her sorrows pour,
And one a husband, one a child deplore;
With words of fond regret and broken sigh
Please the poor shade that hovering lingers nigh,
With pious rites my cherish'd bones adorn,
(The last sad remnant of the man they mourn,)
Nor spare my thirsting ashes to enshrine,
With purest milk bedew'd and purple wine;
And dry the shower by soft affection shed,
Or ere they place them in their marble bed.
In that sad house may every fragrance stored,
That warm *Assyria*'s perfumed meads afford,
And grief, from memory's tearful fount that flows,
Soothe my charm'd spirit, and my bones compose.

Book IV.

SULPICIA.

MARS! on thy calends, fair *Sulpicia* see,
Deck'd in her gay habiliments for thee.
Come—*Venus* will forgive: descend, if wise:
To view her beauties leave thyself the skies.
But oh, beware! lest, gazing on her charms,
Fierce as thou art, thou meanly drop thine arms.
For, from her eyes, when gods are *Cupid*'s aim,
He lights two lamps that burn with keenest
flame.

Whate'er she does, where'er her steps she moves,
There *Grace* attends, and every act improves.
Graceful her locks, in loose disorder spread;
Graceful the smoother braid that binds her head.

Whether rich *Tyrian* robes her charms invest,
Or all in snowy white the nymph is drest,
All, all she graces, still supremely fair,
Still charms spectators with a fond despair.
A thousand dresses thus *Vertumnus* wears,
And beauteous equally in each appears.

SULPICIA ON CERINTHUS GOING TO THE CHASE.

WHETHER, fierce boars, in flowery meads ye stray,
Or haunt the shady mountain's devious way,
Whet not your teeth against my dear one's
charms,

But oh, let faithful *Love* restore him to my arms.
What madness 'tis the trackless wilds to beat,
And wound with pointed thorns thy tender feet:
Oh! why to savage beast thy charms oppose?
With toils and bloodhounds why their haunts
enclose?

Yet, yet with thee, *Cerintus*, might I rove,
Thy nets I'd trail through every mountain grove,
Would track the bounding stags through tainted
grounds,
Beat up their covers and unchain thy hounds.
But most to spread our artful toils I'd joy,
For, while we watch'd them, I could clasp my
boy!

O, without me, ne'er taste the joys of love,
But a chaste hunter in my absence prove;
And O, may boars the wanton fair destroy,
Who would *Cerintus* to her arms decloy!
Yet, yet I dread!—Be sports thy father's care;
But thou, all love! to these fond arms repair!

TO SULPICIA.

"NEVER shall woman's smile have power
To win me from those gentle charms!"—
Thus swore I in that happy hour
When *Love* first gave them to my arms.

And still alone thou charm'st my sight—
Still, though our city proudly shine
With forms and faces fair and bright,
I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou wert fair for only me
And could'st no heart but mine allure!—
To all men else unpleasing be,
So shall I feel my prize secure.

Oh love like mine ne'er wants the zest
Of others' envy, others' praise;
But, in its silence safely blest,
Broods o'er a bliss it ne'er betrays.

Charm of my life! by whose sweet power
All cares are hush'd, all ills subdued—
My light, in even the darkest hour,
My crowd in deepest solitude!

No; not though *Heaven* itself sent down
Some maid of more than heavenly charms,
With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,
Would I for her forsake those charms.

* * This and the two preceding poems have
been considered by some as the compositions of
another writer. *Dissenius*, however, contends
for *Tibullus*, and supposes them to have been
written by him, under the assumed characters of
Cerintus and *Sulpicia*.

PROPERTIUS.

[Born 52,—Died 14, B. C.]

OF Sextus Aurelius Propertius we only know that he was the son of a Roman knight, and a native of Umbria; that he early relinquished forensic for poetical pursuits; acquired the favour of Mæcenas; and was on terms of intimacy with

Virgil, Ovid, and Bassus.—Considered as a writer of amorous elegy, Propertius must be ranked below Tibullus, having little or none of that unstudied ease and elegance which we so much admire in the latter.

FROM THE ELEGIES.

Book II.

FROM ELEGY I.

YET would the tyrant Love but let me raise
My feeble voice, to sound the victor's praise,
To paint the hero's toil, the ranks of war,
The laurell'd triumph, and the sculptur'd car;
No giant race, no tumult of the skies,
No mountain-structures in my verse should rise,
Nor tale of Thebes, nor Ilium should there be,
Nor how the Persian trod the indignant sea;
Not Marius' Cimbrian wreaths would I relate,
Nor lofty Carthage struggling with her fate.
Here should Augustus great in arms appear,
And thou, Mæcenas, be my second care;
Here Mutina from flames and famine free,
And there the ensanguin'd war of Sicily,
And scepter'd Alexandria's captive shore,
And sad Philippi, red with Roman gore:
Then, while the vaulted skies loud iOS rend,
In golden chains should loaded monarchs bend,
And hoary Nile with pensive aspect seem
To mourn the glories of his seven-fold stream,
While prows, that late in fierce encounter met,
Move through the sacred way, and vainly threat.
Thee, too, the Muse should consecrate to fame,
And with her garlands weave thy ever-faithful
name.

But nor Callimachus' enervate strain
May tell of Jove, and Phlegra's blasted plain;
Nor I with unaccustom'd vigour trace
Back to its source divine the Julian race—
Sailors, to tell of winds and seas delight,
The shepherd of the flock, the soldier of the fight,
A milder warfare I in verse display;
Each in his proper art should waste the day:
Nor thou my gentle calling disapprove,
To die is glorious in the bed of love.

Happy the youth, and not unknown to fame,
Whose heart has never felt a second flame.
Oh might that envied happiness be mine!
To Cynthia all my wishes I'd confine;
Or if, alas! it be my fate to try
Another love, the quicker let me die:
But she the mistress of my faithful breast,
Has oft the charms of constancy confest,
Condemns her fickle sex's fond mistake,
And hates the tale of Troy for Helen's sake.

Me from myself the soft enchantress stole;
Ah! let her ever my desires control,
Or if I fall the victim of her scorn,
From her loved door may my pale corse be borne.
The power of herbs can other harms remove,
And find a cure for every ill but love.
The Lemnian's hurt Machaon could repair,
Heal the slow chief, and send again to war;
To Chiron Phenix owed his long-lost sight,
And Phæbus' son recalled Androgeon to the light.
Here arts are vain, e'en magic here must fail,
The powerful mixture, and the midnight spell;
The hand that can my captive heart release,
And to this bosom give its wonted peace,
May the long thirst of Tantalus allay,
Or drive the infernal vulture from his prey.
For ills unseen, what remedy is found?
Or who can probe the undiscover'd wound?
The bed avails not, nor the leech's care,
Nor changing skies can hurt, nor sultry air.
'Tis hard th' elusive symptoms to explore;
To-day the lover walks, to-morrow is no more;
A train of mourning friends attend his pall,
And wonder at the sudden funeral.

When then, the Fates that breath they gave,
shall claim,
And the short marble but preserve a name,
A little verse my all that shall remain;
Thy passing courser's slacken'd course restrain;
(Thou envied honour of thy poet's days,
Of all our youth the ambition and the praise!)
Then to my quiet urn awhile draw near,
And say, while in that place you drop the tear,
Love and the fair were of his youth the pride;
He liv'd while she was kind, and when she
frown'd, he died.

Book II.

ELEGY IX.—THE EFFIGY OF LOVE.

HAD he not hands of rare device, whose'er
First painted Love in figure of a boy?
He saw what thoughtless beings lovers were,
Who blessings lose, whilst lightest cares employ.
Nor added he those airy wings in vain,
And bade through human hearts the godhead
fly;
For we are tost upon a wavering main;
Our gale, inconstant, veers around the sky.

Nor, without cause, he grasps those barbed darts,
 The Cretan quiver o'er his shoulder cast;
 Ere we suspect a foe, he strikes our hearts;
 And those inflicted wounds for ever last.
 In me are fix'd those arrows,—in my breast;
 But, sure, his wings are shorn, the boy remains;
 For never takes he flight, nor knows he rest;
 Still, still I feel him warring through my veins.
 In these scorch'd vitals dost thou joy to dwell?
 Oh shame! to others let thine arrows flee;
 Let veins, untouch'd, with all thy venom swell;
 Not me thou torturest, but the shade of me.
 Destroy me;—who shall then describe the fair?
 This my light Muse to thee high glory brings;
 When the nymphs' tapering fingers, flowing hair,
 And eyes of jet, and gliding feet, she sings.

Book III.

FROM ELEGY III.

LONG as of youth the joyous hours remain,
 Me may Castalia's sweet recess detain,
 Fast by the umbrageous vale lull'd to repose,
 Where Aganippe warbles as it flows;
 Or roused by sprightly sounds from out the trance,
 I'd in the ring knit hands, and join the Muses' dance.
 Give me to send the laughing bowl around,
 My soul in Bacchus' pleasing fetters bound;
 Let on this head unfading flowers reside,
 There bloom the vernal rose's earliest pride;
 And when, our flames commission'd to destroy,
 Age steps 'twixt Love and me, and intercepts the joy;
 When my changed head these locks no more shall know,
 And all its jetty honours turn to snow;
 Then let me rightly speak of Nature's ways;
 To Providence, to Him my thoughts I'd raise

Who taught this vast machine its steadfast laws,
 That first, eternal, universal cause;
 Search to what regions yonder star retires,
 That monthly waning hides her paly fires,
 And whence, anew revived, with silver light,
 Relumes her crescent-orb to cheer the dreary night:

How rising winds the face of ocean sweep,
 Where lie the eternal fountains of the deep,
 And whence the cloudy magazines maintain
 Their wintry war, or pour the autumnal rain.
 How flames perhaps, with dire confusion hurl'd,
 Shall sink this beauteous fabric of the world;
 What colours paint the vivid arch of Jove;
 What wondrous force the solid earth can move.
 When Pindus' self approaching ruin dreads,
 Shakes all his pines, and bows his hundred heads;
 Why does yon orb, so exquisitely bright,
 Obscure his radiance in a short-lived night;
 Whence the Seven-Sisters' congregated fires,
 And what Bootes' lazy waggon tires;
 How the rude surge its sandy bounds control;
 Who measured out the year, and bade the seasons roll.

If realms beneath those fabled torments know,
 Pangs without respite, fires that ever glow,
 Earth's monster brood stretch'd on their iron bed,
 The hissing terrors round Alecto's head,
 Scarce to nine acres Tityus' bulk confined,
 The triple dog that scares the shadowy kind,
 All angry heaven inflicts, or hell can feel,
 The pendant rock, Ixion's whirling wheel,
 Famine at feasts, or thirst amid the stream;
 Or are our fears the enthusiasts' empty dream,
 And all the scenes that hurt the grave's repose
 But pictured horror and poetic woes?
 These soft inglorious joys my hours engage;
 Be love my youth's pursuit, and science crown my age.

OVID.

[Born 43, B. C.,—Died 16, A. D.]

PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO was born of an honourable family at Sulmo, a town in the territory of the Peligni, in Italy. He was educated at Rome and Athens, under the best masters; acquired some reputation by his eloquence at the bar; and served a campaign under Marcus Varro, in Asia. His earliest inclinations had been always for poetry;* but this was a luxury which he was scarcely at liberty to indulge, until after the deaths of his father and elder brother, from the latter of whom he inherited an ample fortune.

After many years spent at Rome—in the enjoyment of some of its best society, and in the practice of most of its worst vices—he by some unascertained accident or offence, drew down on himself the displeasure of the emperor, and was banished to Tomi, a town of Pontus, on the Euxine sea, where, notwithstanding his own pathetic epistles, and the unceasing intercession of his friends, he was doomed to linger out his days.—He died in the eighth year of his exile; in the fifty-ninth of his age; and in the sixteenth of the Christian era. Ovid had three wives; he was divorced from the two first, but seems to have entertained something like tenderness for the third.

Dryden, who has translated considerable por-

* To deter him from it, his father was in the habit of declaiming on the unprofitableness of the study, and general poverty of its professors—

Sæpe Pater dixit, "Studium quid inutile tentas?

Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes."—*Trist. L. iv.*

tions of his works, thus speaks of him as a poet—"If the imitation of nature," says he, "be the business of a poet, I know no author who can justly be compared with Ovid, especially in the description of the passions: and, to prove this, I shall need no other judges than the generality of his readers: for all passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges when we are concerned in the representation of them. Now, I will appeal to any man, who has read this poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the poet describes in his feigned persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the copiousness of his wit was such that he often wrote too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit; so that he is frequently witty out of season; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy.

Yet he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age; for why else should he complain that his *Metamorphoses* were left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that poem, or of the rest; but many things ought to have been retrenched, which I suppose would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast on him. But take him uncorrected as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged that Seneca's censure will stand good against him: 'He never knew how to give over, when he had done well;' but continually varying the same sense a hundred ways, and taking up in another place what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloy his readers instead of satisfying them. This then is the alloy of Ovid's writing, which is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellences; nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though, at the same time, he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager."

FROM THE METAMORPHOSES.

Book I.

CREATION OF THE WORLD.

OF bodies changed to various forms I sing:
Ye gods, from whom these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat,
Till I my long laborious work complete;
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduced from Nature's birth to Cæsar's times.

Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy that covers all,
One was the face of Nature; if a face:
Rather a rude and indigested mass:
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd and unframed,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos named.
No sun was lighted up the world to view,
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew.
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky,
Nor poised, did on her own foundations lie,
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impress'd;
All were confused, and each disturb'd the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fix'd,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy,
mix'd.

But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end.
Then earth from air, and seas from earth, were
driven,

And grosser air sunk from ethereal heaven.
Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace;
And foes are sunder'd by a larger space.

The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky:
Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire,
Whose atoms from inactive earth retire;
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy, seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters roar,
And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the god, whatever god was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round:
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow,
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs, and standing lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some parts in earth are swallow'd up, the most
In ample oceans disembogued, are lost.
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.

And as five zones the ethereal regions bind,
Five, correspondent, are to earth assign'd:
The sun, with rays directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone;
The two beneath the distant poles complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt the extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, enclosing all,
Surround the compass of this earthly ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above,
The grosser near the watery surface move:
Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender
there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals
fear,
And winds, that on their wings cold winter bear.

Nor were those blust'ring brethren left at large,
On seas and shores their fury to discharge:
Bound as they are, and circumscribed in place,
They rend the world, resistless, where they
pass,

And mighty marks of mischief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.
First Eurus to the rising morn is sent
(The regions of the balmy continent,)
And eastern realms, where, early, Persians run
To greet the bless'd appearance of the sun.
Westward, the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleased with the remnants of departing light.
Fierce Boreas, with his offspring, issues forth
To invade the frozen wagon of the north;
While frowning Auster seeks the southern sphere,
And rots, with endless rain, the unwholesome
year.

High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The god a clearer space for heaven design'd;
Where fields of light, and liquid ether flow,
Purged from the ponderous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the power distinguish'd these, when
straight

The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the mass,
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,
And with diffusive light adorn their heavenly
place.

Then, every void of nature to supply,
With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky;
New herds of beasts he sends the plains to
share;

New colonies of birds to people air;
And to their oozy beds the finny fish repair.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was Man design'd:
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The God of nature did his soul inspire,
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
And pliant, still retained the ethereal energy,
Which wise Prometheus temper'd into paste,
And, mix'd with living streams, the godlike
image cast.

Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.
From such rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphosed into man.

GOLDEN AGE.

THE golden age was first, when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
And, with a native bent, did good pursue.
Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere;
Needless was written law, where none oppress'd;
The law of man was written on his breast:
No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd,
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard,
But all was safe: for conscience was their guard.
The mountain trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas;

Ere sails were spread new oceans to explore,
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confined their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor
mound,

Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound,
Nor swords were forged; but, void of care and
crime,

The soft creation slept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovoked, did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food which Nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornels and brambleberries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnished out a feast.
The flowers unsworn, in fields and meadows
reign'd;

And western winds immortal spring maintain'd.
In following years the bearded corn ensued
From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke,
And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

SILVER AGE.

BUT when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excelled by gold.
Then summer, autumn, winter, did appear,
And spring was but a season of the year;
The sun his annual course obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarged the bad.
Then air with sultry heats began to glow,
The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and
snow;

And shivering mortals into houses driven,
Sought shelter from the inclemency of heaven.
Those houses, then, were caves or homely sheds,
With twining osiers fenced, and moss their beds.
Then ploughs, for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen laboured first beneath the yoke.

BRAZEN AGE.

To this came next in course the brazen age;
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet.

IRON AGE.

HARD steel succeeded then,
And stubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, modesty, and shame, the world forsook;
Fraud, avarice, and force, their places took.
Then sails were spread to every wind that blew,
Raw were the sailors and the depths were new;
Trees, rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain,
Ere ships in triumph plough'd the watery plain.

Then landmarks limited to each his right;
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone required to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share,
But greedily mortals rummaging her store,
Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore
(Which next to hell the prudent gods had laid,)
And that alluring ill to sight display'd.
Thus cursed steel, and more accursed gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold:

And double death did wretched man invade,
 By steel assaulted, and by gold betrayed.
 Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their
 hands)

Mankind is broken loose from moral bands:
 No rights of hospitality remain;
 The guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain;
 The son-in-law pursues the father's life;
 The wife her husband murders, he the wife;
 The stepdame poison for the son prepares;
 The son inquires into his father's years;
 Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns;
 And Justice, here oppress'd, to heaven returns.

THE DELUGE.

ALREADY had Jove toss'd the flaming brand,
 And roll'd the thunder in his spacious hand;
 Preparing to discharge on seas and land:
 But stopp'd, for fear, thus violently driven,
 The sparks should catch his axle-tree of heaven.
 Rememb'ring, in the Fates, a time, when fire
 Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
 And all his blazing worlds above should burn,
 And all the inferior globe to cinders turn.
 His dire artillery thus dismiss'd, he bent
 His thoughts to some securer punishment:
 Concludes to pour a wat'ry deluge down;
 And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.

The Northern breath, that freezes floods, he
 binds;

With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds:
 The South he loos'd, who night and horror brings;
 And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
 From his divided beard two streams he pours;
 His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers.
 The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound:
 And showers enlarg'd come pouring on the
 ground.

Then clad in colours of a various dye,
 Junonian Iris breeds a new supply
 To feed the clouds: impetuous rain descends;
 The bearded corn beneath the burthen bends:
 Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain;
 And the long labours of the year are vain.

Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
 Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down:
 Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
 To help him with auxiliary waves.

The wat'ry tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
 Who roll from mossy caves, their moist abodes;
 And with perpetual urns his palace fill:
 To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his will.

Small exhortation needs; your powers employ:
 And this bad world (so Jove requires) destroy.
 Let loose the reins to all your wat'ry store:
 Bear down the dams, and open every door.

The floods, by nature enemies to land,
 And proudly swelling with their new command,
 Remove the living stones that stopp'd their way,
 And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.
 Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the
 ground:

With inward trembling earth receiv'd the wound;
 And rising streams a ready passage found.
 The expanded waters gather on the plain,
 They float the fields, and overtop the grain;

Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
 Bear flocks, and folds, and lab'ring hinds away.
 Nor safe their dwellings were; for, sapp'd by
 floods,

Their houses fell upon their household gods.

The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
 High o'er their heads behold a wat'ry wall.
 Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
 A world of waters, and without a coast.

One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
 And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his corn.
 Others o'er chimney tops and turrets row,
 And drop their anchors on the meads below:
 Or downward driven, they bruise the tender vine,
 Or toss'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine.

And where of late the kids had cropp'd the
 grass,

The monsters of the deep now take their place.

Insulting Nereids on the cities ride,
 And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.
 On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks, they
 browse;

And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.

The frighted wolf now swims among the sheep;

The yellow lion wanders in the deep:

His rapid force no longer helps the boar:

The stag swims faster than he ran before.

The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,

Despair of land, and drop into the main.

Now hills and vales no more distinction know,

And levell'd nature lies oppress'd below.

The most of mortals perish in the flood,

The small remainder dies for want of food.

A mountain of stupendous height there stands

Betwixt the Athenian and Boeotian lands,

The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they
 were,

But then a field of waters did appear:

Parnassus is its name; whose forky rise

Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty
 skies.

High on the summit of this dubious cliff,

Deucalion, wafted, moor'd his little skiff.

He with his wife were only left behind

Of perish'd man; they two were human kind.

The Mountain-nymphs and Themis they adore,

And from her oracles relief implore.

The most upright of mortal men was he;

The most sincere and holy woman, she.

When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,

Beheld it in a lake of water lie,

That, where so many millions lately liv'd,

But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd,

He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies

To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:

Sereuely, while he blows, the vapours driven

Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.

The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace

On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.

Already Triton, at his call, appears

Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears;

And in his hand a crook'd trumpet bears.

The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,

And give the waves the signal to retire.

The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,

Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.

A thin circumference of land appears;
And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds:
The streams, but just contain'd within their
 bounds,

By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
And earth increases as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.

At length the world was all restor'd to view,
But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.

TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL.

THE first and fairest of his loves was she
Whom not blind Fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid forced him to desire;
Daphne her name, and Peneus was her sire.
Swell'd with the pride that new success attends,
He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus insults him: "Thou lascivious boy,
Are arms like these for children to employ?
Know, such achievements are my proper claim,
Due to my vigour and unerring aim;
Resistless are my shafts, and Python late,
In such a feather'd death has found his fate.
Take up thy torch (and lay my weapons by.)
With that the feeble souls of lovers fry."
To whom the son of Venus thus replied:
"Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside,
But mine on Phœbus; mine the flame shall be
Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee."

He said, and soaring, swiftly wing'd his flight,
Nor stopp'd, but on Parnassus' airy height.
Two different shafts he from his quiver draws,
One to repel desire, and one to cause.
One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
To bribe the love and make the lover bold;
One blunt, and tipp'd with lead, whose base allay
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
The blunted bolt against the nymph he dress'd,
But with the sharp transfix'd Apollo's breast.

The enamour'd deity pursues the chase;
The scornful damsel shuns his loath'd embrace:
In hunting beasts of prey her youth employs,
And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys:
With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare,
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vow'd virginity maintains.
On wilds and woods she fixes her desire;
Nor knows what youth and kindly love inspire.
Her father chides her oft: "Thou owest," says he,
"A husband to thyself, a son to me."
She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed;
She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head:
Then, casting round his neck her tender arms,
Soothes him with blandishments and filial
 charms.

"Give me, my lord," she said, "to live and die
A spotless maid, without the marriage tie;
'Tis but a small request; I beg no more
Than what Diana's father gave before."
The good old sire was soften'd to consent;
But said her wish would prove her punishment;

For so much youth and so much beauty join'd,
Opposed the state which her desires design'd.

The god of light, aspiring to her bed,
Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies
 fed,

And is, by his own oracles, misled.
And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
Or nightly travellers, when day returns,
Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
That catch the flames, and kindle all the row,
So burns the god, consuming in desire,
And feeding in his breast a fruitless fire:
Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was
 bare,)

And on her shoulders her dishevell'd hair:
"O were it comb'd," said he, "with what a grace
Would every waving curl become her face!"
He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that
 shone,

He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone.
Swift as the wind the damsel fled away,
Nor did for these alluring speeches stay.
"Stay, nymph," he cried, "I follow, not a foe.
Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe;
Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb removes,
And from pursuing falcons fearful doves:
Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god that
 loves.

Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou shouldst fall in flying my pursuit!
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;
Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos, obey;
These hands the Patarean sceptre sway:
The king of gods begot me: what shall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see:
Mine is the invention of the charming lyre:
Sweet notes, and heavenly numbers, I inspire:
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But ah! more deadly his who pierc'd my heart.
Medicine is mine; what herbs and simples grow
In fields and forests, all their powers I know,
And am the great physician call'd below.
Alas! that fields and forests can afford
No remedies to heal their love-sick lord:
To cure the pains of love no plant avails;
And his own physic the physician fails."

She heard not half, so furiously she flies;
And on her ear the imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings; and, as she fled, the wind
Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind.

As when the impatient greyhound, slipp'd from
 far,

Bounds o'er the glebe, to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay;
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
O'erruns her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She escapes, and for the neighb'ring covert strives,
And, gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives.
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the god, and such the flying fair;

She, urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move,
 But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by love.
 He gathers ground upon her in the chase;
 Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace;
 And just is fastening on the wish'd embrace.
 The nymph grew pale, and, in a mortal fright,
 Spent with the labour of so long a flight,
 And now despairing, cast a mournful look
 Upon the streams of her paternal brook:
 "O help," she cried, "in this extremest need!
 If water-gods are deities indeed;
 Gape earth, and this unhappy wretch entomb;
 Or change that form, whence all my sorrows
 come."

Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
 Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground;
 A filmy rind about her body grows;
 Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
 The nymph is all into a laurel gone;
 The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
 Yet Phœbus loves her still, and, casting round
 Her bole his arms, some little warmth he found.
 The tree still panted in the unfinish'd part,
 Not wholly vegetive, and heaved her heart.
 He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind;
 It swerved aside, and his embrace declined:
 To whom the god, "Because thou canst not be
 My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree:
 Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
 The deathless poet, and the poem, crown:
 Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
 And, after poets, be by victors worn:
 Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace,
 When pomps shall in a long procession pass;
 Wreath'd on the post before his palace wait,
 And be the sacred guardian of the gate:
 Secure from thunder, and unarm'd by Jove;
 Unfading as the immortal powers above:
 And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
 So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn."
 The grateful tree was pleased with what he
 said,
 And shook the shady honours of her head.

IO TRANSFORMED INTO A COW.

ON leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed:
 Heaven was her canopy; bare earth her bed:
 So hardly lodged— and to digest her food,
 She drank from troubled streams, defiled with
 mud.
 Her woeful story fain she would have told,
 With hands upheld; but had no hands to hold.
 Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
 She strove to speak; she spoke not, but she low'd:
 Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
 And seem'd to inquire the author of the sound.
 Once on the banks where often she had play'd
 (Her father's banks) she came, and there survey'd
 Her alter'd visage, and her branching head;
 And, starting, from herself she would have fled.
 Her fellow-nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
 Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise;
 E'en Inachus himself was ignorant,
 And in his daughter did his daughter want.
 She follow'd where her fellows went, as she
 Were still a partner of the company:

They stroke her neck; the gentle heifer stands,
 And her neck offers to their stroking hands.
 Her father gave her grass; the grass she took,
 And lick'd his palms, and cast a piteous look,
 And in the language of her eyes she spoke.
 She would have told her name, and ask'd relief,
 But, wanting words, in tears she tells her grief;
 Which, with her foot she makes him understand;
 And prints the name of Io in the sand.
 "Ah wretched me!" her mournful father cried;
 "She with a sigh to wretched me replied."
 About her milk-white neck his arms he threw,
 And wept

Book VIII.

STORY OF BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

THEN Lelex rose, an old experienced man,
 And thus, with sober gravity, began:
 "Heaven's power is infinite: earth, air, and sea,
 The manufactur'd mass, the making power obey:
 By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
 Two neighbouring trees, with walls encompass'd
 round,
 Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown;
 One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
 I saw the place, and them, by Pitheus sent
 To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
 Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
 Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant:
 Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
 Of mortal men conceal'd their deities;
 One laid aside his thunder, one his rod,
 And many toilsome steps together trod:
 For harbour at a thousand doors they knock'd;
 Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
 At last a hospitable house they found,
 A homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
 Was thatch'd, with reeds and straw together
 bound.
 There Baucis and Philemon lived, and there
 Had lived long married, and a happy pair:
 Now old in love, though little was their store,
 Inured to want, their poverty they bore,
 Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
 For master or for servant here to call
 Were all alike, where only two were all.
 Command was none, where equal love was paid,
 Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.
 "From lofty roofs the gods repulsed before,
 Now stooping, enter'd through the little door:
 The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
 A common settle drew for either guest,
 Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
 But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
 Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise;
 Coarse, but the best she had; then rakes the load
 Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
 The living coals; and, lest they should expire,
 With leaves and bark she feeds her infant fire.
 It smokes; and then with trembling breath she
 blows,
 Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
 With brushwood and with chips she strengthens
 these,
 And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.

The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on
(Like burnish'd gold the little seetler shone;)
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small, well-water'd
spot:)

She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She cull'd, and them with laudy care she dress'd.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one;
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.
This in the pot he plunged without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.

"A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warmed, they set
Before their guests; in this they bathed their feet,
And after with clean towels dried their sweat.
This done, the host produced the genial bed,
Sallow the feet, the borders, and the sted,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread,
But coarse old garments; yet such robes as these
They laid alone at feasts on holydays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown
The table sets; the invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd;
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd mint,
A wholesome herb, that breathed a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
The party-colour'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserved.
A garden salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were served to board,
And, next in place, an earthen pitcher stored
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining
clean,

Varnish'd with wax without, and lined within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepared,
And to the table sent the smoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A sav'ry bit, that serv'd to relish wine;
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately press'd.
The second course succeeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts; and of their wintry store
Dry figs, and grapes, and wrinkled dates were set
In canisters, to enlarge the little treat:
All these a milkwhite honey-comb surround,
Which in the midst a country banquet crown'd:
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:

In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.

"Meanwhile the beechen bowls went round,
and still,

Though often emptied, were observed to fill:
Fill'd without hands, and, of their own accord,
Ran without feet, and danced about the board.
Devotion seiz'd the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increased;
And up they held their hands, and fell to pray'r,
Excusing, as they could, their country fare.

"One goose they had (twas all they could
allow,)

A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:
Her with malicious zeal the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and limping they pursued:
Full well the fowl perceived their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment;
But persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies:
He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,
And saved her life; then what he was declared,
And own'd the god. 'The neighbourhood,' said he,
'Shall justly perish for impiety:
You stand alone exempted: but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accursed, and to the mountain's
height

Ascend, nor once look backward in your flight.'

"They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
They turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Lost in a lake the floated level lies:
A watery desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains.
Wondering, with weeping eyes, while they de-
plore

Their neighbours' fate, and country now no more;
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increased, in height and
bulk to grow.

A stately temple shoots within the skies,
The crotches of their cot in columns rise;
The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and
tiles of gold.

"Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene:
'Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound.'

"Awhile they whisper; then, to Jove address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request:

'We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altar rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death, that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre.

The godheads sign their suit. They run their
race,

In the same tenor, all the appointed space:

Then, when their hour was come, while they relate

These past adventures at the temple gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green:
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood:
New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind:
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu.
'At once farewell, O faithful spouse,' they said;
At once the encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.

E'en yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
'The good,' said I, 'are God's peculiar care,
And such as honour Heaven, shall heavenly
honour share.'

Book X.

PYGMALION AND HIS STATUE.

PYGMALION, loathing their lascivious life,*
Abhor'd all womankind, but most a wife;
So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
Well pleased to want a consort of his bed;
Yet fearing idleness, the nurse of ill.
In sculpture exercised his happy skill,
And carved in ivory such a maid, so fair,
As Nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work; but, in her own defence,
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleased with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores, and last, the thing adored desires:
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And had she moved, a living maid had been:
One would have thought she could have stirr'd,
but strove
With modesty, and was ashamed to move:
Art hid with art, so well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit:
He knows 'tis madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more.

The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milkwhite heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the sacred altars bled.

Pygmalion offering, first approach'd the shrine,
And then with prayers implored the powers divine:

Almighty gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant,
Make this fair statue mine, he would have said,
But changed his words for shame, and only pray'd,
'Give me the likeness of my ivory maid.'

The golden goddess, present at the prayer,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,

* The life of the Cyprian women.

And gave the sign of granting his desire;
For thrice in cheerful flames ascends the fire.
The youth, returning to his mistress, hies,
And, impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breast, by the dear statue lies.
He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss,
And looks, and thinks they redder at the kiss;
He thought them warm before, nor longer stays,
But next his hand on the hard substance lays;
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seem'd the block beneath his fingers bent:
He felt again—his fingers made a print—
'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the dint:

The pleasing task he fails not to renew;
Soft, and more soft, at every touch it grew;
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former mass to form, and frame for use.
He would believe, but yet is still in pain,
And tries his argument of sense again,
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein:
Convinced, o'erjoyed, his studied thanks and
praise,

To her who made the miracle, he pays:
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the savour of the kiss sincere.
At this the waken'd image oped her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover with
surprise.

The goddess, present at the match she made,
So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,
That ere ten months had sharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born:
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood,
wall'd

The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

Book XI.

THE HOUSE OF SLEEP.

DEEP in a cavern dwells the drowsy god,
Whose gloomy mansion, nor the rising sun,
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon:
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky;
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day,
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace,
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry,
But safe repose, without an air of breath,
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.

An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps.
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And, passing, sheds it on the silent plains.
No door there was, the unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.

But in the gloomy court was raised a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebony bed;

Black was the covering too, where lay the god,
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad;
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms, the leaves on trees not
more,

Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the
shore.

The virgin entering bright, indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams
away;

The god, disturb'd with this new glare of light,
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And, sinking, on his bosom knock'd his chin;
At length shook off himself, and ask'd the dame
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came.

* * * * *

Book XII.

THE HOUSE OF FAME.

FULL in the midst of this created space,
Between heaven, earth, and skies, there stands a
place,

Confining on all three, with triple bound,
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd
around,

And thither bring their undulating sound.

The palace of loud Fame, her seat of power,

Placed on the summit of a lofty tower;

A thousand winding entries, long and wide

Receive, of fresh reports, a flowing tide.

A thousand crannies in the walls are made,

Nor gate, nor bars, exclude the busy trade:

'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse

The spreading sounds, and multiply the news;

Where echoes in repeated echoes play;

A mart for ever full, and open night and day.

Nor silence is within, nor voice express,

But a deaf noise of sounds, that never cease;

Confused, and chiding, like the hollow roar

Of tides receding from the insulted shore;

Or like the broken thunder heard from far,

When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.

The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din

Of crowds, or issuing forth, or entering in;

A thoroughfare of news, where some devise

Things never heard, some mingle truth with lies;

The troubled air with empty sounds they beat,

Intent to hear, and eager to repeat;

Error sits brooding there, with added train

Of vain credulity, and joys as vain:

Suspicion, with sedition join'd, are near,

And rumours raised, and murmurs mix'd, and
panic fear.

Fame sits aloft, and sees the subject ground,

And seas about, and skies above; inquiring all
around.

Book XV.

PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

ON mortals, from your fellows' blood abstain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:

While corn and pulse by nature are bestowed,

And planted orchards bend their willing load;

While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,

But tamed with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;

While kine to pails distended udders bring,

And bees their honey redolent of spring;

While earth not only can your needs supply,

But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;

A guiltless feast administers with ease,

And without blood is prodigal to please.

Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren
fill;

And yet not all, for some refuse to kill;

Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,

On browse, and corn, and flowery meadows feed.

Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,

Whom Heaven indued with principles of blood,

He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell

In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell;

Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,

And all in prey and purple feasts delight.

* * * * *

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,

As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

The sow, with her broad snout, for rooting up

The intrusted seed, was judged to spoil the crop,

And intercept the sweating farmer's hope:

The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,

The offender to the bloody priest resigned:

Her hunger was no plea: for that she died.

The goat came next in order to be tried:

The goat had cropp'd the tendrils of the vine:

In vengeance laity and clergy join,

Where one had lost his profit, one his wine.

Here was at least some shadow of offence;

The sheep was sacrificed on no pretence,

But meek and unresisting innocence.

A patient, useful creature, born to bear

The warm and woolly fleece, that clothed her
murderer;

And daily to give down the milk she bred,

A tribute for the grass on which she fed.

Living, both food and raiment she supplies,

And is of least advantage when she dies.

How did the toiling ox his death deserve,

A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?

Oh tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope

The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;

When thou destroy'st thy labouring steer, who
till'd

And plough'd, with pains, thy else ungrateful field?

From his yet reeking neck, to draw the yoke,

That neck with which the surly clods he broke;

And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,

Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began.

* * * * *

Why thus affrighted at an empty name,

A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?

Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,

And fables of a world that never was?

What feels the body when the soul expires,

By time corrupted, or consumed by fires?

Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats

In other forms, and only changes seats.

E'en I, who these mysterious truths declare,

Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;

My name and lineage I remember well,
 And how in flight by Sparta's king I fell.
 In Argive Jumo's fane I late beheld
 My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former
 shield.

Then death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd
 In some new figure, and a varied vest:
 Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
 And here and there the unbodied spirit flies,
 By time, or force, or sickness disposess'd,
 And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast;
 Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
 And actuates those according to their kind;
 From tenement to tenement is toss'd,
 The soul is still the same, the figure only lost:
 And, as the soften'd wax new seals receives,
 This face assumes, and that impression leaves;
 Now call'd by one, now by another name;
 The form is only changed, the wax is still the
 same.

Thus death, so call'd, can but the form deface;
 The immortal soul flies out in empty space,
 To seek her fortune in some other place.

* * * * *
 Then let not piety be put to flight,
 To please the taste of glutton appetite;
 But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
 Lest from their seats your parents you expel;
 With ravid hunger feed upon your kind,
 Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.

And since, like Typhis parting from the shore,
 In ample seas I sail, and depths untried before,
 This let me farther add, that Nature knows
 No steadfast station, but or ebbs or flows:
 Ever in motion; she destroys her old,
 And casts new figures in another mould.
 E'en times are in perpetual flux, and run,
 Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
 For time, no more than streams, is at a stay;
 The flying hour is ever on her way:
 And as the fountain still supplies her store,
 The wave behind impels the wave before:
 Thus in successive course the minutes run,
 And urge their predecessor minutes on,
 Still moving, ever new: for former things
 Are set aside, like abdicated kings;
 And every moment alters what is done,
 And innovates some act, till then unknown.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
 How the four seasons in four forms appear,
 Resembling human life in every shape they
 wear?

Spring, first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
 With milky juice requiring to be fed:
 Helpless, though fresh, and wanting to be led.
 The green stem grows in stature, and in size,
 But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
 Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets
 crown'd,

And lavishly perfumes the fields around.
 But no substantial nourishment receives;
 Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.

Proceeding onward whence the year began,
 The summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
 This season, as in men, is most replete
 With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.

Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
 Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
 More than mature, and tending to decay,
 When our brown locks repine to mix with odious
 gray.

Last, winter creeps along with tardy pace;
 Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face:
 His scalp, if not dishonour'd quite of hair,
 The ragged fleece is thin; and thin is worse than
 bare.

E'en our own bodies daily change receive,
 Some part of what was theirs before, they leave;
 Nor are to-day what yesterday they were;
 Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.

Time was when we were sow'd, and just
 began

To show the promise of a future man:
 Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
 Moulded to shape the soft coagulated mass;
 And when the little man was fully form'd,
 The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd,
 But when the mother's throes begin to come,
 The creature, pent within the narrow room,
 Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
 His stifled breath, and draw the living air;
 Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
 A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
 He next essays to walk, but downward press'd,
 On four feet imitates his brother beast:
 By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
 His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
 Then walks alone; a horseman now become,
 He rides a stick, and travels round the room.
 In time he vaunts among his youthful peers;
 Strong boned, and strung with nerves, in pride
 of years,

He runs with mettle his first merry stage,
 Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
 But manages his strength, and spares his age.
 Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
 And though 'tis downhill all, he creeps along the
 race.

Now sapless on the verge of death he stands,
 Contemplating his former feet and hands;
 And, Milolike, his slacken'd sinews sees,
 And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Her-
 cules,
 Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the
 trees.

Nor those, which elements we call, abide,
 Nor to this figure, nor to that, are tied;
 For this eternal world was said, of old,
 But four prolific principles to hold,
 Four different bodies; two to heaven ascend,
 And other two down to the centre tend:
 Fire first with wings expanded mounts on
 high,
 Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
 Then Air, because unclogg'd in empty space,
 Flies after Fire, and claims the second place:
 But weighty Water, as her nature guides,
 Lies on the lap of earth; and mother earth sub-
 sides.

All things are mix'd of these, which all con-
 tain,
 And into these are all resolved again:

Earth rarifies to dew; expanded more,
The subtle dew in air begins to soar;
Spreads, as she flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates still, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless they soon untwist the web they spun,
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew;
And dew condensing, does her form forego;
And sinks a heavy lump of earth below.

Thus are their figures never at a stand,
But changed by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is destroyed,
The shifted scene for some new show employ'd.

Then, to be born is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not to appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Those very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead, some other bodies make:
Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse;
But Death on deathless substance have no force.

The face of places, and their forms decay;
And that is solid earth that once was sea:
Seas in their turn retreating from the shore,
Make solid land, what ocean was before;
And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground:
And what were fields before, now wash'd and
worn

By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And crumbling still descend to level lands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren sands;
And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown,
Wondering to drink of waters not her own.

* * * * *

A race of men there are, as fame has told,
Who shivering suffer Hyperborean cold,
Till nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers, to defend their naked sides, they
take.

'Tis said, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform'd themselves to birds by magic skill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wondrous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

But this by sure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who, like their parents, haunt the fields, and bring
Their honey harvest home, and hope another
spring.

The warlike steed is multiplied, we find,
To wasps, and hornets of the warrior kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide,
And shoot his sting; his tail in circles toss'd,
Refers the limbs his backward father lost.
And worms, that stretch on leaves their filmy loom,
Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become.
E'en slime begets the frog's loquacious race:
Short of their feet at first, in little space
With arms, and legs endued, long leaps they take,
Raised on their hinder part, and swim the lake,
And waves repel; for nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.

The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determined figure wear.
Their mother licks them into shape, and gives
As much of form, as she herself receives.

The grubs from their sexangular abode
Crawl out unfinished, like the maggot's brood:
Trunks without limbs; till time at leisure brings,
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.

The bird, that draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train;
And he that bears the artillery of Jove,
The strong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove;
And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose
(But that for sight, the surest sense, he knows)
They from the included yolk, not ambient white,
arose?

There are, who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the spine, while he was living, ran,
When dead, the pith corrupted will become
A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.

All these receive their birth from other
things;

Cut from himself the phoenix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the same;
Who not by corn, or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of amomum drains;
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He, (his five centuries of life fulfill'd,)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,

Or trembling tops of palm; and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill, and crooked
claws,

Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round, then with the spoil
Of cassia, cinnamon, and stems of nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath,) his funeral bed
is rear'd:

Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd.
On this incumbent, till ethereal flame
First catches, then consumes the costly frame:
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He lived on odours, and in odours dies.

An infant phoenix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pur-
sues,

And the same lease of life on the same terms
renews.

When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain;
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Placed on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.

* * * * *

Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
Ill habits soon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in sin,
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life;

Deaf to the harmless kid, that, ere he dies,
All method to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries?
Where will he stop, who feeds with household
bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed?
Let plough thy steers, that when they lose their
breath,
To nature, not to thee, they may impute their
death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And sheep from winter cold thy sides defend;
But neither springes, nets, nor snares employ,
And be no more ingenious to destroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling stags affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
Nor lines to heave them twinkling up in air.
Take not away the life you cannot give;
For all things have an equal right to live:
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save;
This only just prerogative we have:
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood.

STORY OF LUCRETIA.

MEANTIME the tardy siege's long delay
Round Ardea's bulwarks wear their hours away;
And while within their foes beleaguer'd lie,
All in the camp is sport and revelry.
There, while his friends partake the monarch's
wine,

Thus spoke the youngest of the royal line:
"In this dull war, while Ardea yet detains
Our trophies destined for the Roman fanes,
Think ye our wives a mutual feeling share,
And still are faithful, and partake our care?"
Each on his own the meed of praise bestows;
Wine fires the tongue, with love the bosom glows.
"The prize of virtue," Collatinus cried,
"Words can bestow not; be their actions tried!
Mount, and the city seek while night remains"—
They mount, and to the city turn their reins.
First, as they came the royal domes before,
No porter watch'd the unregarded door;
Her heated brows with rosy wreaths entwined
Sportive o'er wine young Tarquin's bride they
find.

Not so Lucretia, where her couch beside
The wool's soft thread her slender fingers guide;
By the small taper's low and frugal light
Her busy maidens toil the livelong night.
"Haste ye;" her gentle accents thus she pour'd,
"The scarf these hands have woven for their
lord,

And tell, for you, far more than I, are told,
How wears the siege, how long will Ardea hold.
Fall, hated city!—why this long delay?
Why from my bosom tear its lord away?
Ah, may he soon return, and calm the fear
His thoughtless valour ever causes here!
Grief chills my breast, and terror dims my sight,
When fancy paints an image of the fight."

Tears cheek'd her voice; she loosed her half-spun
thread,
Droop'd on her breast, and hid her languid head.
How well her tears become her as they roll!
How pure her cheek, how worthy of her soul!
"Fear not," her husband cried; then up she
sprung,
And on his neck—how sweet a burden!—hung.
Meanwhile in Tarquin glows a guilty flame,
And love unhallow'd kindles in his frame;
Her snow-white skin, and locks of tangled gold,
Her glowing cheek, which love's chaste passion
told;

Her form, which borrow'd no false grace from art;
Her voice, her tear, her smile, subdue his heart;
Her look of purity awakes new fires,
And Hope's decay but strengthens his desires.

When the shrill cock foretold approaching day,
Back to the camp the youths pursued their way.
Fresh was the form Remembrance pictured there,
And Fancy dwelt, though absent, on the fair.
Thus on her neck her careless locks reclined,
Thus the soft wool her slender hands entwined;
Such was her look, and thus her accents flow'd,
So beam'd her eye, her lip of coral glow'd.

* * * * *
Lo! while he spoke, he press'd his guilty speed,
And girt his sword, and vaulted on his steed;
And as the sun assumed his western state
He gain'd Collatia's brazen-bolted gate.
There, as her friend, her foe Lucretia meets,
And her lord's kinsman with fit welcome greets.
Ah! little then her innocence can see
How great an enemy that guest shall be!

* * * * *
The morning rose—her locks are scatter'd wild,
Like some pale mother mourning for her child.
Then from the camp her messengers require
With sorrowing haste her husband and her sire.
They haste away, and whence these sighs of woe,
And why such garb of sadness seek to know.
Then burst the tear, then shame's hot blushes
dyed

The matron cheek she strove in vain to hide.
Still utterance fail'd her, and with eager fear
Her sire and husband dread, yet wish to hear.
Thrice from her lip the unwilling murmur broke,
Her eye still linger'd downward while she spoke:
"This too," she cried, "to Tarquin shall we
owe?"

From mine own lips mine own dishonour know."
Then what she could she told, the guilty rest
Her crimson'd cheek and glistening eye confess'd.
Vain from her sire the voice of solace flows,
Vain the free pardon which her lord bestows:
She pluck'd a dagger from her robe, and cried—
"I to myself all pardon have denied!"
Then at her father's feet she fell; the knife
Drank to its haft the current of her life;
And e'en in death with modest care she tries
To fall with limbs composed in honourable guise.
Lo! on her corpse her sire and husband lie,
Mourning their loss in grief's mute agony.
Not so with Brutus: kindling at the view,
The blood-stain'd dagger from her breast he
drew,

Grasp'd the red steel yet dropping with her gore,
And thus his threatening oath of vengeance
swore :—

"Here, by thy blood, thine injured blood, I vow,
By thy pure shade which hovers o'er me now,
No incomplete revenge, while thus I wake
From my feign'd trance, on Tarquin's race to
take."

How grateful this, her dying signs declare;
She roll'd her sightless eye, and shook her clotted
hair.

Borne to the tomb, the immortal matron lies,
While tears and envy crown her obsequies.
Brutus her wound, no speechless mouth, displays,
And tells the prince's crime, and adds her praise.
Kings are no more—the race of Tarquin fly,
And Consuls, yearly named, their place supply.

THE EPISTLE OF DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

ÆNEAS, the son of Venus and Anchises, having,
at the destruction of Troy, saved his father and
son from the flames, puts to sea with twenty sail
of ships; and after a long struggle with tempests,
is at length cast on the Libyan shore, where
Queen Dido is occupied in building the city of
Carthage.—She entertains the hero with great
hospitality, which is succeeded by a more tender
attachment; till Mercury, admonishing Æneas
to depart in quest of Italy, a kingdom promised
to him by the gods, he readily promises to obey
him.—Dido soon perceives his design; and having
exhausted all other means to arrest his intended
voyage, at last in despair writes to him as follows.

So, on Meander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your lost affection to regain:
But having lost what'e'er was worth my care,
Why should I fear to lose a dying prayer?
'Tis then resolved poor Dido must be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with loosen'd sails, and vows, prepare
To seek a land that flies the searcher's care.
Nor can my rising towers your flight restrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppose you landed where your wish design'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is so void of common sense,
To vote succession from a native prince?
Yet there new sceptres and new loves you seek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your towers the height of Carthage
know?

Or when your eyes discern such crowds below?
If such a town and subjects you could see,
Still you would want a wife who loved like me.
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incense bright;
Not holy tapers flame with purer light;
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme:
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still;
Fool that I am, to place my heart so ill!

Myself I cannot to myself restore:
Still I complain, and still I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor canst thou Venus' offspring be,
Love's mother could not bear a son like thee.
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
Or from some cruel tigress thou art come,
Or, on rough seas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempest born:
Like that which now thy trembling sailors fear:
Like that, whose rage should still detain thee
here.

Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juster side.
To winter weather and a stormy sea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deservest from Heaven's avenging
laws;

But I'm unwilling to become the cause.
To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchase, and a costly hate.
Stay but a little, till the tempest cease,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, inconstant prove!
And so it will, if there be power in love.
Know'st thou not yet what dangers ships sustain?
So often wreck'd, how darest thou tempt the main?
Which, were it smooth, were every wave asleep,
Ten thousand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyss the gods their vengeance store,
For broken vows of those who falsely swore.
Their winged storms on sea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the justice of her state.
Thus, I to thee the means of safety show,
And, lost myself, would still preserve my foe.
False as thou art, I not thy death design:
Oh rather live, to be the cause of mine!
Should some avenging storm thy vessel tear,
(But Heaven forbid my words should omen bear!)
Then, in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly,
And my wrong'd ghost be present to thy eye.
With threat'ning looks, think thou behold'st me
stare,

Gasping my mouth, and clotted all my hair;
Then should fork'd lightning and red thunder fall;
What couldst thou say, but I deserved them all?
Lest this should happen, make not haste away;
To shun the danger will be worth thy stay.
Have pity on thy son, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy gods, deserved,
To sink in seas, who were from fires preserved?
But neither gods nor parent didst thou bear;
(Smooth stories all, to please a woman's ear;)
False was the tale of thy romantic life;
Nor yet am I thy first deluded wife.
Left to pursuing foes Creusa stay'd,
By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender
heart,

That such requital follow'd such desert.
Nor doubt I but the gods, for crimes like these,
Seven winters kept thee wand'ring on the seas.
Thy starved companions, cast ashore, I fed,
Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.

To harbour strangers, succour the distress'd,
Was kind enough; but oh, too kind the rest!
Oh chastity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead husband's name!
By death redeem my reputation lost;
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is raised a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreathed with boughs and wool, his statue
stands,

The pious monument of artful hands:
Last night, methought he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice, with hollow voice, cried, "Dido,
come."

She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears;
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious
fears.

Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed,
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith
misled.

His goddess mother, and his aged sire,
Borne on his back, did to my fall conspire.
Oh such he was, and is, that were he true,
Without a blush I might his love pursue.
But cruel stars my birthday did attend:
And, as my fortune open'd, it must end.
My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's
gain:

Friendless, and follow'd by the murd'rer's hate,
To foreign countries I removed my fate;
And here, a suppliant, from the natives' hands,
I bought the ground on which my city stands;
With all the coast that stretches to the sea;
E'en to the friendly port that shelter'd thee:
Then raised these walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours' wonder, and their fear.
For now they arm; and round me leagues are
made,

My scarce establish'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I must prepare,
A helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend,
And for my person would my crown defend:
Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.

To proud Iarbas give me up a prey—
(For that must follow if thou goest away:)
Or to my husband's murderer leave my life;
That to the husband he may add the wife.

Go then; since no complaints can move thy mind:
Go, perjurd man, but leave thy gods behind.
Touch not those gods by whom thou art forsworn;
Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.
Some god, thou say'st, thy voyage does command;
Would the same god had barr'd thee from my
land!

The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers,
Who kept thee out at sea so many years;
Where thy long labours were a price so great,
As thou to purchase Troy would not repeat.
But Tiber now thou seek'st, to be, at best,
When there arrived, a poor precarious guest.
Yet it deludes thy search: perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiscover'd still.

A ready crown and wealth in dower I bring,
And without conquering, here thou art a king.
Here thou to Carthage may transfer thy Troy;
Here young Ascanius may his arms employ;
And, while we live secure in soft repose,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.

By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee stay;
By all the gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live still, and with no future fortune strive:
So may thy youthful son old age attain,

And thy dead father's bones in peace remain;
As thou hast pity on unhappy me,
Who know no crime, but too much love of thee.
I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents against Troy combine:
To be thy wife, if I unworthy prove,
By some inferior name admit my love.

To be secured of still possessing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be!
Our Libyan coasts their certain seasons know,
When free from tempests passengers may go.
But now with northern blasts the billows roar,
And drive the floating seaweed to the shore.
Leave to my care the time to sail away;
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
Thy weary men would be with ease content;
Their sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deniest my merit, give my love.

Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo;
And give me time to struggle with my woe.
If not: know this, I will not suffer long,
My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.
Death holds my pen, and dictates what I say,
While cross my lap the Trojan sword I lay.
My tears flow down; the sharp edge cuts their
flood,

And drinks my sorrows, that must drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new wounds my bosom I display:

The sword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold ashes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife, let not the marble boast,
I lost that title when my fame I lost.
This short inscription only let it bear:
"Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.

The cause of death, and sword by which she died
Æneas gave; the rest her arm supplied."

MANILIUS.

[The age of Augustus.]

So little is known of this poet, that the critics have not yet been able to determine even his real name, some calling him Manilius, others Manlius, and others again varying it to Mallius. Equal doubt also prevails as to the country which gave him birth; and all that we can aver with any degree of certainty respecting him, is that he wrote in the age of Augustus. This, indeed, seems evident from several passages of his work,—more especially from his dedication of it to that monarch, and from his allusions in it to Tiberius's retirement at Rhodes.

The title of his poem is "Astronomicon," though it might, with greater propriety, have been entitled *Astrologicon*; but the distinction between astronomy and astrology was unknown in that day. With all its faults, however, it is a work

of considerable merit. The physical part of it is luminous, and its philosophy often sublime. He adopts the Ptolemaic hypothesis, that the earth is immoveably suspended in the centre of the universe; but his general notions of the nature and position of the stars are consistent with astronomical science; and he supposes, with the Pythagoreans, that the phenomenon of the Milky Way is but the undistinguished lustre of unnumbered stars—a conjecture which the modern telescope has confirmed.

The system of Manilius is interwoven with the stellar fatality of the Stoics, and contains, likewise, a complete scheme of ancient astrology.—The "Astronomicon" was discovered in a German monastery, during the fifteenth century, by the learned Poggio Bracciolini.

CONNEXION OF THE UNIVERSE.

NATURE instinct with mind, my theme shall be,
And God infused in sky, and earth, and sea:
Tempering the mighty mass with equal laws,
Alternate harmony creation draws:
A reason deep-instilled within it moves:
Through all its parts one ruling spirit roves:
Round the vast orb its irrigations roll,
The world the animal, and God the soul.
Unless the mass, of kindred parts combined,
Were moved beneath a master's ruling mind,
Unless an all-foreseeing wisdom reign'd,
And the vast sum of things in order chain'd,
Earth from its airy seat would start away,
And planets, reeling in their orbits, stray:
No more the darkness of alternate night
Would now avoid, and now pursue the light;
Showers nourish earth; winds ether; seas with rain

Fill the swoln clouds; nor rivers feed the main;
Nor from the deep perennial fountains glide;
Nor this great whole, with equal parts allied,
From its just parent each proportion know,
That stars might ever shine, and waters flow,
And through their course the heavenly bodies fly,
Nor from their balanced orbit swim on high;
Not changed by motion, but sustained, they roll,
And ordered worlds pursue the leading soul.

This God, this ruling instinct, from on high
Rules earthly beings by the starry sky.
Though far removed by interval immense,
He makes the stars be felt: their orbs dispense
The death and life of all that live or die;
Each mind's peculiar bent, and quality.

Let me this truth by sure example prove:
The heavens control the fields: bestow, remove

Earth's varying fruits: the rolling ocean sway;
Heave on the land, or snatch the waves away—
For lo! the seas, that in their rage rebel,
Now moved beneath the lunar planet swell,
Or foam with swift reflux; now ductile roll,
Following the sun, that yearly turns the pole.
So animals, that deep the waters range,
In shelly dungeons shut, their bodies change
With motions of the moon: so Luna! thou
Reveal'st thy forehead by thy brother's brow;
By his resum'd thy shining visage, bright
Or dim, as his clear aspect lends thee light:
And by another star thy star ascends to sight.
So beasts of earth, and reptiles mute below,
Unconscious of themselves, nor skill'd to know
What secret law their charm'd existence bind,
Are still uncall'd to heaven, their parent mind;
By guiding instinct lift their soul on high,
And keep the seasons of the stars and sky.
At the full moon their bodies cleanse: declare
The coming storm, and the serener air.

Who then shall doubt, that man's allied to
heav'n;
When Nature that transcendant tongue has giv'n,
That genius, grasping all creation's round;
That mind, whose wing not Nature's self can
bound:
When the descended God his spirit pours;
Dwells in his creatures, and himself explores?

ON FATE.

Nor in each age Camilli, Decii, rise,
Nor conquer over death, a Cato dies.
Nor yet extirpated is glory's root:
But Fate still blasts the blossoms as they shoot.

Not shorten'd is the poor man's mortal date;
Nor wealth can bribe the death foredoom'd by
Fate:

Fortune from sceptres proud extorts the doom
That turns the regal pomp to funeral gloom,
Builds up the prince's pyre, and digs his tomb.
What might is this! what majesty of sway!
When princes tremble, and when kings obey!

See virtue wretched; guilt successful rise;
Prudence deceive; and rashness win the prize.

Nor Fortune bids the effect the cause succeed,
Nor yields success to the deserving deed;
But wanders, undistinguishing and blind,
Light and capricious as the veering wind.

Some ruling power our wills and natures
draws,
That binds creation by peculiar laws;
That from itself, when dawns our natal day,
Assigns our years, and Fortune's chequer'd
sway.—

LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

[Born 7, B. C.,—Died 65, A. D.]

FROM THE THYESTES.

CLIMB at court, for me, that will,
Tottering Favour's pinnacle,
All I seek is to lie still.
Withdrawn to some secret nest,
In calm leisure let me rest;
And, far off the public stage,
Pass away my silent age.

Thus, when noiseless and unknown,
I have lived out all my span,
Let me die, without a groan,
An old honest countryman.
Who, exposed to others' eyes,
Into his own heart ne'er pries,
Death's to him a strange surprise.

PERSIUS.

[Born 32,—Died 62, A. D.]

AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS was a Roman knight, and born at Volaterra in Etruria. He cultivated rhetoric and philosophy at Rome, and was a fellow student with Lucan, under Cornutus the Stoic, to whom he has addressed his fifth Satire.

He is said to have been distinguished by the beauty of his person, the purity of his morals, and the exemplary tenor of his life. The style of his Satires is condensed and strong, though sometimes obscure.—He died at the early age of thirty.

FROM THE SATIRES.

FROM SATIRE III.—THE PRECEPTOR'S REMONSTRANCE; OR BIRTH AND FORTUNE NO APOLOGY FOR IDLENESS AND VICE.

WHILE with occasion thus you madly play,
Your best of life, unheeded, leaks away,
And scorn flows in apace: the ill-baked ware,
Rung by the potter, will its flaws declare;
Thus—but you yet are moist and yielding clay:
Call for some plastic hand without delay;
Nor cease the labour, till the wheel produce
A vessel nicely form'd, and fit for use.

But why these pains? my father, thanks to fate,
Left me a fair, if not a large, estate:

A salt unsullied on my table shines,*
And due oblations, in their little shrines,
My household gods receive; my hearth is pure,
And all my means of life confirm'd, and sure:
What need I more?" nay, nothing; ('tis replied.)
—And well it fits you, to dilate with pride,
Because, (the thousandth in descent,) you trace
Your blood, unmix'd, from some high Tuscan race;
And, when the knights troop by the censor's chair,
In annual pomp, salute a kinsman there!

* The salt-cellar, or, as our old writers more simply termed it, the salt, formed a distinguished feature in the garniture of the Roman tables. It was regarded as a kind of heir-loom, and descended from father to son.

Hence!—with these trappings, to the rabble,
swell!

Me, they deceive not; for I know you well,
Within, without.—And blush you not to see,
Loose Natta's life and yours so well agree?
—But Natta's is not *life*: the sleep of sin
Has seiz'd his powers, and palsied all within;
Huge cawls of fat envelope every part,
And torpor weighs on his insensate heart.—
Absolv'd from blame by ignorance so gross,
He neither sees, nor comprehends his loss;
Content in guilt's profound abyss to drop,
Nor, struggling, send one bubble to the top.

Dread Sire of Gods! when lust's envenom'd
stings

Stir the fierce natures of tyrannic kings;
When storms of rage within their bosoms roll,
And call, in thunder, for thy just control,
O, then relax the bolt, suspend the blow;
And thus, and thus alone, thy vengeance show,
In all her charms, set Virtue in their eye,
And let them see their loss, despair, and—die!

Say could the wretch severer tortures feel,
Closed in the brazen bull?—Could the bright steel
That, while the board with regal pomp was
spread,

Gleam'd o'er the guest, suspended by a thread,
Worse pangs inflict, than he endures, who cries,
(As, on the rack of conscious guilt, he lies.)
In mental agony, "Alas! I fall,
Down, down the unfathom'd steep, without re-
call!"

And withers at the heart, and dares not show
His bosom wife, the secret of his woe!

* * * * *
Mount, hapless youth, on Contemplation's wings,
And mark the causes and the end of things;—
Learn what we are, and for what purpose born,
What station here 'tis given us to adorn;
How best to blend security with ease,
And win our way through life's tempestuous seas;
What bounds the love of property requires,
And what to wish, with unproved desires;
How far the genuine use of wealth extends;
And the just claims of country, kindred, friends;
What Heaven would have us be; and where our
stand,

In this GREAT WHOLE, is fix'd by High Command.

FROM SATIRE IV.

THIS satire is founded on the first Alcibiades of Plato, and many of the expressions are closely copied from that celebrated dialogue. It naturally arranges itself under three heads; the first of which treats of the preposterous ambition of those who aspired to take the lead in state affairs, before they had learned the first principles of civil government. The second division turns on the general neglect of self-examination, enforcing, at the same time, the necessity of moral purity, from the impossibility of escaping detection; and of restraining all wanton propensity to exaggerate the foibles of others, from its tendency to provoke severe recrimination on our own vices. The conclusion, or third part, reverts to the subject with which the satire opens, and arraigns, in

terms of indignant severity, the profligacy of the young nobility, and their sottish vanity in resting their claims to approbation on the judgment of a worthless rabble.

WHAT! you, my Alcibiades, aspire
To sway the state!—(Suppose that bearded sire
Whom helmock from a thankless world remov'd,
Thus to address the stripling that he loved.)—
On what apt talents for a charge so high,
Ward of great Pericles, do you rely?
Forecast on others by gray hairs conferr'd,
Haply, with you, anticipates the beard;
And prompts you, prescient of the public weal,
Now to disclose your thoughts, and now conceal!
Hence, when the rabble form some daring plan,
And factious murmurs spread from man to man,
Mute and attentive you can bid them stand,
By the majestic wafture of your hand!

Rash youth! relying on a specious skin,
While all is dark deformity within,
Check the fond thought; nor, like the peacock,
proud,
Spread your gay plumage to the applauding
crowd

Before your hour arrive:—ah, rather drain
Whole isles of hellebore, to cool your brain!

* * * * *
How few, alas! their proper faults explore!
While, on his loaded back, who walks before,
Each eye is fix'd:—you touch a stranger's arm,
And ask him, if he knows Vectidus' farm?
"Whose?" he replies: That rich old chuff's,
whose ground

Would tire a hawk to wheel it fairly round.

"O, ho! that wretch, on whose devoted head,
Ill stars and angry gods their rage have shed!
Who, on high festivals, when all is glee,
And the lose yoke hangs idly on the tree,
As, from the jar, he scrapes the incrust'd clay,
Groans o'er the revels of so dear a day;
Champs on a coated onion dipt in brine;
And, while his hungry hinds exulting dine
On barley-broth, sucks up, with thrifty care,
The mothy dregs of his pall'd vinegar!"

But, if "YOU bask you in the sunny ray,
And doze the careless hours of youth away,
There are, who at such gross delights will spurn,
And spit their venom on your life, in turn;
Expose, with eager hate, your low desires,
Your secret passions, and unhallow'd fires.—
"Why, while the beard is nurs'd with every art,
Those anxious pains to bear the shameful part?
In vain: should five athletic knaves essay,
To pluck, with ceaseless care, the weeds away,
Still the rank fern, congenial to the soil,
Would spread luxuriant, and defeat their toil!"

Misled by rage, our bodies we expose,
And while we give, forget to ward, the blows;
This, this is life! and thus our faults are shown,
By mutual spleen: we know—and we are
known.

But your defects elude inquiring eyes!—
Beneath the groin the ulcerous evil lies,
Impervious to the view; and o'er the wound,
The broad effulgence of the zone is bound!

But can you, thus, the inward pang restrain,
Thus, cheat the sense of languor and of pain?

"But if the people call me wise and just,
Sure, I may take the general voice on trust!"—

No:—If you tremble at the sight of gold;
Indulge lust's wildest sallies uncontroll'd;
Or, bent on outrage, at the midnight hour,
Girt with a ruffian band, the forum scour;
Then, wretch! in vain the voice of praise you hear,

And drink the vulgar shout with greedy ear.

Hence, with your spurious claims! rejudge your cause,

And fling the rabble back their vile applause:
To your own breast, in quest of worth, repair,
And blush to find—how poor a stock is there!

FROM SATIRE V.—TO ANNEUS CORNUTUS.

* * * * *
YES, best of friends! 'tis now my pride to own,
How much that "breast" is fill'd with you alone!
Ring then—for, to your practised ear, the sound
Will show the solid, and where guile is found
Beneath the varnish'd tongue. For THIS, in fine,
I dared to wish an hundred voices mine;
Proud to declare, how closely twined you dwell—
How deeply fix'd in my heart's inmost cell,
And paint, in words,—ah, could they paint the whole!—

The ineffable sensations of my soul.

When first I laid the purple by—and free,*
Yet trembling at my new-felt liberty,
Approach'd the hearth, and on the Lares hung
The bulla, from my willing neck unstrung;
When gay associates, sporting at my side,
And the white boss, display'd with conscious pride,

Gave me, unchecked, the haunts of vice to trace,
And throw my wandering eyes on every face;
When life's perplexing maze before me lay,
And error, heedless of the better way,
To straggling paths, far from the route of truth,
Woo'd, with blind confidence, my timorous youth,
I fled to you, Cornutus, pleas'd to rest
My hopes and fears on your Socratic breast;
Nor did you, gentle sage, the charge decline:
Then, dexterous to beguile, your steady line
Reclaim'd, I know not by what winning force,
My morals, warp'd from virtue's straighter course,
While reason, press'd incumbent on my soul,
That struggled to receive the strong control,
And took, like wax, subdued by plastic skill,
The form your hand impos'd—and bears it still!

Can I forget, how many a summer's day,
Spent in your converse, stole, unmark'd, away?

* The sons of the nobility, and of the privileged citizens, wore the *toga praetexta* (a gown richly bordered with purple), till they reached the age of seventeen, when they exchanged it for the *toga virilis*, or manly gown, and entered into a state of comparative independence and liberty.

Or how, while listening, with increas'd delight,
I snatch'd from feasts, the earlier hours of night?
—One time (for to your bosom still I grew)
One time of study, and of rest, we knew;
One frugal board, where, every care resign'd,
An hour of blameless mirth relax'd the mind.

And sure our lives, which thus accordant move,
(Indulge me here, Cornutus,) clearly prove,
That both are subject to the self-same law,
And from one horoscope their fortunes draw:
And whether destiny's unerring doom,
In equal Libra, pois'd our days to come;
Or friendship's holy hour our fates combin'd,
And to the twins, a sacred charge, assign'd;
Or Jove, benignant, broke the gloomy spell
By angry Saturn wove;—I know not well—
But sure some star there is, whose bland control,
Subdues, to yours, the temper of my soul!

Countless the various species of mankind,
Countless the shades which separate mind from mind;

No general object of desire is known;
Each has his will, and each pursues his own.
With Latian wares, one roams the eastern main,
To purchase spice, and cummin's blanching grain;
Another, gorg'd with dainties, swill'd with wine,
Fattens in sloth, and snores out life supine;
This loves the Campus; that destructive play;
And those, in wanton dalliance, melt away:—
But when the knotty gout their strength has broke,
And their dry joints crack like some wither'd oak,
Then they look back, confounded and aghast
On the gross days in fogs and darkness past;
With late regret the waste of life deplore:
No purpose gain'd, and time, alas! no more.

But you, my friend, whom nobler views delight,
To pallid vigils give the studious night;
Cleanse youthful breasts from every noxious weed,

And sow the tilth with Cleanthean seed.—*
There seek, ye young, ye old, (secure to find,)
That certain end, which stays the wavering mind;—

Stores, which endure, when other means decay,
Through life's last stage, a sad and cheerless way!

"Right: and to-morrow this shall be our care."
Alas! to-morrow, like to-day, will fare.

"What! is one day, forsooth, so great a boon?"
But when it comes, (and come it will too soon,)
Reflect, that yesterday's to-morrow's o'er.—
Thus one "to-morrow!" one "to-morrow!" more,
Have seen long years before them fade away;
And still appear no nearer than to-day!—

So while the wheels on different axles roll,
In vain, (though govern'd by the self-same pole,)
The hindmost to o'ertake the foremost tries;
Fast as the one pursues, the other flies!

* i. e. with Stoic philosophy. Cleanthes was one of the most distinguished followers of Zeno, the founder of the school.

LUCAN.

[Born 39,—Died 66, A. D.]

MARCUS ANNÆUS LUCANUS was the son of Marcus Annæus Mela, a Roman knight, and of Caia Acilia, a daughter of the orator Acilius Lucanus. He was born at Corduba, in Spain, but was brought, when an infant, to Rome, and there educated under the most distinguished masters of the day. He was early introduced at court, and partly through his own merits, and partly, in all probability, through the interest of his uncle Seneca, rose to the office of questor, and gained admission into the college of Augurs, even before he had attained the age requisite for those offices. But the tide of court favour soon turned. Having ventured to dispute with his master, Nero, the prize of poetry, he was prohibited from pleading at the bar, or reciting verses in public; and being afterwards implicated in Piso's conspiracy, he received judgment of death, with the privilege of himself selecting the mode of it. He chose to have the arteries of his arms and legs opened in

a warm bath; and having taken a calm farewell of his friends, expired, repeating, from the *Pharsalia*, some verses descriptive of his own fate.*

It has been said that Lucan, in order to screen himself, had, when detected, endeavoured to throw the guilt upon his mother Acilia; but, as such conduct is no less at variance with the tenor of his life, than the manner of his death, and, as none of the many fragments of his life, which yet exist, have ever mentioned it, we may fairly doubt the truth of the relation.

Lucan died in his twenty-seventh year, leaving his poem unfinished, which was revised and published by his wife Polla Argentaria, a lady praised by Statius for her accomplishments and ingenious manners.

* Elton quotes some lines from the third book, as the passage recited on the occasion; others incline towards a passage in the ninth book: but see Rowe's *Lucan*, book iii.—995,—and book ix.—1378.

FROM LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

Book I.

RUIN OCCASIONED BY THE CIVIL WARS IN ITALY.

EMATHIAN plains with slaughter cover'd o'er,
And rage unknown to civil wars before,
Establish'd violence, and lawless might,
Avow'd and hallow'd by the name of right;
A race renown'd, the world's victorious lords,
Turn'd on themselves with their own hostile
swords;

Piles against piles oppos'd in impious fight,
And eagles against eagles bending flight;
Of blood by friends, by kindred, parents, spilt,
One common horror and promiscuous guilt,
A shatter'd world in wild disorder tost,
Leagues, laws, and empire in confusion lost;
Of all the woes which civil discords bring,
And Rome o'ercome by Roman arms, I sing.

What blind, detested madness could afford
Such horrid license to the murd'ring sword?
Say, Romans, whence so dire a fury rose,
To glut with Latian blood your barb'rous foes?
Could you in wars like these provoke your fate?
Wars, where no triumphs on the victor wait!
While Babylon's proud spires yet rise so high,
And, rich in Roman spoils, invade the sky;
While yet no vengeance is to Crassus paid,
But unatoned repines the wand'ring shade!
What tracts of land, what realms unknown before,
What seas wide stretching to the distant shore,
What crowns, what empires might that blood
have gain'd,
With which Emathia's fatal fields were stain'd!

Where Seres in their silken woods reside,
Where swift Araxes rolls his rapid tide:
Where'er (if such a nation can be found)
Nile's secret fountain, springing, cleaves the
ground;

Where southern suns with double ardour rise,
Flame o'er the land, and scorch the mid-day
skies;

Where winter's hand the Scythian seas constrains,
And binds the frozen floods in crystal chains;
Where'er the shady night and day-spring come,
All had submitted to the yoke of Rome.

Oh Rome! if slaughter be thy only care,
If such thy fond desire of impious war;
Turn from thyself, at least, the destin'd wound,
Till thou art mistress of the world around,
And none to conquer but thyself be found.
Thy foes as yet a juster war afford,
And barb'rous blood remains to glut thy sword.
But see! her hands on her own vitals seize,
And no destruction but her own can please.
Behold her fields unknowing of the plough!
Behold her palaces and towers laid low!
See where o'erthrown the massy column lies,
While weeds obscene above the cornice rise.
Here gaping wide, half-ruin'd walls remain,
There mouldering pillars nodding roots sustain
The landscape once in various beauty spread,
With yellow harvests and the flowery mead,
Displays a wild uncultivated face,
Which bushy brakes and brambles vile disgrace:
No human footstep prints th' untrodden green,
No cheerful maid nor villager is seen.

Ev'n in her cities famous once and great,
Where thousands thousands throng'd the noisy
street,
No sound is heard of human voices now,
But whistling winds thro' empty dwellings blow;
While passing strangers wonder, if they spy
One single melancholy face go by.

POMPEY AND CÆSAR.

THE sword is now the umpire to decide,
And part what friendship knew not to divide.
'Twas hard, an empire of so vast a size,
Could not for two ambitious minds suffice;
The peopled earth, and wide extended main,
Could furnish room for only one to reign.
When dying Julia first forsook the light,*
And Hymen's tapers sunk in endless night,
The tender ties of kindred-love were torn,
Forgotten all, and buried in her urn.
Oh! if her death had haply been delay'd,
How might the daughter and the wife persuade!
Like the famed Sabine dames, she had been seen
To stay the meeting war, and stand between:
On either hand had woo'd them to accord,
Sooth'd her fierce father, and her furious lord,
To join in peace, and sheathe the ruthless sword.
But this the fatal sisters' doom denied;
The friends were sever'd, when the matron
died.

The rival leaders mortal war proclaim,
Rage fires their souls with jealousy of fame,
And emulation fans the rising flame.

Thee, Pompey,† thy past deeds by turns infest,
And jealous glory burns within thy breast;
Thy fam'd piratic laurel seems to fade,
Beneath successful Cæsar's rising shade;
His Gallic wreaths thou view'st with anxious
eyes‡

Above thy naval crowns triumphant rise.
Thee, Cæsar, thy long labours past incite,
Thy use of war, and custom of the fight;
While bold ambition prompts thee in the race,
And bids thy courage scorn a second place.
Superior power, fierce faction's dearest care,
One could not brook, and one disdain'd to share.
Justly to name the better cause were hard,
While greatest names for either side declar'd:
Victorious Cæsar by the gods was crown'd,
The vanquish'd party was by Cato own'd.
Nor came the rivals equal to the field;
One to increasing years began to yield,
Old Age came creeping in the peaceful gown,
And civil functions weigh'd the soldier down;
Disused to arms, he turn'd him to the laws,
And pleas'd himself with popular applause;
With gifts, and lib'ral bounty sought for fame,
And loved to hear the vulgar shout his name;
In his own theatre rejoic'd to sit,
Amidst the noisy praises of the pit.

* Julia was the daughter of Julius Cæsar, and married to Pompey.

† Pompey had triumphed over several nations, and especially over the Cilician pirates, whom, though possessed of vast fleets, and masters of the seas, he compelled to surrender in forty days.

‡ Cæsar had subdued Gaul.

Careless of future ills that might betide,
No aid he sought to prop his failing side,
But on his former fortune much relied.
Still seem'd he to possess, and fill his place;
But stood the shadow of what once he was;
So in the field with Ceres' bounty spread,
Upstairs some ancient oak his rev'rend head;
Chaplets and sacred gifts his boughs adorn,
And spoils of war by mighty heroes worn.
But the first vigour of his root now gone,
He stands dependent on his weight alone;
All bare his naked branches are display'd,
And with his leafless trunk he forms a shade:
Yet though the winds his ruin daily threat,
As every blast would heave him from his seat;
Though thousand fairer trees the field supplies,
That rich in youthful verdure round him rise;
Fix'd in his ancient state he yields to none,
And wears the honours of the grove alone.
But Cæsar's greatness, and his strength, was more
Than past renown and antiquated power;
'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
Or tales in old records and annals seen;
But 'twas a valour, restless, unconfin'd,
Which no success could sate, nor limits bind;
'Twas shame, a soldier's shame untaught to yield,
That blush'd for nothing but an ill-fought field;
Fierce in his hopes he was, nor knew to stay,
Where vengeance or ambition led the way;
Still prodigal of war whene'er withstood,
Nor spared to stain the guilty sword with blood;
Urging advantage he improved all odds,
And made the most of fortune and the gods;
Pleas'd to o'erturn whate'er withheld his prize,
And saw the ruin with rejoicing eyes.
Such while earth trembles, and heaven thunders
loud,

Darts the swift lightning from the rending cloud;
Fierce through the day it breaks, and in its flight
The dreadful blast confounds the gazer's sight;
Resistless in its course delights to rove,
And cleaves the temples of its master Jove:
Alike where'er it passes or returns,
With equal rage the fell destroyer burns;
Then with a whirl full in its strength retires,
And re-collects the force of all its scatter'd fires.

Motives like these the leading chiefs inspir'd;
But other thoughts the meaner vulgar fir'd
Those fatal seeds luxuriant vices sow,
Which ever lay a mighty people low.
To Rome the vanquish'd earth her tribute paid,
And deadly treasures to her view display'd:
Then truth and simple manners left the place,
While Riot rear'd her lewd, dishonest face;
Virtue to full prosperity gave way,
And fled from rapine, and the lust of prey.
On every side proud palaces arise,
And lavish gold each common use supplies.
Their fathers' frugal tables stand abhorr'd,
And Asia now and Afric are explor'd
For high-pric'd dainties, and the citron board.
In silken robes the minion men appear,
Which maids and youthful brides should blush
to wear.

That age by honest poverty adorn'd,
Which brought the manly Romans forth, is scorn'd;

Wherever aught pernicious does abound,
For luxury all lands are ransack'd round,
And dear-bought deaths the sinking state confound.
The Curii's and Camilli's little field,
To vast extended territories yield;
And foreign tenants reap the harvest now,
Where once the great dictator held his plough.

Rome, ever fond of war, was tired with ease;
E'en liberty had lost the power to please:
Hence rage and wrath their ready minds invade,
And want could every wickedness persuade:
Hence impious power was first esteem'd a good,
Worth being fought with arms, and bought with blood:

With glory, tyrants did their country awe,
And violence prescrib'd the rule to law.
Hence pliant servile voices were constrain'd,
And force in popular assemblies reign'd;
Consuls and tribunes with opposing might,
Join'd to confound and overturn the right:
Hence shameful magistrates were made for gold,
And a base people by themselves were sold:
Hence slaughter in the venal field returns,
And Rome her yearly competition mourns:
Hence debt unthrifty, careless to repay,
And usury still watching for its day:
Hence perjuries in every wrangling court;
And war, the needy bankrupt's last resort.

CÆSAR PASSING THE RUBICON.

Now Cæsar, onward bent, with winged haste
The summits of the frozen Alps had past;
Now near the banks of Rubicon he stood;
When lo! as he survey'd the narrow flood,
Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wond'rous Vision stood confest to sight.
Her awful head Rome's reverend image rear'd,
Trembling and sad the matron form appear'd:
A towery crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,
Then groaning, thus the mournful silence broke.
"Presumptuous Men! oh whither do you run!
Oh whither bear ye these mine ensigns on!
If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
Here to your utmost barrier are you come."*
She said: and sunk within the closing shade;
Astonishment and dread the chief invade,
Stiff rose his starting hair; he stood dismay'd
And on the bank his slackening steps were stay'd.
"O Thou," (at length he cried) "whose hand con-
trols

The forky fire, and rattling thunder rolls;
Who, from thy capitol's exalted height,
Dost o'er the wide-spread city cast thy sight!
Ye Phrygian gods, who guard the Julian line,†
Ye mysteries of Romulus divine!
Thou Jove! to whom from young Ascanius came
Thine Alban temple, and thy Latial name:

And Thou, immortal sacred Vestal Flame!
But chief, oh! chiefly Thou, majestic Rome,
My first, my great Divinity, to whom
Thy still successful Cæsar, am I come;
Nor do thou fear the sword's destructive rage,
With thee my arms no impious war shall wage;
On him thy hate, on him thy curse bestow
Who would persuade thee Cæsar is thy foe;
And, since to thee I consecrate my toil,
Oh favour thou my cause, and on thy soldier smile."
He said; and straight, impatient of delay,
Across the swelling flood pursued his way,
While with hot skies the fervent summer glows,
The Rubicon an humble river flows;
Through lowly vales he cuts his winding way,
And rolls his ruddy waters to the sea.
His bank on either side a limit stands,
Between the Gallic and Ausonian lands.
But stronger now the wintry torrent grows,
For wetting winds had thawed the Alpine snows,
And Cynthia, rising with a blunted beam
In the third circle, drove her watery team,
A signal sure to raise the swelling stream.
For this, to stem the rapid water's course,
First plunged amidst the flood the bolder horse;
With strength opposed against the stream they
lead,

While to the smoother ford the foot with ease suc-
ceed.

The Leader now had pass'd the torrent o'er,
And reach'd fair Italy's forbidden shore;
Then rearing on the hostile bank his head,
"Here, farewell, Peace and injured Laws" (he said.)
"Since faith is broke and leagues are set aside,
Henceforth thou, Goddess Fortune, art my guide;
Let fate and war the great event decide."

THE DRUIDS.

You too, ye bards! whom sacred raptures fire,
Who chaunt your heroes to your country's lyre;
Who consecrate, in your immortal strain,
Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain;
Securely now the tuneful talk renew,
And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue.
The Druids now, while arms are heard no more,
Old mysteries and barb'rous rites restore:
A tribe who singular religion love,
And haunt the lonely coverts of the grove.
To these, and these of all mankind alone,
The gods are sure reveal'd, or sure unknown.
If dying mortals' dooms they sing aright,
No ghosts descend to dwell in dreadful night:
No parting souls to grisly Pluto go,
Nor seek the dreary silent shades below:
But forth they fly immortal in their kind,
And other bodies in new worlds they find.
Thus life for ever runs its endless race,
And like a line, death but divides the space,
A stop which can but for a moment last,
A point between the future and the past.
Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise;
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel;

* The Rubicon divided Cisalpine Gaul from Italy, and was the eastern limit of Cæsar's province.

† Cæsar pretended to be descended from Iulus or Ascanius, the son of Æneas; and the gods he invokes are the household gods which he brought from Troy.

Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
To spare that life which must so soon return.*

Book II.

CATO AND MARTIA.

Now 'gan the sun to lift his dawning light,
Before him fled the colder shades of night;
When lo! the sounding doors are heard to turn,
Chaste Martia comes from dead Hortensius' urn,
Once to a better husband's happier bed,
With bridal rites, a virgin was she led.
When every debt of love and duty paid,
And thrice a parent by Lucina made;
The teeming matron, at her lord's command,
To glad Hortensius gave her plighted hand;
With a fair stock his barren house to grace,
And mingle by the mother's side the race.
At length this husband in his ashes laid,
And every rite of due religion paid,
Forth from his monument the mournful dame,
With beaten breasts, and locks dishevell'd came;
Then with a pale, dejected, rueful look,
Thus pleasing, to her former lord she spoke.†

"While nature yet with vigour fed my veins,
And made me equal to a mother's pains,
To thee obedient, I thy house forsook,
And to my arms another husband took;
My powers at length with genial labours worn,
Weary to thee, and wasted I return.
At length a barren wedlock let me prove,
Give me the name, without the joys of love;
No more to be abandon'd, let me come,
That Cato's wife may live upon my tomb.
Nor ask I now thy happiness to share,
I seek thy days of toil, thy nights of care:
Give me, with thee, to meet my country's foe,
Thy weary marches and thy camps to know;
Nor let posterity with shame record,
Cornelia follow'd, Martia left, her lord."

She said. The hero's manly heart was moved,
And the chaste matron's virtuous suit approved,
And though the times far diſt'ring thoughts demand,

Though war dissents from hymen's holy band;
In plain unsolemn wise his faith he plights,
And calls the gods to view the lonely rites.
No genial bed, with rich embroidery graced,
On iv'ry steps in lofty state was placed.
But, as she was, in funeral attire,
With all the sadness sorrow could inspire,
With eyes dejected, with a joyless face,
She met her husband's, like a son's embrace.
No Sabine mirth provokes the bridegroom's ears,
Nor sprightly wit the glad assembly cheers.
No friends, nor ev'n their children, grace the feast,
Brutus attends, their only nuptial guest:

He stands a witness of the silent rite,
And sees the melancholy pair unite.
Nor he, the chief his sacred visage cheer'd,
Nor smoothened his matted locks, or horrid beard;
Nor deign'd his heart one thought of joy to know,
But met his Martia with the same stern brow.
(For when he saw the fatal factions arm,
The coming war, and Rome's impending harm;
Regardless quite of ev'ry other care,
Unshorn he left his loose neglected hair;
Rude hung the hoary honours of his head,
And a foul growth his mournful cheeks o'erspread.
No stings of private hate his peace infest,
Nor partial favour grew upon his breast;
But safe from prejudice, he kept his mind
Free, and at leisure to lament mankind.)
Nor could his former love's returning fire,
The warmth of one connubial wish inspire,
But strongly he withstood the just desire.
These were the stricter manners of the man,
And this the stubborn course in which they ran;
The golden mean unchanging to pursue,
Constant to keep the purposed end in view;
Religiously to follow nature's laws,
And die with pleasure in his country's cause,
To think he was not for himself design'd,
But born to be of use to all mankind.
To him 'twas feasting, hunger to repress;
And home-spun garments were his costly dress:
No marble pillars rear'd his roof on high,
'Twas warm, and kept him from the winter sky.
He sought no end of marriage, but increase,
Nor wish'd a pleasure, but his country's peace:
That took up all the tend'rest parts of life,
His country was his children and his wife.
From justice' righteous lore he never swerved,
But rigidly his honesty preserved.
On universal good his thoughts were bent,
Nor knew what gain, or self-affection meant;
And while his benefits the public share,
Cato was always last in Cato's care.

CÆSAR.

ROME, the contending parties' noblest prize,
To every wish but Cæsar's might suffice
But he with empire fired and vast desires,
To all, and nothing less than all, aspires;
He reckons not the past, while aught remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd.

Book IV.

FRIENDLY MEETING BETWEEN THE SOLDIERS OF
THE TWO CAMPS.

NEAR neighb'ring now the camps intrenched are
seen,

With scarce a narrow interval between.
Soon as their eyes o'ershoot the middle space,
From either hosts, sires, sons, and brothers trace
The well-known features of some kindred face.
Then first their hearts with tenderness were struck,
First with remorse for civil rage they shook;
Still'ning with horror cold, and dire amaze,
Awhile in silent interviews they gaze:

* Swiftly the soul of British flame
Animates some kindred frame,
Swiftly to light and fire triumphant flies,
Again exults in martial ecstasies,
Again for freedom fights, again for freedom dies.

Mason's *Characteristics*.

† See this story in Plutarch.

‡ The wife of Pompey.

Anon with speechless signs their swords salute,
While thoughts conflicting keep their masters
mute.

At length, disdaining still to be repress,
Prevailing passion rose in every breast,
And the vain rules of guilty war transgress'd.
As at a signal, both their trenches quit,
And spreading arms in close embraces knit:
Now friendship runs o'er all her ancient claims,
Guest and companion are their only names;
Old neighbourhood they fondly call to mind,
And how their boyish years in leagues were
join'd.

With grief each other mutually they know,
And find a friend in every Roman foe.
Their falling tears their steely arms bedew,
While interrupting sighs each kiss pursue;
And though their hands are yet unstain'd by guilt,
They tremble for the blood they might have spilt.
But speak, unhappy Roman! speak thy pain,
Say for what woes thy streaming eyes complain?
Why dost thou groan? Why beat thy sounding
breast?

Why is this wild, fantastic grief express?
Is it, that yet thy country claims thy care?
Dost thou the crimes of war unwilling share?
Ah! whither art thou by thy fears betray'd?
How canst thou dread that power thyself hast
made!

Do Cæsar's trumpets call thee? Scorn the sound.
Does he bid, march? Dare thou to keep thy
ground.

So rage and slaughter shall to justice yield,
And fierce Erinny's quit the fatal field:
Cæsar in peace a private state shall know,
And Pompey be no longer call'd his foe.

Appear, thou heavenly Concord! blest appear!
And shed thy better influences here.
Thou who the warring elements dost bind,
Life of the world, and safety of mankind,
Infuse thy sov'reign balm, and heal the wrathful
mind.

But if the same dire fury rages yet,
Too well they know what foes their swords shall
meet;

No blind pretence of ignorance remains,
The blood they shed must flow from Roman
veins.

Oh! fatal truce! the brand of guilty Rome!
From thee worse wars and redder slaughters come.
See! with what free and unsuspecting love,
From camp to camp the jocund warriors rove;
Each to his turfy table bids his guest,
And Bacchus crowns the hospitable feast.
The grassy fires refulgent lend their light,
While conversation sleepless wastes the night:
Of early feats of arms, by turns they tell,
Of fortunes that in various fields befell,
With well-becoming pride their deeds relate,
And now agree, and friendly now debate:
At length their inauspicious hands are join'd,
And sacred leagues with faith renew'd they bind.
But oh! what worse could cruel fate afford!
The furies smiled upon the cursed accord,
And dyed with deeper stains the Roman sword.

AN ARMY PERISHING WITH THIRST.

"There are few passages," says Mr. Alison in his Essay on Taste, "more sublime than Lucan's description of one of Pompey's armies blocked up by Cæsar in a part of the country where there was no water, and where the soldiers were perishing with thirst. After describing, very minutely, the fruitless attempts to obtain relief, he proceeds in the following nervous and beautiful lines, of which the last circumstance is too striking to require any comment."

Oh happy those to whom the barbarous Kings*
Left the envenom'd floods and tainted springs!
Cæsar, be kind, and every bane prepare,
Which Cretan rocks, or Libyan Serpents bear:
The Romans to thy poisonous streams shall fly,
And conscious of the danger drink and die.
With secret flames their withering entrails burn,
And fiery breathings from the lungs return;
The shrinking veins contract their purple flow,
And urge, laborious, on the beating blood;
The heaving sighs through straiter passes blow;
And scorch the painful palate as they go;
The parch'd rough tongue night's humid vapour
draws,

And restless rolls within the clammy jaws;
With gaping mouths they wait the falling rain,
And want those floods that lately swept the plain.
Vainly to heaven they turn their longing eyes,
And fix them on the dry relentless skies.
Not here by sandy Africa are they curst,
Not Cancer's sultry line inflames their thirst;
But to enhance their pain, they view below
Where lakes stand full, and plenteous rivers flow;
Between two streams† expires the panting host,
And sinks, amidst a land of waters, lost.—

Thus prest by pinching want's unequal weight
The vanquish'd Leaders yield to adverse Fate:
Rejecting arms, they seek, at length relief
And sue, submissive, to the hostile chief.

Book V.

CÆSAR, UNEASY AT THE DELAY OF MARK ANTONY,
LEAVES HIS CAMP BY NIGHT, AND VENTURES
OVER A TEMPESTUOUS SEA, IN A SMALL BARK,
TO HASTEN HIS MARCH.

At length the lucky chief, who oft had found
What vast success his rasher darings crown'd;
Who saw how much the fav'ring gods had done,
Nor would be wanting, when they urged him on;
Fierce, and impatient of the tedious stay,
Resolves by night to prove the doubtful way:
Bold in a single skiff he means to go,
And tempt those seas that navies dare not plough.

'Twas now the time when cares and labours
cease,
And e'en the rage of arms was hush'd to peace:

* Jugurtha. Mithridates and Juba, when they were vanquished by the Romans, are said to have poisoned the waters as they fled.

† The Sicoris and the Iberus.

Snatch'd from their guilt and toil, the wretched lay,
And slept the sounder for the painful day.
Through the still camp the night's third hour re-sounds,

And warns the second watches to their rounds;
When through the horrors of the murky shade,
Secret the careful warrior's footsteps tread.
His train, unknowing, slept within his tent,
And fortune only follow'd where he went.
With silent anger he perceiv'd, around,
The sleepy sentinels bestrew the ground:
Yet, unrepining, now, he pass'd them o'er,
And sought with eager haste the winding shore.
There through the gloom, his searching eyes explor'd,

Where to the mould'ring rock a bark was moor'd.
The mighty master of this little boat,
Securely slept within a neighb'ring cot:
No massy beams support his humble hall,
But reeds and marshy rushes wove the wall;
Old shatter'd planking for a roof was spread,
And cover'd in from rain the needy shed.
Thrice on the feeble door the warrior strook,
Beneath the blow the trembling dwelling shook.
What wretch forlorn (the poor Amyclas cries)
Driven by the raging seas, and stormy skies,
To my poor lowly roof for shelter flies?
He spoke; and hasty left his homely bed,
With oozy flags and with'ring sea-weed spread.
Then from the hearth the 'smoking match he takes,

And in the tow the drowsy fire awakes;
Dry leaves, and chips, for fuel, he supplies,
Till kindling sparks, and glitt'ring flames arise.
Oh happy poverty! thou greatest good,
Bestow'd by Heaven, but seldom understood!
Here nor the cruel spoiler seeks his prey,
Nor ruthless armies take their dreadful way:
Security thy narrow limits keeps,
Safe are thy cottages, and sound thy sleeps.
Behold! ye dangerous dwellings of the great,
Where gods, and godlike princes choose their seat;

See in what peace the poor Amyclas lies,
Nor starts, though Cæsar's call commands to rise.

What terrors had you felt that call to hear?
How had your towers and ramparts shook with fear,

And trembled, as the mighty man drew near!
The door unbarr'd: Expect (the leader said)
Beyond thy hopes, or wishes, to be paid;
If in this instant hour thou waft me o'er,
With speedy haste, to yon Hesperian shore.
No more shall want thy weary hand constrain,
To work thy bark upon the boist'rous main:
Henceforth good days and plenty shall bestride;
The gods and I, will for thy age provide.
A glorious change attends thy low estate,
Sudden and mighty riches round thee wait;
Be wise, and use the lucky hour of fate.

Thus he; and though in humble vestments dress'd,

Spite of himself, his words his power express'd,
And Cæsar in his bounty stood confess'd.

To him the weary pilot thus replies:

A thousand omens threaten from the skies;
A thousand boding signs my soul affright,
And warn me not to tempt the seas by night.
In clouds the setting sun obscur'd his head,
Nor painted o'er the ruddy west with red:
Now north, now south, he shot his parting beams,
And tipp'd the sullen black with golden gleams:
Pale shone his middle orb with faintish rays,
And suffer'd mortal eyes at ease to gaze.
Nor rose the silver queen of night serene,
Supine and dull her blunted horns were seen,
With foggy stains, and cloudy blots between.
Dreadful awhile she shone all fiery red,
Then sicken'd into pale, and hid her drooping head.

Nor less I fear from that hoarse hollow roar,
In leafy groves, and on the sounding shore.
In various turns the doubtful dolphins play,
And thwart, and run across, and mix their way.
The cormorants the wat'ry deep forsake,
And soaring herons avoid the plashy lake;
While, waddling on the margin of the main,
The crows bewets her, and prevents the rain.
Howe'er, if some great enterprise demand,
Behold, I proffer thee my willing hand:
My vent'rous bark the troubled deep shall try,
To thy wish'd port her plunging prow shall ply,
Unless the seas resolve to beat us by.

He spoke; and spread his canvass to the wind,
Unmoor'd his boat, and left the shore behind.
Swift flew the nimble keel; and as they past,
Long trails of light the shooting meteors cast;
E'en the fix'd fires above in motion seem,
Shake through the blast, and dart a quiv'ring beam;

Black horrors on the gloomy ocean brood,
And in long ridges rolls the threat'ning flood;
While loud and louder murmuring winds arise,
And growl from every quarter of the skies.
When thus the trembling master, pale with fear,
Beholds what wrath the dreadful gods prepare;
My art is at a loss; the various tide
Beats my unstable bark on every side:
From the northwest the setting current swells,
While southern storms the driving rack foretells.
Howe'er it be, our purpos'd way is lost,
Nor can one relic of our wreck be tost
By winds, like these, on fair Hesperia's coast.
Our only means of safety is to yield,
And measure back with haste the foamy field;
To give our unsuccessful labour o'er,
And reach, while yet we may, the neighb'ring shore.

But Cæsar, still superior to distress,
Fearless, and confident of sure success,
Thus to the pilot loud—The seas despise,
And the vain threat'ning of the noisy skies.
Though gods deny thee yon Ausonian strand;
Yet, go, I charge thee, go at my command.
Thy ignorance alone can cause thy fears,
Thou know'st not what a freight thy vessel bears;
Thou know'st not I am he, to whom 'tis given
Never to want the care of watchful heaven.
Obedient fortune waits my humble thrall,
And always ready comes before I call.

Let winds, and seas, loud wars at freedom wage,
And waste upon themselves their empty rage;
A stronger, mightier daemon is thy friend,
Thou, and thy bark, on Cæsar's fate depend.
Thou stand'st amaz'd to view this dreadful scene;
And wonder'st what the gods and fortune mean!
But artfully their bounties thus they raise,
And from my dangers arrogate new praise;
Amidst the fears of death they bid me live,
And still enhance what they are sure to give.
Then leave yon shore behind with all thy haste,
Nor shall this idle fury longer last.

Thy keel, auspicious, shall the storm appease,
Shall glide triumphant o'er the calmer seas,
And reach Brundusium's safer port with ease.
Nor can the gods ordain another now,
'Tis what I want, and what they must bestow.

Thus while in vaunting words the leader spoke,
Full on his bark the thund'ring tempest struck;
Off rips the rending canvass from the mast,
And whirling flits before the driving blast;
In every joint the groaning alder sounds,
And gapes wide-opening with a thousand wounds.
Now, rising all at once, and unconfin'd,
From every quarter roars the rushing wind:
First from the wide Atlantic ocean's bed,
Tempestuous Corus rears his dreadful head;
Th' obedient deep his potent breath controls,
And, mountain-high, the foamy flood he rolls.
Him the North-East, encount'ring fierce, defied,
And back rebuffed the yielding tide.
The curling surges loud conflicting meet,
Dash their proud heads, and bellow as they beat;
While piercing Boreas, from the Scythian strand,
Ploughs up the waves, and scoops the lowest sand.
Nor Eurus then, I ween, was left to dwell,
Nor showery Notus in th' Æolian cell;
But each from every side, his power to boast,
Rang'd his proud forces to defend his coast.
Equal in might, alike they strive in vain,
While in the midst the seas unmov'd remain:
In lesser wars they yield to stormy heaven,
And captive waves to other deeps are driven;
The Tyrrhen billows dash Ægean shores,
And Adria in the mix'd Ionian roars.
How then must earth the swelling ocean dread,
When floods ran higher than each mountain's
head!

So when avenging Jove long time had hurl'd,
And tired his thunders on a harden'd world:
New wrath, the god, new punishment display'd,
And call'd his wat'ry brother to his aid:
Offending earth to Neptune's lot he join'd,
And bade his floods no longer stand confin'd;
At once the surges o'er the nations rise,
And seas are only bounded by the skies.
Such now the spreading deluge had been seen,
Had not th' almighty ruler stood between;
Proud waves the cloud-compelling sire obey'd,
Confess'd his hand suppressing, and were stay'd.

Nor was that gloom the common shade of night,
The friendly darkness, that relieves the light;
But fearful, black, and horrible to tell,
A murky vapour breath'd from yawning hell:
So thick the mingling seas and clouds were hung,
Scarce could the struggling lightning gleam along.

Through nature's frame the dire convulsion
strook,
Heaven groan'd, the lab'ring pole and axis shook:
Uproar, and chaos old, prevail'd again,
And broke the sacred elemental chain:
Black fiends, unhallow'd, sought the blest abodes,
Profan'd the day, and mingled with the gods.
One only hope, when every other fail'd,
With Cæsar, and with nature's self, prevail'd;
The storm that sought their ruin, prov'd them
strong,

Nor could they fall, who stood that shock so long.
High as Leucadia's less'ning cliffs arise,
On the tall billow's top the vessel flies;
While the pale master, from the surge's brow,
With giddy eyes surveys the depth below.
When straight the gaping main at once divides,
On naked sands the rushing bark subsides,
And the low liquid vale the topmast hides.
The trembling shipman, all distraught with fear,
Forgets his course, and knows not how to steer;
No more the useless rudder guides the prow,
To meet the rolling swell, or shun the blow.

At length the universal wreck appear'd,
To Cæsar's self, e'en worthy to be fear'd.
Why all these pains, this toil of fate, (he cries,)
This labour of the seas, and earth, and skies?
All nature, and the gods at once alarm'd,
Against my little boat and me are arm'd.
If, oh ye powers divine! your will decrees
The glory of my death to these rude seas;
If warm, and in the fighting field to die,
If that, my first of wishes, you deny;
My soul no longer at her lot repines,
But yields to what your providence assigns.
Though immature I end my glorious days,
Cut short my conquest, and prevent new praise;
My life, already, stands the noblest theme,
To fill long annals of recording fame.
Far northern nations own me for their lord,
And envious factions crouch beneath my sword;
Inferior Pompey yields to me at home,
And only fills a second place in Rome.
My country has my high behests obey'd,
And at my feet her laws obedient laid;
All sov'reignty, all honours are my own,
Consul, dictator, I am all alone.
But thou, my only goddess, and my friend,
Thou, on whom all my secret prayers attend,
Conceal, oh Fortune! this inglorious end.
Let none on earth, let none beside thee, know
I sunk thus poorly to the shades below.
Dispose, ye gods! my carcass as you please,
Deep let it drown beneath these raging seas;
I ask no urn my ashes to infold,
Nor marble monuments, nor shrines of gold;
Let but the world, unknowing of my doom,
Expect me still, and think I am to come;
So shall my name with terror still be heard,
And my return in every nation fear'd.
He spoke, and sudden, wondrous to behold,
High on a tenth huge wave his bark was roll'd;
Nor sunk again, alternate, as before,
But rushing, lodg'd, and fix'd upon the shore.
Rome, and his fortune were at once restor'd,
And earth again receiv'd him for her lord.

PARTING OF POMPEY AND CORNELIA.

WHILE thus united Cæsar's arms appear,
And fortune draws the great decision near;
Sad Pompey's soul uneasy thoughts infest,
And his Cornelia pains his anxious breast.
To distant Lesbos fain he would remove,
Far from the war, the partner of his love.
Oh, who can speak, what numbers can reveal
The tenderness, which pious lovers feel?
Who can their secret pangs and sorrows tell,
With all the crowd of cares that in their bosoms dwell?

See what new passions now the hero knows;
Now first he doubts success, and fears his foes;
Rome, and the world he hazards in the strife,
And gives up all to fortune, but his wife.
Oft he prepares to speak, but knows not how,
Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go;
Defers the killing news with fond delay,
And ling'ring, puts off fate from day to day.
The fleeting shades began to leave the sky,
And slumber soft forsook the drooping eye:
When, with fond arms, the fair Cornelia prest
Her lord, reluctant, to her snowy breast:
Wond'ring, she found he shunn'd her just embrace,

And felt warm tears upon his manly face.
Heart-wounded with the sudden woe she griev'd,
And scarce the weeping warrior yet believ'd,
When, with a groan, thus he. My truest wife,
To say how much I love thee more than life,
Poorly expresses what my heart would show,
Since life, alas! is grown my burden now,
That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful doom,
That cruel parting hour at length is come.
Fierce, haughty, and collected in his might,
Advancing Cæsar calls me to the fight.
Haste then, my gentle love, from war retreat;
The Lesbian isle attends thy peaceful seat:
Nor seek, oh! seek not to increase my cares,
Seek not to change my purpose with thy prayers;
Myself, in vain, the fruitless suit have tried,
And my own pleading heart has been denied.
Think not, that distance will increase thy fear:
Ruin, if ruin comes, will soon be near,
Too soon the fatal news shall reach thine ear.—
Meantime be hid, be safe from every fear;
While kings and nations in destruction share,
Shun thou the crush of my impending fate,
Nor let it fall on thee with all its weight.
Then if the gods my overthrow ordain,
And the fierce victor chase me o'er the plain,
Thou shalt be left me still, my better part,
To soothe my cares, and heal my broken heart;
Thy open arms I shall be sure to meet,
And fly with pleasure to the dear retreat.

Stunn'd and astonish'd at the deadly stroke,
All sense, at first, the matron sad forsook.
Motion, and life, and speech at length returns,
And thus in words of heaviest woe she mourns:
No, Pompey! 'tis not that my lord is dead,
'Tis not the hand of fate has robb'd my bed;
But like some base plebeian I am curs'd,
And by my cruel husband stand divorc'd.
But Cæsar bids us part! thy father comes!
And we must yield to what the tyrant dooms!

Is thy Cornelia's faith so poorly known,
That thou should'st think her safer whilst alone?
Are not our loves, our lives, our fortunes one?
Canst thou, inhuman, drive me from thy side,
And bid my single head the coming storm abide?
Do I not read thy purpose in thy eye?
Dost thou not hope, and wish, e'en now to die?
And can I then be safe? Yet death is free,
That last relief is not denied to me;
Though banish'd by thy harsh command I go,
Yet I will join thee in the realms below.
Thou bidst me with the pangs of absence strive,
And, till I hear thy certain loss, survive.
My vow'd obedience, what it can, shall bear;
But, oh! my heart's a woman, and I fear.
If the good gods, indulgent to my prayer,
Should make the laws of Rome, and thee, their care;

In distant climes I may prolong my woe,
And be the last thy victory to know.
On some bleak rock, that frowns upon the deep,
A constant watch thy weeping wife shall keep;
There from each sail misfortune shall I guess,
And dread the bark that brings me thy success.
But if th' o'er-ruling powers thy cause forsake,
Grant me this only last request I make;
When thou shalt be of troops, and friends bereft,
And wretched flight is all thy safety left;
Oh! follow not the dictates of thy heart,
But choose a refuge in some distant part.
Where'er thine inauspicious bark shall steer,
Thy sad Cornelia's fatal shore forbear,
Since Cæsar will be sure to seek thee there.

So saying, with a groan the matron fled,
And, wild with sorrow, left her holy bed;
She sees all ling'ring, all delays are vain,
And rushes headlong to possess the pain;
Nor will the hurry of her griefs afford
One last embrace from her forsaken lord.
Alas, how cruel was their fate!—for two,
Whose lives had lasted long, and been so true,
To lose the pleasure of one last adieu!
In all the woeful days that cross'd their bliss,
Sure never hour was known so sad as this!

Low on the ground the fainting dame is laid;
Her train, officious, hasten to her aid:
Then gently rearing, with a careful hand,
Support her, slow-descending o'er the strand.
There, while with eager arms she grasp'd the shore,

Scarcely the mourner to the bark they bore.
Not half this grief of heart, these pangs, she knew,
When from her native Italy she flew:
Lonely, and comfortless, she takes her flight,
Sad seems the day, and long the sleepless night.
In vain her maids the downy couch provide,
She wants the tender partner of her side.
When weary oft in heaviness she lies,
And dozy slumber steals upon her eyes;
Fain, with fond arms, her lord she would have prest,

But weeps to find the pillow at her breast.
Though raging in her veins a fever burns,
Painful she lies, and restless oft she turns,
She shuns his sacred side with awful fear,
And would not be convinc'd he is not there.

But, oh! too soon the want shall be supplied,
The gods too cruelly for that provide:
Again, the circling hours bring back her lord,
And Pompey shall be fatally restor'd.*

Book VII.

LUCAN MOURNING OVER THE LOST LIBERTIES OF ROME.

Lo! Liberty, long wearied by our crimes,
Forsakes us for some better, barb'rous climes;
Beyond the Rhine, and Tanais she flies,
To snowy mountains, and to frozen skies;
While Rome, who long pursued that chiefest
good,

O'er fields of slaughter, and through seas of blood,
In slavery, her abject state shall mourn,
Nor dare to hope the goddess will return.
Why were we ever free? Oh why has Heaven
A short-liv'd transitory blessing given?

* * * * *
Can there be gods, who rule you azure sky?
Can they behold Emathia from on high,
And yet forbear to bid their lightnings fly?
Is it the business of a thund'ring Jove,
To rive the rocks, and blast the guiltless grove?
While Cassius holds the balance in his stead,
And wreaks due vengeance on the tyrant's head.
The sun ran back from Atreus' monstrous feast,
And his fair beams in murky clouds suppress'd;
Why shines he now? why lends his golden light
To these worse parricides, this more accursed
sight?

But Chance guides all; the gods their task forego,
And Providence no longer reigns below.

THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION.†

Know too, proud conqueror, thy wrath in vain
Strews with unburied carcasses the plain.
What is it to thy malice, if they burn,
Rot in the field, or moulder in the urn?
The forms of matter all, dissolving die,
And lost in Nature's blending bosom lie.
Though now thy cruelty denies a grave,
These and the world, one common lot shall
have;

One last appointed flame, by fate's decree,
Shall waste you azure heavens, this earth, and
sea;

Shall knead the dead up in one mingled mass,
Where stars and they shall undistinguish'd pass.
And though thou scorn their fellowship, yet
know,

High as thy own can soar, these souls shall go;
Or find, perhaps, a better place below.

* Speaking of Cornelia, in another part of the *Pharsalia*, our poet says:—

So was she lov'd, so winning was her grace,
Such lowly sweetness dwelt upon her face;
In such humility her life she led,
E'en while her lord was Rome's commanding head,
As if his fortune were already fled.—Book viii.—204.

† Had Lucan ever conversed with St. Peter at Rome, or seen that epistle of his, wherein he speaks, on this subject?

Book VIII.

POTHINUS INSTIGATING PTOLEMY TO DESTROY POMPEY.

To strictest justice many ills belong,
And honesty is often in the wrong:
Chiefly when stubborn rules her zealots push,
To favour those whom Fortune means to crush.
But thou, oh royal Ptolemy! be wise;
Change with the gods, and fly whom Fortune
flies.

Not earth, from you high heavens which we
admire,

Not from the wat'ry element the fire,
Are sever'd by distinction half so wide,
As int'rest and integrity divide.

The mighty power of kings no more prevails,
When Justice comes with her deciding scales.
Freedom for all things, and a lawless sword,
Alone support an arbitrary lord.

He that is cruel must be bold in ills,
And find his safety from the blood he spills.
For piety, and virtue's starving rules,
To mean retirements let them lead their fools:
There, may they still ingloriously be good;
None can be safe in courts, who blush at blood.
Nor do we turn, unpitying, from distress;
We fly not Pompey's woes, but seek success.
The prudent on the prosperous still attends,
And none but fools choose wretches for their
friends.

Book IX.

CATO'S PRAISE OF POMPEY.

MEANTIME the shores, the seas, and skies
around,

With mournful cries for Pompey's death resound.
A rare example have their sorrows shown,
Yet in no age beside, nor people known,
How falling power did with compassion meet,
And crowds deplor'd the ruins of the great.

But oh! not all the sorrows of the crowd
That spoke their free impatient thoughts aloud,
That tax'd the gods, as authors of their woe,
And charg'd them with neglect of things below,
Not all the marks of the wild people's love,
The hero's soul, like Cato's praise, could move:
Few were his words, but from an honest heart,
Where faction and where favour had no part,
But truth made up for passion and for art.

"We've lost a Roman citizen, (he said,) One of the noblest of that name is dead;
Who, though not equal to our fathers found,
Nor by their strictest rules of justice bound,
Yet from his faults this benefit we draw,
He, for his country's good, transgress'd her law,
To keep a bold, licentious age in awe.

Rome held her freedom still, though he was
great;

He sway'd the senate, but they rul'd the state.
When crowds were willing to have worn his
chain,

He chose his private station to retain,
That all might free, and equal all remain.
War's boundless power he never sought to use,
Nor ask'd, but what the people might refuse:

Much he possess'd, and wealthy was his store,
Yet still he gather'd but to give the more,
And Rome, while he was rich, could ne'er be
poor.

He drew the sword, but knew its rage to charm,
And lov'd peace best, when he was forc'd to arm;
Unmov'd with all the glittering pomp of power,
He took with joy, but laid it down with more:
His chaster household, and his frugal board,
Nor lewdness did, nor luxury afford,
E'en in the highest fortunes of their lord.
His noble name, his country's honour grown,
Was venerated round the nations known,
And as Rome's fairest light and brightest glory
shone.

When betwixt Marius and fierce Sylla tost,
The commonwealth her ancient freedom lost,
Some shadow yet was left, some show of power;
Now e'en the name with Pompey is no more:
Senate and people all at once are gone,
Nor need the tyrant blush to mount the throne.
Oh happy Pompey! happy in thy fate,
Happy by falling with the falling state,
Thy death a benefit the gods did grant,
Thou might'st have liv'd those Pharian swords
to want.

Freedom, at least, thou didst by dying gain."

CATO IN THE DESERTS OF AFRICA.

Now near approaching to the burning zone,
To warmer, calmer skies they journey'd on.
The slack'ning storms the neighb'ring sun confess,
The heat strikes fiercer, and the winds grow less,
Whilst parching thirst and fainting sweats in-
crease.

As forward on the weary way they went,
Panting with drought, and all with labour spent,
Amidst the desert, desolate and dry,
One chanc'd a little trickling spring to spy:
Proud of the prize, he drain'd the scanty store,
And in his helmet to the chieftain bore.
Around, in crowds, the thirsty legions stood,
Their throats and clammy jaws with dust be-
strew'd,

And all with wishful eyes the liquid treasure
view'd.

Around the leader cast his careful look,
Sternly, the tempting envied gift he took,
Held it, and thus the giver fierce bespoke:
"And think'st thou then that I want virtue most!
Am I the meanest of this Roman host!
Am I the first soft coward that complains!
That shrinks, unequal to these glorious pains!
Am I in ease and infamy the first!
Rather be thou, base as thou art, accurs'd,
Thou that dar'st drink, when all beside thee
thirst."

He said; and wrathful stretching forth his hand,
Pour'd out the precious draught upon the sand.
Well did the water thus for all provide,
Envied by none, while thus to all denied,
A little thus the gen'ral want supplied.

Now to the sacred temple they draw near,
Whose only altars Libyan lands revere;
There, but unlike the Jove by Rome ador'd,
A form uncouth, stands heaven's almighty Lord.

No regal ensigns grace his potent hand,
Nor shakes he there the lightning's flaming
brand;

But, ruder to behold, a horned ram
Belies the god, and Ammon is his name.
There though he reigns, unrivall'd and alone,
O'er the rich neighbours of the torrid zone;
Though swarthy Ethiops are to him confin'd,
With Araby the blest, and wealthy Ind;
Yet no proud domes are rais'd, no gems are seen,
To blaze upon his shrines with costly sheen;
But plain and poor, and unprofan'd he stood,
Such as, to whom our great forefathers bow'd:
A god of pious times, and days of old,
That keeps his temple safe from Roman gold.
Here, and here only, through wide Libya's space,
Tall trees the land and verdant herbage grace;
Here the loose sands by plenteous springs are
bound,

Knit to a mass, and moulded into ground:
Here smiling nature wears a fertile dress,
And all things here the present god confess.

Before the temple's entrance, at the gate,
Attending crowds of eastern pilgrims wait:
These from the horned god expect relief:
But all give way before the Latian chief.
His host, (as crowds are superstitious still)
Curious of fate, of future good and ill,
And fond to prove prophetic Ammon's skill,
Entreat their leader to the god would go,
And from his oracle Rome's fortunes know;
But Labienus chief the thought approv'd,
And thus the common suit to Cato mov'd.

"Chance, and the fortune of the way, he said,
Have brought Jove's sacred counsels to our aid:
This greatest of the gods, this mighty chief,
In each distress shall be a sure relief;
Shall point the distant dangers from afar,
And teach the future fortunes of the war.
To thee, O Cato! pious! wise! and just!
Their dark decrees the cautious gods shall trust;
To thee their fore-determined will shall tell:
Their will has been thy law, and thou hast kept
it well.

Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with Jove.
Inquire betimes, what various chance shall come
To impious Cæsar, and thy native Rome;
Try to avert, at least thy country's doom.
Ask if these arms our freedom shall restore:
Or else, if laws and right shall be no more.
Be thy great breast with sacred knowledge
fraught,

To lead us in the wand'ring maze of thought:
Thou, that to Virtue ever wert inclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave some perfect rule to guide mankind."

Full of the god that dwelt within his breast,
The hero thus his secret mind express'd,
And inborn truths reveal'd; truths which might
well

Become e'en oracles themselves to tell.
"What, Labienus! would thy fond desire
Of horned Jove's prophetic shrine inquire,
Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
Or basely live, and see a king in Rome?

If life be nothing more than death's delay,
 If impious force can honest minds dismay,
 Or probity may Fortune's frown disdain,
 If well to mean is all that Virtue can,
 And right, dependent on itself alone,
 Gains no addition from success—'tis known :
 Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
 And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
 Our souls allied to God, within them feel
 The secret dictates of the Almighty will ;
This is his voice,—be this our oracle.
 When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
 All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
 Nor can we think the omnipresent Mind
 Has truth to Libya's desert sands confined,
 There known to few, obscured and lost to lie.—
 Is there a temple of the Deity
 Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole,
 And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul !
 Where'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
 This wide, this boundless universe, is Jove.
 Let abject minds, which doubt because they fear,
 With pious awe to juggling priests repair ;
 I credit not what lying prophets tell—
 Death is the only certain oracle."

Foremost on foot he treads the burning sand,
 Bearing his arms in his own patient hand ;
 Scorning another's weary neck to press,
 Or in a lazy chariot loll at ease :
 Sparing of sleep, still for the rest he wakes,
 And at the fountain last his thirst he slakes ;
 Whene'er by chance some living stream is found,
 He stands and sees the cooling draughts go round,
 Stays till the last and meanest drudge be past,
 And till his slaves have drunk, disdains to taste.
 If true good men deserve immortal fame,
 If Virtue, though distrest, be still the same ;
 Whate'er our Fathers greatly dared to do,
 Whate'er they bravely bore, and wisely knew,
 Their virtues all are his, and all their praise his due.
 Whoe'er, with battles fortunately fought,
 Whoe'er, with Roman blood, such honours brought !
 This triumph, *this*, on Libya's utmost bound,
 With death and desolation compass'd round
 To all thy glories, Pompey, I prefer,
 Thy trophies, and thy third triumphal car,
 To Marius' mighty name and great Jugurthine
 war.—

His country's Father here, O Rome, behold,
 Worthy thy temples, priests, and shrines of gold !
 If e'er thou break thy lordly Master's chain,
 If Liberty be e'er restored again,

Him shalt thou place in thy divine abodes,
 Swear by his holy name and rank him with thy
 gods.

Book X.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

HERE the vain youth, who made the world his prize,
 That prosperous robber, Alexander lies :
 When pitying death, at length, had freed mankind,
 To sacred rest his bones were here consign'd :
 His bones, that better had been toss'd and hurl'd,
 With just contempt, around the injured world.
 But Fortune spared the dead ; and partial Fate,
 For ages, fix'd his Pharian empire's date.*
 If e'er our long-lost liberty return,
 That carcass is reserved for public scorn :
 Now, it remains a monument confest,
 How one proud man could lord it o'er the rest.
 To Macedon, a corner of the earth,
 The vast ambitious spoiler owed his birth ;
 There, soon, he scorn'd his father's humbler reign,
 And view'd his vanquish'd Athens with disdain.
 Driven headlong on, by fate's resistless force,
 Through Asia's realms he took his dreadful course ;
 His ruthless sword laid human nature waste,
 And desolation follow'd where he pass'd.
 Red Ganges blush'd, and famed Euphrates' flood,
 With Persian this, and that with Indian blood.
 Such is the bolt which angry Jove employs,
 When, undistinguishing, his wrath destroys :
 Such to mankind, portentous meteors rise,
 Trouble the gazing earth, and blast the skies.
 Nor flame, nor flood, his restless rage withstand,
 Nor Syrts unfaithful, nor the Libyan sand :
 O'er waves unknown he meditates his way,
 And seeks the boundless empire of the sea ;
 E'en to the utmost west he would have gone,
 Where Tethys' lap receives the setting sun ;
 Around each pole his circuit would have made,
 And drunk from secret Nile's remotest head,
 When nature's hand his wild ambition stay'd ;
 With him, that power his pride had loved so well,
 His monstrous, universal empire, fell :
 No heir, no just successor left behind,
 Eternal wars he to his friends assign'd,
 To tear the world, and scramble for mankind.†

* From the first Ptolemy who succeeded Alexander, to the worthless prince, who murdered Pompey, about two hundred and eighty years.

† Our Milton entertained a like reverence for "great conquerors."—See *Par. Lost*, xi. 691, &c., and *Par. Reg.* iii. 71, &c.

SILIUS-ITALICUS.

[Born about 24—Died about 99, A. D.]

CAIUS SILIUS-ITALICUS is supposed to have been of a noble family, and born either at Italica in Spain, or at Cornifinium in Italy, which, according to Strabo, had the name of Italica given to it during the Social War. He rose to the consulate the same year that

Nero was assassinated, and afterwards acquired much honour as pro-consul in Asia, under Vespasian. In the decline of life, he retired into Campania, and, being afflicted with an incurable disease, put an end to his own life, by abstaining from all sustenance.

FROM THE PUNIC WAR.

PASSAGE OF HANNIBAL OVER THE ALPS.

BEYOND the Pyrenean's lofty bound,
Through blackening forests, shagg'd with pine
around,
The Carthaginian pass'd; and fierce explored
The Volcan champaign with his wasting sword.
Then trod the threatening banks with hastening
force,
Where Rhone, high-swelling, rolls its sweeping
course.
From Alpine heights, and steep rocks capp'd
with snow,
Gushes the Rhone, where Gaul is stretch'd below,
Cleaves with a mighty surge the foaming plain,
And with broad torrent rushes in the main.
Swollen Arar mingles slow its lingering tide,
That, silent gliding, scarcely seems to glide:
Caught in the headlong whirlpool, breaks away,
Snatch'd through the plains, and starting from
delay;
Plunged in the deep the hurried stream is tost,
And in the greater flood its name is lost.
Alert the troops its bridgeless current brave,
With head and neck uprais'd above the wave,
Secure their steely swords, or firm divide,
With sinewy arms, the strong and boisterous tide.
The war steed, bound on rafts, the river treads;
Nor the vast elephant, retarding, dreads
To tempt the ford; while scatter'd earth they
throw
O'er the tied planks that hide the stream below.
Loosed from the banks the gradual cord extends,
And on the flood the unconscious beast descends.
As the troop'd quadrupeds, down sliding slow,
Launch'd on the stream, that, quivering, dash'd
below,
Beneath the incumbent weight, with starting tide,
The rapid Rhone pour'd back on every side:
Toss'd its white eddies o'er the frothy strand,
And, sullen, murmur'd on its chafing sand.
Now stretch'd the onward host their long array,
Through the Tricastine plains; and wound their
way
O'er smooth ascents, and where Vocontia yields
The level champaign of her verdant fields.
Athwart their easy march Druentia spread
The devastation of its torrent bed:
Turbid with stones and trunks of trees, descends
The Alpine stream: the ashen forests rends;
Rolls mountain fragments, crumbling to the shock,
And beats with raving surge the channel'd rock.
Of nameless depth, its ever-changing bed
Betrays the fording warriors' faithless tread;
The broad and flat pontoon is launch'd in vain,
High swells the flood with deluges of rain;
Snatch'd with his arms, the staggering soldier
slides,
And mangled bodies toss in gulfy tides.
But now, the o'erhanging Alps, in prospect near,
Eface remember'd toils in future fear.
While with eternal frost, with hailstones piled,
The ice of ages grasps those summits wild.
Stiffening with snow, the mountain soars in air,
And fronts the rising sun, unmelted by the glare.

As the Tartarean gulf, beneath the ground,
Yawns to the gloomy lake in hell's profound;
So high earth's heaving mass the air invades,
And shrouds the heaven with intercepting shades.
No spring, no summer, strews its glories here,
Lone winter dwells upon these summits drear,
And guards his mansion round the endless year.
Mustering from far, around his grisly form
Black rains, and hail-storm showers, and clouds
of storm.

Here in their wrathful kingdom whirlwinds roam,
And the blasts struggle in their Alpine home.
The upward sight a swimming darkness shrouds,
And the high crags recede into the clouds.
First Hercules those untried heights explored,
And midst the aerial hills adventurous soar'd;
The gods beheld him cleave through many a
cloud,

While sinking rocks beneath his footsteps bow'd,
And, striving, leave the vanquish'd steeps below,
Where never foot had touch'd the eternal snow.
Did Taurus, piled on Athos, pierce the skies,
And Mimas, heav'd on Rhodope, arise,
Hæmus its steepy mass on Othrys roll,
And Pelion, rear'd on Ossa, shade the pole,
Mountain on mountain would in vain be hurl'd,
And lessening shrink beside the Alpine world.
A lingering, holy dread, the soldier bound,
His step hung doubtful, as on sacred ground:
It seem'd that Nature's self the access denied,
That their invading arms the gods defied.
But no rude Alp, no terror of the scene,
Mov'd Hannibal, undaunted and serene:
Indignant sadness only chang'd his brow,
As with exhorting words he quicken'd now
Their languid hopes and hearts: "What shame
were ours,

Tired with the favour of the heavenly powers,
Sick of our long success, those glorious bays
That crown'd the labour of our well-fought days;
To turn our recreant backs on mountain snows,
And slothful yield, where only rocks are foes?
Oh! now, my friends, e'en now, believe, ye climb
Despotic Rome's proud walls, and tread, sublime,
The capitol of Jove! thus, thus, we gain
The prize of toil, and Tiber owns our chain."

He spoke: nor they delay'd: the troops he drew
Up the steep hills, their promis'd spoil in view:
Transgress'd the Herculean road, and first made
known

Tracts yet untrodden, and a path their own;
When inaccessible the desert rose,
He burst a passage through forbidden snows.
He first the opposing ridge ascending tried,
And bade the unconquerable cliff subside;
Cheer'd on the lingering troops, and, beckoning
high,

Stood on the crag, and shouted from the sky.
Oft when the slippery path belied the tread,
And concrete frost the whitening cliff bespread,
Through the reluctant ice his arm explored
The upward track, that open'd to his sword.
Oft the thawed surface from the footsteps shrank,
Suck'd in the absorbing gulf the warriors sank;
Or from high ridge the mass of rushing snow
In humid ruin whelm'd the ranks below.

On dusky wings the west wind swept the heaven,
Full in their face the snowy whirls were driven;
Now from their empty grasp the arms are torn,
And sudden on the howling whirlwind borne;
Snatch'd on the blast, the wrested weapons fly,
And wheel in airy eddies round the sky—
When, striving o'er th' ascent, the height they
gain,

With planted foot, increasing toils remain:
Yet other heights their upward view surprise,
And opening mountains upon mountains rise.
No joy results from breathless efforts past,
The plains are won, yet still the mountains
last;

Repeated summits fright their aching eyes,
While one white heap of frost in circling prospect
lies.

Thus in mid sea the mariner explores,
With fruitless longing, the receded shores:
When no fresh wind, with spirit-stirring gale,
Bends the tall mast, or fills the flagging sail;
O'er boundless deeps his eyes exhausted rove,
And rest, relieved, upon the skies above.

O'er jagged heights, and icy fragments rude,
Thus climb they, midst the mountain solitude,
And from the rocky summits, haggard show
Their half-wild visage, clotted thick with snow—
Continual drizzlings of the drifting air
Scar their rough cheeks, and stiffen in their hair.
Now, pour'd from craggy dens, a headlong force,
The Alpine hordes hang threat'ning on their
course;

Track the known thickets, beat the mountain snow,
Bound o'er the steeps, and, hovering, hem the foe.
Here chang'd the scene; the snows were crim-
son'd o'er,

The hard ice trickled to the tepid gore;
With pawing hoof the courser delv'd the ground,
And rigid frost his clinging fetlock bound;
Nor yet his slippery fall the peril ends,
The fracturing ice the bony socket rends.
Twelve times they measur'd the long light of day,
And night's bleak gloom, and urged through
wounds their way;

Till on the topmost ridge their camp was flung,
High o'er the steepy crags, in airy distance, hung.

STATIUS.

[From about the middle, to the end of the first century.]

PUBLIUS PAPINIUS STATIUS was the son of Papinius Statius, (a writer of some eminence in his day,) and born at Naples. He became so popular as a poet, or rather as a rehearser, that all Rome, according to Juvenal, would flock to hear him.

When Statius fix'd a morning to recite
His Thebaid to the town, with what delight

They flock'd to hear! with what fond rapture hung
On the sweet strains, made sweeter by his tongue!
Gifford.

Besides the Thebaid, (in the composition and revision of which he is said to have spent twelve years,) Statius composed several minor pieces, under the title of *Sylvæ*, and left a fragment at his death, entitled the *Achilleid*.

FROM THE THEBAID.

Book VI.

THIRD in the labours of the disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong, he pois'd the well known
weight,

By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus'
fate,

That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and every sinew strung;
Then, with a tempest's whirl, and wary eye,
Pursued his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high:
The orb on high, tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble, ere it precipitates its fall;

The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving
ground,
While vales, and woods, and echoing hills re-
bound.

As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay;
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

TO SLEEP.

How have I wrong'd thee, Sleep, thou gentlest
power
Of heaven! that I alone, at night's dread hour,

Still from thy soft embraces am repress'd,
 Nor drink oblivion on thy balmy breast?
 Now every field and every flock is thine,
 And seeming slumbers bend the mountain pine;
 Hush'd is the tempest's howl, the torrent's
 roar,
 And the smooth wave lies pillow'd on the shore.
 Seven times the moon returns; yet pale and
 weak,
 Distemper sits upon my faded cheek:
 The emerging stars, from Ætna's mount that rise,
 And Venus' fires have re-illumed the skies;
 Still, past my plaints, Aurora's chariot flew;
 Her shaken lash dropp'd cold the pitying dew.
 Can I endure? not if to me were given
 The eyes of Argus, sentinel of heaven;

Those thousand eyes, that watch alternate kept,
 Nor all o'er all his body waked or slept.
 Ah me! yet now, beneath night's lengthening
 shade,
 Some youth's twin'd arms enfold the twining
 maid;
 Willing he wakes, while midnight hours roll on,
 And scorns thee, Sleep! and waves thee to be
 gone.
 Come, then, from them! oh leave their bed for
 mine;
 I bid thee not with all thy plumes incline
 On my bow'd lids; this kindest boon beseems
 The happy crowd, that share thy softest dreams;
 Let thy wand's tip but touch my closing eye,
 Or, lightly hovering, skim, and pass me by.

MARTIAL.

[Born about 40,—Died about 105, A. D.]

MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS was a native of Bilbilis (now Arragon) in Spain. He migrated to Rome when very young, and was destined for the bar; but his inclinations leading him to poetry, he soon acquired a high reputation by his satiric epigrams.* He was patronized by Silius-Italicus

* The example of Martial has associated the idea of a sting or point with the epigram, which implied originally nothing more than a short and simple inscription.

and the younger Pliny, received the rank of knight-hood from the emperor Domitian, and acquired a considerable estate by his marriage with a lady of the name of Marcella.

For the general character of Martial's writings, though not, perhaps, of his life, we may refer to the following line in one of his own epigrams:—

"Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba est."

TO CATO.

WHY dost thou come, great censor of the age,
 To see the loose diversions of the stage?
 With awful countenance, and brow severe,
 What, in the name of goodness, dost thou here?
 See the mix'd crowd! how giddy, lewd, and vain!
 Didst thou come in but to go out again?

TO DECIANUS.

THAT you, like Thræsea, or like Cato, great,
 Pursue their maxims, but decline their fate;
 Nor rashly aim the dagger at your heart;
 More to my wish you act a Roman's part.
 I like not him, who fame by death retrieves;
 Give me the man who merits praise, and lives.

ARRIA AND PÆTUS.

WHEN Arria from her wounded side
 To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
 "I feel not what I've done," she cried,
 "What Pætus is to do, I feel."

TO JULIUS.

THOU, whom (if faith or honour recommends
 A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends,
 Remember, that you're verging on threescore;
 Few days of life remain, if any more.
 Defer not what no future time insures,
 And only what is past, consider yours.
 Successive cares and troubles for you stay;
 Pleasure not so; it quickly glides away.
 Then seize it fast; embrace it ere it flies;
 Oft in the embrace it vanishes, it dies.
 "I'll live to-morrow!"—(so the fool will say,)—
 To-morrow is too late; then live to-day.

RUFUS.

LET Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
 Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk:
 Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
 Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
 He wrote his father, ending with this line,
 "I am, my lovely Nævia, only thine."

TO CATULLA.

THOU fairest girl of all I see!

So fair, yet so debas'd!

Ah! would that aught could render thee
Less beauteous, or more chaste.

ON ANTONIUS,—A GOOD MAN.

IN strength elate, in fame and conscience clear,
Antonius numbers now his eightieth year;
Joys o'er the past, and sees, without a sigh,
The inevitable step of fate draw nigh.
No memory of dark days, but pleasant all,—
Not one but willingly he would recall.
Thus is life's stage prolong'd; thus he, blest man!
Lives twice, who can enjoy life's former span.

THE PARASITE.

WHEN from the bath, or hot, or cold, you come,
The kind Menogenes attends you home;
When at the courts you ply the healthy ball,
He picks it up adroitly, should it fall:
Though wash'd, though dress'd, he follows where
it flies,

Recovers and returns the dusty prize,
And overwhelms you with civilities.
Call for your towel; and, though more defil'd
Than the foul linen of a sickly child,
He'll swear 'tis whiter than the driven snow;—
Comb your lank hair across your wrinkled brow,
And with a tone of extasy he'll swear
"Achilles had not such a head of hair!"
Himself will bring the vomit to your hand,
And wipe the drops that on your forehead stand;
Praise and admire you, till, fatigued, you say,—
Do, my good friend, do dine with me to-day!

GENEROSITY TO FRIENDS.

THIEVES may break locks, and with your cash
retire:

Your ancient seat may be consumed by fire:
Debtors refuse to pay you what they owe:
Or your ungrateful field the seed you sow;
You may be plundered by a jilting whore:
Your ships may sink at sea with all their store:
Who gives to friends, so much from fate secures:
That is the only wealth for ever yours.

TO QUINCTILIAN.

WONDER not, sir, (you who instruct the town
In the true wisdom of the sacred gown.)
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out, till I grow rich and old.
Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made haste enough to live.
Let him defer it when preposterous care
Omits himself, and reaches to his heir;
Who does his father's bounded stores despise,
And whom his own, too, never can suffice:
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or rooms that shine with aught but constant fire;

I will content the avarice of my sight
With the fair gildings of reflected light:
Pleasures abroad the sport of Nature yields,
Her living fountains and her smiling fields;
And then at home, what pleasure is't to see
A little, cleanly, cheerful family!
Which, if a chaste wife crown, no less in her
Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer:
Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
Thus let my life slide silently away,
With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

TO FRONTO.

WELL then, sir, you shall know how far extend
The prayers and hopes of your poetic friend;
He does not palaces nor manors crave,
Would be no lord, but less a lord would have:
The ground he holds, if he his own can call,
He quarrels not with heaven, because 'tis small:
Let gay and toilsome greatness others please,
He loves of homely littleness the ease:
Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
And his dear hours in humble visits spend,
When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may
With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
If there be man, ye gods! I ought to hate,
Dependence and attendance be his fate;
Still let him busy be, and in a crowd,
And very much a slave, and very proud:
Thus he, perhaps, powerful and rich may
grow;
No matter, O ye gods! that I'll allow;
But let him peace and freedom never see;
Let him not love this life, who loves not me.

TO MAXIMUS.

WOULD you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you
say:
Come on; I'll show thee, friend! the certain
way.—

If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
Whilst bounteous God does bread at home be-
stow;
If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize,
By thine own use, and not by others' eyes;
If, only safe from weathers, thou canst dwell
In a small house, but a convenient shell;
If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish;—
If, in thy mind such power and greatness be,
The Persian king's a slave compared with thee.

TO JULIUS MARTIALIS.

If, my dear Martial, fate allow'd
A safe retreat from folly's crowd;
If, far from care and busy strife,
Together we could lead our life,
True happiness we would not rate
By frequent visits to the great;
Nor hear the wrangling lawyer bawl,
Nor range proud statues round our hall.

Our chairs should take us to the play ;
The walks, the baths, should wile the day ;
The field, the porch, the tennis-court,
And study interchanged with sport.
But how unlike our real fate,
To this imaginary state !
We live not for ourselves—Alas !
Youth's joyous suns neglected pass,
Change into night, and never more
Return to bless us as before.
Oh ! who that held enjoyment's power
Would waste in pain one precious hour ?

TO POSTUMUS.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry :—
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive ?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live ?
'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old, and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say :
To-day itself's too late :—the wise liv'd yesterday.

ON THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.

FILL high the bowl with sparkling wine !
Cool the bright draught with summer-snow !
Amidst my locks let odours flow !
Around my temples roses twine !
See you proud emblem of decay,
Yon lordly pile that braves the sky !
It bids us live our little day,
Teaching that gods themselves may die.

TO AVITUS.

ME, who have liv'd so long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat ;
And a retreat so distant, as may show
No thoughts of a return, when once I go.
Give me a country, how remote soe'er,
Where happiness a moderate rate does bear,
Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
And all the solid use of riches knows.

The ground about the house maintains it, there,
The house maintains the ground about it, here.
Here even hunger's dear, and a full board
Devours the vital substance of its lord,—
The land itself does there the feast bestow,
The land itself must here to market go.
Three or four suits one winter here does waste,
One suit does there three or four winters last.
Here, every frugal man must oft be cold,
And little, lukewarm fires are to you sold.
There, fire's an element as cheap and free,
Almost, as any of the other three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.
When all the bounties here of men you score,
The place's bounty, there, shall give me more.

TO JULIUS MARTIALIS.

WHAT constitutes true bliss below,
A few plain rules, my friend, shall show :—
A competence, not earn'd with toil,
But left ; a not ungrateful soil ;
No strife ; no law ; a mind sedate ;
A constant fire within one's grate ;
Strength unimpair'd ; a healthful frame ;
Friends equal both in years and fame ;
A plentiful, though simple board,
With wholesomes, but not dainties, stor'd ;
Eves of sobriety, yet gladness ;
And nights, though chaste, unmix'd with sadness,
With sleep to shorten night's dark sway ;
Then, grateful for each coming day,
Enjoy the present as the past,
Nor wish, not tremble at, the last.

ON AN ODD FELLOW.

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou art such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about
thee,
There is no living with thee or without thee.

JUVENAL:

[Born about 40,—Died about 120, A. D.]

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS was the son of foster-son of a rich freedman, and born at Aquinum in Campania. He received an excellent education, studied eloquence and law, but afterwards abandoned them for the more congenial pursuits of poetry. Having inflicted some satirical strokes on the player Paris, a favourite of Domitian, he is said to have been banished by that emperor into Egypt, with a military command—a mildness of punishment one could have hardly expected from so unscrupulous a tyrant. On the accession of Nerva, he returned to Rome and

concluded his days there at an advanced age, in the reign of Adrian.—The characteristics of Juvenal are energy, passion, and indignation ; his aim was to alarm the vicious, and, if possible, to exterminate that vice which had, as it were, acquired a legal establishment in Rome. It is to be lamented, however, that his moral reflections, sublime and profound as many of them are, should be frequently intermixed with pictures of pollution, which no pure mind can contemplate without disgust, or even losing some portion of its innocent simplicity.

FROM THE SATIRES.

FROM SATIRE IV.—DOMITIAN AND THE TURBOT.

It chanc'd, that where the fane of Venus stands,
Rear'd on Ancona's coast by Græcian hands,
A turbot, wandering from the Illyrian main,
Fill'd the wide bosom of the bursting seine.
The mighty draught the astonish'd boatman eyes,
And to the pontiff's table dooms the prize:
For who would dare to sell it? who to buy?
When the coast swarm'd with many a practis'd
spy,

Mud-rakers, prompt to swear the fish had fled
From Cæsar's ponds, ingrate! where long it fed,
And thus recaptur'd, claim'd to be restor'd
To the dominion of its ancient lord! . . .

The wondering crowd, that gathered to survey
The enormous fish, and barr'd the fisher's way,
Satiated, at length retires; the gates unfold!—
Murmuring, the excluded senators behold
The envied dainty enter:—On the man
To great Domitian press'd, and thus began:

"This, for a private table far too great,
Accept, and sumptuously your genius treat:
Haste to unload your stomach, and devour
A turbot, destined to this happy hour.
I sought him not;—he mark'd the toils I set,
And rush'd, a willing victim, to the net."
Was flattery e'er so rank? yet he grows vain,
And his crest rises at the fulsome strain.
When to divine a mortal power we raise,
He looks for no hyperboles in praise.

But when was joy unmix'd? no pot is found
Capacious as the turbot's ample round:

In this distress he calls the chiefs of state,
(At once the objects of his scorn and hate,)
And, after much debate, this question put—

"How say ye, Fathers! SHALL THE FISH BE CUT?"

"O, far be that disgrace," Montanus cries;
"No, let a pot be form'd, of amplest size,
Within whose slender sides the fish, dread sire,
May spread his vast circumference entire!
Bring, bring the temper'd clay, and let it feel
The quick gyrations of the plastic wheel:—
But, Cæsar, thus forewarn'd, make no campaign,
Unless your potters follow in your train!"—
Montanus ended; all approv'd the plan,
And all the speech, so worthy of the man!
Versed in the old court luxury, he knew
The feasts of Nero and his midnight crew;
Where, oft, when potent draughts had fir'd the
brain,

The jaded taste was spur'd to gorge again.—
And, in my time, none understood so well
The science of good eating: he could tell,
At the first relish, if his oysters fed
On the Rutupian or the Lucrine bed;
And, from a crab's or lobster's colour, name
The country, nay, the district, whence it came.

Here closed the solemn farce. The Fathers rise,
And each, submissive, from the presence hies:—
Pale, trembling wretches, whom the chief, in
sport,

Had dragg'd, astonish'd, to the Alban court;
As if the stern Cicambri were in arms,
Or furious Catti threaten'd new alarms;

As if ill news by flying posts had come,
And gathering Nations sought the fall of Rome!
And oh! that ever in such idle sport
Had liv'd the lord of that obsequious court;
Nor worse employ'd in savage scenes of blood,
That robb'd the city of the brave and good—
While high-born cowards saw their brothers'
doom,

And vengeance slumber'd o'er the Læmian tomb.
But when he dar'd assail a vulgar tread,
Up rose the people, and the tyrant bled.*

FROM SATIRE V.—FREQUENT MORTIFICATIONS
TO WHICH THE POOR ARE EXPOSED AT THE
TABLES OF THE RICH.

Does Virro ever pledge you? ever sip
The liquor touch'd by your unhallow'd lip?
Or is there one of all your tribe so free,
So desperate as to say, "Sir, drink to me?"
O, there is much that never can be spoke
By a poor client in a threadbare cloak.

But should some god, or man of godlike soul,
The malice of your niggard fate control,
And bless you with a knight's estate; how dear
Would you be then! how wondrous great appear
From nothing! Virro, so reserved of late,
Grows quite familiar: "Brother, send your plate:
Dear brother Trebians! you were wont to say
You liked this trait, I think—oblige me pray!"—
O Riches!—this dear Brother is your own;
To you this friendship, this respect, is shown.

FROM SATIRE VII.—THE POET.

BUT HE, the bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful and of soul sublime;
Who from the glowing mint of fancy pours
No spurious metal, fused from common ores,
But gold to matchless purity refin'd,
And stamp'd with all the godhead in his mind;
He, whom I feel, but want the power to paint,
Springs from a soul impatient of restraint,
And free from every care; a soul that loves
The Muses' haunts, clear founts and shady groves.
Never, no, never, did HE wildly rave,
And shake his thyrsus in the Aonian cave.
Whom poverty kept sober, and the cries
Of a lean stomach, clamorous for supplies:
No; the wine circled briskly through their veins,
When Horace pour'd his dithyrambic strains!—
What room for fancy, say, unless the mind,
And all its thoughts, to poetry resigned,
Be hurried, with resistless force along,
By the two kindred powers of Wine and Song!
O! 'tis the exclusive business of a breast
Impetuous, uncontroll'd,—not one distrest
With household cares, to view the bright abodes,
The steeds, the chariots, and the forms of Gods:

* Of this illustrious family was Ælius Lania, whom Domitian, after having first robbed him of his wife, put to death.

"Princes may pick their suffering nobles out,
And, one by one, condemn them to the block;
But when they once grow formidable to
Their clowns and cobblers, ware then!"

Beaumont & Fletcher.

And the fierce Fury, as her snakes she shook,
And wither'd the Rutulian with a look!
Those snakes, had Virgil no Mæneas found,
Had dropp'd, in listless length, upon the ground,
And the still slumbering trump groan'd with no
mortal sound.*

Yet we expect, from Lappa's tragic rage,
Such scenes as graced, of old, the Athenian stage:
Though he, poor man, from hand to mouth be fed,
And driven to pawn his furniture for bread!

FROM SATIRE VIII.—ANCESTRY.

"Your ancient house!" No more. I cannot see
The wondrous merits of a pedigree:
No, Ponticus;—nor of a proud display
Of smoky ancestors, in wax or clay;
Æmilius, mounted on his car sublime,
Curius, half wasted by the teeth of time,
Corvinus, dwindled to a shapeless bust,
And high-born Galba, crumbling into dust.

What boots it, on the LINEAL TREE to trace,
Through many a branch, the founders of our race,
Time-honour'd chiefs; if, in their sight, we give
A loose to vice, and like low villains live?
Say, what avails it, that, on either hand,
The stern Numantii, an illustrious band,
Frown from the walls, if their degenerate race
Waste the long night at dice, before their face?
If, staggering to a drowsy bed, they creep
At that prime hour when, starting from their
sleep,

Their sires the signal of the fight unfurl'd,
And drew their legions forth, and won the world?

Say, why should Fabius, of th' Herculean name,
To the GREAT ALTAR, vaunt his lineal claim,
If, softer than Euganean lambs, the youth
His wanton limbs with Ætna's pumice smooth,
And shame his rough-hewn sires? if greedy, vain,
If a vile trafficker in secret bane,
He blast his wretched kindred with a bust
For public vengeance to—reduce to dust!

Fond man! though all the heroes of your line
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine,
In proud display; yet take this truth from me—
VIRTUE ALONE IS TRUE NOBILITY.

Set Cossus, Drusus, Paulus, then in view,
The bright example of their lives pursue;
Let them precede the statues of your race,
And these, when consul, of your rods take place.

O give me inborn worth! Dare to be just,
Firm to your word, and faithful to your trust;
These praises hear, at least deserve to hear,
I grant your claim, and recognise the peer.
Hail! from whatever stock you draw your birth,
The son of Cossus or the son of Earth,
All hail! in you exulting Rome espies
Her guardian Power, her great Palladium rise;
And shouts like Egypt, when her priests have
found

A new Osiris, for the old one drown'd.

But shall we call those noble, who disgrace
Their lineage, proud of an illustrious race?
Vain thought!

* * * * *

* The above allusions are to some fine passages in the
IId, VIth, and XIIth books of Virgil.

"Away, away! ye slaves of humblest birth,
Ye dregs of Rome, ye nothings of the earth,
Whose fathers who shall tell! my ancient line
Descends from Cæcrops." Man of blood divine!
Live, and enjoy the secret sweets which spring
In breasts affined to so remote a king!—
Yet know, amid these "dregs," low grandeur's
scorn,

Will those be found whom arts and arms adorn:
Some, skill'd to plead a noble blockhead's cause,
And solve the dark enigmas of the laws;
Some, who the Tigris' hostile banks explore,
And plant our eagles on Batavia's shore:

While thou, in mean, inglorious pleasure lost,
With "Cæcrops! Cæcrops!" all thou hast to boast,
Art a full brother to the cross-way stone,
Which clowns have chipp'd the head of Hermes
on:

For 'tis no bar to kindred, that thy block
Is form'd of flesh and blood, and theirs of rock.

Of beasts, great son of Troy, who vaunts the
breed,
Unless renown'd for courage, strength or speed?
'Tis thus we praise the horse, who mocks our
eyes,

While, to the goal, with lightning's speed he flies!
Whom many a well-earn'd palm and trophy
grace,

And the Cirque hails, unrivall'd in the race!

Yes, he is noble, spring from whom he will,
Whose footsteps in the dust are foremost still:
While Hirpine's stock are to the market led,
If victory perch but rarely on their head.
For no respect to pedigree is paid,
No honour to a sire's illustrious shade.
Flung cheaply off, they drag the cumbrous wain,
With shoulders bare, and bleeding from the
chain;

Or take, with some blind ass in concert found,
At Nepo's mill, their everlasting round.
That Rome may, therefore, **you**, not **yours**, ad-
mire,

By virtuous actions, first to praise aspire;
Seek not to shine by borrow'd light alone,
But with your father's glories blend your own.

This to the youth, whom Rumbour brands as
vain

And swelling—full of his Neronian strain;
Perhaps with truth;—for rarely shall we find
A sense of modesty in that proud kind.—
But were my Ponticus content to raise
His honours thus, on a forefather's praise,
Worthless the while—'twould tinge my cheeks
with shame—

'Tis dangerous building on another's fame,
Lest the substructure fail, and, on the ground,
Your baseless pile be hurl'd, in fragments, round.—
Stretch'd on the plain, the vine's weak tendrils try
To clasp the elm they drop from;—fail, and die!

Be brave, be just:—and when your country's
laws

Call you to witness in a dubious cause,
Though Phalaris plant his bull before your eye,
And, frowning, dictate to your lips the lie,
Think it a crime no tears can e'er efface,
To purchase safety with compliance base,

At honour's cost, a feverish span extend,
 AND SACRIFICE FOR LIFE, LIFE'S ONLY END.
 LIFE! 'tis not life—who merits death, is dead :—
 Though Gauran oysters for his feasts be spread,
 Though his limbs drip with exquisite perfume,
 And the late rose around his temples bloom!

FROM SATIRE IX.—THE SWIFT APPROACH OF AGE.

SWIFT down the pathway of declining years,
 As on we journey through this vale of tears,
 Youth wastes away, and withers like a flower,
 The lovely phantom of a fleeting hour :
 'Mid the light sallies of the mantling soul,
 The smiles of beauty, and the social bowl,
 Inaudible, the foot of chilly age
 Steals on our joys, and drives us from the stage.

FROM SATIRE X.—THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

IN every clime, from Ganges' distant stream,
 To Gades, gilded by the western beam,
 Few, from the clouds of mental error free,
 In its true light or good or evil see.
 For what, with reason, do we seek or shun ?
 What plan, how happily soe'er begun,
 But, finish'd, we our own success lament,
 And rue the pains, so fatally misspent ?—
 To headlong ruin see whole houses driven,
 Curs'd with their prayers by too indulgent
 heaven!

Bewildered thus, by folly or by fate,
 We beg pernicious gifts in every state,
 In peace, in war. A full and rapid flow
 Of eloquence, lays many a speaker low :
 E'en strength itself is fatal ; Milo tries
 His wondrous arms, and—in the trial dies!

But Avarice wider spreads her deadly snare,
 And hoards amass'd with too successful care ;
 Hoards, which o'er all paternal fortunes rise,
 As o'er the dolphin, towers the whale in size.
 For this, in other times, at Nero's word,
 The ruffian bands unsheath'd the murderous
 sword,

Rush'd to the swelling coffers of the great,
 Chased Lateranus from his lordly seat,
 Besieg'd too wealthy Seneca's wide walls,
 And closed, terrific, round Longinus' halls :
 While sweetly in their cocklofts slept the poor,
 And heard no soldier thundering at their door.

The traveller, freighted with a little wealth,
 Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth :
 E'en then he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
 And starts and trembles at a rush's shade :
 While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
 And, in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song.

The first great wish that all with rapture own,
 The general cry to every temple known,
 Is gold, gold, gold !—and let, all gracious powers,
 The largest chest the forum boasts, be ours !
 Yet none from earthen bowls destruction sip :
 Dread then the draught, when, mantling at your
 lip,

* —We, ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise Powers
 Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
 By losing of our prayers.—*Shakespeare.*

The goblet sparkles, radiant from the mine,
 And the broad gold reflects the ruby wine.

And do we now admire the stories told
 Of the two sages, so renown'd of old,
 How this for ever laugh'd, whene'er he stept
 Beyond the threshold ; that for ever wept ?
 But all can laugh ; the wonder yet appears,
 What fount supplied the eternal stream of tears!

Democritus, at every step he took,
 His sides with unextinguished laughter shook ;
 He laugh'd aloud to see the vulgar fears,
 Laugh'd at their joys, and sometimes at their tears.
 Secure the while, he mock'd at Fortune's frown,
 And when she threaten'd, bade her hang or
 drown!

* * * * *
 What wrought the Crassi's,—what the Pompeys'
 doom,

And his who bow'd the stubborn neck of Rome ?
 What but the wild, the unbounded wish to rise,
 Heard, in malignant kindness, by the skies !
 Few kings, few tyrants, find a bloodless end,
 Or to the grave, without a wound, descend.

The child, with whom a trusty slave is sent,
 Charg'd with his little scrip, has scarcely spent
 His mite at school, ere all his bosom glows
 With the fond hope he never more foregoes,
 To reach Demosthenes' or Tully's name,
 Rival of both in eloquence and fame !—
 Yet by this eloquence, alas ! expired
 Each orator, so envied, so admired !
 Yet by the rapid and resistless sway
 Of torrent genius, each was swept away.
 Genius, for that, the baneful potion sped,
 And lost, from this, the hands and gory head :
 While meaner pleaders unmolested stood,
 Nor stain'd the rostrum with their wretched
 blood.

* * * * *
 The spoils of WAR ; the trunk in triumph placed
 With all the trophies of the battle graced,
 Crush'd helms, and batter'd shields, and stream-
 ers borne

From vanquish'd fleets, and beams from chariots
 torn ;

And arcs of triumph, where the captive foe
 Bends, in mute anguish, o'er the pomp below ;
 Are blessings which the slaves of glories rate
 Beyond a mortal's hope, a mortal's fate !
 Fired with the love of these, what countless
 swarms,

Barbarians, Romans, Greeks, have rush'd to arms,
 All danger slighted, and all toil defied,
 And madly conquer'd, or as madly died !
 So much the raging thirst of fame exceeds
 The generous warmth which prompts to worthy
 deeds,

That none confess fair Virtue's genuine power,
 Or woo her to their breast, without a dower.
 Yet has this wild desire in other days,
 This boundless avarice of a few for praise,
 This frantic rage for names to grace a tomb,
 Involved whole countries in one general doom.
 Vain rage ! the roots of the wild fig-tree rise,
 Strike through the marble, and their memory
 dies!

For like their mouldering tenants, tombs decay,
And with the dust they hide, are swept away—

Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust that yet remains:
AND IS THIS ALL! Yet this was once the bold,
The aspiring chief, whom Afric could not hold,
Though stretch'd in breadth, from where the
Atlantic roars,

To distant Nilus, and his sunburnt shores,
In length, from Carthage to the burning zone,
Where other Moors and elephants are known.
—Spain conquer'd, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds:
Nature oppos'd her everlasting mounds,
Her Alps and snows; o'er these with torrent force
He pours, and rends through rocks his dreadful
course.

Already at his feet Italia lies;—

Yet thundering on, "Think nothing done," he
cries,

"Till Rome, proud Rome, beneath my fury falls,
And Afric's standards float along her walls!"
Big words!—but view his figure! view his face!
O for some master hand the lines to trace,
As through the Etrurian swamps, by floods in-
crease,

The one-eyed chief urged his Getulian beast!

But what ensued? Illusive Glory, say:
Subdued on Zama's memorable day,
He flies in exile to a petty state
With headlong haste; and at a despot's gate
Sits, mighty suppliant! of his life in doubt,
Till the Bythynian's morning nap be out.

Nor swords, nor spears, nor stones from engines
hurld,
Shall quell the man whose frown alarm'd the
world.

The vengeance due to Cannæ's fatal field,
And floods of human gore, a ring shall yield.
Fly, madman, fly, at toil and danger mock,
Pierce the deep snow, and scale the eternal rock,
To please the rhetoricians, and become
A **DECLAMATION**—for the boys of Rome!

One world the ambitious youth of Pella found
Too small; and toss'd his feverish limbs around,
And gasp'd for breath, as if immured the while
In Gyarae, or Seripho's rocky isle:
But entering Babylon, found ample room
Within the narrow limits of a tomb!
Death the great teacher, Death alone proclaims
The true dimensions of our puny frames.—

The daring tales, in Grecian story found,
Were once believed:—of Athos sailed around,
Of fleets, that bridges o'er the waves supplied,
Of chariots, rolling on the steadfast tide,
Of lakes exhausted, and of rivers quaffed
By countless nations, at a morning's draught,
And all that Sostratus so wildly sings,
Besotted poet, of the king of kings!

But how returned he? say;—his soul of fire,
This proud barbarian, whose impatient ire
Chastised the winds that disobeyed his nod
With stripes ne'er suffered by the Æolian god—
But how returned he? say;—his navy lost,
In a small bark he fled the hostile coast,
And, urged by terror, drove his labouring prone
Through floating carcasses, and floods of gore.

So Xerxes sped; so speed the conquering race;
They catch at glory, and they clasp disgrace.

But say, shall man, depriv'd all power of choice,
Ne'er raise to heaven the supplicating voice?
Not so; but to the gods his fortune trust:
Their thoughts are wise, their dispensations just.
What best may profit or delight they know,
And real good for fancied bliss bestow:
With eyes of pity they our frailties scan;
More dear to them, than to himself, is man.
By blind desire, by headlong passion driven,
For wife and heirs we daily weary Heaven;
Yet still 'tis Heaven's prerogative to know
If heirs, or wife, will bring us weal or woe.

But—(for 'tis good our humble hope to prove)
That thou mayst still ask something from above;
Thy pious offerings to the temple bear,
And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer:
"O **THOU**, who know'st the wants of human kind,
Vouchsafe me health of body, health of mind;
A soul prepar'd to meet the frowns of Fate,
And look undaunted on a future state;
That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
Existence nobly, with its weight of care:
That anger and desire alike restrains,
And counts Alcides' toils and cruel pains,
Superior far to banquets, wanton nights,
And all the Assyrian monarch's soft delights!"

Here bound at length thy wishes. I but teach
What blessings man, by his own powers, may
reach.

THE PATH TO PEACE IS VIRTUE. We should see,
If wise, O Fortune, nought divine in thee:
But we have deified a name alone,
And fix'd in heaven thy visionary throne!

* * I should have given longer extracts from
this noble satire—(a satire which Bishop Burnet
even recommends to the clergy of his diocese)—
but for the admirable paraphrase of it by Dr.
Johnson, which must be so well known to all
English readers.

FROM SATIRE XI.—**KNOW THYSELF.***

HEAVEN sent us "**KNOW THYSELF!**"—Be this
impress,

In living characters, upon thy breast,
And still resolv'd; whether a wife thou choose,
Or to the **SACRED SENATE** point thy views.—
Or seek'st thou rather, in some doubtful cause,
To vindicate thy country's injured laws?
Knock at thy bosom, play the censor's part,
And note, with caution, what and who thou art,
An orator of force and skill profound,
Or a mere Matho, emptiness and sound!
Yes, **KNOW THYSELF**: in great concerns and small,
Be this thy care, for this, my friend, is all:
Nor, when thy purse will scarce a gudgeon buy,
With fond intemperance, for turbots sigh.

* ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.—This maxim was inscribed in
gold letters over the portico of the temple at Delphi.
Hence, perhaps, the notion in after times, that it was im-
mediately derived from heaven—no improbable con-
jecture, if we consider that it is the foundation of all know-
ledge, and little favourable to that overweening self-love,
which the wisest of the heathens cherished amidst all
their professions of humility.

INVITATION TO PERSICUS, WITH A PICTURE OF
THE POET'S OWN DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

ENOUGH: to-day my Persicus shall see
Whether my precepts with my life agree;
Whether, with feign'd austerity, I prize
The spare repast, a glutton in disguise!
Bawl for coarse pottage, that my friends may hear,
But whisper "turtle!" in my servant's ear.
For since, by promise, you are now my guest,
Know, I invite you to no sumptuous feast,
But to such simple fare, as long, long since,
The good Evander gave the Trojan prince.*
Come then, my friend, you will not, sure, despise
The food, that pleas'd an offspring of the skies;
Come, and, while fancy brings past times to view,
I'll think myself the king, the hero you.

Take now your bill of fare: my simple board
Is with no dainties from the market stor'd,
But dishes, all my own. From Tibur's stock,
A kid shall come, the fattest of the flock,
With more of milk than blood; and pullets drest
With new-laid eggs, yet tepid from the nest,
And sperage wild, which, from the mountain's
side,

My housemaid left her spindle to provide;
And grapes long kept, yet pulpy still, and fair,
And the rich Signian, and the Syrian pear;
And apples, that, in flavour and in smell,
The boasted Picene equal or excel;
Nor need you fear, my friend, their liberal use,
For age has mellow'd and improv'd their juice.

How homely this! and yet this homely fare
A senator would once have counted rare;
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace
O'er a few sticks a little pot to place,
With herbs by his small garden-plot supplied—
Food which the squalid wretch would now deride,
Who digs in fetters, and, with fond regret,
The tavern's savoury dish remembers yet.

* * * * *

To me for ever be the guest unknown,
Who, measuring my expenses by his own,
Remarks the difference with a scornful leer,
And slights my humble house and homely cheer.
Look not to me for ivory; I have none:
My chess-board and my men are all of bone;
Nay, my knife-handles; yet, my friend, for this,
My pullets neither cut nor taste amiss.

I learn'd no artist, tutor'd in the school
Of boasted Tryphlus, to carve by rule;†
My simple lad, whose highest efforts rise
To broil a steak, in the plain country guise,
Knows no such art; humbly content to serve,
And bring the dishes which he cannot kerve.
Another lad (for I have two to-day)
Clad, like the first, in home-spun russet gray,
Shall fill our earthen bowls: no Phrygian he,
No pamper'd attribute of luxury,
But a rude rustic;—when you want him, speak,
And speak in Latin, for he knows no Greek.
Both go alike, with close-cropp'd hair, undrest,
But spruced to-day in honour of my guest;

* See Virgil's *Æneid*, viii.

† The skilful carving of dishes was a matter of so much importance at Rome, that it was taught by professors of the science.

And both were born on my estate, and one
Is my rough shepherd's, one my neatherd's son.
Poor youth! he mourns, with many an artless
tear,

His long, long absence from his mother dear;
Sighs for his little cottage, and would fain
Meet his old playfellows, the goats, again.
Though humble be his birth, ingenuous grace
Beams from his eye, and flushes in his face;
Charming suffusion! that would well become
The youthful offspring of the chiefs of Rome.—
He, Persicus, shall fill us wine, that grew
Where first the breath of life the stripling drew,
On Tibur's hills: dear hills, that, many a day,
Witness'd the transports of his infant play.

But you, perhaps, expect a wanton throng
Of Gaditanian girls, with dance and song,
To kindle loose desire; girls that now bound
Aloft, with active grace, now, on the ground
Quivering alight, while peals of praise go round.—
Such vicious fancies are too great for me:
Let him the wanton dance, unblushing see,
And hear the immodest terms, which, in the
stews,

The veriest strumpet would disdain to use;
Whose drunken spawlings roll, tumultuous, o'er
The proud expansion of a marble floor:
For there the world a large allowance make,
And spare the folly for the fortune's sake.—
Dice and adultery, with a small estate,
Are damning crimes, but venial with a great;
Venial? nay, graceful: witty, gallant, brave,
And such wild tricks "as gentlemen should
have."

My feast, to-day, shall other joys afford:—
Hush'd, as we sit around the frugal board,
Great Homer shall his deep-toned thunder roll,
And mighty Maro elevate the soul;
Maro, who, warm'd with all the poet's fire,
Disputes the palm of victory with his sire.
Come then, my friend, an hour of pleasure spare,
And quit awhile your business and your care;
The day is all our own.*—

FROM SATIRE XIII.—ADVANTAGES OF WISDOM
AND EXPERIENCE.—EXTREME WICKEDNESS OF
THE AGE.

WISDOM, I know, contains a sovereign charm,
To vanquish Fortune, or at least disarm:
Blest they who walk by her unerring rule!—
Nor those unblest, who, tutor'd in life's school,
Have learn'd of old experience to submit,
And lightly bear the yoke they cannot quit.

What day so sacred, which no guilt profanes,
No secret fraud, no open rapine, stains?
What hour, in which no dark assassins prowl,
Nor point the sword for hire, nor drug the bowl?

* In a similar spirit, our Milton addresses his friend,
Henry Lawrence:—

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He, who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

THE GOOD, ALAS, ARE FEW! "The valued file,"
Less than the gates of Thebes, the mouths of
Nile!

For *now* an age is come, that teems with crimes,
Beyond all precedent of former times;
An age so bad, that Nature cannot frame
A metal base enough to give it name.

ATHEISTS AND SCEPTICS.

THERE are, who think that chance is all in all,
That no First Cause directs the eternal ball;
But that brute Nature, in her blind career,
Varies the seasons, and brings round the year:
These rush to every shrine with equal ease,
And, owning none, swear by what Power they
please.

Others believe, and but believe, a God,
And think that punishment *may* follow fraud;
Yet they forswear, and, reasoning on the deed,
Thus reconcile their actions with their creed:
"Let Isis storm, if to revenge inclin'd,
And, with her angry sistrum, strike me blind,*
So, with my eyes, she ravish not my ore,
But let me keep the pledge that I forswore.
Are putrid sores, catarrhs that seldom kill,
And crippled limbs, forsooth, so great an ill?
Ladas,† if not stark mad, would change, no doubt,
His flying feet for riches and the gout;
For what do those procure him? Mere renown,
And the starv'd honour of an olive crown.

"But grant the wrath of Heaven be great; 'tis
slow,
And days, and months, and years precede the
blow.

If then to punish *ALL* the gods decree,
When, in their vengeance, will they come to me?
But I, perhaps, their anger may appease—
For they are wont to pardon faults like these:
At worst, there's hope; since every age and clime
See different fates attend the self-same crime;
Some made by villainy, and some undone,
And this ascend a scaffold, that a throne."

REVENGE.

"REVENGE—THEY SAY—and I believe their
words,

A pleasure, sweeter far than life affords."
Who *SAY*? the fools, whose passions, prone to ire,
At *SLIGHTEST* causes, or, at none, take *FIRE*;
Whose boiling breasts, at every turn, o'erflow
With rancorous gall: Chrysippus *SAID* not so;
Nor Thales, to our frailties clement still,
Nor that old man, by sweet Hymettus' hill,
Who drank the poison with unruffled soul,
And, dying, from his foes withheld the bowl.
Divine Philosophy! by whose pure light
We first distinguish, then pursue, the right,
Thy power the breast from every error frees,
And weeds out all its vices by degrees:—

* There is a propriety in attributing the infliction of this punishment to an Egyptian deity, blindness being a disease more frequent in that country than elsewhere.

† A celebrated runner of antiquity. Such were his velocity and lightness of foot, (says some ancient writer,) that he left no trace of his steps in the dust behind him.

Illumin'd by thy beam, Revenge we find
The abject pleasure of an abject mind,
And hence so dear to poor, weak womankind.*
But why are those, Calvinus, thought to scape
Unpunish'd, whom, in every fearful shape,
Guilt still alarms, and conscience, ne'er asleep,
Wounds with incessant strokes, "not loud, but
deep,"

While the vex'd mind, her own tormentor, plies
A scorpion scourge, unmark'd by human eyes.
Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign,
Can match the fierce, the unutterable pain
He feels, who night and day, devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.

A Spartan once the oracle besought
To solve a scruple which perplex'd his thought,
And plainly tell him, if he might forswear
A purse, of old, confided to his care.
Incens'd, the priestess answer'd—"Waverer, no!
Nor shalt thou, for the doubt, unpunish'd go."—
With that he hasten'd to restore the trust;
But fear alone, not virtue, made him just:
Hence he soon proved the oracle divine,
And all the answer worthy of the shrine;
For plagues pursued his race without delay,
And swept them from the earth, like dust, away.
By such dire sufferings did the wretch atone
The crime of meditated fraud alone!
For, in the eye of Heaven, a wicked deed
Devised, is done:—what, then, if we proceed?
Perpetual fears the offender's peace destroy,
And rob the social hour of all its joy:
Feverish and parch'd, he chews, with many a
pause,

The tasteless food that swells beneath his jaws:
Spits out the produce of the Albanian hill,
Mellow'd by age;—you bring him mellowed still,
And lo, such wrinkles on his brow appear,
As if you brought Falernian vinegar!

* * * * *
These, these are they, who tremble and turn pale,
At the first mutterings of the hollow gale!
Who sink with terror at the transient glare
Of meteors glancing through the turbid air!
Oh, 'tis not chance, they cry: this hideous crash
Is not the war of winds; nor this dread flash
The encounter of dark clouds; but blasting fire,
Charged with the wrath of heaven's insulted sire!
That dreaded peal, innoxious, dies away;
Shuddering, they wait the next with more dismay,
As if the short reprieve were only sent
To add new horrors to their punishment.
Yet more; when the first symptoms of disease,
When feverish heats their restless members seize,
They think the plague by wrath divine bestow'd,
And feel in every pang the avenging god.
Rack'd at the thought, in hopeless grief they lie,
And dare not tempt the mercy of the sky:

* Whatever may have been the belief of pagan times, on this subject, there is no one, I am sure, who will venture on such an assertion in the nineteenth century. Neither abject-mindedness, nor love of revenge, (except in eastern harems,) but proneness to mercy, and forgetfulness of injury, are the true characteristics of civilized woman.

† The tale is taken from Herodotus, *Erato* 86.

For what can such expect, what victim slay,
That is not worthier far to live than they?—
With what a rapid change of fancy roll
The varying passions of the guilty soul!
Bold to offend, they scarce commit the offence,
Ere the mind labours with an innate sense
Of right and wrong;—not long, for Nature still,
Incapable of change, and fix'd in ill,
Rekurs to her old habits;—never yet
Could sinner to his sin a period set.
When did the flush of modest blood inflame
The cheek, once harden'd to a sense of shame?
Or when the offender, since the birth of time,
Retire, contented with a single crime?*

FROM SATIRE XIV.—TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE
WAY HE SHOULD GO.

Yes, there are faults, Fuscinus, that disgrace
The noblest qualities of birth and place;
Which, like infectious blood, transmitted, run
In one eternal stream from sire to son.

If, in destructive play, the senior waste
His joyous nights, the child, with kindred taste,
Repeats in miniature the darling vice,
Shakes the small box, and cogs the little dice.

Nor does that infant fairer hopes inspire,
Who, train'd by the gray epicure, his sire,
Has learn'd to pickle mushroom, and, like him,
To souse the beccaficos, till they swim!
For take him thus to early luxury bred,
Ere twice four springs have blossom'd o'er his
head,

And let ten thousand teachers, hoar with age,
Inculcate temperance from the stoic page;
His wish will ever be in state to dine,
And keep his kitchen's honour from decline!

* * * * *

So Nature prompts; drawn by her secret tie,
We view a parent's deeds with reverent eye,
With fatal haste, alas! the example take,
And love the sin for the dear sinner's sake.
One youth, perhaps, form'd of superior clay,
And warm'd by Titan with a purer ray,
May dare to slight proximity of blood,
And, in despite of Nature, to be good:
One youth—the rest the beaten pathway tread,
And blindly follow where their fathers led.
O fatal guides! this reason should suffice,
To win you from the slippery route of vice,
This powerful reason; lest your sons pursue
The guilty track, thus plainly mark'd by you!
For youth is facile, and its yielding will
Receives with fatal ease the imprint of ill:
Hence Catilines in every clime abound;
But, where are Cato and his nephew found?

Swift from the roof where youth, Fuscinus,
dwell,

Immodest sights, immodest sounds, expel;
THE PLACE IS SACRED: Far, far hence, remove,
Ye venal votaries of illicit love!

* Heathenism could offer no sufficient inducement to repentance, and therefore, the mind once engaged in sin, was for ever enslaved to it.—Juvenal, though uninfluenced by the faith of Christianity, had been clearly, though unconsciously, benefited by its precepts and examples.

Ye dangerous knaves, who pander to be fed,
And sell yourselves to infamy for bread,
REVERENCE TO CHILDREN, AS TO HEAVEN, IS DUE:
When you would, then, some darling sin pursue,
Think that your infant offspring eyes the deed,
And let the thought abate your guilty speed:
Back from the headlong steep your steps entice,
And check you, tottering on the verge of vice.
O yet reflect! for should he e'er provoke,
In riper age the law's avenging stroke,
(Since not alone in person and in face,
But e'en in morals he will prove his race,
And, while example acts with fatal force,
Side, nay, outstrip you, in the vicious course)
Vex'd, you will rave and storm: perhaps prepare,
Should threat'ning fail, to name another heir!
—Audacious! with what front do you aspire
To exercise the license of a sire,
When all with rising indignation view
The youth in turpitude surpass'd by you?

Is there a guest expected? all is haste,
All hurry in the house, from first to last.
"Sweep the dry cobwebs down!" the master cries,
Whips in his hand, and fury in his eyes—
"Let not a spot the clouded columns stain;
Scour you the figur'd silver, you the plain!"

O, inconsistent wretch! is all this coil,
Lest the front hall or gallery, daub'd with soil,
(Which yet a little sand removes,) offend
The prying eye of some indifferent friend?
And do you stir not, that your son may see
The house from moral filth, from vices free?

True, you have given a citizen to Rome;
And she shall thank you, if the youth become,
By your o'er-ruling care, or soon, or late,
A useful member of the parent state:
For all depends on you; the stamp he'll take
From the strong impress which at first you make;
And prove, as vice or virtue was your aim,
His country's glory, or his country's shame.

* * * * *

But youth, so prone to follow other ills,
And driven to Avarice, against their wills,
For this grave vice assuming Virtue's guise,
Seems Virtue's self to undiscerning eyes.
The miser, hence, a frugal man they name,
And hence they follow with their whole acclaim,
The griping wretch, who strictlier guards his
store,

Than if the Hesperian dragon kept the door.
Add that the vulgar, still a slave to gold,
The worthy, in the wealthy man behold;
And, reasoning from the fortune he has made,
Hail him a perfect master of his trade!
And true, indeed, it is—such MASTERS raise
Immense estates; no matter by what ways;
But raise they do, with brows in sweat still dyed,
With forge still glowing, and with sledge still
plied.

The father, by the love of wealth possess'd,
Convinced—the covetous alone are blest,
And that, nor past, nor present times, e'er knew
A poor man happy,—bids his son pursue
The paths they take, the courses they affect,
And follow, at the heels, this thriving sect.

But why this dire avidity of gain?

This mass collected with such toil and pain?
Since 'tis the veriest madness to live poor,
And die with bags and coffers running o'er.
Besides, while thus the streams of affluence roll,
They nurse the eternal dropsy of the soul.
For thirst of wealth still grows with wealth in-
crease,

And they desire it less, who have it least.

* * * * *

None sin by rule: none heed the charge precise,
THUS, AND NO FURTHER, MAY YE STEP IN VICE;
But leap the bounds prescribed, and with free
pace,

Scour far and wide the interdicted space;
So when you tell the youth that FOOLS alone
Regard a friend's distresses as their own,
You bid the willing hearer riches raise,
By fraud, by rapine, by the worst of ways;
Riches, whose love is on your soul imprest,
Deep as their country's on the Decii's breast.
But mark the end! the fire, deriv'd at first
From a small sparkle, by your folly nurs'd,
Blown to a flame, on all around it preys,
And wraps you in the universal blaze.—
So the young lion rent, with hideous roar,
His keeper's trembling limbs, and drank his gore.

* * * * *

See every harbour throng'd, and every bay,
And half mankind upon the watery way!
For, where he hears the attractive voice of gain,
The merchant hurries, and defies the main.—
Nor will he only range the Libyan shore,
But, passing Calpe, other worlds explore;
And all for what? O glorious end! to come,
His toils o'erpast, with purse replenish'd, home,
And, with a traveller's privilege, vent his boasts
Of unknown monsters seen on unknown coasts.

What varying forms in madness may we trace!
Safe in his lov'd Electra's fond embrace,
Orestes sees the avenging Furies rise,
And flash their bloody torches in his eyes;
While Ajax strikes an ox, and, at the blow,
Hears Agamemnon or Ulysses low:
And scarcely he, (though haply he forbear,
Like these, his keeper and his clothes to tear)
Is just as mad, who, to the water's brim
Loads his frail bark—a plank 'twixt death and
him!

When all this risk is but to swell his store
With a few coins, a few gold pieces more.

* * * * *

Wealth by such dangers earn'd, such anxious
pain,
Requires more care to keep it than to gain:
Whate'er my miseries, make me not, kind Fate,
The sleepless Argus of a vast estate!
The slaves of Licinus, a numerous band,
Watch through the night, with buckets in their
hand,

While their rich master trembling lies, afraid
Lest fire his ivory, amber, gold, invade.
The naked Cynic mocks such restless cares,
His earthen tub no conflagration fears;
If crack'd, to-morrow he procures a new,
Or coarsely soldering, makes the old one do.

Even Philip's son, when in his little cell,
Content, he saw the mighty master dwell;
Own'd, with a sigh, that he who nought desired,
Was happier far than he who worlds required,
And whose ambition certain dangers brought,
Vast and unbounded as the object sought.
Fortune, advanced to heaven by fools alone,
Would lose, were wisdom ours, her shadowy
throne.

"What call I, then, ENOUGH?" What will afford
A decent habit, and a frugal board;
What Epicurus' little garden bore,
And Socrates sufficient thought before:
These squared by Nature's rules their blameless
life—

Nature and wisdom never are at strife.

FROM SATIRE XV.—THE ORIGIN OF CIVIL SOCIETY.

NATURE, who gave us tears, by that alone
Proclaims she made the feeling heart our own;
And 'tis her noblest boon:—This bids us fly
To wipe the drops from sorrowing friendship's
eye,
Sorrowing ourselves; to wail the prisoner's state,
And sympathize in the wrong'd orphan's fate,
Compell'd his treacherous guardian to accuse,
While many a shower his blooming cheek be-
dews,

And, through his scatter'd tresses wet with
tears,
A doubtful face, or boy's or girl's, appears.
As Nature bids, we sigh when some bright maid
Is, ere her spousals, to the pyre convey'd;
Some babe, by fate's inexorable doom,
Just shown on earth, and hurried to the tomb.
For who, that to the sanctity aspires,
Which Ceres for her mystic torch requires,
Feels not another's woes? This marks our birth,
The great distinction from the beasts of earth!
And, therefore,—gifted with superior powers,
And capable of things divine,—'tis ours
To learn and practise every useful art,
And from high heaven deduce that better part,
That moral sense, denied to creatures prone,
And downward bent, and found with Man alone!
For He, who gave this vast machine to roll,
Breathed LIFE in them, in us a REASONING SOUL;
That kindred feelings might our state improve,
And mutual wants conduct to mutual love;
Woo to one spot the scatter'd hordes of men
From their old forest and paternal den;
Raise the fair dome, extend the social line,
And to our mansion those of others join,
Join, too, our faith, our confidence, to theirs,
And sleep, relying on the general cares:—
In war, that each to each support might lend,
When wounded, succour, and when fall'n, de-
fend;

At the same trumpet's clangour rush to arms,
By the same walls be shelter'd from alarms,
Near the same tower the foe's incursions wait,
And trust their safety to one common gate.
—But serpents now more links of concord bind;
The cruel leopard spares the spotted kind;
No lion spills a weaker lion's gore,
No boar expires beneath a stronger boar;

In leagues of friendship tigers roam the plain,
And bears with bears perpetual peace maintain.
While Man, alas! flesh'd in the dreadful trade,
Forges without remorse the murderous blade,

On that dire anvil, where primeval skill,
As yet untaught a brother's blood to spill,
Wrought only what meek Nature would allow,
Goads for the ox, and coulters for the plough.

CLAUDIAN.

[Born about 365, A. D.]

CLAUDIUS CLAUDIANUS is believed to have been born at Alexandria, in Egypt. He came to Rome in the reign of Theodosius the Great, and by his talents and accomplishments quickly gained admission into the first society of that mighty metropolis. From the inscription on a marble pedestal dug up near Trajan's forum, in 1493, it appears that he was a military tribune and state secretary under Arcadius and Honorius, and stood so high in their favour as to have had a statue erected to his honour by those

princes. By the good offices of the Princess Serena, the daughter of Theodosius and wife of his favourite hero, Stilicho, the Goth, Claudian was married to an African lady of distinction and fortune.

Though deficient in judgment and taste, Claudian was undoubtedly a man of genius; he has a gay fancy, shows occasionally a command of agreeable imagery, and, had he lived in earlier and better times, would, in all probability, have proved a greater and more pleasing poet.

THE PHOENIX.

BEYOND the Ind and Orient blooms a wood
Wash'd by the verge of ocean's farthest flood:
On the green grove the coursers of the sun
First snorting breathe, or on their race they run:
There first his golden scourge the dew-drops
flings
When to the pearly car the portal rings:
Whence Day looks blushing forth; and wan-
faced Night
Shrinks from the whirling wheels that blaze with
light;
Feels the warm breath upon her visage blow,
And, gathering up her robe, is seen to vanish
slow.

Here, far too blest, the solar bird sublime
Dwells, safe-embosom'd in the burning clime:
His lonely reign, untouch'd by birds that fly,
Or beasts that creep in frail mortality:
Free from the human world's contagious breath,
A bird, like heavenly beings, charm'd from death.
With stars endures the creature's vivid day;
His frame renew'd sees ages waste away.
No ripening dainties sate his hungering bill;
Nor with slaked thirst he tastes the gushing
rill:
Nourish'd with sunbeams and the ocean spray,
He sips aerial food, and drinks the day.
Keen from his eyes the secret splendours break:
A fiery glory reddens round his beak;
His crested head a sun-like diadem rears,
Whose plume's red light the parted darkness
clears:

His legs are ting'd with crimson's Tyrian dye,
His sweeping wings before the breezes fly;
Cerulean colours paint their feather'd fold,
Blue as a flower, and rich with sprinkled gold.
From no seed quicken'd, no conception's fire,
Son to himself, and of himself the sire:
His life-worn body vegetates in death:
Alternate funerals teem with vital breath.
When thousand summers have their circuit
wound,
Winters rush'd by, and springs absolved their
round;
Restoring to the culture-loving swain
The foliage strew'd by autumn on the plain;
Weigh'd down by years, the Phoenix feels at
length

The numerous lustres pressing on his strength:
So the tall pine-tree, rock'd by many a gale,
Stoops from the Scythian mountains to the vale:
Drawn by its headlong weight, still downward
bends,
And tottering to a fall, in air impends:
Bow'd by strong whirlwinds, riven with eating
rains,
Hollow'd with cankered age, it topples on the
plains.

Now droop the flamy splendours of his beak:
His star of sight frozen, languid, glazed, and
weak:
As when the moon is wrapt in misty shades,
And with her doubtful crescent glimmering fades.
Those wings, that soaring clear'd the clouds of
air,
Scarce from the dust their lifted plumage bear.

Then, conscious of his age expir'd, he rears
 The teeming nest of his reviving years;
 From mountains, basking in the sunny blaze,
 Culls the parch'd grasses, and the arid sprays;
 Heaps Saba's leaves and cinnamon's perfume,
 And weaves in one his cradle and his tomb.
 On this he brooding sits; salutes the sun;
 And shrill implores, while faint his moments
 run:

And asks with suppliant song the quickening
 flame,

Whose vital strength may renovate his frame.

Phœbus discerns his foster-child from far,

Consoles the pious bird, and stays his car.

"Oh thou! whose age the death-pile shall consume;

Whose birth from that illusive grave shall bloom;

Whose expiration yields reviving breath;

Whose youth still blossoms from the dust of
 death;

Receive new birth; thy bloodless frame resign;

And rise transform'd with shape more bright
 than thine."

He spoke: and, from his bending neck, in air

Shook one bright ringlet of his golden hair;

And smote the bird, that gasp'd in faint desire,

With vital brightness of infusing fire.

The willing bird in conflagration dies,

Parts to return, and setting hastes to rise.

The fragrant pile, beneath heaven's darted rays,

Smokes, and the aged bird consumes within the
 blaze.

The Moon her shining heifers checks on high,

And moveless hang the axles of the sky.

Nature with terror views the teeming pyre

Lest her eternal bird be lost in fire;

And warns the faithful flames to yield again

The glory of the world, the bird of deathless
 strain.

Through the strewn parts a rolling vapour glows:

Warm through the veins the blood relapsing flows:

The ashes, panting into life, are stirr'd,

And plumage clothes the embers of the bird.

The sire springs forth, regenerate in the flame,

Himself the son: another, and the same.

The fire with slender bound'ry waves between

The life which is, and that which late has
 been.

Straight joys the bird to consecrate the pile,

And bear the father-ashes to the Nile.

Depositing, on Egypt's Pharian earth,

The spicy heap that warm'd him into birth.

Swift to the foreign hemisphere he glides,

Bearing the dust which twisted herbage hides:

Innumerable birds his flight attend;

Or, as he flies, their balanc'd wings suspend:

From tracks of air a feather'd army springs,

And throng his passage with a cloud of wings.

Of all their thousands none advance before,

But, as their guide, the fragrant king adore.

Him e'en the thunder-clasping eagle spares;

Awed into peace, the hawk his prey forbears.

So where the Tigris chafes his yellow sands,

The Parthian marshals his barbaric bands:

Glorying in rich array, and many a gem,

He binds his brow with regal diadem:

His foaming courser champs the bit of gold;
 The purple stains his garment's trailing fold;
 Assyrian needles flower the broider'd vest;
 Proud o'er the slavish troops he lifts his haughty
 crest.

A solar city, famed for placid rite

Through Egypt's borders, hails the Power of light.

On hundred columns propt the fane reclines,

Hewn from the Theban mountain's granite
 mines:

Thither the bird is borne, as fame has told;

There lays the father-dust which herbs infold;

Bends on the visage of the sun his gaze,

And in the flame his spicy burthen lays;

There in the solar altar's hallowing fire

The relics of himself, and seeds of life, expire.

With clouds of myrrh the glimmering temple
 breathes,

And heavenly smoke the curling altar wreathes.

Far as Pelusium's lakes, the human sense

Is thrill'd with fumes of Indic frankincense:

In vapour of salubrious fragrance drown'd,

Men bless the mist that wraps their spirits round:

The sable tribes, where Nile's branch'd waters
 flow,

Feel gales more sweet than nectar round them
 blow.

Heir of thyself! still ever blessed be!

What snaps our mortal thread is strength to
 thee.

Thy being springs from ashes and from fires;

And life in thee survives, while age expires.

Whate'er has been thou saw'st; and ages fly

For ever rolling to thy conscious eye.

Thou know'st when ocean heav'd its bursting
 flood,

And floating rocks beneath the waters stood:

Thou know'st what year along th' ethereal way,

Saw Phaeton in blazing error stray:

But thee Destruction claims not as her own:

Earth is a grave, but thou survivest alone:

The Fates in vain would spin thy mortal hour;

For thou art harmless, and defiest their power.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA.

HAPPY the man who his whole time doth bound
 Within th' enclosure of his little ground:

Happy the man whom the same humble place

(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)

From his first rising infancy has known,

And by degrees sees gently bending down,

With natural propension to that earth

Which both preserv'd his life and gave him
 birth.

Him no false distant lights, by Fortune set,

Could ever into foolish wand'rings get;

He never dangers either saw or fear'd;

The dreadful storms at sea he never heard:

He never heard the shrill alarms of war,

Or the worse noises of the lawyer's bar:

No change of Consuls marks to him the year,

The change of seasons is his calendar:

The cold and heat winter and summer shows,
 Autumn by fruits, and spring by flow'rs, he
 knows:

He measures time by landmarks, and has found
 For the whole day the dial of his ground :
 A neighb'ring wood, born with himself, he sees,
 And loves his old contemporary trees ;
 He's only heard of near Verona's name,
 And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame ;

Does with a like concernment notice take
 Of the Red Sea, and of Benacus' lake.
 Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
 And sees a long posterity of boys.
 About the spacious world let others roam,
 The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

AUSONIUS.

[Born in the early part, died about the close, of the fourth century.]

DECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS was the son of Julius Ausonius, an eminent physician of Gaul. He was born at Burdigala, (now Bourdeaux) and at the age of thirty filled the chair of rhetorical professor in that city. He was afterwards appointed by Valentinian preceptor to his son

Gratian, and attended that emperor in his German campaigns. Under Gratian he was raised to the consular dignity, and, after his death, retired into his own country, where he ended his days. By his wife, Attusia Lucana Sabina, he left two sons.

ROSES.

'Twas spring; the morn return'd in saffron veil,
 And breathed a nipping coolness in the gale.
 A keener air had harbinger'd the dawn,
 That drove her coursers o'er the eastern lawn.
 The breezy cool allured my feet to stray,
 And thus anticipate the fervid day.

Through the broad walks I trod the garden
 bowers,

And roam'd, refresh'd against the noontide hours.
 I saw the hoary dew's congealing drops
 Bend the tall grass and vegetable tops ;
 On the broad leaves play'd bright the trembling
 gems,

And airy waters bow'd the laden stems.
 There Pæstan roses blush'd before my view,
 Bedrop'd with early morning's freshening dew ;
 The sprinkled pearls on every rose-bush lay,
 Anon to melt before the beams of day.

'Twere doubtful, if the blossoms of the rose
 Had robb'd the morning, or the morning those—
 In dew, in tint, the same, the star and flower,
 For both confess the queen of beauty's power.
 Perchance their sweets the same : but this more
 nigh

Exhales its breath ; and that embalms the sky :
 Of flower and star the goddess is the same,
 And both she tinged with hues of roseate flame.
 I saw a moment's interval divide
 The rose that blossom'd, from the rose that
 died.

This, with the cap of tufted moss look'd green ;
 That, tipp'd with reddening purple peep'd be-
 tween :

One rear'd its obelisk with opening swell,
 The bud unsheathed its crimson pinnacle ;

Another, gathering every purpled fold,
 Its foliage multiplied ; its blooms unroll'd ;
 The teeming chives shot forth ; the petals spread,
 The bow-pot's glory rear'd its smiling head :
 While this, that ere the passing moment flew,
 Flam'd forth one blaze of scarlet on the view ;
 Now shook from withering stalk the waste per-
 fume,

Its verdure stript, and pale its faded bloom.
 I marvel'd at the spoiling flight of time,
 That roses thus grew old in earliest prime.
 E'en while I speak, the crimson leaves drop
 round,

And a red brightness veils the blushing ground.
 These forms, these births, these changes, bloom,
 decay,

Appear and vanish, in the self-same day.
 The flower's brief grace, oh Nature ! moves my
 sighs,

Thy gifts, just shown, are ravish'd from our eyes.
 One day, the rose's age ; and while it blows
 In dawn of youth, it withers to its close.

The rose the glittering sun beheld, at morn,
 Spread to the light its blossoms newly born,
 When in his round he looks from evening skies,
 Already droops in age, and fades, and dies.

Yet blest, that, soon to fade, the numerous flower
 Succeeds herself, and still prolongs her hour.
 Oh virgins ! roses eull, while yet ye may :
 So bloom your hours, and so shall haste away.

ON A SHIPWRECKED FRIEND.

If, mouldering far o'er distant seas,
 The unburied corse is doomed to lie,
 Yet may some pious rites appease
 The spirit sadly wandering by.

Call'd by a friend's or brother's voice,
 And honour'd with an empty pile,
 Yet may the weary ghost rejoice.
 And grace our orgies with a smile.
 Though to the funeral urn denied,
 Thus shall his ashes rest in peace;
 "And every sad complaint subside,
 And every mournful murmur cease."

VENUS ANADYOMENE.

This is Apelles' work. See Venus rise!
 Springing from the sea, to captivate the skies,
 See with her taper finger how she presses
 The briny dew-drops from her humid tresses;
 This let her two celestial Rivals see,
 And they shall say—"Venus, we yield to thee."

AVIENUS.

[Flourished 380, A. D.]

OF **RUFUS FESTUS AVIENUS** we know little more than that he translated Aratus and Dionysius Periegetes, paraphrased the decads of Livy, and was the author of some Apologues, dedicated to Theodosius the elder, the father of Honorius.

THE OAK AND THE REED.

FROM mountain summits, by the roots upturn,
 Down rush'd an oak, on madding whirlwind
 borne;
 A stream, that wound beneath its swelling course,
 Receiv'd, and, hurrying, snatch'd with eddying
 force.
 Impell'd from bank to bank, the ponderous freight
 Now on a bed of reeds repos'd its weight;
 And, clinging to a turf that edged the flood,
 Admired, how firm the watery bulrush stood:
 That *his* vast trunk should topple from its height,
 And the slim stem resist the tempest's might.
 The reed with slender whisperings bland replies,
 "In this my weakness, know, my safety lies.
 Thou scorn'st the storm and buffetest the blast,
 And thy whole strength to earth is prostrate cast;
 I, soft and slow, the rising gusts delay,
 And, provident, give every gale its way.
 The blast, that smites thy gnarled strength, but
 plies
 With my light motions, dallies, sports, and dies."
 Brunt not events, these whisper'd warnings say,
 Stern Fortune's threats shall soften from delay.

ON A QUIET LIFE.

SMALL fields are mine; a small and guiltless rent;
 In both I prize the quiet of content.

My mind maintains its peace; from feverish
 dread
 Secure, and fear of crimes, that sloth has bred.
 Others let toilsome camps or curule chairs
 Invite, and joys which vain ambition shares.
 May I, my lot among the people thrown,
 The badge of rank unsought for and unknown,
 Live to myself, and call my time mine own.

COUNTRY RETIREMENT.

SAFE-ROOF'D my cottage; swelling rich with
 wine
 Hangs from the twisted elm my cluster'd vine.
 Boughs glow with cherries, apples bend my
 wood;
 And the crush'd olive foams with juicy flood.
 Where my light beds the scattering rivulet drink,
 My simple pot-herbs flourish on the brink;
 And poppies smiling wave the rosy head,
 That yield no opiate to a restless bed.
 If for the birds I weave the limed snare,
 Or for the startlish deer the net prepare,
 Or with a slender thread the fish delude,
 No other wiles disturb these woodland rude.
 Go now, and barter life's calm stealing days
 For pompous suppers, that with luxury blaze:
 Pray Heaven! for me the lot may thus be cast,
 And future time glide peaceful as the past.

APPENDIX.

HOMER.

SIMILE OF THE MOON AND STARS IN GLORY TO THE BRIGHTNESS AND NUMBER OF THE TRO- JAN FIRES.

'Ως δ' οὐρανῷ, κ. τ. λ. See page 17 of this volume.

Some friendly critics having complained of the editor for his omission of old Chapman's Version of this beautiful simile, in his former edition of the Ancient Poets, it is added in the present.

As when, about the silver Moon,
the air is free from winde,
And stars shine cleare, to whose sweet beams
high prospects and the brows
Of all steepe hills and pinnacles
thrust up themselves for shows,
And even the lowly valleys joy
to glitter in their sight;
When the unmeasured Firmament
bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seene,
that glad the Shepherd's heart,
So many fires disclosed their beames, &c.

GRECIAN FIRE SIGNALS.

FROM THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.

See page 64 of this volume.

The original description, as given by Æschylus, being in Greek lambics, it has been objected (and perhaps justly) against the editor of this volume, that he should have rendered it in the Octosyllabic measure. He, therefore, subjoins the following two blank-verse translations of the same.

'Ηφαίστος, Ἴδης, κ. τ. λ.

CLYTEMNESTRA, having announced to the Chorus, that Troy had fallen on the preceding night, is asked by them *what* messenger had so quickly brought her the intelligence, to which she replies that it was Vulcan, from Mount Ida.

'Twas Vulcan; sending forth the blazing light
From Ida's grove, and thence along the way
Hither the estafette of fire ran quick:
Fire kindled fire, and beacon spoke to beacon,
Ida to Lemnos, and the Hermæan ridge;
Next Athos, craggy mountain, Jove's own steep,
Took the great torch held out by Vulcan's isle.
Standing sublime, the seas to overcast,
Shone the great strength of the transmitted lamp;
And the bright heraldry of burning pines
Shone with a light all golden like the sun
Rising at midnight on Macistus' watch-tower;
Nor did Macistus not bestir him soon,
Oppress'd with sleep, regardless of his watch;
But kindled fires, and sent the beacon-blaze
To distance far beyond Euripus' flood,

To watchmen mounted on Messapian hills;
They answer'd blazing, and pass'd on the news,
The gray heath burning on the mountain top.
And now the fiery, unobscured lamp,
At distance far shot o'er Asopus' plain;
And up the steep soft rising, like the moon,
Stood spangling bright upon Cithæron's hill.
There rose, to give it conduct on the road,
Another meeting fire; nor did the watch
Sleep at the coming of the stranger light,
But burnt a greater blaze than those before:
Thence o'er the lake Gorgopis stoop'd the light,
And to the mount of Ægiplancton came,
And bade the watch shine forth, nor scant the blaze.
They burning high with might unquenchable,
Send up the waving beard of fire aloft,
Mighty and huge, so as to cast its blaze
Beyond the glaring promontory steep
Athwart the gulf Saronic all on fire;
Thence stoop'd the light, and reach'd our neighbour
watch-tower,
Arachne's summit; and from thence, derived
Here to the Atride's palace, comes this light
From the long lineage of the Idæan fire.

Another translation of the same.

VULCAN—from Ida sending his clear blaze;
Then beacon hitherward did beacon speed
From that flame-signal. Ida to the steep
Of Mercury's loved Lemnos. From the isle
Jove's height of Athos did in turn receive
The third great tale of light. The vigorous glare,
Joy's harbinger, arose to skim the deep,
Sending its golden beams, e'en as a sun,
Up to Macistus' watch-towers. Nothing loth
Did he, nor basely overcome by sleep
Perform his herald part. Afar the light
Burst on Euripus' stream its beaconned news,
Telling the watchers on Messapion high.
They blazed in turn, and sent the tidings on,
Kindling with ruddy flame the heather gray.
Thence, naught obscured, went up the mighty glow,
And, like the smiling moon, Asopus' plain
O'erleaped, and on Cithæron's head awoke
Another pile of telegraphic fire.
Nor did the watchmen there with niggard hand
Deny the torch which beamed most bright of all.
Athwart the lake Gorgopis shot the ray,
Stirring the guards on Ægiplancton's hill,
Lest it should fail to shine the appointed blaze
Kindled, with generous zeal, they sent aloft
The mighty beard of flame, that streamed so high

To pass beyond the towering heights that guard
The gulf Saronic. Thence it shot—it reached
Arachne's cliff, the station next our town,
Down darting thence to the Atrides' roof—
Child of that fire which dawned on Ida's hill.

THE DYING EAGLE.

A FRAGMENT FROM "THE MYRMIDONS" OF ÆSCHYLUS.

Ἦς δ' ἐστὶ μῦθον, κ. τ. λ.

AN eagle once—so Libyan legends say—
Struck to the heart, on earth expiring lay,
And, gazing on the shaft that wing'd the blow,
Thus spoke—"whilst others' ills from others flow,
To my own plumes, alas! my fate I owe."

The same paraphrased.

HEART-STUCK, not more in air elate,
How sad the wounded Eagle's moan,
When, in the shaft that wing'd his fate,
He saw a feather of his own.*

THE TRAVELLER AND THE STATUE OF OPPORTUNITY.

A PARAPHRASE FROM POSIDIPPUS.

[Omitted at page 232 of this volume.]

Traveller.

SAY, Image, by what sculptor's hand
In breathing marble here you stand?

Opportunity.

By him whose art, to thousands known,
Bids Jove and Pallas live in stone:
But, seldom seen by human eyes,
I claim the kindred of the skies;
By few I'm found, though great my fame,
And Opportunity's my name.

Traveller.

SAY,—if the cause you may reveal,—
Why thus supported on a wheel?

* Both Waller and Byron have imitated these lines of Æschylus.

Lines addressed by Waller to a Lady singing a song of his own composing.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That like a Spirit, with the spell
Of my own teaching I am caught.
That Eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own.
Wherewith he went to soar so high.

Lines, by Lord Byron, on Henry Kirke White, who died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, through over-exertion in pursuit of his studies.

UNHAPPY WHITE!

'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again.
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft, that quiver'd in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
Whilst the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

Opportunity.

The wheel my rapid course implies,
Like that, with constant speed it flies.

Traveller.

Wings on your feet?

Opportunity.

Neglected, I return no more. I'm apt to soar—

Traveller.

But why, behind, deprived of hair?

Opportunity.

Escaped, that none may seize me there.

Traveller.

Your locks, unbound, conceal your eyes?

Opportunity.

Because I chiefly court disguise.

Traveller.

Why coupled with that solemn fair,
Of downcast mien and mournful air?

Opportunity.

Repentance, she (the stone replies),
My substitute, behind me flies,
Observe, and her you'll ever see
Pursue the wretch deprived of me;
By her corrected, mortals mourn
For what they've done, and what forborne.
Ask me no more, for while you stay,
I vanish unperceived away.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

FROM LUCRETIVS, BOOK V.

The following translation, having been only in part printed at page 418 of this volume, is here given entire.

AND oh! how deep our shuddering spirits feel
A dread of Heaven through every member steal,
When the strong lightning strikes the blasted
ground,

And thunder rolls the murmuring clouds around.
Shake not the nations? And the monarch's nod,
Bows it not low before the present God,
Lest for foul deeds or haughty words, be sent
His hurried hour of awful punishment?
So when the rushing storm has burst its chain,
And sweeps in lawless fury o'er the main,
Bearing some conqueror's fleet to realms afar
With his brave troops and all the pomp of war,
Does he not then in eager terror crave
Peace from the wind, and pardon from the wave?
Does he not then confess the God he dreads?
In vain!—the tempest darkens o'er their heads,
The scatter'd wrecks are whirl'd and dash'd around,
And unavailing prayers from dying hosts resound.
Some secret force o'erturns the bravest plan,
The pride, the glory, and the strength of Man!
Laughs him to scorn, with all his power display'd,
And tramples on the work itself has made.

So when wide earthquakes rock the crazy ball,
 And tottering cities threat a double fall,
 Man's empty boldness well may pass away,
 And mortal things despise their own decay;
 The power and presence of the Godhead know,
 And see the hand that governs all below.

FROM THE SECOND ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.

Henry, Earl of Surrey, having been the first introducer of heroic blank-verse into English Poetry, the following specimens from his translations of Virgil are here given. Had not the active life of that high-minded and accomplished young nobleman been cut short by the jealousy of that sensual tyrant, Henry VIII. it is probable that he would have completed his design of translating the whole Æneid.

THEY whisted all, with fixed face attent,
 When Prince Æneas from the royal seat
 Thus gan to speak. O Queen, it is thy will
 I should renew a woe unspeakable:
 How that the Greeks did spoil and overthrow
 The Phrygian wealth and wailful realm of Troy;
 Those ruthful things that I myself beheld,
 And whereof no small part fell to my share,
 Which, to express, who could refrain from tears?
 What Myrmidon? or yet what Dolopes?
 What stern Ulysses's waged Soldier?
 And lo! moist Night now from the welkin falls,
 And Stars declining counsel us to rest.
 But since so great is thy delight to hear
 Of our mishaps and Troy's last decay;
 Though to record the same my mind abhors,
 And plaint eschews, yet thus will I begin.

The Greek Chieftains, all irk'd with the war
 Wherein they wasted had so many years,
 And oft repulsed by fatal destiny,
 A huge horse made, high raised like a hill,
 By the divine science of Minerva.
 There stands in sight an Isle, hight Tenedon,
 Rich and of fame, while Priam's kingdom stood;
 Now but a bay, and road, unsure for ships.
 Hither them secretly the Greeks withdrew,
 Shrouding themselves under the desert shore,
 And, weening we they had been fled and gone,
 And with that wind had fet the land of Greece,
 Troy discharged her long-continued dole.
 The gates cast up, we issued out to play,
 The Grecian camp desirous to behold,
 The places void, and the forsaken coasts.
 'Here Pyrrhus' band; there fierce Achilles pight;
 Here rode their ships; there did their battles join.'
 Astonied some the scatheful gift beheld,
 Behight by vow unto the chaste Minerve;
 All wondering at the hugeness of the horse.

The People cried with sundry greening shouts
 To bring the horse to Pallas' temple blive,
 In hope thereby the Goddess to appease.
 We cleft the walls and closures of the Town;
 Whereto all help; and unset the feet
 With sliding rolls, and bound his neck with ropes.
 This fatal gin thus overlamb our walls,
 Stuff with arm'd men; about the which there ran
 Children and Maids, that holy carols sang;

And well were they, whose hands might touch the cords.

With threatening cheer, thus slid through our town

The subtle Tree, to Pallas' temple-ward,
 O native Land! Ilion! and of the gods
 The mansion-place! O warlike walls of Troy!
 Four times it stopt in th' entry of our gate;
 Four times their harness clatter'd in the womb,
 But we go on, unsound of memory,
 And blinded eke by rage persever still.

FAME.

FROM ÆNEID IV.

FORTHWITH Fame fieth through the great Libyan towns;

A mischief Fame, there is none else so swift;
 That moving grows, and flitting gathers force.
 First small for dread, soon after climbs the skies;
 Stayeth on earth and hides her head in clouds;
 Speedy of foot, of wing likewise as swift,
 A monster huge, and dreadful to describe,
 In every plume, that on her body sticks,
 (A thing indeed much marvellous to hear,)
 As many waker eyes lurk underneath,
 So many mouths to speak, and listening ears.
 By night she flies amid the cloudy sky
 Shrieking, by the dark shadow of the earth,
 Ne doth decline to the sweet sleep her eyes.
 By day she sits to mark on the house-top,
 Or turrets high; and the great town affrays;
 Mindful of ill and lies, as blazing truth.

HORACE.

The following Reflection on Ode 10, Book ii., of this Poet, should have appeared in a note, at the foot of the first column of page 469, in this volume.

AND is this all? Can Reason do no more
 Than bid me shun the deep and dread the shore?
 Sweet Moralist! afloat on Life's rough sea,
 The Christian has an art unknown to thee.
 He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
 Where Duty bids, he confidently steers,
 Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
 And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

SILIUS ITALICUS.

The following passages ought to have appeared at the bottom of the second column of page 516, in the biographical notice of this Poet.

The latinity of Silius is elegant and pure, and his versification smooth, but so studiously modelled on that of Virgil, as to have obtained for him the appellation of "Virgil's Ape." The subject of his chief Poem is, the second Punic War, as related in the third Decade of Livy, and including the principal events of that War, from the Siege of Saguntum down to the defeat of Hannibal and the conquest of Carthage. For further particulars concerning this poet, see Pliny's Epistles, L. III., Epist. 7.



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